

IT is fortunately the fashion to hide our deeper feelings nowadays, to laugh where our grandmothers wept, and to run about the town in circumstances where they secluded themselves from observation, otherwise these recent months, with their object-lesson in the changes and chances of this mortal life, would have been rendered more gloomy and depressing than they need be, and we should indeed have been in a parlous state. The great world has gone its way, if not rejoicing, at any rate with an outward seeming of tranquillity, dining, supping, skating, making parties for racing and the theatres, what though their ranks are depleted, and their menkind have been fighting their country's battles, their lives given in a good cause, their sins of omission and commission wiped out and expiated in a glorious death, their memory honoured by friend and foe. A fateful roll has the death-list proved, few noble houses having emerged unscathed by wearing anxiety or grievous loss; but every one has borne a brave front to the world, the mighty wave of patriotism which has swept England in its breadth and length bringing with it strength to face the worst and spirit to hope for the best. The Queen has had a grandson (Prince Christian Victor), Lord George Hamilton a son and thirteen nephews, and the Duke of Abercorn eleven nephews, at the front. The Duke of Devonshire lost a nephew early in the campaign, when Commander Egerton succumbed at Ladysmith.



THE winter season in London is preferred by many to the Season proper. Society has, however, been this winter

shaken to its foundations by the war; consequently everything has suffered. The few balls that have been given were the charity subscription balls, little private entertaining having been done. In these circumstances people fall back all the more on the restaurant form of hospitality, which is generally impromptu, and parties for the play.



From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

LADY FFRENCH.

THE skating-rinks are such delightful resorts in the dull days of winter that the wonder is how London did without them for so many years. Once inside their gaily lighted portals, one forgets the gloom that reigns outside, and can give oneself up to the joys of skating, or the calmer pleasure of looking on, while the soft strains of a charming orchestra enchant the ear.

At Niagara, which occupies the buildings of the panorama of that name at Westminster, there is seldom a crowd; in fact, so select are the club days—Sunday afternoon and Monday and Wednesday evenings—that they are apt to be a little dull, and on other days the company, though smartly dressed, is by no means aristocratic. Niagara possesses the advantage of being excellently arranged: the wide promenade that encircles the ice provides ample accommodation for onlookers, while the tea-rooms and lounges are luxurious in the extreme; the gallery over the promenade is a splendid vantage-point from which to watch the skaters, and some most graceful evolutions are here seen. At the Carnival, which was held in December, and at the skating competitions which followed, most surprising feats were witnessed. Lady Falmouth, Lady Coke, and Lady Helen Vincent are three prominent members of the club, the two latter, with the Duchess of Wellington, being among the patronesses; while on the Election Committee figure such well-known names as Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. Montagu Guest, Baron M. de Tuyll, and Mr. Hwfa Williams. One of the best skaters is Miss Cotterell, who seems to skim the ice like a swallow. Miss Call has not been seen there of late.



From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

LADY HALSBURY.

AT Prince's Club, opposite the officers' quarters of the Knightsbridge barracks, conservatism reigns supreme, for the same people can be found there Sunday after Sunday, on

which day circulation is often a matter of difficulty for the promenaders. It must be confessed that this ice-rink is very inconveniently planned, its immense length and moderate width necessitating the use of a cord when waltzing begins if there is any great number of people on the ice. The promenade, too, is terribly cramped, and has the further disadvantage of not running entirely on all four sides of the rink, which causes uncomfortable blocking upon occasion. But, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, fickle Fashion has been faithful to Prince's for the last couple or so of winters, and the fair women to be found there are typical of every grade of Society, from Royalty down to the hanger-on

on the outskirts of fashion. The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, heads the list of the Ladies' Committee, wherein are found the names of many of England's most beautiful women, among them being the Duchess of Portland, Lady Londonderry, Lady Granby, Lady Coke, and Lady Helen Vincent.

The craze for skating has certainly begun to wane a little this winter; but the truth is that every Society function has suffered somewhat in bril-

liancy these troublous times, when there have been so few men available. Familiar figures at Prince's are Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Neptune Blood, the Misses Gaskell, Miss Doudell, Miss Irby, Miss Janet Tooth, Miss Bowles, Mr. Ffoulkes (the sculptor), Lord Doneraile, and Herr Grenander, the Swedish amateur champion, who all illustrate one's preconceived ideas of the poetry of motion.

Any woman in search of ideas for winter garments could not do better than look in at Prince's on Saturday or Sunday, when the very latest from Paris can generally be seen, and elegantly dressed women knowing how to wear their clothes are the rule rather than the exception. On Sunday many come on from the concert at the Albert Hall, which is quite one of the

features of the winter season in town, to have tea while listening to Wurm's band. The carnival balls at Prince's Club do not take place until after the new year, and are very amusing social functions, some really beautiful costumes forthcoming.



