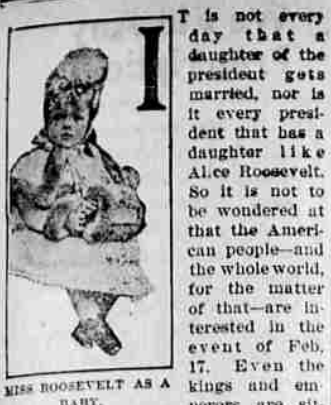




MISS ROOSEVELT AS A BABY.

It is not every day that a daughter of the president gets married, nor is it every president that has a daughter like Alice Roosevelt. So it is not to be wondered at that the American people—and the whole world, for the matter of that—are interested in the event of Feb. 17. Even the kings and emperors are sitting up and taking notice. Practically every potentate of Europe is to send a wedding present. It is said that the pope will honor the occasion by a token of remembrance, and it is not improbable that the sultan of Turkey, the emperor of China and the mikado of Japan may get into the game. Your Uncle Samuel has grown big enough to be the fashion, even though his republican notions are not exactly acceptable to the royalties who remain to pester the world.

Let it be said to the honor of Miss Roosevelt that she decided to marry a man rather than a title. That the man is an American is all the better. After the alliance of so many of our ladies to princes, dukes, counts and other weeklings with noble nicknames this is a grateful variation. This is an age of men, not of titles; of deeds, not of semblances. In America this is especially true, for ours is a land of men and of deeds, and it is well that the daughter of a president who is himself a democrat should thus honor the genius of her country.

Yet high society in Washington long predicted that the daughter of the White House would wear a title. Rumor in that city of rumors has it that there is not an unmarried titled member of any foreign legation at the national capital that has not had desires on her. Besides, the castles of Europe are full of more of the sort. Then there is Asia. She might have been sultana of Sulu. True, she denied that story about the sultan of many wives offering her his hand and the upper left hand corner of his heart, but others of the Taft party insist that the proposal actually took place. It is too good a tale to be snuffed out by a mere denial. Why spoil so exciting a romance by the proxy statement that it is not a fact?

Washington rumor also says—but what does it not say?—that Congressman Longworth had to propose seven times before he was finally accepted. There is a man after our own heart. He deserves her. All the world loves a lover, and especially a lover who knows what he wants and will not take no for an answer. Lucky seven! The mystic number that has been sung by oriental poets and is held in reverence by people even farther west. Never did it turn the trick in a better cause. That union, dependent on a seventh "popping of the question" by a persistent lover, should be a happy one.

One other thing is there that should not be overlooked. Mr. Longworth—the Hon. Nicholas Longworth—to whom be all honor for his good taste, luck and perseverance, hails from Ohio. Does that not solve the riddle? The state that gave to the world a Grant, a Sherman and a Sheridan; where were born a Stanton, a Howells and an Edison; that was the home of one Harrison and the birthplace of another and that was both the home and birthplace of three other presidents; the state of Corwin, Giddings, Chase, Thurman and Taft—to say nothing of Hanna, John Sherman and Rockefeller! There are people who have gone so far as to say that the only thing President Roosevelt lacks is an Ohio birthplace, but if he cannot have a Buckeye birthplace he can at least afford a Buckeye son-in-law. He can have the state related to him by matrimony if not by maternity.

As for Nick Longworth, as he is familiarly called by everybody about his two homes at Cincinnati and Washington, he is a thoroughbred. Moreover, he has wealth, birth, position, education, social distinction and all those things prized by certain classes of people, but without possessing the more fundamental qualities of manliness, independence, intellectual stamina and uprightness that are esteemed by every one. His family has been a leading one about Cincinnati since the beginning of the nineteenth century. He can point not only to a grandfather, but a great-grandfather. There are people who would give money for a great-grandfather—in fact, they have been known to do so and have thus had ancestors made to order.

Mr. Longworth also has a great-grandfather, but perhaps he would not point to this forbear with so much pride, that worthy having been a Tory at the time of the American Revolution. As a result of his sympathies with George III., his lands near Newark, N. J., were confiscated. This fact caused the great-grandfather, another Nicholas Longworth, by the way, to emigrate to Cincinnati in 1833, when he was twenty-one years of age. He became a lawyer and took the defense of a horse thief for his first case. As a fee he received two copper whisky stills, which he traded for thirty-three acres of land, then in the woods, but now in the very heart of the city. Before he died the land was valued at \$2,000,000. He also went in debt to the tune of \$5,000 to buy an old pasture lot and was sharply reproved by one of his friends for his extravagance. He lived to see that land worth nearly as much as the other.

