

Roosevelt walked up the corridor chatting, not at all nervously, to her father, and nodding pleasantly and soberly, too, to those of her friends whose eyes hers met.

When Miss Roosevelt reached the altar steps Mr. Longworth met her and her father stepped back to Mrs. Roosevelt's side, at the left. When the first tones of the officiating minister, Dr. Smith, were heard, the stillness seemed to penetrate the remotest corners, and his voice was heard distinctly through the big East Room and to the furthest end of the corridor.

The responses were well enunciated, and both Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth could be heard plainly by all the waiting listeners. As Bishop Satterlee asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" President Roosevelt went up the altar steps and presented his daughter. He then resumed his place by the side of his wife.

At the proper point in the ceremony Mr. Perkins handed the ring to Bishop Satterlee, and Miss Ethel Roosevelt took charge of the bridal bouquet. In a few moments the sonorous tones of Bishop Satterlee rang out, "I pronounce thee man and wife."

Once in the course of the ceremony the bride turned her head almost wistfully toward Mrs. Roosevelt and immediately at its close she turned on the altar steps and stretched out her arms to her, kissing her affectionately, then holding her at arms' length by the shoulders, the bride spoke a few words to her and kissed her again.

As Mrs. Roosevelt turned to welcome Mr. Longworth the bride impulsively threw her arms about her father and kissed him. A joyous greeting from the bride's brothers followed. Then the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Longworth on the platform to receive their friends, proceeded to the Blue Room, where an informal reception was held, and friends and well-wishers paid their respects.

After the immediate families of the young couple had been allowed an opportunity to offer their felicitations, the satin ropes were let down on the right of the altar, and the long line of guests began to pass before the platform. On that side of the aisle the relatives of the two families had been assigned to a place, as had the members of the Cabinet and their wives, and the Diplomatic Corps. The official sets were received as much as possible as a body, though no formalities were observed. As the guests left the bride and bridegroom, they passed down the aisle, and at the door were directed by the aides to the state dining room, where luncheon awaited them.

During the reception and luncheon the Marine Band, under the direction of Lieut. W. H. Santelman, stationed in the front corridor amid palms and flowers, gave a programme of rare musical merit—an overture by Weber, the ballet music and wedding procession from Rubinstein's opera "Feremors"; Chopin's polonaise "Military"; "The Débutante," a waltz by the director of the Marine Band; a serenade from the symphony "Rural Wedding," by Goldmark; "Flurette," by Victor Herbert; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2; "The Bride-elect," by Sousa, and a number of extras.

The recesses in the main corridor were banked with giant ferns and asparagus fronds, with rhododendrons in full flower, with colors shading softly from purple to pale pink. Between the pillars on the north side of the corridor the white marble stands were lost to sight beneath the luxuriant load of rhododendrons heaped upon them. In the Red Room the color scheme was carried on in the floral decorations, and beneath the long mirror directly opposite the door were two straight, tall vases, with long-stemmed red carnations, swaying gracefully in the sunlight filtering through the south windows.

The soft blue of the next room, chaste and stately in its color suggestion, formed a background for snowy Easter lilies in tall vases.

Underneath the windows were flowering plants, against the delicate green tracery of asparagus fronds, from the sturdier foundation of close-growing ferns. In the Green Room were vases of pale-pink carnations, and in this room, as in the rest, were enormous baskets of assorted flowers, evidently gifts to the bride.

The Bride's Gown.

The bride's gown, which has given rise to so much speculation and surmise throughout the feminine world, was of heaviest white satin, made in princess style, with the yoke and trimmings of cream-rose point lace, which graced the bridal toilets of Mrs. Longworth's mother and grandmother. Around the yoke were full ruffles of this lovely lace, and the sleeves were made of these ruffles, placed one below the other. The yoke was made collarless, and where the line of the yoke ended was a single row of fine white diamonds. Above this was a broad necklace of purest diamonds, intricate in design and of marvelous brilliancy.

The long train was of silver brocade satin, with a conventionalized flower design, and fell from her shoulders, where it was held with two clusters of orange blossoms, and trailed behind her about three yards. Her veil was held around her head by a coronet of orange blossoms, and was draped down behind, almost to the end of her train. Her lace yoke was outlined by two narrow white satin strips, between which, in the centre of the bodice, was a diamond cluster with a large sapphire in its heart. Long gloves completed the costume.

Mr. Longworth was dressed in a frock coat, with black trousers, pearl-gray gloves, and a pearl tie, through which was stuck a moonstone for luck.

After Mr. and Mrs. Longworth had received the cordial greetings of the guests in line behind the silk ropes, the aides and ushers, and finally all the White House officers and doorkeepers passed under the white robe from their various posts and bade the smiling, happy bride "a long life and a happy one." The last, "a long life and a happy one," to each one, and particularly to the children, had Mrs. Longworth given her most gracious smile and the most cordial handshake.