AMONG the social doings of the past few weeks have been the various entertainments got up in aid of the funds for the war. Mrs. Brown Potter's *café chantant* for equipping the *Maine* as a hospital ship led the way at Claridge's Hotel, and was a tremendous affair, all sorts and conditions of men foregathering there. The occasion was a unique one, and serves to cement the bond of union which exists between the United States and this country. Seldom has a more interesting collection of beautiful and charming women been seen. One stumbled across a group consisting of Mrs. Langtry, resplendent from top to toe in an ermine robe, Mrs. Brown Potter, graceful in black and white, Edna May and Maud Jeffries, both in white cloth and ermine, Lord Rosslyn, Mr. de Bathe, and Kyrle Bellew in attendance. The Prince of Wales, the Princess Christian, Princess Aribert, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Duke of Cambridge were all present at the concert, taking tea subsequently in the adjoining dining-room. Nearly the whole of the ground-floor of Claridge's was turned into a charming series of lounges, beautifully decorated with palms, flowers, and flags of both nations, and everything was perfectly managed from beginning to end. The military concert organised by an actor and actress at the Albert Hall was on even a larger scale, and was ably supported by the musical and theatrical professions and the public alike, a number of well-known people figuring as patrons.



If the passion for skating has waned, the same cannot be said of the love of racing, for every race-meeting organised in the last few years is largely patronised by women, and seldom a week passes that one or other of the racing clubs do not provide a day's sport at least. With Sandown Park, Kempton Park,



From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

LADY LOUTH.

Gatwick, and Lingfield all greatly favoured by the sportswoman, there is always something to be done in the winter; and your real Society woman does not go only to look on—she races in every sense of the word. Many ladies at Kempton or Sandown prefer to do their own betting, and the keen racing woman is always to be found in that portion of the members' stand nearest to the ring. The Newmarket Houghton meeting brought the flat racing at Newmarket to a close, so the great meeting-place of all smart Society women will know them no more until April, when in the full glory of all the new spring fashions the racing set will again foregather on the Heath. It is safe to prophesy that black will be the general wear when that time comes, as now, for few *mondaines* are so fortunate as not to have some relative to mourn.

Gatwick is, from the feminine point of view, the most attractive winter race-meeting, for, instead of shivering with cold, as at Kempton and Sandown, from the shelter of the members,

glazed stand it is possible to see the races in comfort, whatever the weather. This charming corridor-like room, carpeted, decorated with choice flowers, with blazing open fires and cushioned basket armchairs, is quite unique and altogether alluring, and has more the air of a smart hotel lounge or a corridor in a country house than of a race-stand



THE theatres have been drawing crowded houses, and the war has not brought forth complaints so far from theatrical managers, who have all been to the fore in aid for the various funds, most of the companies having given performances for one or the other. The fact is that people are so anxious to be taken out of themselves that music-halls and light pieces prove very attractive. At Drury Lane *Hearts are Trumps* sounded yet another successful note, and was put on with a lavish display never equalled at this theatre, only giving place to the inevitable pantomime. Mr. Collins has excelled himself in the splendid mounting of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, which provides some exquisite tableaux as well as plenty of fun. Dan Leno has again donned petticoats as Jack's mother, and Mr. Herbert Campbell as her young brother is quite fitted with a part, and as the child in the well-known picture of "The Doctor" evoked much laughter. Miss Nellie Stewart is again first boy, proving Jack to have been a lady-killer as well as a giant-killer. An amazing number of huge people have been got together for the giant's *entourage*, making a striking effect. A number of peasants from Landes, near Bordeaux, who habitually walk on stilts,

are brought into requisition, also with excellent result. The enormous mechanical giant is a triumph of stage art, and Madame Grigolatti settling as a fly on his nose is an original touch. The fall down the beanstalk of the mighty giant, got up as Kruger, when the British army emerges from the pockets of the fallen monster's Norfolk jacket, rouses immense enthusiasm.

The Apotheosis of Music is the subject of the first tableau, and that of the Inventions of the Century leads up to Dan Leno's comic double wedding ceremony, which is the prelude to the exquisite transformation scene.

The gentle satire of *A Royal Family*, Captain Robert Marshall's play at the Court Theatre, combined with witty dialogue and amusing situations, has made it quite one of the plays of the year. It is always refreshing to find a play which produces honest laughter free from *double entendre* or doubtful situations, and Captain Marshall is to be heartily congratulated on this rare quality in his work. Who could refrain from laughter on hearing of the King's dresser, who put him into a German uniform to receive the President of the French Republic; or of the error by which at the Anti-Gambling League Meeting the



From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

LADY MABEL ANNESLEY.

King found himself reading a speech on the advantages of the starting-gate at race-meetings? Lord Rosslyn, as the Equerry, is wonderfully good.

The opening of Wyndham's Theatre was, of course, the event of the theatrical season, although a revival was chosen, *David Garrick* being the piece selected. As the takings were to be devoted to the Aldershot Branch of the

British Soldiers' Wives and Families Association, prices ruled high for the first night, and as much as £100 was paid for a box. The total receipts handed over amounted to over £4,000, the Stock Exchange auction alone realising £1,200, a remarkable figure.

