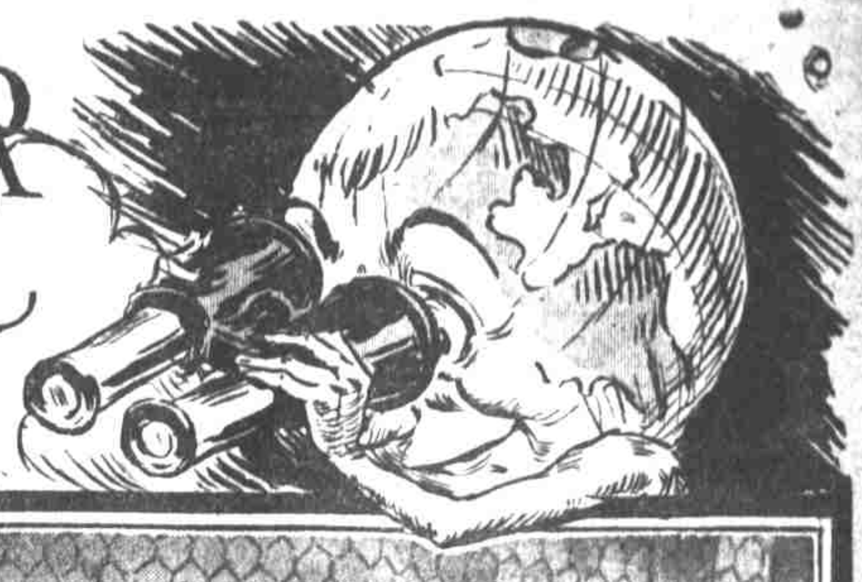
# From PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER to CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE



A Photo of Mrs. Longworth Taken Just Before Her Marriage.

Mrs. Longworth (at the right) and Mrs. Bourke Cockran Watching a Game.

Mr. and Mrs. Longworth in Their Runabout — Going to the Ball Game.

## The Change That Has Taken Mrs. Longworth Out of the Limelight

*"WHAT has become of Mrs. Alice Longworth, she who, as Alice Roosevelt, the President's eldest daughter, only a few years ago held such a prominent place in the limelight?"*

*Now and then this question sweeps over the land. The fact is, few persons of one-time prominence have ever dropped out of the public eye so quickly and so completely as has Mrs. Longworth. Is this through her own volition or because of a change of circumstances?*

*Every one who knows Mrs. Longworth acknowledges that she possesses a strength of character almost as individual and pronounced in its way as that of her distinguished father. Her effacement from the public view, therefore, must be of her own volition. Is this so?*

*Those who know her best assert that her "passing" is an entirely voluntary eclipse; that she enters joyously into a self-effacement. People generally comment upon her noticeable loss of prominence in the last two years; she is said to regard it as an objectionable calcium light that she has dodged.*

THE "passing" of Alice Roosevelt means, to those who know, merely her passing from the fierce beating light of publicity that pursued her as the President's daughter to the grateful shadow of comparative obscurity as a mere congressman's wife.

She has given her friends to understand that she is now Alice Longworth, not Alice Roosevelt—identified with her I street home, not with the White House; with her husband's career, not with her father's.

Naturally, she is not so prominent as she was. She lives her own life, cultivates her own friends, with a luxury of abandon that, with the best will in the world, she could not possibly give herself up to as the President's daughter. She entertains and accepts invitations according to her own sweet will.

It is a case of Mrs. Longworth's avoiding the limelight, not of the limelight neglecting her. She has entertained more or less in a quiet way during the last two years, not elaborately, but very enjoyably; but outside of her own immediate circle no one has known anything about it.

The Longworths have no telephone—at least, they do not figure in the telephone directory, though their personal friends know how to call them up when they want to. Mrs. Longworth, who, before her marriage, was the most photographed girl in America, cannot now be persuaded to sit for a photograph. The Washington photographers have vainly asked her for sittings. Mr. Longworth is authority for the statement that she has not posed for a photograph since her marriage.

