

PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER A HAPPY BRIDE

Ceremony that United in Marriage Miss Roosevelt and Congressman Nicholas Longworth Takes Place in the Famous East Room in the Executive Mansion at Washington

Before perhaps the most conspicuous august assembly that ever graced the famous East Room in the Executive Mansion, Miss Alice Roosevelt, eldest daughter of the President, was united in marriage to Nicholas Longworth, Congressman from Ohio, shortly after 12 o'clock Feb. 17. It was the first White House wedding in nearly twenty years, and, according to the usual reckoning, the twelfth in number.

A most notable company was present. Every ruling sovereign was represented in person. High officials were there; gold lace tricked out hundreds there. No American assemblage gathered together ever had the éclat of this.

Young Mr. Longworth first met Miss Roosevelt when he came to Washington to serve his first term as Congressman, a little over two years ago.

basket of flowers, she entered the room with her father.

At the right of the clergymen Mr. Longworth was standing with his best man. Mr. Roosevelt handed his daughter to the bridegroom and stepped aside to the left. When Bishop Satterlee asked, "Who giveth this woman?" Mr. Roosevelt stepped forward and placed Miss Alice's hand in that of Mr. Longworth. Stepping back again, that ended his part in the ceremony.

The wedding marches from "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Lohengrin" were played as processional and recessional. Then there were two hymns, "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death," from "Elijah," and "This Our Wedding Morn." by Pontiatowski. The vested choir from St. John's sang and afterward the Marine Band played.

Miss Roosevelt was married in ex-

piano was used as an accompaniment to the choral music.

There followed a reception lasting till 3 o'clock, but the happy couple hurried away before that for their honeymoon, to be spent down South at the estate of a wealthy friend of the Roosevelts. When Congress adjourns Mr. and Mrs. Longworth will take an extended jaunt in Europe. There Mrs. Longworth will be presented at the court of each country she visits by the American Ambassador or Minister.

And first of all, it will be at the Court of the King of England, at the hands of Ambassador Reid. Doubtless His Majesty will entertain Mrs. Longworth himself at some notable function. The Reids will also give a series of brilliant affairs at which the President's daughter will meet the cream of Britain's nobility and gentry, as well as royalty.

was of Alice blue, with a hat to match. She wore her beautiful silver fox furs to set off the costume. The skins are a portion of the much-discussed twenty-three boxes of things which followed Miss Roosevelt from the Orient. These skins are of rare value and have been fashioned into a wondrous set.

There is a wide collar with stole effect, which reaches down the back and almost to the hem of her skirt in front. There is a muff to match of the prevailing large, flat shape. This lining of the furs is of pale gray brocade satin.

Miss Roosevelt as Mrs. Longworth will have two homes. One will be in Cincinnati—beautiful home of the bridegroom's mother. It derives its name from the number of rooks that make their home in the ancient trees about the place. It is the home, too, of the beautiful china originated by



Mrs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
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They were thrown together almost from the first, and though gossip mentioned a possible engagement months ago, nothing was made public until last December, when the President made formal announcement of the betrothal.

Miss Nellie Grant made her White House wedding the occasion of having eighteen bridesmaids. If Miss Alice Roosevelt had bidden eighteen of her girl friends to be maids she would have been obliged to ask fifty if she would not give offense. The result was that it was decided not to have any bridesmaids or even maid-of-honor. Her sole attendant was her little half-sister, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, flower girl.

With Mr. Longworth it was a simpler proposition. He had the conventional wedding party of eight ushers and a best man. His best man was his brother-in-law, the Viscount de Chambrun, who married Miss Longworth. The Viscount is also one of Miss Roosevelt's closest friends.

Thousands of other brides the land over have given their hearts and their hands to exactly the same words as Miss Roosevelt gave hers Saturday. The simple ceremony occupied barely ten minutes. The music lengthened this to about twenty minutes.

Custom requires no altar in a private dwelling. Instead there was a prie-dieu, at which the couple knelt during the prayers, and nothing more. Miss Roosevelt joined her father upstairs and came down the grand staircase on his arm. Preceded by the ushers and little Miss Ethel, with her

actly the same spot as Miss Nellie Grant. This was in front of the large center windows on the east side of the room, which open out on the esplanade.

Never was a bride in a more imposing room than the great East Room, the show place of the beautifully simple White House. It is large and airy, and not incumbered with heavy hangings. It is finished in delicate white and gold, quite the appropriate setting for a beautiful wedding.

