

What the Queen Wore.

It is amusing to record how every one, in comparing notes on the great day, persists in voting the spot where he or she was stationed as absolutely the best point of vantage. On this principle I uphold Pall Mall (or "clubland," as we call it), though no doubt those who were present at the service in St. Paul's churchyard have reason to be well satisfied, as the general impressiveness of the spectacle compensated for a more distant view of the actual procession. And now for a few "impressions."

It was an excellent idea to choose for the pioneer of the pageant the tallest man in the British Army. Captain Ames, of the Life Guards, is something more, however; he is a very handsome man and extremely amiable. When he rode forward the observations of the ladies were shrill and audible. "Isn't he lovely?" was heard on all sides, before the outburst of cheering which made the giant blush at first, though, as he went on, he got sufficiently used to this demonstration to look up at the balconies and stands in smiling acknowledgement.

Then came Lord Roberts, o' Kandahar. The great little man rode quietly, gravely, a very emblem of reserved force and the modesty that enwraps a true hero. He bestrode the famous white Arab which carried him, nearly seventeen years ago, in the world-renowned ride from Cabul to Kandahar and round the steed's neck hung the gold medal that the Queen herself placed there on the hero's return from the expedition. What a greeting we gave the glorious pair. Our languid young men forgot their starched linen and immaculate tailoring and waved their hats and shouted "Bravo, Bobe," with as much energy as their unwashed brothers did later on in South London; while we women waved handkerchiefs frantically and tried to cheer in choky voices, remembering what that relief of Kandahar meant to some of our sisters. England does not forget her heroes; that is one of the lessons that the great day taught us all.

Another that brought this home was the greeting given to the veterans who are only survivors of the great charge at Balaklava, as they made their way to their special stand beside the Crimea monument. And how we cheered the little company of the Rhodesian Horse, headed by gallant Maurice Gifford. The silent eloquence of that empty coat sleeve went to ail our hearts as our fathers, brothers and husbands rent the air with shouts of his name.

I pause here to remark that general discontent was expressed at the arrangement which placed the Major-General commanding the United States army among the military attaches. Of course military etiquette left no choice to the authorities; but it was unfortunate all the same, because, as has been universally said, we should have given him a special greeting had we been able to recognize him. However, he fared quite as well as—nay, better than our own Commander-in-Chief, for Lord Wolseley rode almost in front of the Queen's carriage, and naturally got passed over altogether in the anxiety of the public to see all they could of the sovereign.

The warm cheers for the Papal envoy were pleasantly significant of the change of sentiment that sixty years have brought about in England.

The Duchess of Buccleuch had charge of the Queen's pretty granddaughters, Princesses Ena and Alice of Battenberg, and Princess Alice of Albany. The two little Battenberg lassies had evidently thought out their behavior with great care, for they bowed right and left with dignity worthy of crowned heads; but Princess Alice, who seemed immensely popular, was thoroughly enjoying her-

self, and waved her little hands unceasingly to the cheering multitude. Among the other Princesses, the Queen's eldest great granddaughter, Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen, slim and graceful, was voted the beau-ideal of a marriageable maid, while Princess "Padd," of Connaught, came in for a good deal of attention. Every one was glad to see dear old "Molly" of Teck, looking very little the worse for her trying illness, and radiant in a gown of royal purple. She shared honors with our welcome bride, Princess Charles of Denmark, so pretty in rose pink, and as beaming as a bride ought to be. We were so busy welcoming these two that we hardly noticed the pale, delicate face of the Princess of Bulgaria, whose struggle for her children's religious liberty has won her the sympathy of so many of us. Of course, Princess May, in green lawn over pale blue, and the picture of health, was received with both honor and affection, as was our maiden Princess, Victoria of Wales, pensive and gentle, as usual, and looking delicate in her gay pink dress. It was hard for the Duchess of Fife to have to share a carriage with two such beauties as the Grand Duchess of Hesse and the Grand Duchess George of Russia—the latter is said to be the loveliest royal lady now living.

