

Extract from
WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.
 London.

LONDON, Friday Night.

ALTHOUGH the day was less sunny than last Tuesday for the Royal Garden Party, the Queen wore a hat with quite a brim, which was covered with mauve, brown, pink, and white ostrich feathers. Her dress was of blue crêpe georgette beaded in panels with blue and crystal paillettes and with a quaint back panel of grey crêpe georgette.

It was, however, the little Duchess of York who carried off the chief honours in her rather long frock of cream crêpe romaine beaded with pearls, girdled with pearls and with heavy bishop sleeves, also embroidered in pearls. With this she wore a cream crinoline straw hat with two flame-coloured ostrich feathers on either side and a rather incongruous sunshade, white one side and green the other.

* * *

SOME PRESENTATIONS.

Others in the Royal party were Lady Patricia Ramsay, in cream lace and a red rose in her beige hat, the Queen of Greece, in grey, with a blue hat, and Lady May Cambridge, in floral chiffon and a brown hat.

The Duke of Connaught arrived very late indeed, and sauntered into the Royal tea-tent carrying a wonderful umbrella with a green handle. Among the people presented to the King I noticed Mrs. de Laszlo, with a big lace-wreathed hat, with her husband, and Sir Edward Clarke, who is over eighty, but was resplendent in a grey frock coat, the best pair of whiskers I have yet seen, and a red carnation button-hole.

Lady Oxford drove up very early, all in white chiffon, with long black earrings and a black velvet hat. Lord and Lady Vaux of Harraden were there, the Hon. Sybil Portman, and this year's debutante, the Hon. Maud Pelham. Mr. and Mrs. Amery and Lady Alexander, with an ostrich feather attached to her parasol handle, were among the many guests.

* * *

THE ARMY OF THE "CLOTH."

I expected to see a large contingent of literary and theatrical people, but it was almost entirely eclipsed by the army of the "cloth." I did, however, notice Mrs. Annie Besant strolling about the lawns without a hat, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling ruminating alone. Mr. Seymour Hicks, still looking bronzed from his world tour, brought his wife, Miss Ellaline Terris, who was cool and charming in powder blue, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger seemed peculiarly at home on royal lawns.

I met Mrs. Haden Guest during the afternoon, and she told me that one of the most amusing experiences she could remember was her first Royal garden party, when she spent the afternoon with Mark Twain. He showed her a letter written by his daughter in which he was given the strictest injunctions not to flirt!