At one end of the room stands a grand piano, covered entirely with gold leaf and hand painted in exquisite panels. On the sides of the instrument are the coats-of-arms of the thirteen original States, and inside the lid is a beautiful allegorical painting. This

And then there will be delightful visits to Paris, where the Longworths will be the guests of the Viscount and Viscountess de Chambrun, the latter Mr. Longworth's sister. The President of France will receive the President of the United States' daughter at some state function yet to be decided upon. Should Germany be included in this second wedding trip the Kaiser can be reckoned upon to show distinction and hospitality upon the daughter of the President.

The bride's trousseau has been the subject of much consideration. Every bit of it is American made, save those things which have come to her as wedding gifts. The single exception is a few bits of lingerie from Paris. Mrs. Longworth's going away gown

Mrs. Bellamy Storer, wife of Ambassador Storer, who is a member of the Longworth family.

The other is the Washington home. This is the Jones house, in Eighteenth street. It was built by the late John Davies Jones of Cincinnati. It is extremely bright and attractive, standing on the corner of Eighteenth and I streets, N. W.

And it is whispered that some day Miss Roosevelt hopes to have another Washington home—the White House.

She has told her fiancé that he must be re-elected Congressman, and then she looks forward to another such career for her husband as her father has had, with the Presidency as its ultimate goal.

The Great Ideal

'Tis pride which causes us to mourn.
Existence here below
In summer's heat, could well be borne.
Likewise in winter's snow:
But, scoring comforts we might win,
We yearn for worldly dress.
Again rounds the battle's din,
Each wants to be the boss.

The rosiest scene of peace that's drawn
An autocrat reveals
One ruler seems to tread upon
Another ruler's heels.
And health or peace each man esteems
An unimportant loss.
This is the sweetest of his dreams.
He wants to be the boss.
—Washington Star.

MY TWIN BROTHER'S GHOST

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My twin brother, Heinrich, was, as you know, a musician of rare talent, if not genius. Both of us were said to have exceptional abilities along musical lines, in our youth. Like most twins, we were very close together and very fond of one another. Both loving music passionately, we resolved to become musicians and spent our patrimony in our studies. We went abroad and worked under the best masters and developed our talents as best we could.

I ultimately found that I had mistaken my vocation, even as Heinrich had found his. For while I loved music equally with him, my appreciation apparently covered the entire range and I loved equally to cultivate the voice, the piano, the violin and all the other forms, finding none in which I excelled particularly, but finding joy in all. Heinrich, on the other hand, found his keenest delight in the violin, to which he devoted himself and of which he became a master. I remember when Heinrich discovered the Stradivarius and secured it. I thought he would go crazy with joy—and I was nearly as much pleased and excited.

Well, all things have to come to an end. Our patrimony exhausted, the question of bread-winning became predominant. It became clear to me, after some thought, that I never could hope to become a great musician in any given line, and I respected music too much to become a mere piano thumper or an orchestra hack. So I embarked in business with the aid of some friends. Heinrich—well, you remember his short and brilliant career—and his sudden death. Ah, it was hard that he was to die far away in a foreign land, and that it was not to be given me even to press down his lids and kiss his lips in farewell.

All that came to me from Heinrich was his precious Stradivarius, and it was brought to me by a devoted friend of his, who crossed the sea at his behest to deliver it into my hand. It was, as you may guess, both a sorrow and a joy. The night I received it I sat many hours gazing at it with tearful eyes and recalling the sweet harmony I had heard the dead wring from it. I fondled it. I kissed it. I embraced it, knowing that his loved fingers had touched every part of it. It seemed almost as though Heinrich was in the very room with me.

Finally I replaced it in the case and put it carefully in my closet on a high shelf, where it would be safe. I fell into a peaceful slumber, tired out from the play of my emotions. I do not know how long I had slept when I awoke and lay perfectly still. My weariness had vanished and I felt singularly peaceful while my mind seemed clarified.

As I lay there thus peaceful and passive, there came to my ears perfectly plainly the clear notes of a violin. And the music was Heinrich's favorite. What startled me was that the touch was Heinrich's very own—and the sound was slightly muffled. The inference was clear. The music came from the Stradivarius in the case in the closet.

My heart stopped beating as I recalled the many talks Heinrich and I had had regarding psychic phenomena. He had been a firm believer in the imperishability of the individual spirit, although he held to no definite theories or views. I had been a skeptic. Was it—could it be that the ardent spirit of my loving twin had returned to his Stradivarius and his brother?