Other conspicuous successes have been *El Capitan* at the Comedy; *The Canary*, by that clever and charming writer, "George Fleming," at the Prince of Wales's; *The Black Tulip* at the Haymarket; *The Degenerates* at the Garrick; and *King John* at Her Majesty's. *The Gay Lord Quex*, like the poor, is ever with us. Mention must also be made of *A Message from Mars*.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S book on the Soudan, "The River War," although good reading, is too exhaustive. The first part is in the historical strain, while the second part, dealing in journalistic fashion with the actual events in which Mr. Churchill took part, is therefore the more interesting. Mr. Churchill, who went out to South Africa as special correspondent for the *Morning Post*, had the ill luck to be captured by the Boers early in the campaign. The Duchess of Sutherland's book has achieved a second edition.



THE Van Dyck Exhibition at Burlington House will, of course, cast all minor exhibitions into the shade for lasting interest, and those who had not the privilege of seeing it at Antwerp are flocking to Burlington House, while every one who had already seen it came away anxious to have another opportunity for studying this wonderful master. We shall look for an epidemic of Van Dyck collars as a natural result among the votaries of fashion.

At the Grafton Galleries the Exhibition of French Modern Art has attracted notice, M. Puvis de Chavannes' gigantic canvas being a remarkable feature. At the Continental Gallery M. Sainton's exquisite silver and gold point drawings have again drawn many Art lovers; some delicate water colours also found a place in the exhibition. Messrs. Arthur Tooth have had Sir L. Alma-Tadema's "Thermæ Antoninianæ" as the *pièce de résistance*.

At the New Gallery, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, where the enamel jewellery of Mr. C. R. Ashbee, Miss Hallé, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin formed the most interesting exhibits, had to give place early



From a photograph by Bacon & Sons.

MISS MYRA SWAN.

in December to the winter exhibition of Old Masters. Saturday is always the great day for visiting the picture galleries, and the favourite rendezvous afterwards is Mrs. Robertson's, in Bond Street, where such a crowd assembles that tea is apt to be a prolonged joy.



DESPITE the dull autumn season, a good many people were in town before Christmas. Lady Wimborne, we hear, is still very much interested in her league of Protestant ladies, and no wise cast down by her brisk passage of arms with the Bishop of Chichester, though most people think the Bishop got the best of it. Lady Granby has been busy over the production of her new book of drawings, and very beautiful they are. Every one is glad to see Blanche, Lady Rosslyn back again and looking so young and well. She is the beautiful mother of all those beautiful daughters, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Warwick, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Algernon Lennox, and Lady Angela Forbes. Lady Elgin has been in town a good deal lately, too, furnishing her new house. She is one of the most charming of women, and was positively worshipped in India, though we did not hear so much about her as we do about Lady Curzon. But then, they are *so* different! She is the sister of the lovely Lady Arabella Romilly. Lady Salisbury's death is a great loss. She was a good woman and a true friend, and in every sense *grand dame*, though somewhat reserved to those who had not the privilege of her friendship.



THE winter season in London has been, perforce, a quiet one, though no one could call it a dull one. The moral atmosphere has been charged with excitement, and the great war, which is the one engrossing topic of interest and conversation, has sent waves of emotion over the whole of the country. In London especially the air is lurid with the flare of battle, for on every side the harsh cries of the newsvendors announcing fresh fights, and the list of those who have fallen in the vindication of their country's honour, bring terribly near to all the roar of cannon and the flash of fire.

The dark shadow of the Angel of Death hovering over our land causes a poignant emotion to one and all, for there is hardly a family but what has sent a husband or a son or a brother to fight his country's foes in South Africa; amongst gentle and simple, rich and poor, the common cause has created a common tie of sympathy, and the noble conduct of those who "remain behind inactive" belies the old adage, for there are no inactive ones in England this winter. There is serious work to be done and earnest workers to do it. Everybody is helping, and the generosity of the British public has shown itself once more, to the admiration of the whole civilised world.

The few balls that have been given were all charity balls for the war funds, and all or nearly all the county and hunt balls have been abandoned, both on account of the absence of men and because those who are left behind have no heart for gaiety. Amongst the many brave and noble ladies who have husbands or sons or brothers at the seat of war the feelings of suspense and anxiety are such that they cannot attempt to take part in any amusements.

THE case of poor Lady Romney is a typical one. She had had the best possible news from Mafeking of her son, and was cheerily going about amongst her friends, reassured and hopeful, when the news came that Captain Marsham had been killed a fortnight before the intelligence reached her.



AND there are so many mothers who have sent their only sons to the war. Lady Howard de Walden is one, whose boy, barely twenty



From a photograph by Lafayette.

