

gone time after time to the wards and given with her own hands toys to the children and fruit and flowers to the older patients, and she always encouraged her children in similar sympathetic acts. She has given her special interest to the cure of lupus by the treatment of light as practised in Denmark, and out of her own pocket gave the necessary sum—some hundreds of pounds—for the erection of a light for the cure in London.

Sandringham is Her Majesty's favourite home, and when her children were young she spent many a happy hour with them in her Model Dairy or Swiss Cottage, watching with interest as they were instructed in the homely arts of churning and cooking. She herself turned out delicious little tea-cakes and pats of butter.

A handicraft in which she excels is wood-carving, and specimens of her work have often been on view at exhibitions. The Technical Schools at Sandringham, where wood-carving, *repoussé* work, and other handicrafts are taught, have dozens of times been honoured by a visit from the Queen.

Her Majesty's chief hobby is photography. On the return of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall—now the Prince and Princess of Wales—from their long tour, she was to be seen at Portsmouth, kodak in hand, taking snapshots of the *Ophir* and the Royal travellers. Wherever she goes she is accompanied by her kodak.

Countless are the charities which have received the support of Queen Alexandra. It is impossible to enumerate one tithe of them. She has also been most generous in giving up time to the laying of foundation-stones, attending inaugural ceremonies, giving away prizes.

On the occasion of her second visit to Ireland she received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music, the ceremony taking place at the Royal University, Dublin. Never, perhaps, did Her Majesty look more charming than when dressed in her academic robe of white silk, and her black velvet cap with its gold tassel.

Her Majesty, it seems, has one fault—she is a very bad sitter. Poor Mr. Frith, who was commissioned to paint the wedding scene in St. George's Chapel, was at his wit's end to know how to intimate to his Royal sitter that she did not give him the opportunity of taking a portrait of her. In despair, he told his trouble to the Prince of Wales, who said, with a twinkle:

"You should scold her."

Shortly afterwards, in the presence of the Princess, the Prince asked Mr. Gibson, the sculptor, how he found Her Royal Highness as a sitter. Mr. Gibson took the easiest way out of the dilemma. He shook his head.

"There, you see," said the Prince, in good-natured rebuke, "you sit properly neither to Mr. Gibson nor to Mr. Frith."

Whereupon the Princess impulsively exclaimed: "I do! I do! You are two bad men!" And she shook her head at her accusers.

Another anecdote tells of a day when Queen Alexandra and her daughters were roaming about the lanes of Norfolk and were overtaken by a shower. They sought shelter in an inn at Hunstanton. When the clouds had drifted and the Royal ladies were preparing to depart, the landlord brought forth the visitors' book and asked the ladies to write their names in it—possibly suspecting their identity. The Queen was equal to the occasion, and made the following entry:

"Mrs. Wales and family of three daughters enjoyed their stay here very much, and they regret extremely not being able to prolong it this season."

Queen Alexandra is quite remarkable for her youthful appearance. Time seems to stand still with her, and she rivals many a younger woman for her skin, figure, and smooth face. She is devoted to her little grandchildren, and they in turn idolize her.

As daughter, wife, and mother, her Majesty has led a most perfect life. It is her own individuality, apart from her social position, which is responsible for that wonderful and heartwhole affection lavished upon her by all classes.