Changed? Yes, she has changed a good deal. She has grown stouter, for one thing, and that is rather a pity, for her style was of the type that depended considerably on girlish slimness. She was not well last winter. She became suddenly ill at the White House early in the season. Surgeons were sent for, and the announcement that Mrs. Longworth was being operated on for appendicitis caused quite a little flurry of excitement.

Before her marriage Mrs. Longworth rode a great deal, and Mr. Longworth was frequently one of the White House riding parties. One does not remember having seen her on horseback lately.

Once again, the presidential contempt for automobiles is frequently expressed, but the Longworths are devoted to their little electric runabout. They Longworth does her shopping in it, and makes her use it for business and they use it for pleasure. Mrs. calls in it. Probably three days out of five, while Congress is in session, she takes Mr. Longworth to the Capitol to his daily toil as a national legislator, in it—or calls for him—or both.

When there is baseball in Washington they both frequently go out to the grounds, and the runabout may be seen scudding up the Mall to the Capitol along about 4 o'clock almost any bright day. Then again, there are bright days when it is evidently expected, and fails to materialize; when Mr. Longworth may be found in the tunnel at the House end of the Capitol, chewing his moustache and looking at his watch as he consults the doorkeeper, the picture of conjugal impatience, realizing that the game is about to be called, and uncertain whether Mrs. Longworth has changed her mind and is not coming, or is simply late.

In fact, they seem to be very much the usual young married couple, with the usual little squabbles, resulting from the clash of two strong wills, each of which has heretofore been supreme—squabbles which are made unduly noticeable by the fact of their being so well known.

For the rest, they have many tastes in common. They like the same people—they are both fond of music. The White House under the Roosevelt regime has been markedly musical, and the taste is one that Mrs. Longworth shares with Mrs. Roosevelt. Mr. Longworth, though it is not generally known, is a decidedly clever violinist, and likes nothing better than to get off in a corner by himself with his fiddle. Last winter they took up French together, quite seriously. Mrs. Longworth while in school was regarded as a particularly good French scholar.

### NOT IN POLITICS

There was at one time some idea that Mrs. Longworth might go in seriously for politics, as the English women do, in the interest of her husband's career. It was even rumored that she would take the stump in opposition to the Countess of Warwick, who was announced to take the stump in Ohio in behalf of the Populists. But that was emphatically denied, and while Mrs. Longworth did make a little tour of Ohio with her husband, the tour was political only on his part, and she was a mere looker-on. She was an interested spectator at both the Chicago and the Denver conventions.

Mrs. Longworth took no part in the formation of the Congressional Club, made up of congressmen's and senators' wives and daughters—in fact, hardly seemed to know what was going on until it was well under way. Then she woke up, and asked her friend, Mrs. McCormick, Senator Hanna's daughter, about it, with her usual, "Tell me about that, I'm interested." Mrs. McCormick told her, with the comment, "You should have been a charter member."

On the other hand, she started out to be a member of the Civil Service League, which was organized in Washington with considerable eclat last spring, went to one or two meetings and found she was not interested, but was none the less thrust upon various committees.

Her unwillingness to be hampered by the necessity of being civil when she does not feel civil is well known in Washington. In her own set they are telling with glee of an encounter between Mrs. Longworth and Miss Katherine Elkins—the two are not generally regarded as entertaining the warmest feelings for one another. It was shortly after the agitation as to whether Miss Elkins would or would not marry the duke of the Abruzzi had simmered down a bit.

Mrs. Longworth, meeting Miss Elkins, said, it is reported: "I suppose when you are morganatically married to an Italian prince person you will turn your back on all us plain folks." Miss Elkins calmly remarked: "Possibly, indeed, I think I'll begin now." And she did.

Alice Longworth is, of course, not so prominent as Alice Roosevelt was. This does not for a moment mean that relations between the Longworths and the Roosevelts are anything but affectionately cordial. They are exactly the usual relations between any American family and a married daughter and her husband.