LADY WINNINGTON.

years of age, had only just come into his title and a rent-roll of over a hundred thousand a year! Lady Tweedmouth is

Some Others. another who has parted with an only son, whilst the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Duchess of Atholl are others who have sent forth their sons; and Lady Dudley has parted with her two youngest sons (the younger one only just married before he started), and in addition she has her own younger brother, Mr. Ronald Moncrieffe, in Mafeking. Lord Durham has three brothers in South Africa: Captain Hedworth Lambton, R.N., who, on his way home from China in the *Powerful*, utilised his magnificent cruiser in transporting the wing of a regiment to Durban, and subsequently, according to many critics, saved the situation in Ladysmith by arriving in the nick of time with his bluejackets and his naval guns; another brother is Major Charles Lambton, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and yet another is Major William Lambton, of the Coldstream Guards, who are both serving with Lord Methuen's division.

Then there are Lord Dundonald, Lord Airlie, and Colonel Fortescue, one of Lord Fortescue's younger sons, who is serving as brigade-major on the staff of General Francis Howard; so that in this way all the great houses are closed, and all the usual winter entertainments are suspended during a period of such suspense and anxiety. Lord Winchester's death is also a great loss.

THE few little amusements permissible are the dinners at the restaurants and a few visits to the music halls, where the **Lesser Amusements.** patriotic songs and the recitations and singing of the tiresome "Absent-Minded Beggar" and "Sons of our Empire" fill these places to overflowing, so that the theatres have almost suffered in consequence.

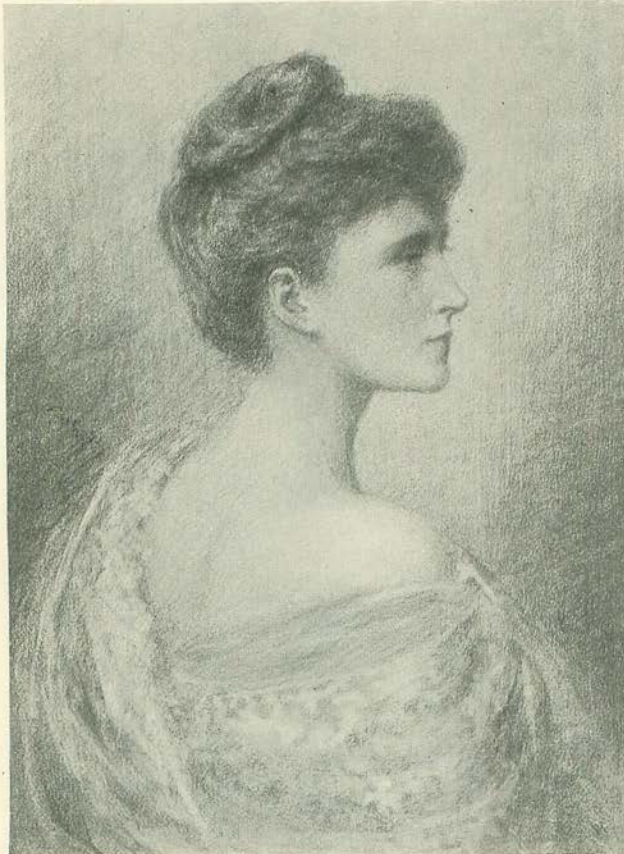
It is interesting at a time like this, when her name is so prominent as the principal mover in the work of the

Maine Hospital **The Churchills.**
Ship, to see a hither-

to unpublished picture of Lady Randolph Churchill. This photograph she most kindly sent for the readers of THE LADY'S REALM just before sailing in the *Maine*, and declared it to be the last and best she had to give. Lady Randolph Churchill is too well known to need any description. Before she went away, Lady Randolph Churchill had serious editorial work to put in hand, and with tireless energy she got together the whole of the two next numbers of her review, *The Anglo Saxon*, so that in her absence its production might be assured

ONE of the most beautiful of the young married women of the day is Mrs. Rupert Beckett. The only **Mrs. Rupert Beckett.** daughter of Lord

and Lady Berkeley Paget, she married in her first season, three years and a half ago, one of the Yorkshire Becketts, and is still almost a girl in years. Tall and graceful, she has a slight, willowy



LADY EDMONSTONE.

figure, and carries her little well-poised head with dignity. Her features are of classic cut, and her beauty does not depend on colouring, for her hair is dark and her complexion of a clear pallor.



LADY SAVILE, whose charming miniature appears here, is the wife of Lord Savile. She is fair, with soft, delicate colouring, and looks altogether too young to be the mother of a grown-up daughter. A month or two ago she and Lord Savile were entertaining the Prince of Wales for a week's shooting at their beautiful place, Rufford Abbey. Rufford is full of treasures, but owes much to the really artistic taste of its present occupants, Lady Savile, in particular, being one of those fortunate ladies who really understand arranging a room, whether it be a tapestry bedroom or a picture gallery one hundred and twenty-four feet in length. Anything like a complete description of Rufford is impossible owing to want of space, but perhaps one or two of the most interesting points may be touched on. Originally (eight hundred years ago) a Cistercian abbey, it was seized as ecclesiastical property by Henry VIII., and given by him to the Earl of Shrewsbury, who parted with it to a son-in-law, Sir George Savile. The eighth baronet, another Sir George Savile, entertained George IV. when Prince of Wales, and at his death Rufford passed into the hands of his nephew, John Savile, great-grandfather of the present owner. It is interesting to trace the various periods in which the house as it stands now came to be built. Beginning in the basement, what is now the servants' hall was the crypt of the abbey. The chapel existed in the sixteenth century, for it is known that Arabella Stuart's parents were married there. The Stuart Room also claims our attention, not only for the beauty of the Brussels tapestry with which it is hung, but also for the fact that it was occupied in turn by Charles I. and Charles II. The picture gallery belongs to the wing built on by the Sir George Savile afterwards the Marquis of Halifax. Where there is so much that is beautiful it is difficult to particularise; but there is a charm about the old banqueting-hall which, perhaps, transcends everything we have yet described. The hall is lined with a