He took up grape culture and made it exceedingly profitable. He gathered about him a fine library, rare old paintings and a notable art collection. His

THE WHITE HOUSE WEDDING

Nuptials of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Representative Nicholas Longworth of Ohio in the East Room of the Executive Mansion on Feb. 17—The Groom and His Ancestors—Miss Roosevelt's Interesting Career—The Most Conspicuous Young Woman in the World—Preferred a Man Rather Than a Title—Her Fugiant, Independent, and Vivacious Personality

son Joseph, the grandfather of the present Nicholas, gave Cincinnati her art museum. Joseph's daughter, now the wife of Benjamin Storer, the American ambassador to Austria-Hungary, was the founder of the famous Rockwood pottery at Cincinnati. She was herself a proficient painter of china, receiving a gold medal at the Paris exposition for her work. Her brother was Nicholas Longworth, father of our Nicholas. Many stories are told of this older Nick. He was a judge of the Ohio supreme court and was noted for his exceeding gravity. So marked, indeed, was his solemnity that a woman of his acquaintance named her pet owl "Judge Longworth." When the real Judge Longworth was once visiting in her home the entire company was startled, not to say embarrassed, by having

present and seemed in a temper because he was not invited to sit at the bride's table. It was explained to him that this was not the custom in America, but the statement failed to mollify his anger. Afterward the noble quirk made himself so disagreeable over the incident that Nick Longworth threatened to punch his face, after which Manchester subsided.

There is another story to the effect that on a winter Nick Longworth drove a golf ball through the streets of Cincinnati, though he had to pay for some broken windows as a result of the escapade.

Relative to his love for music, it is stated that George Ward Nichols, an uncle, founded the Cincinnati conservatory and also started the famous musical festival. Judge Nicholas Long-

worth also gave freely to promote those enterprises, and the donations have been continued by the son. A friend has said of the popular congressman that "Nick is one of the best amateur violinists in Cincinnati." It is not generally known that he spent several years abroad studying music, but such is the fact. He was a pupil of the celebrated Ysaye, from whom he has many letters and one of whose violin-bow-owns. Later he traded this instru-

ment to baldness. This gives an intellectual cast to a countenance whose features, while regular and handsome, are not especially distinctive. In manner he is not effusive, but cheery and cordial. He is a good story teller and a hail fellow with everybody. He is cautious about going into new enterprises, but once in he has the whole energy of his character to whatever he has to do.

Mr. Longworth's Cincinnati home is a square, old fashioned mansion, half hidden in vines and called Rockwood. It is situated on the Grandin road and is surrounded by ample grounds beautified by the highest art of a landscape gardener. The house itself of which Alice Roosevelt is to be the future mistress contains rare paintings and art collections, the music room being especially notable.



REPRESENTATIVE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

a maid burst into the room in great excitement with the shriek, "Mr. Longworth has laid an egg!"

Nicholas Longworth, the real Nick, not the old one, was born Nov. 5, 1881. He was graduated from Harvard in 1901 and was later admitted to the bar, though he never practiced. He preferred to devote himself to art, music, sports, caring for his estate, and family politics. His first office was that of a member of the Cincinnati school board. He also ran for the legislature but was defeated. He tried again, at this time was successful. Two years later he went to the state senate, where in collaboration with the attorney general, he prepared the present municipal code of Ohio. In 1902 he was elected to congress from the First Ohio district and re-elected in 1904.

Congressman Longworth is devoted to out of door life, is an accomplished horseman, boxer, fencer and plays ball, tennis and golf. He is not a hunter and fisher, however, and has never been known to indulge in any sport that involves the taking of life. He is a good swimmer and loves the water. His chief recreations, however, are social. He is a familiar figure at banquets, receptions, balls, pink teas and other similar functions and is a favorite wherever he goes. He is a member of exclusive clubs in Cincinnati, Washington and other cities. He is a devotee of more than amateur ability, playing well on the violin and piano and even acquitting himself with credit as a singer. He often gives musicals in his home city, which is one of the great music centers of America. But, though devoted to society and popular with women, his feminine admirers had about concluded that he was proof against affairs of the heart—this is, they had so concluded before his attentions to Miss Roosevelt became noticeable. Since then no lover was ever more devoted. The society dames early discovered the direction of the wind, so that wherever the president's daughter was invited Mr. Longworth was included. When Miss Alice would go to Newport or New York he found it convenient likewise to go to Newport or New York. He even journeyed with her in a trip half round the world and back and was so constantly in the company of the fair one that other would-be suitors deserted the field.

