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A WOMAN'S LETTER.

THE KING AT BOGNOR.

By SIB.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—Such intense interest has been taken in the King's long fight against his illness that it is not surprising that a crowd waited in front of Buckingham Palace to see him off. Every village through which his motor-ambulance passed on the way to the coast and the comfortable house which has been lent to the King at Bognor was lined with people. The King's form, lying on a bed, could just be seen, and now and then he lifted his hand in acknowledgment of the subdued cheering. The accounts from Bognor are reassuring, and I am told that the King has even been allowed to finger a volume of his stamp collection, which is one of his hobbies. He has the best collection in the world. Her Majesty motored up to London on Monday to open the wonderful loan exhibition of works of art at Lansdowne House, which has been organised in great part by Lady Algernon Lennox and her daughter, the Marchioness of Titchfield, to raise money for the Invalid Children's Aid Association. The Queen was in good spirits, and she greeted her friends most affectionately. Many of them she had not seen since the King's illness. She was able to give very good news of his progress, though even now the doctors will not use the word convalescence on account of His Majesty's very great weakness.

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Her Majesty is enjoying the quiet and repose of Craigweil House. She reads to the King every day, and when he is resting she walks in the grounds. At night the evening is spent reading or listening to a wonderful portable wireless set which belongs to the King. The Prince of Wales has taken on as much as possible of his father's work, and he is so busy that he is selling his hunters. A rumour gained circulation in consequence that the King was much worse than is admitted, but this is not true. Anyone who knew the strenuous life led in normal times by both King and Queen would realise how much supplementary help is needed just now.

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It is curious that two bishops should have died suddenly in the last week. One was the Bishop of Chichester (Dr. Winfrid Burrows), a man aged 70 years, who had come to London to attend a conference at Lambeth. The Archbishop's palace gate is flanked by an old red brick tower, called the Lollards' Tower, and here several bishops have the right to inhabit a suite of rooms. I have often been in them; they are low and panelled, with a view of the river on one side and a window or two looking on to the great garden, almost a park, which still surrounds this medieval building. Here Dr. Burrows came to sleep. He never woke. He was a charming and clever man. He bore a very early calamity in his life with rare fortitude. He had married Miss Mary Talbot, a daughter of John Talbot, who was a member of Parliament for forty years or so, and they were very happy. In giving birth to a daughter she died. The other bishop who died was the newly appointed Bishop of Lewes. I did not know him, but I link him with the other, for he died in the same week and almost in the same manner, instantaneously in the train on his way to visit his dentist.

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The new Archbishop of Canterbury has been ill in bed ever since his enthronement. It is a curious situation, for Archbishop Davidson, who resigned on the score of old age, is hale and well and doing plenty of work, while his younger successor is laid aside. However, there is every hope that Dr. Cosmo Lang, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, once Archbishop of York, will make a complete recovery. He is a great gardener, and his late diocese has presented him with a sum of money that he may lay out the grounds surrounding Lambeth Palace and create a garden, if possible, as beautiful as that he brought into being at York. This would be a great addition to London, for thousands would enjoy on certain days the skilful and beautiful combinations of colour which the Archbishop and his head gardener devise between them. I have never forgotten one visit I paid him at Bishopsthorpe, York, when his late autumn garden was a blaze of beauty which

almost brought tears to the eyes. Here the Archbishop would come for refreshment when he was tired. Now it is to be hoped that he will make a similar patch of beauty in London.

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I spoke in my last letter of the party which Viscountess Astor gave to mark the wedding of her niece, Miss Rachel Spender Clay, a day or two before the ceremony. The wedding day was misty, rather foggy, and very cold, but there were gleams from a pale sun now and then. But none of this deterred the crowds, and before 11 o'clock, the wedding being at half-past 2, people were already waiting in queues at the church door. Finally there was a concourse of something like 5,000 people. This was a tribute to the bridegroom's sister, the Duchess of York, who is an immense favourite. It was, perhaps, realised that this brother, called David, has always been her special friend; they are very near in age, and, coming at the end of the family, they were looked upon as almost twins. For this reason the present of the Countess of Strathmore to her son was a portrait by Lazlo of his sister—a charming picture. I was rather sorry for the patient sightseers, who missed the Duke and Duchess of York's entrance, as they arrived at a side door. Coming away, however, they both emerged from under the awning, and the Duchess smiled and bowed to everyone she could. She was dressed in a pale blue cloth coat trimmed with chinchilla, and a blue felt hat to match.

Afterwards, at St. James's Square, there was a great crowd of people, who had time as they crept upstairs to notice the tree planted in a pot, which reached from the ground floor almost to the top of the stairs, and had a real bird's nest in it. I was amused by the throng round the wedding cake, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the Duke and Duchess standing by while the bride cut the cake. One old lady was determined to push through. She announced to everyone that she was a cousin of the Duchess. The very next day the Duchess went down with influenza, and, though she had only a mild attack, she has not yet been allowed by the doctors to undertake any public duties.

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The winter sports season is in full progress, not only at St. Moritz, where Lady Astor and others are running the risk of joining what the papers call "the winter sports wounded," but also all over England, where people of every age flock to the ponds and lakes in their districts with skates and picnic hampers, and even bicycle lamps and motor lights, for skating goes on far into the night. It is not often that England's rivers and lakes are frozen hard enough for crowds to swarm over them. Special trains run during the week-end to carry the more leisured to country waters, surrounded, as many of them are, by lovely woods and commons. Motor-cars throng the roads, filled with fur-coated individuals and rugs and hot-water bottles and thermos flasks full of hot drinks. Races and championships are held. On the whole, it seems to be safer to skate in England than to venture abroad, judging by the number of "wounded" who were met at Victoria station by a flock of ambulances and private cars last week. Girls on crutches, young men with arms in slings, many limping along with the help of a a friend, emerged from the train, humorously teasing one another about their enjoyable holiday. Someone was heard to remark, "The trouble is that we English don't know how to do it." If winters like the present recur, doubtless we shall learn the art of skating, bob-sleighing, and ski-ing better—those of us who are not entirely occupied seeing to the burst pipes and frozen cisterns in our houses.