LADY MARY WILLOUGHBY.

dado of dark oak, on which hang the portraits of Arabella Stuart and the Sir William and Lady Savile of the Civil War period. Across it runs a carved oak Elizabethan screen. Flemish tapestries hang from the ceiling to the dado. The old monastic table of the monastery, with benches to match, and the beautiful stone fireplace facing the windows, completes an *ensemble* that is harmonious and most beautiful.



MISS AIMÉE LOWTHER is here seen in the part of Pierrot in her own charming little pantomime play called *The Dream Flower*, for which Mrs. Moncrieffe wrote the music. Miss Lowther is one of Society's best amateur actresses, and dances as well as she acts. She has played *The Dream Flower* time upon time, once at Lady De la Warr's, when the Prince of Wales was present and expressed his pleasure at seeing so poetical a fancy; again at Ugbrooke Hall, where Lady Clifford of Chudleigh invited Miss Lowther to come and help her with theatricals for a charity; and in London, and

A
Distinguished
Amateur.



MISS AIMEE LOWTHER.

at Mrs. Hughes Hallett's parties at Dinard, this gifted young lady has played, to the delight of her audiences. A new part which she is studying now is in a *Rondeau des temps passés*, a recitation à la Watteau, which is partly scene, partly gavotte, and wholly charming. Miss Aimée Lowther is the daughter of Captain Francis Lowther, R.N., and the sister of Miss Toupie Lowther, whose fencing has been so much admired.



OF the winter's art, the most interesting exhibition is certainly the charming little loan collection now being shown at Art. Agnew's Gallery for the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. The catalogue entitles them "Twenty Masterpieces of the English School," and, high sounding though this title may be, it is not altogether undeserved.

First and foremost we see Sir Joshua's great picture of the Ladies Waldegrave, which is far too well known to require any sort of description or praise; but another very fine picture by the same master is the remarkable portrait of Mrs. Heywood, which, as far as we know, is not very generally known to the public. In perfect preservation and painted in the great master's most finished style, its

attraction is very great, and it bears the very minutest inspection. The loving way in which the boa and muff of sable and ermine are painted, combined with the rather dark complexion of the model, makes a most pleasing scheme of colour, and is in very striking contrast with its next-door neighbour, a portrait of the Marchioness of Lothian. This latter picture is evidently an early work of Sir Joshua, and gives the impression of having been hastily painted. The treatment of the ermine trimming shows none of the care bestowed on its neighbour. Two more works of Sir Joshua Reynolds are the portraits of Mrs. Gosling and the well-known Miss Penelope Boothby, that lovely picture of a rather unlovely child.

At the end of the room is the nearly full-length life-size portrait of Colonel Francis James Scott, by Raeburn. This is another really fine work, and gives the impression of a strong man painted by a strong man. The massive and rather rugged head stands out of the dark background of stormy sky, and seems to dominate the scene. The Colonel is in his scarlet coat, and, if his portrait is an index to his character, must have been, when in the flesh, a most determined warrior.

Close to the Raeburn is hung Sir W. Beechey's charming little picture of Master Henry Boyce, the property, we believe, of Sir Charles Tennant, and a little farther on is a



LADY SAVILE.

very fine example of Gainsborough's work. This is a three-quarter-length seated picture of Anne, Duchess of Cumberland. The lady in question, a daughter of the Earl of Carhampton, was married first to Christopher Horton, and afterwards to George III.'s brother. Of this picture it could be said, as of those of the great Venetian, that it seems as if the master had dipped his brush in gold. That almost indescribable golden haze seems to radiate from the brilliant face to the soft draperies and on to the diamond bracelets round her wrists. She was evidently a very attractive woman, and one who did not believe in beauty unadorned, for her eyes were carefully touched up in the corners before she gave the artist his sitting. There is also a fine landscape by the same artist—a coast scene with fishermen pulling in their nets.

Hoppner is represented by a quarter-length portrait of Mrs. Jordan as Hypolita, and one of Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. The former picture is attractive, and the costume of the actress, in particular, is most carefully painted. The latter picture can only have exception taken to it in that it lacks the distinction that Sir Joshua gives to the same lady in his picture of her at Chatsworth.