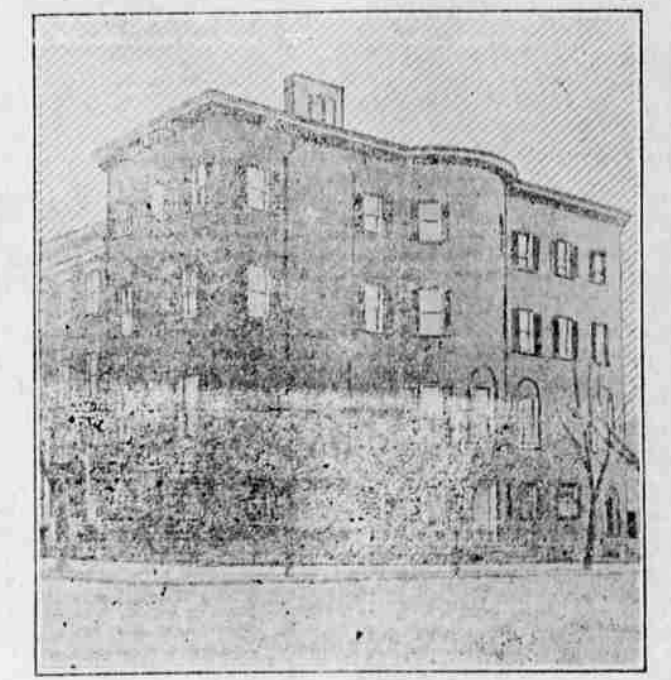
One of Longworth's sisters is the Countess de Caraman. At her marriage the Duke of Manchester was

present and another almost equally expensive for a \$3,000 Stradivarius, paying \$3,000 "to boot." He attends all the best musical concerts and is an enthusiast on the divine art.

In appearance the prospective son-in-law of the president is rather above medium height, of an athletic build and an easy, quick and graceful carriage. His face seems rather long which effect is heightened by an abnormally high forehead, partially due

to baldness. This gives an intellectual cast to a countenance whose features, while regular and handsome, are not especially distinctive. In manner he is not effusive, but cheery and cordial. He is a good story teller and a hail fellow with everybody. He is cautious about going into new enterprises, but once in he has the whole energy of his character to whatever he has to do.

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FUTURE WASHINGTON HOME OF BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.

paintings and other works of art as the Cincinnati home. To these will be added the presents given to the bride on her trip to the far east, where Japs, Chinese and Filipinos vied with each other in bestowing costly souvenirs on the "white princess" as they persisted in calling the daughter of the American president. The total value of these gifts is said to have amounted to \$100,000.

At the wedding, the bride was

champion over the prow of the German emperor's yacht occurred in February, by the way. The short month is a red letter one in her career. It seems, as it is to see her marriage, as it saw her birth, which occurred twenty-two years ago.

Her mother, formerly a Miss Lee of Boston, died three days after the birth of Alice, but the second Mrs. Roosevelt, whom the president married three years later, has been more than a mother to the girl. Miss Roosevelt was educated in private schools till she was eighteen, when she made her debut in Washington society. Before that event not a little of her time was spent with her mother's people in Boston. In the vicinity of their Brookline home Miss Alice has always been popular. The older people cherish her for the sake of her mother, Alice Lee, for whom she was named, and the younger people for her own sake. Wherever she has been—at New York, Boston or Washington—she has ever drawn to her a large number of girl friends, and after she became the cynosure of the world's eyes she yet clung to these companions of her youth. To them she shows her most vivacious and winning side, does acrobatic stunts and skirt dances for their amusement, sings comic songs and makes herself generally so lively that there are no dull moments in her vicinity. There is a dash of originality and audacity about this daughter of her father that is distinctly Rooseveltian.

For example, there is the story of the foreign diplomat who, of course, was dressed in his bravest togery, with his bosom agleam with medals. Happening in conversation with Miss Roosevelt, she asked him to give the history and significance of the various decorations. Glowingly he told her in his broken English, and finally, pointing to one, said, "Zat is ze order of ze seven klases." "Quel est une dash she answered, 'I'll give you ten for it.' But either he lacked gallantry or did not wish to part with the medal, for the offer was not accepted. The same evening she matched quarters with a young officer and shocked some people by flinging back over her shoulder as she left him, "Remember, you owe me \$2.50." At another time, it is related of her that she rode in a railway carriage with two young Yale students at her feet and attracted not a little attention by flinging a green sash over their faces over and over again. When

what she did with her curious pet she answered that she placed it on the curtain and let it catch flies.

