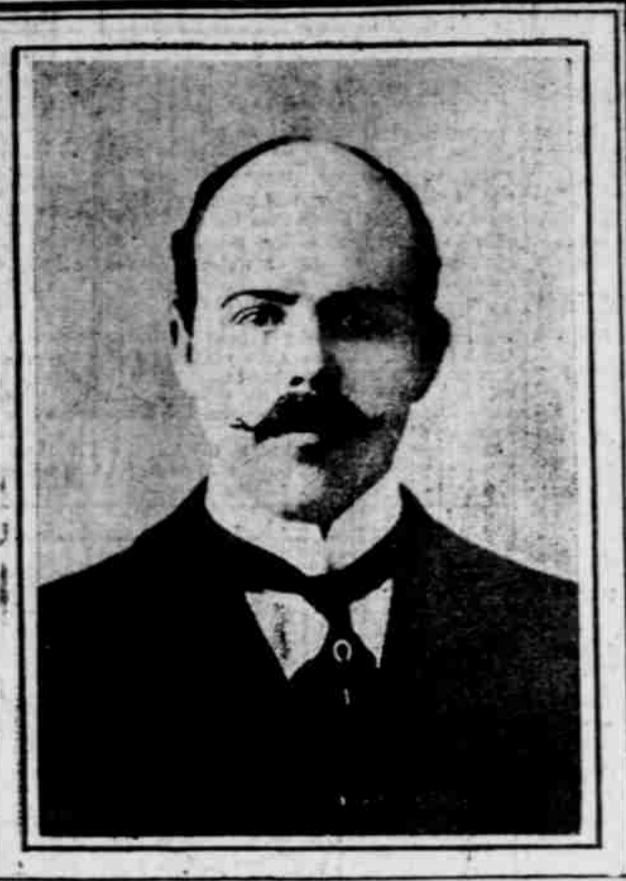


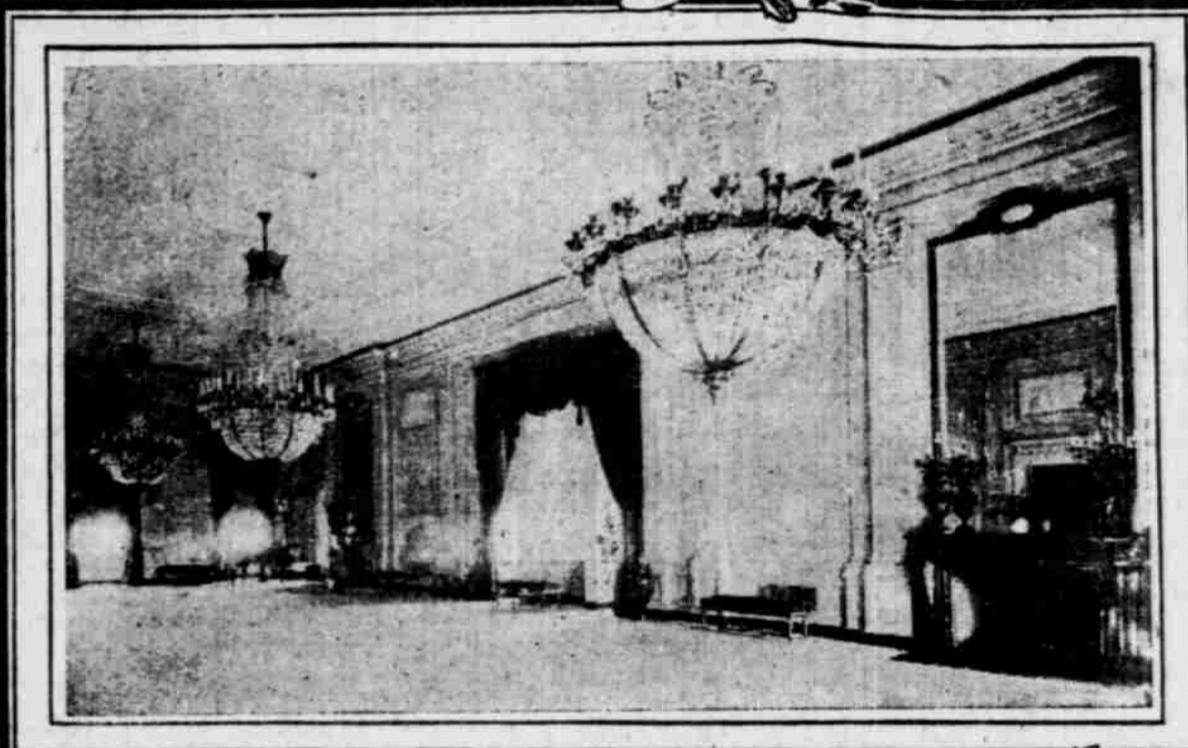
ALICE ROOSEVELT WHITE HOUSE BRIDE



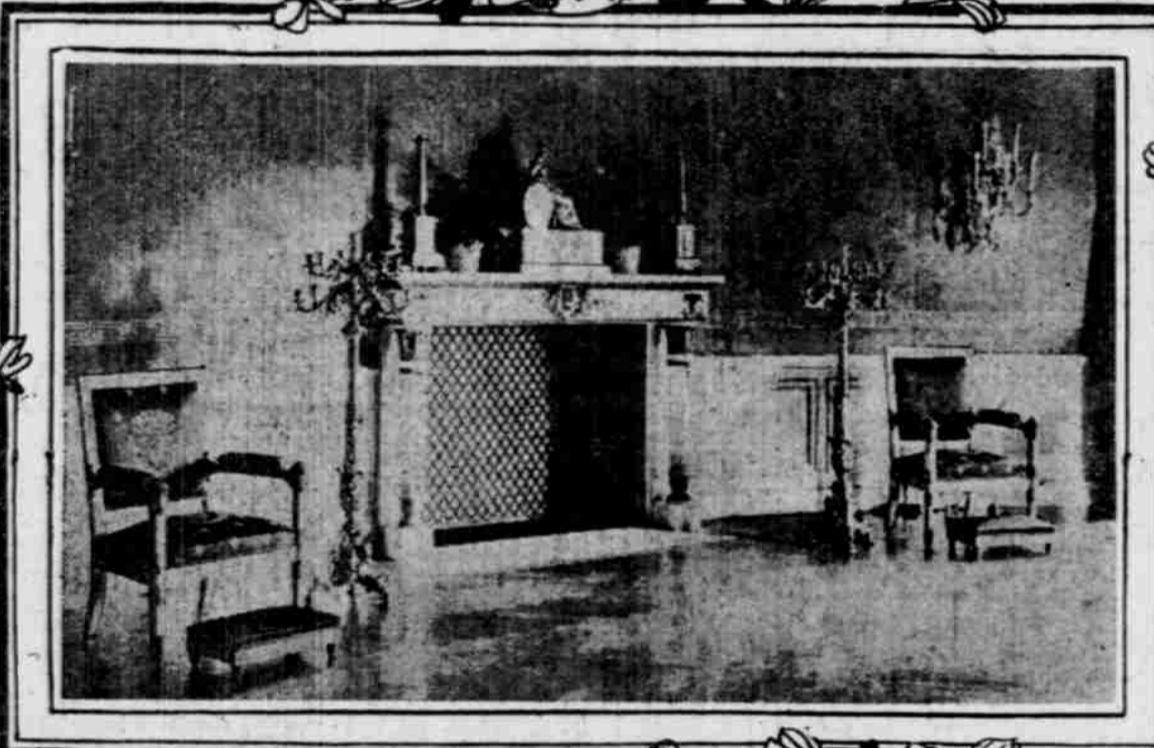
MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT—THE BRIDE-ELECT



HON. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH—THE GROOM-ELECT



EAST ROOM, WHERE MISS ROOSEVELT WILL BE MARRIED



BLUE PARLOR, WHERE WEDDING GUESTS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE BRIDE AND GROOM



STATE DINING ROOM—WHERE WEDDING FEAST WILL BE HELD



LONGWORTH'S RESIDENCE—MISS ROOSEVELT'S FUTURE HOME

saying: "We received your Princes; you must admit our hogs." Some time thereafter, at the Metropolitan Theater, Berlin, in the course of a roaring farce, our President was represented in Rough Rider costume and Miss Roosevelt was impersonated by a young woman speaking with what was supposed to be an American twang. Upon interference by the police the management substituted the names "Mr. and Miss 'Washington' for 'Roosevelt.'" A Paris paper after this published an article describing many young scions of European royalty, from whom Miss Roosevelt might have her pick, and grouped their pictures about hers upon the page.