Hogarth is only singly represented by a remarkably good example of his not always very attractive work. The "Lady's Last Stake," for which "lady" Mrs. Thrale is said to have been the model, tells its story plainly enough,

and is painted with considerably more delicacy than usual.

There are two Morlands—one, of a "Country Inn," may be passed by with a hasty glance; but the other, "A Gypsy Encampment," is a real gem of the first water. A picture of cabinet size, it represents a gypsy scene in the corner of a wood, painted with the most exquisite delicacy,—a perfect little bit of English woodland scenery.



From a photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

There are three fine examples of Romney—Major-General Dundas and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Dundas, both the property of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a portrait of Miss Pitt. And, last, but not least, the visitor can feast his eyes on two Turners, both admirable specimens of a totally different kind—one, the well-known view of "La Dogana and Sta. Maria della Salute," with its marvellously luminous and transparent atmosphere, and the other, "Rockets and Blue Lights," which has also been often exhibited, and is, we believe, now

the property of a wealthy German Jew. The story goes that a Mr. MacConnell, for whom Turner painted it, refused it on the grounds that it was incomprehensible and the work of a madman. Poor man! in those days there was no market price to assist his taste.



ONE of the most successful sales of work this winter was the one Lady Maitland got up in aid of the Deptford Fund. Lady Maitland is

a charming personality, clever, graceful, and beautiful, so no wonder her bazaar was so popular. The Princess Christian attended the bazaar, and the Duchess of Somerset presided over one of the stalls. The

Lady
Maitland's
Bazaar.

Duchess of Somerset, who is the premier duchess of England, is a firm believer in *noblesse oblige*, and is foremost in all good work. She is always beautifully dressed, and untiring in her efforts to advance any good cause in which she is interested.



WE should like to cordially commend to our readers the Colonial Training Home for Girls. The object of this training home is to give practical training in domestic work to ladies and girls wishing to proceed to the colonies to join their relatives, or as mothers' helps; and the fact that it is under the presidency of the Duchess of Sutherland is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. The Duchess is not one to give her name to any institution without full knowledge of its working.



THE following books have been received: "Who's Who?" for 1900; "The English-woman's Year-Book" for 1900; "Side Lights on South Africa," by Mrs. Roy Devereux.



THE publication of Mr. W. H. Wilkins' new

work, "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen," containing the letters of Sophie Dorothea and Count Königsmarck, has been postponed for a short time in consequence of the war in South Africa. Mr. Wilkins is also editing an unpublished work of the late Isabel Lady

Burton on the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, which will appear before the play opens in May. The play will run from May to October.



IN the next number of THE LADY'S REALM full particulars will be found of another grand new prize competition for a fifty-five guinea upright grand piano by the well-known firm of Messrs. Chappell & Co., New Bond Street, W.



We are indebted to Miss Greenwell, the well-known pastel painter, for the charming portraits of Lady Edmonstone and

Lady Mary Willoughby, the beautiful daughter of a beautiful and talented mother, Lady Ancaster.

The portrait on page 535 is of the Princess Albert of Thurn and Taxis. She is the younger daughter of the Archduke Joseph and Princess Clothilde of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. She married in 1890 Prince Albert, who holds a somewhat remarkable sinecure office *viz.* that of Hereditary Postmaster-General of Bavaria—which he inherits from his great-grandfather, who initiated the first postal service in Germany.



From a photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

MRS. RUPERT BECKETT.



THE GREAT WORLD.

SPRING is now well advanced, and the early tulips are with us; but up to now hardly anything is moving, and London shows little or no signs of putting on the festive garb it usually assumes at this season. The reassembling of

A quiet Spring.

Parliament brought a great many people up from the country, but the sorrow and anxiety that have made themselves felt everywhere have taken the heart out of things in general, and there has been but slight inclination for gaieties of any kind. Such entertainments as have been given have resolved themselves into a few intimate dinners or friendly parties of the quietest description, and there is practically nothing to chronicle. Then, too, many people who were in London for a few weeks earlier in the year have gone abroad, either to the South of France, Egypt, or the Italian Riviera, which is just now so fashionable, to try to escape as far as possible from the prevailing gloom. This, however, has been no easy matter, as nearly every one has either near relations or intimate friends in some way connected with the war, and with all their thoughts in South Africa it is as difficult to be light-hearted elsewhere as here. No doubt things are brightening as we get nearer to the summer, but there is every likelihood of the season of 1900 being the quietest that has been known for many years.



From a photograph by E. Fowler Richards, Penrith.
LADY BROUGHAM AND "VAUX."