Mrs. Longworth comes and goes in her father's house just about as any daughter would who, being married, yet lives in the same town with her parents. When in Washington she is there at [illegible] been two or three times a week. On an average certainly of once a week her husband is there with her. The young people dine at the White House en famille, and Mr. Longworth is, whenever he can get around to it, one of those who join in the presidential tennis party.

The Longworths, of course, always figure in the formal functions at the White House. Mrs. Longworth is always in the receiving party when she is in town, and not necessarily engaged elsewhere. Her relations with her aunt Mrs. Cowles have always been peculiarly tender. Mrs. Cowles had the care of her for some time after her mother's death, and the loving kindness of those years has never been forgotten.

Naturally it is the little stories of human weaknesses and indiscretions that get into type—such, for instance, as the story of the President's daughter in the executive gallery of the House, badly bored, spying a tack, and leaning over and placing it on a seat in the adjoining public gallery, and then watching gleefully until a fat and unsuspecting citizen sat down on it.

That went the rounds. But who ever heard how the President's daughter made a point of going nearly every day to spend an hour or so with the wife of her father's pastor?—not her own, for the President goes to a Dutch Reformed Church, while the presidential family is Episcopalian. None the less, when Mrs. Schick, wife of the President's pastor, was laid up with a sprained ankle a while ago, the Longworth runabout slowed up at her door nearly every day, and Mrs. Longworth ran up for a chat, which would make the day brighter for a good lady who was suffering.

As to just who is in the Longworth set—well, it is what the society editors call "the younger married set." It includes Mrs. J. Medill McCormick, who was Ruth Hanna; Mrs. Joseph Leiter, formerly Miss Williams, and Mr. Leiter, of course; the Bourke Cochrans—whose wedding, like that of the Longworths, was the outcome of the famous Taft Philippine trip; Representative F. H. Gillett and Justice Moody, who keep bachelor hall at the Connecticut, and give pleasant little dinners at which the Longworths are frequent guests; Mrs. Ralph Ellis, C. R. Simpkins and the Nat Simpkinses, Miss Isabel May, Mrs. George Howard and Ned McLean, not to mention a dozen or two more who are less conspicuously intimates of the Longworths.

It is a set that has a good deal of fun in its own way and within its own limits, but which does not, as a rule, give the big functions that everybody goes to and that everybody talks about. It frequents the Country Club, goes everywhere, but in the main keeps out of the papers. Its affairs are always of the sort technically known as "informal."

In fact, Alice Longworth has slipped quite out of the glare of publicity which for years attended all the doings of Alice Roosevelt. From the time of her debut until the time of her marriage she was subjected to a searchlight such as no girl of her age ever has endured. When she walked across the street it was chronicled; when she failed to walk across the street, some of the liveliest imaginations in the country busied themselves with explaining why.

She was pursued by an army of camera fiends, her mots were repeated from one end of the country to the other, and epigrams which it had never occurred to her to make were thrust upon her by folk who knew full well that they would be ever so much more appreciated from the President's daughter than from any one else.

As Alice Roosevelt she had to accept the chronicling of her doings with good grace. Aside from the fact that she was the President's daughter, she was a charming girl, democratic, approachable, until in self-defense she was sometimes driven to assume a hauteur that was not native. As a private individual of unquestioned social standing, with the desirable connections of the family she was born into, she would have received a good deal of attention, because she was a delightful girl to pay attention to—appreciative, enthusiastic, and with a large capacity for enjoyment.

### TIRED OF THE WHIRL

Frankly she enjoyed it to the utmost. But she had quite enough. Fiercer and fiercer burned the light after the return of the Taft party, and the rumor that would not down of Miss Roosevelt's engagement; still fiercer when the engagement was finally announced, and with ever increasing brilliancy up to the wedding itself and through the honeymoon.