I listened intently. The music continued jumping from one of his old favorite tunes to another—now sad, now joyous, now majestic, now pathetic—and through them all rang

contradiction to all the philosophy of my life. Before the next night I had half-convinced myself that the entire affair was an hallucination, superinduced by the powerful emotions produced by the coming of my brother's Stradivarius.

Again that night I was awakened by the muffled music of the violin, and again I investigated to no purpose. On the third night I could not sleep. I felt myself in the presence of the Great Mystery. Again the music came and, throwing on a bathrobe, I dashed into the hall and sum-



I had to tell my miserable story. I moned my neighbor from the next room in the flat where I had lodgings. Not a sound could he hear. As soon as I returned to bed the ghostly concert was renewed.

I became frantic, laid the case before all the occupants of our flat, who helped me investigate, but to no purpose. I was so insistent that they finally agreed I was a little touched in the upper story.

The affair got on my nerves until I became hysterical, and one night when the music burst forth in a grand melody I ran screaming into the hall in my bathrobe summoning my neighbors.

They got together, and after consultation decided that for my own good I should be sent to a sanitarium. Some of the people were actually afraid of me. To tell the truth, I had serious doubts as to my own sanity.

It being late at night an ambulance was summoned and it came attended by a big stout sergeant of police, with a thick neck and a small round head. He waited in my room while I packed a few necessities in a suit case.

Of a sudden the music came again. I looked up wildly and grasped the sergeant by the arm. He regarded me suspiciously.

"Do you hear it," I asked trembling.

"Hear what?" he replied.

"The music," I said pleadingly.

"Sure I do," said he, "and a purty piece it is, too."

I nearly wept for joy.

"Where does it come from?" I asked.

"I dunno," said he. "It's none of me business."

"It is," I cried. "That is what they are sending me to the asylum for. They can't bear the music and I say it comes out of that violin case, played by the spirit of my dead brother."

"Gwan," he said, walking into the closet.

Coming back he summoned me to follow him.

"I'll cure ye of the bughouse if ye'll mind," he said.

I followed him to the door of the flat and into the outer vestibule. He pushed the bell of the next flat. Presently a young woman attired in a loose wrapper appeared.

"Who's playin' the fiddle?" asked the policeman.

"I have been," she replied, all in a tremble. "Oh, I do hope he hasn't disturbed people. I rented the whole of this big flat so I could play when I pleased without disturbing others."

"Well, there's a windy in your closet that opens on the court," said the policeman, grinning. "And there's another windy in the closet opposite which is in this gent's room, and he thinks it's ghosts."

I would willingly have gone to the madhouse if I could have gone that minute, and never faced them again. But I had to tell my miserable story to the beautiful girl in the wrapper, and she listened with mingled laughter and tears.

It seems she was a musician just returned from abroad, where she had studied under the same masters Heinrich had (which might account for my hallucination as to the touch) and she was doing concert work in the evening, after which she delighted to play away all for herself. So she had rented the big flat, where she thought she was alone with her servants and would disturb nobody.

That's all—excepting that the beautiful young woman that was in my beautiful wife that is, and she is now summoning us to dinner.

Utilize Victoria Falls.

Steps are being taken to utilize the 500,000 horsepower of the Victoria falls for industrial purposes, care being taken not to mar the scenery.

WILD ANIMALS NEARLY EXTINCT

Colorado the Only Preserve Left, and Game Grows Scarce There.

Among the distinct purposes of the annual meeting of the National Association of Game and Fish wardens and commissioners, held at St. Paul recently, were: Elimination of politics from the department in each state; uniform laws for the protection of game and the propagation of fish, says the Denver Post.

Colorado is considered the most important state in the Union so far as the preservation of game is concerned. Big game in all Middle West and in the Northwest is becoming extinct. Some is still preserved in the mountain fastness of this state. Sportsmen, both in and out of office, regard Colorado as the battle ground for the enactment and enforcement of laws that will curb the wholesale slaughter of the distinctly American wild animals.

Colorado is the only state where the elk still survives in its native haunts where there is practically a closed season. The statute permits the killing of this animal between November 1 and 5, but even this provision is suspended until 1907. At the next session of the legislature it is probable that the time for enforcement of the provision will be still further extended, so that the closed season for elk will be made permanent.