THE presentations at the early drawing-rooms include several interesting *débutantes*. The youngest daughter of Constance Presentations. Lady de la Warr, Lady Margaret Sackville, who has inherited so much of the beauty of her mother's family and has such artistic and literary tastes of her own, may be presented at one of the May drawing-rooms, but it is uncertain. Lady de la Warr and Lady Margaret are now in Italy. Lady Margaret has written a little volume of verse; some of the poems have appeared in THE LADY'S REALM, and show great talent and genuine poetic ability. Then Lady Lettice Cholmondeley, who is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, Mrs. Harry Higgins' pretty young daughter, and Mrs. Arthur Paget's only girl, Miss Leila Paget, who has not yet been presented, although she has already been about a good deal, are sure to be amongst the most attractive of the young girl presentations; whilst there is quite a bevy of beautiful young brides being presented "on their marriage," of which the most interesting is certainly Lady Evelyn Ward, although Lady Castlereagh, Lady Cromartie, Lady Chesterfield,—the three C brides of the season—with Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Sybil Lascelles, and Lady Balcarres, make up a brilliant group of representative English beauty.

THE opera season is sure to be a good



THE HON. MRS. ALGERNON BOURKE.

one this year; and chiefly because there will be few parties and fewer

The Opera. balls people will have all the more occasion and leisure to patronise Royal Italian opera, and the boxes and stalls were all let early in the year — besides which, even those who are unhappily plunged in grief and mourning may at least allow themselves the relaxation of a quiet evening in the seclusion of their box at the opera listening to beautiful music, so it is sure to be well patronised by all the opera-loving section of Society.

Indeed, with so many of the great houses closed, with the heads of the family away in South Africa, there will be little choice of diversion. Lady Georgina Curzon has joined her husband at the Cape, and so has Lady Airlie; and Lady Tweedmouth, Lady Ancaster, Lady Howard de Walden, Lady Falkland, and others are too anxious about their sons to open their doors in hospitality. Stafford House, too, will be practically closed this season.

LADY BROUGHAM, whose charming photograph appears here, is one of the most brilliant of London hostesses. Her beautiful home in Chesham Place

is simply filled to overflowing with art treasures of every description, which are displayed as only a woman with cultivated taste can arrange her most priceless possessions. There are screens covered with lovely miniatures, furniture from Tuscany, pictures collected in the art-centres of sleepy little-visited Italian towns; and amongst so many beautiful surroundings there is to be found everywhere a perfect wealth of sweet flowers, for Lady Brougham is a flower-lover in the best sense of the term, and at her luxurious home at Cannes—Villa Eleonore—the gardens are her pride and her joy. Lord Brougham is a very skilful botanist, and the fame and glory of his roses have gone forth to the world in a delightful book, which gives a series of exquisite engravings—as well as word-pictures—of the various beautiful scenes in their wonderful gardens, where sub-tropical plants and



THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

gorgeous exotics bloom in the southern atmosphere.

At their delightful villa Lord and Lady Brougham are very hospitable to their English friends on the Riviera, and from the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Russian Grand-Dukes, and all other Royalties sojourning on those shores, down to their intimates in the English colony, all are made welcome and entertained with lavish hospitality at Villa Eleonore. Lady Brougham is the daughter of Mr. Peter Wells. She married for her first husband Sir Richard Courtenay Musgrave, of Eden Hall. The present Sir Richard is her eldest son, and he married Miss Eleanor Harbord, who is one of the many daughters of Lord Suffield. Lady Brougham has also two other sons; whilst of her two daughters the elder married Mr. Henry Compton, and the younger became Mrs. Farquharson, of Invercauld. She married Lord Brougham in 1882, and has one



THE PRINCESS OF WALES'
GREAT-NIECE.



From a photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS.

young daughter, who is now seventeen, and will be coming out next year; whilst her young son is only a schoolboy of thirteen.

Lady Brougham is a woman of singular charm and beauty, and has always had a very distinctive style of her own in matters of dress, adorning her beautiful figure with garments of picturesque form and colour, and wearing ornaments, lace, and jewels of original and intrinsic merit and beauty. Artistic in all her tastes, she has wonderful collections of old lace and valuable old fans; amongst the former she possesses a priceless little jacket of old point d'Argentan, of exquisite design in scrolls and panels, which she constantly wears over delicate-hued underdresses of soft fabrics like crêpe-de-Chine or fine woollen. She is one of those rare and wise women who prefer to enjoy and wear their beautiful possessions to keeping them locked away in old cupboards; and so her

dress is always enriched with a priceless piece of lace or an old-world scarf or a jewel of unusual beauty. Her collection of fans includes some lovely specimens of Italian and Spanish art, and she has one or two of the lovely little Empire shape, and a beautiful picture-fan of Louis XV. period.



THIS portrait of Mrs. Algernon Bourke has

just been
Mrs. Algernon Bourke. painted by
Mr. Ellis

Roberts, and depicts one of the most lovely of the young married women in Society. Mrs. Bourke is the only daughter of the late Mr. Hans Sloane Stanley; and her mother, who was herself a beautiful woman, married for her second husband Mr. Shelley Bontein. Mrs. Bourke's appearance, when she was presented as a *débutante*, called forth the greatest admiration, and her beauty was everywhere praised; she is tall, beautifully proportioned, with a fine figure and soft light-brown hair, deep grey eyes, and lovely flesh-tints, giving her a glowing, rich type of beauty. She married in her first season Mr. Algernon Bourke, a brother of the present Lord Mayo.