Accused of Title-Hunting.
Indeed, the first maid of the land found her name linked with that of titled foreigners from the time she made her debut. Some of the President's political enemies, as well as back-door gossips, just prior to his recent election, circulated stories to the effect that Miss Roosevelt was hankering for a title and was about to marry this and that foreign noble of the diplomatic corps. The most persistent of these rumors was that she was to become the bride of the Viscount de Chambrun, secretary of the French Embassy and great-grandson of the illustrious Marquis de Lafayette. Then there was the same rumor about the Viscount de Alte and Count Conrad Hochberg. Great capital was made of the rumor that Miss Roosevelt was to attend the coronation of King Edward as the guest of her chum, Miss Jane Reid, daughter of Whitelaw Reid, then special Ambassador to the ceremony. This, like all of the other rumors, proved baseless. And the young lady was next criticized for her friendship with the Countess Cassini, foster-daughter of the recent

often favored the men whom society looked upon as least "eligible." She autographed attending the Spring and Fall races at Belling, the horse shows at Chevy Chase, went to dances, dinners and box parties galore and occasionally took a spin to New York, always traveling in an ordinary parlor car and carrying her own dress-suit case. One evening, shortly after taking up her home at the White House, she attended a box party at one of the Washington theaters, and in cadence with the orchestra "walked" down the aisle from her box to the exit.

During these gay days, when Miss Roosevelt was heartsick and fancy free, it was estimated that in 15 months she attended 463 dinners, 300 parties, 250 balls and 800 afternoon teas; that in this time she shook hands with 32,000 people and paid 136 calls.

Meets Mr. Longworth.
When Miss Alice was a little girl of 7, her father, then Civil Service Commissioner and living in Washington, heard that the son of his old friend, Judge Longworth, of Cincinnati, had just been graduated at Harvard, where Mr. Roosevelt himself had received his sheepskin 13 years before. Miss Alice may have heard of it too, at the time, but a young man of 21 was a patriarch in her eyes. When she was 10 the same young man had finished law school, and when she was 15 he had been elected to the Ohio Legislature. The Autumn following her brilliant debut the same young man was elected to Congress, and during the Winter, just before taking his seat in the House, he received an invitation to dine with his father's old friend. When Representative-elect, Nicholas Longworth on that evening entered the White House he met Miss Roosevelt for the first time. She probably classed him among the older men, to whom she was indifferent, for, although but 24, he had a forehead which extended all the way over his cranium and bid fair to form a junction with the back of his neck. Miss Roosevelt was then 15, the same age her mother had been when a bride.

Mr. Longworth and his wealthy mother took up their winter residence at the capital. He was the nephew of Mrs. Delany Storer, wife of our ambassador to Vienna, whose house Mr. Roosevelt was to have occupied while Vice-President. Mr. Longworth's sister was the wife of the Marquis de Chambrun, brother of that other great grandson of Lafayette then said to be wooing Miss Roosevelt. The three were often seen together—the wealthy representative, the viscount and the President's daughter. The following Summer Mr. Longworth gave Miss Alice a splendid costume ball while she was at Hamilton, Mass. Thenceforth he was always at her side. Early in the Spring following their chauffeur was arrested and fined \$5 for speeding. When the recent tour of the Orient was planned by Secretary Taft, Mr. Longworth saw to it that he was included in the Congressional delegation which was to inquire into the weighty problem of the Philippine tariff.