The bride turned to her husband, and, taking his arm, started down through the corridor to the dining room. Her long train of silver brocade satin hung from her shoulders more than three yards behind her, and as she passed up through the crowded corridor the guests closed in around her, so near that the train was in imminent danger. When, by chance, Mr. Longworth caught sight of its perilous position and warned its fair owner, she turned and waved to it a whimsical good-bye.

Her passage up the corridor was attended with many demonstrations and insistent congratulations, and she reached the private dining room more or less breathless and even a bit disheveled. Rushing to the big mirror over the mantel, almost completely hidden by ferns and white roses, she arranged her hair and veil.

amid the facetious raillery and advice of her friends.

Here Mrs. Longworth laid aside her bouquet, which had been almost spoiled with so much crushing. Instead of the conventional shower, Mr. Longworth had ordered a huge cluster of white and purple orchids, the stems incased in white satin ribbon. From under the flowers, long streamers of white gauze ribbon had been fastened, and these were knotted and looped, with a single orchid, and a fern in each bow. When it was handed to Miss Ethel at the time of the wedding ceremony, one of the ends of the gauze ribbon caught in the bride's dress and refused to be loosened in spite of Miss Ethel's furtive pulls at it, and all during the ceremony these little streamers swung from the bride to her bouquet.

Mrs. Roosevelt was beautifully gowned in a costume of brown and tan, which was the only thing which could have possibly convinced one that her favorite blue was not the most becoming color in the world. The skirt was of tan brocade satin, in panel effect, with soft, warm brown chiffon, embroidered in blue button flies, let in between, the waist of the tan brocade, trimmed across the shoulders with the brown embroidered chiffon.

Miss Ethel Roosevelt was dressed in a shirred white gown, of embroidered mousseine de soie, with a broad white satin sash and a satin bow at the back of her hair.

It was, of course, entirely impracticable to seat the guests, and no attempt was made to do so, though each guest had a place reserved from which to view the ceremony.

The regular aides, Col. C. S. Bromwell, United States Army; Lieut. Commander A. L. Key, United States Navy; Major Charles L. McCawley, United States Marine Corps; Capt. A. E. Harding, United States Marine Corps; Capt. Guy V. Henry, United States Army; Capt. Dan T. Moore, United States Army; Capt. Fitz Hugh Lee, United States Army; Lieut. U. S. Grant, third, United States Army; Lieut. P. H. Sheridan, United States Army; Lieut. Chauncey Shackleford, United States Navy; Ensign Adolphus Andrews, United States Navy, were supplemented in their efforts to keep the arrangements running smoothly by Capt. Spencer Cosby, United States Army; Capt. A. W. Butt, United States Army, and Lieut. J. H. Poole, United States Army.

As the guests were being directed to their places, and were arranging themselves with a view to catching the best look at the ceremony, the throng was suddenly parted, and Col. Bromley appeared, carrying Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, who had been overcome by a passing faintness. She was carried to the Blue Room, followed by her husband and several ladies, and the doors were closed. In a few minutes word was brought that she was much better, and before the wedding party had left the White House she was quite herself again.

When Mrs. Longworth first reached the private dining room, where she was served with luncheon and champagne, one of the White House aides rushed up to her to drink her health. She clinked her glass with his and took a sup or two. "Oh, drain it," he said, and the bride drained, though toward the last few drops she had to bend her head far back to manage it.

She had hardly started with her luncheon when a servant brought the wedding cake for her to cut. She looked at it despairingly. "Am I supposed to cut it all?" she asked. She cut the first slice and handed back the knife. "That's all I'm going to cut," she said.

Interruptions came fast and furious after that. Standing with a plate in one hand and a glass in the other, some one brought her a little Manchurian poodle, with an enormous orange bow on his neck.

"Oh, you darling," said the bride, and, thrusting her plate in one direction and her glass in the other, she seized the puppy and, regardless of wedding finery, clasped him in her arms till he was glad to get away.

When the canine distraction had been removed, and Mrs. Longworth again got back to her luncheon, Representative Longworth came up with a great batch of telegrams. They read them through, some of them cable messages, till finally she came to one which seemed to amuse the bride immensely. She handed it around for a few friends to see and read it over several times. It came from Union City, Penn., and ran: "Our baby born at 12 o'clock. Have named her Alice."

Senator Kean of New Jersey came up to speak to the bride, and claimed the honor of being the first to call her "Mrs. Longworth."

So, with good-humored jest, the guests one by one took their departure. Gray-haired diplomats went back to their duties and the lovely, beautifully gowned women went to other social functions, but each one will carry away the memory of the sweet, graceful girl whose happiness was so radiant, so contagious, and so genuine, and the memory of the splendid scene in which she was the central figure.

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