The Duchess of Albany, Saxe-Coburg and Connaught shared a carriage with Princess Henry of Battenberg. Every one was so pleased to see Princess Beatrice in white for the first time since her widowhood, both she and the Empress Frederick having paid this compliment to the venerable mother's festive day. Princess Louise—the belle among the Queen's daughters—was in white also, and wore a pink bonnet, being serenely aware that her complexion permitted this indulgence.

The Queen was coming at last! Until now the cheers had been as whispers by comparison. Every one rose and shouted; we saw the gentle old face smiling up at us, as the sun kissed the snowy hair; we noted with delight that she looked so well and placid, though a little pale; and then, glancing round, we saw, somewhat dimly, that many many eyes had tears in them! Our gentle Princess of Wales was, for once, almost passed over, and so was Princess Christian; nor did our emotions allow us to glean any clear idea of what the royal ladies wore. However, I can now supply that omission. The Queen's gown was silver-gray silk, richly embroidered in silver thread; the bodice was veiled with black gauze enriched with medallions and scrolls of beautiful white lace applique. The bodice had a lace-trimmed basque; and the bonnet of black and steel, with white feathers, was of a new and very becoming shape, fitting low behind the ears, but showing well the Queen's lovely hair. The Princess of Wales was in

white net, embroidered in diamonds and silver, and mounted over peach satin. Her toque was of white and silver with peach roses. Princess Christian was in cream color. I must not forget to mention that the Queen carried dear old Mr. Villier's parasol. The "Father of the House of Commons" is highly honored by the relaxation in his favor of the Queen's rule never to accept gifts from private persons; and certainly the gallant old gentleman made an admirable choice, for the lace is exquisite, and the pretty handle, with its knot of gun-metal adorned with diamonds, quite unique in its way. By the bye, the Queen wore a gorgeous diamond in the lace about her throat.

At St. Paul's the dear old Queen's composure broke down for the only time that day. As she drove up she was biting her lips to steady them, and her cheeks, despite all her efforts, were wet with tears. The Princess of Wales was leaning forward, trying to calm her, but her own eyes were wet and her hands trembling. However, the little womanly outburst was soon over; once arrived at St. Paul's her Majesty was quite self-possessed, took in all the details through her eyeglasses, and used it to observe the Indian troops—a circumstance that delighted them hugely, for they boasted of it afterward with intense pride.

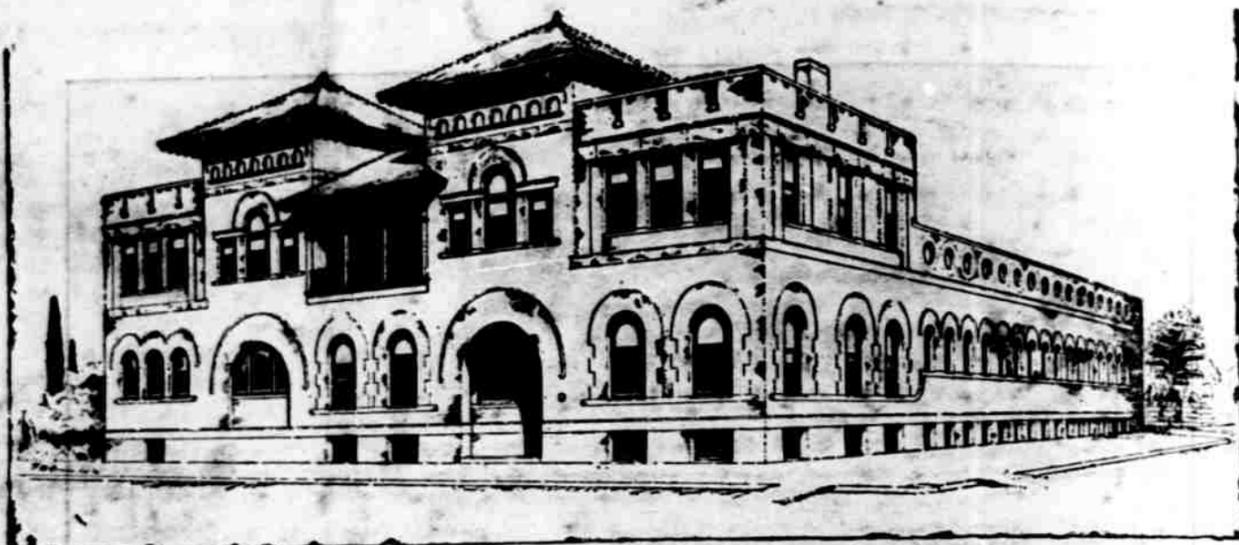
What a scene it was! No wonder that even the choir of the Cathedral concealed "snap-shot" cameras under their surplices! The Queen bent her head reverently during the prayers and sang the "Old Hundredth" softly in unison with her people. And was it not nice of the stately Archbishop to relieve pent-up feelings by calling out, "Now, three cheers for the Queen!" They gave her a round dozen, and then, as by one accord, the vast multitude burst into the national anthem. The effect was electrical; the staid British public was swept by a wave of emotion too strong to be resisted; the clergy shouted as one man; all the royal Princes sang as lustily as schoolboys, standing at attention and saluting the Mother of England.