Whether it was upon the moonlit deck of the Manchuria, while that great vessel was plowing across the Pacific; whether it was upon the beautiful inland sea of Japan, amid the palms of the Moro country, or on the eastward amidst cherry blossoms and lotus buds in the gardens of the Mikado's palace; whether

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WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—(Special Correspondence.)—In the Autumn of 1883, and upon his 25th birthday, a hale and hearty son of the metropolis hearing the distinction of being the youngest member of the New York Legislature received at the altar his blushing bride, a Boston girl of 19. They set up house-keeping in an old-fashioned, roomy house at 6 West Fifty-seventh street, and there soon came to stay with the happy young couple the mother of the groom, a handsome matron, now reminded of those ante-bellum days when she had been brought a blushing bride from her father's Georgia plantation. The reader has already suspected that this bridegroom and son was Theodore Roosevelt, that the bride was Alice Hathaway Lee Roosevelt, and the mother, Martha Bulloch Roosevelt.

Lincoln's birthday, February 22, 1884, was an anxious, desolate day for the young husband. His mother was dangerously ill in one room of the lighthouse cheerful home and his bride was at death's door in the adjoining chamber. On that day a child had come—a daughter, for whom many great plans had been laid. On St. Valentine's day, when New York was merry in festival, the black angel Death descended upon his bride. On that day a child had come—a daughter, for whom many great plans had been laid. On St. Valentine's day, when New York was merry in festival, the black angel Death descended upon his bride. On that day a child had come—a daughter, for whom many great plans had been laid.

Suddenly Thrust in Limelight.
Until this time the Nation—beyond her own little circle—did not know that there was such a young lady as Alice Roosevelt. Even as the Vice-President's daughter she was little heralded, for Vice-Presidents are of little consequence at best. Her father remained in Washington only long enough for the senate to confirm the President's nomination. Then from March until September the family was united again at Oyster Bay. Miss Alice was making various and sundry plans for a debut late following Winter, when she would live in Washington, in the great Ballamy Storer mansion, now the Embassy of France. But these visions were interrupted by the crash of a bullet which went echoing around the world, and on a day of mid-September, while her father was away hunting in the woods, the wire brought intelligence to Oyster Bay which meant that Theodore Roosevelt must now become President of the United States. Miss Alice was then 17 years and 3 months old. The eyes of the land, when their tears were dried, were upon her.

Childhood's Varied Scenes.
Baby Alice knew no mother other than her Aunt Anna until she was a tow-headed, blue-eyed tot of nearly 2, when her father married in London, Miss Edith Carow, a childhood friend and his first wife's junior by eight days. The next two years the little one spent at Oyster Bay and at the home of her Grandfather and Grandmother Lee near Boston. When she was 3 years old she had her first glimpse of the capital city, for her father had just been appointed Civil Service Commissioner. When she first gazed in childish awe at the White House and was told that the ruler of the great country dwelt therein little did this be-pigeon-timbered imagination that one day—and not far off—it would be her home, wherein she would wield the social scepter over the millions of other maidens of the land. She did not enter the Washington public schools as did later her half-brothers, but was in charge of a governess who laid the foundation of her education. When she was 11 her father was appointed president of the Police Board of New York, and she was taken back to Oyster Bay. When she was 13 she returned to Washington again, her father having become Assistant Secretary of the Navy. She was now enrolled in a private academy, but in a few months resumed her education under private tutors. She learned to speak French fluently, to paint in water colors, to play the piano. She rode horseback and took long country rambles with her father, romped with her brother Theodore, visited her Aunt Anna, now living in Washington and the wife of a naval officer—Lieutenant Commander Cowles. She was a miss of 14 when she kissed her father good-by and saw him depart for the Spanish War, whence he might never return alive. She was scarcely 15 when she was taken to Albany to live two years in the executive mansion, and just past 17 when her father returned to

Washington as Vice-President of the United States.

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They beheld a slender, blue-eyed girl, a little below the average stature, with a face which was the feminine reproduction of her father's—a face broad at the temples, with eyes far apart, nose short and broad, brow full but of medium height, and crowned with a wealth of light-brown hair. It was a good, stolid, sincere Dutch face, but while the mold of the Teuton prevailed, there was some of the bluntness of the Celt—of those Irish ancestors of her father's who in colonial days settled in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Grundy hurried to the White House expecting to behold a very vain and haughty young woman, self-conscious, conceited and ready to snub all save the titled and the rich, for Mrs. Grundy could only base her judgment upon past experiences. But Mrs. Grundy came away with mouth agape and complaining that Miss Alice was sin-

cere to the point of brusqueness, that she was not prim enough, considering her station; had too much of the tomboy left in her. In other words, Mrs. Grundy discovered that she was a "clop off the old block."