ALL BOY COULD REMEMBER.

Memory of Youthful "Improviser" at Fault.

Jean Gerardy, the cellist, was praising, at a dinner in Boston, an unknown child musician.

Suddenly he paused.

"We speak of painting the lily," he said, "and of gilding fine gold—well, it was just such a futile task that I once saw this little boy's father try to do."

"The boy plays beautifully the works of others. His father last year announced that he had developed, along with his technical talent, a wonderful skill in improvisation. The man invited a hundred and fifty of the leading musicians an critics of Paris to come to a certain hall on a certain evening and hear the lad improvise."

"We all went. I sat, full of interest, on the front row. The boy appeared, bowed, and took his place at the piano."

"And for two or three minutes he played beautifully. For improvisation, this was unprecedented. The audience, glancing at one another, exchanged nods of delighted approval."

"But suddenly the boy stopped. With a puzzled frown he looked at his father. Then he laughed, and in a loud, ray voice he said:

"Papa, I have forgotten the rest."

Turks Rejoice at Patriot's Death.

Says a message from Saloniki, European Turkey, "There is jubilation in Turkish circles at the report of the death of Radnallyovon (Yovan of Radna), who has been a thorn in the side of the Turks for thirty years past. Yovan of Radna took to the hills out of resentment for the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the Turks. He has often figured in recent years as a kind of Macedonian Robin Hood, protecting the weak against the strong and occasionally punishing by death the Turkish village ruffians of whom his people made complaints to him. When surrounded by the Turks in overwhelming force in his last fight Yovan was at the head of a band of only nine men, three of whom, with their leader, were killed in the fight, the Turks losing heavily."

The Poet's Dilemma.

I've been for at least ten years, in verse, Admiring golden curls; Though the songs were rapid, and oft-times worse. They fitted so many girls Whose hearts, for the moment, I sought to win. But Fortune has thrown me down! It's to Dorothy now that my hopes I pin. And Dorothy's curls are brown! I'll allocate all of the other girls If I sing of "the charms untold That hallow a cluster of chestnut curls." I've said all that of the gold, I've sung of a sunbeam's being caught, And of wearing "a halo crown." But can I now? Ah, perish the thought! For Dorothy's curls are brown. I can't insist that I wrote for pelf, For it's known that my verse rang true. Although a court may reverse itself, For a poet that course won't do! And I'm fearful of some verse to her may be shown. (There's scores of them here in town). So "yellow" that Dorothy won't condone. Since Dorothy's curls are brown. —Roy Farrell Greene, in New York Press.

Changed the Subject.

The young divine touched his glasses nervously and leaning forward took her hand.

"Miss Milvain," he said, "Mabel, I can no longer conceal the sentiment that glows in my breast. The time has come when I must divulge the hope that has long been cherished the burning desire."

But at this moment the parrot, trained by the bluff, football playing brother, interrupted:

"Cut it out," said the bird. "None of that rot old man."

And the minister, drawing himself up, said stiffly:

"To continue the topic of a few moments ago, I repeat, Miss Milvain, that Mommson's 'History of Rome, etc.'"

Real Cause for Worry.

"Yes, I am concerned about myself. You see, of late I have got into the habit, if one may term it, of talking in my sleep," said the man who had been waiting to see the doctor.

"Ah, yes!" said the doctor. "And you want to stop it in some way? Really, it is not a cause for worry. I should give it no attention, if I were you."

"But it bothers me a great deal."

"Tut, tut. You needn't feel any alarm over talking in your sleep."

"But I am afraid my wife listens in her sleep."—Stray Stories.

Situation Had Changed.

Merchant Tailor—I am sorry to say it, Mr. Goodheart, but as this is to be your wedding suit I must demand cash on delivery.

Mr. Goodheart—Eh? Why, I've had an account with you for years, and I've always paid promptly to the hour, sir.

Merchant Tailor—Yes, Mr. Goodheart, but you were a bachelor and had the handling of your own money.

BEST MAN AND USHERS AT THE WEDDING



(1) Thomas Nelson Perkins of Boston, Classmate of Mr. Longworth at Harvard, Best Man. (2) Lars Anderson, Mr. Longworth's Cousin, Usher. (3) Buckner Wallingford, Brother-in-Law of Mr. Longworth, Usher. (4) Francis Reginald Bangs, a Boston Alderman, Usher. (5) Guy Norman of Boston, Usher.