Then "Princess Alice" had had enough. She tried to sink into the grateful gloom of the comparative obscurity of a congressman's wife, but she was not allowed. When Mr. Longworth—Congress having adjourned—had time for a real wedding trip, they decided to go abroad, just as ninety and nine out of a hundred of the bridal couples of their station do.

Were they allowed to do it in anything like the decent privacy that tradition accords the bridal trip? Not they, indeed! They were feted and entertained in every capital in Europe; ambassadors vied with kings in doing them honor. Papers in both hemispheres devoted columns to accounts of the honors paid to the President's daughter—not, be it noted, to young Mrs. Longworth.

Presumably, while Mr. Longworth enjoyed it all, he was a little bit sore. For Nicholas Longworth was accustomed to being the whole thing in Cincinnati, and a reasonably good-sized figure in Washington. He was regarded as a promising "youngster" by his colleagues in Congress, and socially he was quite as popular as a bachelor as Alice Roosevelt was as an unmarried girl. Several of the capital belles were said to have their eye on him.

He probably did not relish being merely Alice Roosevelt's husband—and she realized that it was not entirely dignified for either of them. Anyhow, they cut their tour short, and came home.

## 'CUPID'S NEW TOY—The ENGAGEMENT BRACELET'

A YOUNG man, wearing a flannel outing suit, a broncho-busting panama, and signs of money all over him, dashed into a widely known jewelry establishment a few mornings ago, and demanded eagerly:

"Give me a double engagement ring, quick—size thirteen inches around, inside measure."

Next to the drug clerk, the jewelry salesman is the suavest thing in attached cuffs. But that request upset him.

"Gee! What have you landed—the Russian giantess?"

"What's that?" in quickly blazing wrath. "Oh, y-e-es, I see. I meant a bracelet—size thirteen inches inside measure. No, not for the wrist; I am looking for one of those new engagement bracelets they're wearing over in Paris—double circle of gold, you know—they wear it on the upper part of the left arm."

Then the salesman understood, and pitied. He had heard of them. "They haven't reached us yet," he answered, gently.

THE young man was as right about it having become the latest fad of Cupid in Paris as the jeweler was in denying that it had reached this country. The happiness of gold doubly encircling the arm will have to wait a while before it encroaches upon the prerogative of the coveted solitaire in American engagements.

But it has about it all the hallmarks of a spreading whim of fashion, and it has in its origin all the royal cachet of distinction which makes a fashion grow.

It had originally the extensive advertisement of appearing on the beautifully moulded arm of Princess Marie Bonaparte, one of the wealthiest heiresses among the royal matches of Europe.

Dowered not only with riches, but with a beauty which the passing of her girlhood utterly failed to fade, the desirable Marie made up her maidenly mind that she would accept only the man who appealed to her as a lover as well as a prince.

So nothing very thrilling happened, or could happen, to so discriminating a damsel until the tall, brave and completely eligible Prince George of Greece came a-wooing. After George arrived, however, matters moved with lightning express speed.

He suited her down to the ground, and that was a long way, for he stands with a mighty muscularity, something like six feet four inches. And the Princess Marie is not so very much smaller. When they were wed they made one of the most imposing looking couples that ever honored the ancient institution of marriage with a superabundance of loving humanity.

The only article of jewelry that seemed big enough and strong enough to hold fast so splendid a fiancee was, in the eyes of the strength-loving Prince George, an armlet of gold in a double band.

Marie was so satisfied to be held that she was satisfied to wear it. George had one made that was engraved in an antique design, studded with diamonds and sapphires and clasped with diamonds large enough for all state uses.

When the Princess Marie donned that pledge of fond affection fashionable Europe beheld in it the latest, most admirable guarantee of betrothal.

Jewelers turned in and devised variants, suited to smaller arms and smaller fortunes. Some of them have bangles of jewels, others have pendent chains of pearls, many are plain bands of gold, set with a single diamond, or having the diamond in the clasp.

Princess George of Greece (Marie Bonaparte) First to Wear the Engagement Bracelet.