Six weeks before her 18th birthday Miss Alice became Miss Roosevelt. She made her debut to society at a grand ball in the east room. It was the most gorgeous event seen at the White House since Dolly Madison in the same apartment led the stately minuet with the gilded diplomats and military officers of her day. Gowned in gorgeous white silk and lace, Miss Roosevelt bowed to 700 guests, including all of the high officials of the Government and the representatives of the great powers of the world. The next day she sent her many wagonloads of flowers to the hospitals of Washington.

Dame Gossip now entered upon the scene. Hitherto there had been no talk of beaux. The previous Summer the first maid of the land had told her Grandmother Lee not to introduce her to any men out of college, for she wished to make the best of this last girlhood vacation, "in Washington," she complained, with a sigh. "I shall have to sit at dinner with old men in their 30s."

A Factor in International Politics.
A few weeks after her debut Prince Henry sailed over from Germany and invited her to christen the Kaiser's yacht Meteor. With a specially made nickel hatchet she cut the ropes and broke a bottle of champagne over its bow. The Prince, on behalf of the Emperor, then presented her with a gold bracelet set with diamonds, other gems and a small picture of his royal brother. After she had replied to the Emperor's telegram thanking her for christening the yacht, a London newspaper criticized her for not framing the dispatch in terms of greater fervor. Shortly afterward William II named another of his naval yachts the Alice Roosevelt, and therefrom came from Berlin a story that the President's daughter was to be a guest at the Royal Palace, Berlin, that the Emperor and

Empress had looked over the list of marriageable Protestant princesses and found them all unavailable; that they were keen to marry the Crown Prince to Miss Roosevelt; that the Kaiser would first see to it that some friendly monarch would confer upon the President's daughter a title; that the Emperor and

ambrosop of the tariff war between Germany and the United States, a sensational Berlin paper, often contacted by the authorities, published a cartoon showing Miss Roosevelt in an open boat seated opposite an immense hog. In her arms was a little pig wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, and the President's daughter was

ambassador from Russia.

Two years rolled by and a vast train of suitors fell upon her knees, before the happiest, luckiest girl of the land. But to all alike she desired to remain only a good fellow. At balls she divided her dances so evenly that none could observe any partiality to another. She

It was before or after she was offered the hand of the Sultan of Sulu, that the vital word came from her lips has not yet passed into history—perhaps never will. Probably history will never tell, either, whether it was ecstatic happiness over her new state that caused the "American princess" to pause too long at Honolulu and have to catch her steamer by specially chartered tug; that inspired her to dance on her boat in native Sulu costume or to dive, pretty frock and all, into the swimming pool of the Manchuria, where her present fiancé was bathing. History will probably record in more prosaic language that the vital answer was given and that the couple was wedded.

It is supposed that the Roosevelt-Longworth wedding will occur in the historic east room, where all of the other official White House nuptials appear to have been performed, except those of young John Adams and President Cleveland, who were married in the blue parlor. The great east room is an ideal apartment for such a ceremony. It is the largest of the four state parlors and extends through the entire depth of the east end of the building. Three years ago the old gold decorations which obtained when Miss Roosevelt made her grand debut there were changed to white and the entire room was refurbished. It is probable that after being married in the east room in the presence of the elite of the land, Mr. and Mrs. Longworth will receive their guests in the blue parlor and then sit down to their wedding feast in the state dining-room.

Miss Roosevelt's future home, which she will share with her mother-in-law-elect, Mrs. Longworth, is a very comfortable mansion at 831 Eighteenth street, near the corner of I. It is within a stone's throw of the Harriet Lane Johnston house, just purchased by Thomas F. Ryan, the New York financier. Upon the death of her wealthy maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Lee, of Boston, whose heiress she is, Miss Roosevelt, it is understood, will possess quite a comfortable private fortune.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.