

The Churchill-Hozier Wedding

A Dukeless Week

At Derby races last week the meeting was not quite so successful in a social sense as it usually is. There can be no doubt but that the death of the Duke of Devonshire was a great loss to these races, and it will be felt for a long time to come on the Turf, especially as the present Duke is not a racing man, and, as he himself announced not so long ago, in a reference to the death duties, is pursuing something like a policy of retrenchment. The party from Chatsworth which the much-lamented sportsman usually brought to the meeting was, of course, missing last week, and the crowd no doubt felt the absence of the popular "straw" jacket, whose victories they loved to cheer. The weather on the whole was rather unfavourable, but there was a good attendance of the county people, who are loyal in their support of the meeting. The Earl of Harrington, of course, was there, talking of the prospects of the hunting season, and of various schemes for the improvement of our horse supply, in which question this keenest of horse men is much interested.

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The Churchill - Hozier Romance

On Saturday next one of the shortest engagements on record will end in what promises to be by far the smartest and cheeriest wedding of the year. Both Mr. Winston Churchill and Miss Clementine Hozier are cherished and popular members of noble clans, and Churchills, Stanleys, Ogilvies, and Howards will muster in their might at the bridal of the youngest Cabinet Minister and one of the most beautiful of Society women. Miss Hozier in some ways recalls to a slight extent Mr. Churchill's own mother in the days when Miss Jenny Jerome was wooed and won by Lord Randolph Churchill. Not only her name, but also Miss Hozier's personality are said to have suggested to John Oliver Hobbes the bewitching heroine of her novel, "Love and the Soul-Hunters." The honeymoon will be spent at Blenheim, for the Duke of Marlborough is both fond and proud of his clever young kinsman.

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A Brilliant Pair

Mr. Churchill, like the great Duke of his family, is famous for his good luck, but never has he been more fortunate than in the choice of his bride. It is interesting to note that the best man is to be Lord Hugh Cecil, the bridegroom's most distinguished fellow-rebel against Tariff Reform in the declining

days of the last Government. Miss Hozier has lovely brown hair and most delicately aquiline features, fine grey eyes, and a delightful poise of the head, her shoulders and neck have something of the grace and distinction and soft strength of early Grecian art; she is divinely tall. But, then, she comes, on the female side, of the bonnie house of Airlie, whose sons and daughters are famous for their good looks. Her youth has been spent in many different places, with her mother, Lady Blanche Hozier, as her devoted and spirited companion. I remember her some years ago as a lively, merry, and beautiful child running almost wild upon the downs and shore of Seaford; but, no doubt, if she had a heart then, it was in the Highlands, for she is Scottish on both sides of her house.

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The Hoziers of Newlands

Her father, the late Colonel Sir Henry M. Hozier, K.C.B., for long the secretary of "Lloyds," came of a Scots family whose fortunes were founded in the eighteenth century. Land on the Clyde was the base from which the fortunes of the barony of Newlands arose. The first baron left an immense fortune, but I don't know how this affected Miss Hozier's distant branch. The original family name is said to have been MacLehose. A wit—not a Scotsman, who hates a pun—suggests the family became ashamed of making stockings, and decided to sell them instead!

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Patrons of the Stage

Miss Hozier and Mr. Churchill have been especially assiduous lately in their attention to the things of the stage. Mr. Barrie's play appeared to delight both of them, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who was with them the other night at the Duke of York's. The Scottish and political sides of Mr. Barrie's little masterpiece seemed to amuse Mr. Churchill, who smiled at an old friend in the "Dam the flowing tide" joke on the stage. Mr. Tree and his daughter had come to see Mrs. Tree's bright performance in *What Every Woman Knows*, and were chatting on the dramatic chances of things in the Churchills' box. Both the Cabinet Minister and his lady-love had been to see the very complete dress rehearsal of *Faust*, and agreed that this immense production was likely to prove one more victory for the bravest management in Town. One wonders, however, if all this lavish outlay and these enormous salaries can be met by even the generous support of the London public. Anyway, the new



Photo

Hulton, L.L.

Notable Spectators of the Jumping at the Bath Show

The Rt. Hon. Walter Long, M.P., and the Marquis of Bath. (Mr. Long is, it will be observed, still a sufferer from gout, and is seen to be wearing a soft boot on his disabled foot)

Our Late Royal Guests

THEIR SPANISH MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AT FARNBOROUGH



Photo

L. N. A.

At the conclusion of their stay at Osborne Cottage, and before leaving England, the King and Queen of Spain paid a flying visit to the ex-Empress Eugénie, of whom Queen Victoria has always been a favourite, at her beautiful Hampshire residence at Farnborough Hill. Their Majesties were accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg (seen in the background) and the Duke of Alba

Naval and Political Interludes



In a New Role : Lord Charles Beresford Kicking Off

On the occasion of the opening of a new naval recreation ground at Portland, when Dorset County beat a Channel Fleet team by one goal

Faust gives more than one's money's-worth, if that commodity may be estimated in delight of the senses. The first-night audiences of the week have been quite sparkling, Miss Edna May and her lively party, Miss Maxine Elliot and her husband, Miss Neilson, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Sheldon being among the many charming theatrical people one sees everywhere. Society has not yet quite taken the field here. Those who hurry their "cure" find they so soon want another one that the fashion now is to go very slowly for two months in the year—however rapid you may have to be during the other ten.

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What Every Man Knows

When Mr. J. M. Barrie addressed an audience of 1,000 girls at Smith's College during his last American tour, a friend asked him how he liked the experience. "Well," said Barrie, "I'd much rather talk one thousand times to one girl than talk one time to a thousand girls." Mr. Barrie is a lucky man. He has a fascinating wife, much wealth, accumulated from "royalties," a pretty house at Leinster Corner, opposite Kensington Gardens, and one prettier still in Surrey. And not only this. He boasts the *Freedom of Kensington Gardens*, which was bestowed upon him by the authorities after he had written "The Little White Bird," that foster-father of "Peter Pan." The curious may ask, What does the Freedom of Kensington Gardens bring with it? Simply the key of the gate

of the Broad Walk. Mr. Barrie may stalk o' nights in the Gardens, if so it pleases him.

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The Earl and the Girl

The halfpenny Press is once more in full gush over a "romance of the Peerage," the marriage of Lord Poulett and Miss Sylvia Storey, of the Gaiety Theatre. The newly-made Countess is of a lineage which has provided the public with much wholesome amusement, she being the daughter of the agile Mr. Fred Storey. The family of the noble husband has also provided amusement of a kind. Another be-crowned youth went to the Gaiety for his bride not so many years ago, and his mother announced, in her displeasure, that anyone who presumed to call upon the bride would be struck off her (the Dowager's) visiting list without more ado. The Dowager's visiting list is sadly shrunken to-day, but the ex-Gaiety girl is a tearing social success. Miss Sylvia Lillian Storey, who has been on the stage about four years, has already passed through the gamut varying from "guest" to understudy. Lord Poulett, who looks very boyish, although twenty-five next Friday, does not at all resemble in appearance the organ-grinder who claimed relationship. He is a careful young man, for a solicitor friend was best man at the ceremony.



Photos

Illustrations Em. cau

Ministerial Turtledoves: Mr. Lloyd-George (with his Daughter) and Mr. Winston Churchill at Plas Newydd, Llangollen

Where they orated floridly in Welsh and English respectively, at the opening of the National Eisteddfod. Mr. Churchill is, of course, to be married on Saturday to Miss Clementine Hozier