

not, and extremely affable, which very few Princesses are—at least to the average mortal. On the whole our “At Home” was a gigantic success. Excellencies in the shape of Ambassadors and their wives were at a discount, and I noticed with pain that the spouse of a Consul-General and the *Chargé d’ Affaires* of a third-rate power, of whose presence on ordinary occasions we should have been inordinately proud, were actually kept waiting—disconsolate in the background—for a second cup of tea.

But the Princess monopolised everybody’s attention as Princesses will.

Several of us had known her some few years previously on the occasion of a former visit, but that was before she was a Princess. Then she held her head scarcely higher than anybody else, and we all thought she was going to marry Jim Hamilton, the first lieutenant of *H.M.S. Gazelle*. Appearances certainly pointed that way, but you know how deceptive appearances are. It all came to nothing, however, and so unfortunately did poor Jim Hamilton. He had as good a chance of being an admiral as any man of his standing in the service. But instead of flying his flag he’s in the coast-guard now, somewhere in the north of Scotland, I think. The reason? Well, I scarcely know. You’d better ask the Princess.

“Love all,” cried the umpire, and the set of the day began.