THIS picture of Lord Dudley is a particularly interesting one, having



THE HON. MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM.

(Photographed by FRED HOLLYER, from the portrait by G. F. WATTS.)

been painted by Mr. Ellis Roberts in the shortest possible space of time, as a present to Lord Dudley, on his departure for South Africa. It was Lady Dudley's dearest wish to possess such a portrait, and in all the hurry and bustle of departure, with countless important matters to settle, Lord Dudley found time to give a few sittings in order to gratify his wife's desire. It is a singularly happy and pleasing picture, being a living likeness of the handsome head of the house of Dudley, who, like all his brothers and his sister Lady Wolverton, has inherited the great charm and beauty of his mother and her family, the Moncreiffes.

With Lord Dudley's departure for South Africa, Georgina Lady Dudley has bidden farewell to four out of her five sons, all of whom have gone to the seat of war. The first two to leave were Mr. Reginald Ward and Mr. Gerald Ward, who were amongst those chosen for the composite regiment of Household Cavalry; and Mr. John Ward sailed just a week before his eldest brother, Lord Dudley, both being attached to the Imperial Yeomanry, the former as a Yeomanry officer, and Lord Dudley is serving on the Staff. The Earl is exceedingly popular with every one, and, besides being a keen sportsman, he has owned racehorses in training, and has ridden many races himself on the flat, though he has never tried steeplechasing, like his younger brother. He is one of the most ardent of the new golfing votaries, and has even gone so far as to buy and furnish a charming little cottage close to the golf-links at Woking, in order to be constantly on the spot to enjoy his favourite game. This cottage is a perfect little gem in its way, placed in delightful pine-woods, close to the picturesque canal which winds its way through the scented, heather-carpeted woods. Shortly after his marriage, Lord Dudley took up politics with great ardour, making several speeches of mark which won him distinction; and he has from time to time interested himself in public affairs in various directions with the zeal which he always puts into all his undertakings, and which generally secures success.



LADY CHELSEA is here seen, with her three charming little girls; she is a type of all that a young and lovely woman should be—a perfect wife and mother, and a kind and loyal friend. Young, tall, very

fair, with the softest colouring and a rather delicate appearance, she is the third daughter of Lord Alington, and married Lord Chelsea, who is the eldest son of Lord Cadogan, in 1892. Her husband sits in the House of Commons for the borough of Bury St. Edmunds. Lady Chelsea is very popular and very much



From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE LADY MARGARET ORR-EWING.



From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

MISS M. MONTAGU.

sought after, but quite unspoiled, owing to the large amount of keen common sense which characterises her conduct of life.



MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM is the wife of Lord Leconfield's younger brother, and mother of the present Under-Secretary of State for War, whose brilliant defence of the Government has

brought forth so much favourable comment. She was one of the six beautiful daughters of Sir Guy Campbell, her mother being the daughter of the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the celebrated Pamela, whose connection with the Irish Rebellion of '98 is a matter of history. Mrs. Wyndham has, however, devoted more of her attention to Art than to politics, having for many years formed one of the small but distinguished group of persons who, by their ready sympathy, did so much to encourage the forward movement in the crusade against bad taste and vulgarity which was so success-

fully led by Rossetti, Morris, and Burne-Jones. But although she has identified herself with one particular branch of the Art world, she has never allowed that fact to interfere with her appreciation of things deserving admiration which are not included within the boundaries of her particular cult. Being possessed of great artistic ability, she is not only a very clever painter, but a skilful enamellist, after the manner of Limoges.

At Clouds, which is beautifully situated on a spur of the Wiltshire Downs, Mrs. Wyndham has a most delightful garden, in which nearly every conceivable flower that will stand the English climate finds a home. From cyclamens, sheltering beneath thatched walls, to oleanders flaunting in tubs, everything is there, and under the guiding hand of its mistress they all seem to flourish luxuriantly. The house itself is just above the little village of East Knoyle, the birthplace of Sir Christopher Wren, and overlooks a lovely stretch of country, the Windmill Hill, which is immediately outside the upper gates of the garden, being one of the highest points in the neighbourhood and a landmark for miles around. It has been twice built in recent years, having been destroyed by fire in 1888. Inside as well as out it gives ample evidence of the taste not only of the architect and decorator, but also of the lady of the house. Fortunately Mrs. Wyndham's is one of the rare instances in which a charming personality has had justice done to it in painting, her picture by Watts being rightly considered one of the most brilliant works of our greatest living painter.



THE portrait of Princess Sophie Louise, the only child of the Prince and Princess Carl of Sweden and Norway, is interesting for two reasons—first, because she is the Princess of Wales' first great-niece, and secondly because she is the only princess in the Swedish Royal Family. The Princess of Wales has another great-niece in the daughter of Princess Frederick of Schaumburg-Lippe, who was born last Christmas.

Princess
Sophie Louise.