She is original and not bound by fashion unless it suits her. She is distinctively a shirt waist girl, and while she dresses tastefully and well does not affect extensive and lavishly expensive wardrobes and is not a slave to clothes. Yet the most aristocratic society of Washington—and few cities have a set more exclusive—has looked on her with approving eyes and murmured, "She'll do." One summer at Newport she introduced the innovation of carrying a cane and did it with such a chic grace that she made it the style.

She is quite an expert sleight of hand performer and often entertains small groups by doing difficult feats in this line. When needing a hat for egg tricks or the like she uses her father's cowboy sombrero. Her penchant for startling things was shown by the fact that she was the first woman on earth to go down in a submarine boat, taking a trip to the bottom of Narragansett bay at least two years before President Roosevelt made the world jump by a similar feat.

Despite all this Alice Roosevelt has a shrinking side, dislikes the publicity of her position, or did before she got used to it, and refused for years to permit a photograph of herself to be taken. It was only the ruse of a clever artist, painting her in an antiquated hat and threatening to use the picture unless he could get a photo, that caused her to sit for a likeness, but the shy slip of a girl of four years ago, at which time this incident occurred, is hardly the Alice Roosevelt of today, who has grown in poise, in experience and in beauty.

Alice Roosevelt's appreciation of her father has been shown on many occasions. At the launching of the Meteor her first glance after the christening was cast at Prince Henry or the assembled thousands, but at the familiar face beside her, and the answering look of the Meteor Roosevelt showed that he understood. At another time Miss Roosevelt left the senate gallery in high indignation because Senator Carmack of Tennessee had spoken in criticism of the president. It was an impulsive act that would not have been done by one more trained in the ways of the world, but it revealed what was in the girl's heart.

Alice Roosevelt's trip to the far east was the climax of her girlhood. Prior to that time she had visited Cuba and Porto Rico, where she received popular ovations; New Orleans, where she was showered with honors such as had never been shown a woman in that proud city, and the St. Louis exposition, where she became at once the chief attraction of the show.

As a member of Secretary Taft's party her slight figure dwarfed even that of the gigantic Taft himself, while the senators, representatives and other high dignitaries were scarcely one-two-three in the popular estimation. In Hawaii and the Philippines she was shown almost royal honors, while in Japan she was received by the mikado and in China by the empress dowager.

Her honeymoon trip to Europe, which will be taken next summer after the congressional session is practically over, will complete her trip around most of the world. Until that time the newly married couple will remain for the most part in Washington. The wedding itself will easily eclipse any social event that has ever occurred in the White House. The nuptials will be celebrated in the historic east room, and Right Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee of Washington will officiate.

There have been many similar ceremonies witnessed in the executive mansion, the last one being that of the marriage of President Grover Cleveland to Miss Frances Polson, twenty years ago. The one most nearly approaching the present affair, however, was the wedding of Nellie Grant to Algonquin Satterlee. It is the only other marriage ever celebrated in the east room. The home life of Grant was much like that of the present occupant of the White House, and the heart of the silent man was wrapped up in his daughter. One of the unexpected parts of that brilliant event was the presence of some uninvited guests in the persons of little Jesse Grant's baseball nine, the ragged archers creating both amusement and consternation by dodging about among the swell guests.

Prior to the civil war there were a number of White House weddings. The first one was that of a relative of Mrs. Dolly Madison, who was quite a social leader in her day and made the event a gala occasion. During President Monroe's regime his daughter, Maria, was married in the blue room to her cousin, Samuel I. Gouverneur of New York. Only a few invited guests were present. Six years afterward John Adams, son of President John Quincy Adams, was wedded to his cousin, Miss Helen Jackson, the ceremony occurring in the White House. Two weddings occurred during Jackson's incumbency of the office, one of a niece of the president and the other of the daughter of an old friend. President Van Buren's son was married while his father was in office, but the event did not occur in the executive mansion.

The most brilliant of the White House weddings was that of the daughter of President Tyler to William Waller of Virginia. Tyler was the last of the Virginia executives, and Virginia hospitality was the order of the day. President Tyler himself was married a second time while in office, but not in Washington.

Now one more gala event, the most notable of the list, is to gladden the home of America's chief of state. Both on his account and for the sake of his sensible daughter the American people enter into the joy of the occasion.