I must hasten on to a lighter subject—the presentation by the Lord Mayor of the sword of the city. In the old days, when the sovereign wished to enter the gates of the city of London, he had to knock at Temple Bar, when the Lord Mayor presented him with the sword and rode before him. In accordance with this custom our little Lord Mayor proceeded—poor man!—to make himself ridiculous. He arrived at Temple Bar, very gorgeous in long purple velvet petticoats (under which peeped out shiny riding-boots), an ermine cape and a funny little three-cornered hat, covered with black feathers. He hopped off his lovely little horse with great agility, saluted the great personages who arrived, and generally tried to look as though he

were enjoying himself; but he was evidently nervous. And no wonder! As the Princes rode up all their faces underwent various spasms as they saluted him and tried to keep grave. Lord Lorne especially—remembering that he himself was the butt of the last Jubilee procession, owing to an awkward tumble—cast a very wicked glance at the long robes and then at the mettlesome little horse. You see, the cream of the joke was that the Queen must not be kept waiting for any equine caprices. Therefore, when the Lord Mayor had laid the sword for an instant in the royal hand, he made a dash for his horse, looking for all the world like a circus rider, and leapt wildly into the saddle, petticoats flying, and the little crisp yellow curls on his head nearly standing on end. He was gasping; he was streaming with prepiration; but he was up, he had the great sword in one hand and the reins in the other, and off he trotted to lead her Majesty into his dominions. How the multitude laughed as they cheered him. Good-natured little man, he laughed, too; he laughs even now as he recalls the scene, and proudly relates that the Queen said, "Capital" as he passed her. But how the dear old lady laughed. I don't think we Londoners have seen her laugh for years. I actually heard her give a peal of jolly merriment and, after she had pulled herself together, one look at the Princess opposite set her off again, and as she drove away she was an ideal "granny," brimming over with fun. By the time she reached the Mansion House she had conquered her amusement, and was very sweet to Lady Faudel Phillips, whose basket of orchids ornamented her carriage for the rest of the way, to the delight of the poor folk in South London. Their greeting was heartiest of all. I hear that they shouted all sorts of good wishes to the Queen; that burly "costers" cried like babies, and roared, "God bless you, Missis," "God bless the widder!" Ah, that was a day! Alas for my space! How am I to tell you about the Queen's review of the children in Hyde Park, or about her visit to Eton, when poor Prince Arthur of Connaught, after vainly trying to hide behind his schoolfellows to escape publicity, was hailed by his dad, in a stentorian voice, and then, being too small to reach up to the Queen's carriage, was lifted up, by that same inconvenient father, by the collar of his jacket, in full view of the whole college? Poor lad, he got so red, and fled as soon as ever he could.—London Correspondent in Town Topics.

Delia—So you have dismissed your chaperon?
Susan—Yes, she got too gay.

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