

Why Princess Mary's Private Christening Party Upset All England

With the Villagers All Set for the Big Event the Queen's Rebellious Daughter Defied All Tradition by Ignoring Both Parents and Populace.



This Latest Photograph of Princess Mary to Reach America Shows the Princess with Her Whole Family, Including Gerald David, the Latest Arrival, Whose Private Christening Created Such a Rumor, and George Hubert, the First Born, Who Is in the Arms of His Father, Viscount Lascelles.

By EILEEN O'RELL.

LONDON. WHEN it was announced that the second small son of H. R. H. Princess Mary and the Viscount Lascelles would be christened in the little parish church at Goldborough, adjoining the grounds of Goldborough Hall, ancient seat of the Lascelles family, the entire Yorkshire village beamed with pride and delight.

"Now we will have the honor of entertaining the King and Queen, besides witnessing a picturesque and historic ceremony," everybody said.

When a great deal of mystery began to be thrown about the christening, and the date was changed several times only to be postponed indefinitely, everybody was puzzled and a little disappointed.

But when word went out, finally, that the christening party was moving toward the church by a private pathway, with neither the King nor Queen nor any other member of the royal family on hand, and when villagers, hurrying to the church, were halted by a "Private, Keep Out" sign on the door, there were murmurs of indignation.

"A princess is a princess," they said, "but the church is ours and nobody—not even the rector—has a right to order us out of it!"

Chagrined and offended, they declared that Princess Mary had snubbed them when she kept her christening party private. And this in the face of the deep affection they feel for the infant, born in their midst—an affection never bestowed upon his brother, who first saw the light at Chesterfield House, in London, nineteen months ago.

But when the story of the christening came to London, and especially when it travelled through the gilded social circles that revolve about the court, friends of the Lascelles protested that the hurry and secrecy of the ceremony had nothing whatever to do with Goldborough townpeople.

"It all started over the baby's name!" they cried. "Dear, dear—what a fuss there must have been. Mary is so independent—quite modern, you might say—and her royal Mamma is old-fashioned!" Still it's going pretty far to have a direct descendant of the throne christened with the god-parents represented by proxies, and a like-it-or-be-darned air toward the King and Queen themselves! It's never happened before in England!

Of course there is plenty of precedent for family feelings growing bitter over a name for the baby—feelings of ordinary disagreement of the sort among royalty. In England the King and Queen suggest the name for any direct descendant, usually borrowing it from some ancestor, and the baby's parents meekly acquiesce.

According to gossip among the socially exalted here, Viscount Lascelles wished to call his second son "Ullek" in honor of his grandfather, the Earl of Harewood, on whose seventy-eighth birthday the baby was born, and also in commemoration of Ullek de Burgh, a sixteenth century ancestor of the family.

"Ullek," they say, is not the name suggested—which means dictated—by the baby's royal grandparents. Nevertheless, everybody believes that the King and Queen might have given over their prerogative and allowed Lascelles to perpetuate a family name, especially since the infant was merely the second son.

But, they whisper, Princess Mary first put her



Disappointed Villagers Learned from a Notice Posted Outside Goldborough Hall That the Long Anticipated Christening Had Already Taken Place.

foot through court tradition and then stamped it down hard on her rights as a mother.

"They say," it is generally declared, "that she told them she'd name her own child herself—and she wasn't a bit tactful! And then the family informed her that if she didn't stop being disobedient they wouldn't go near the ceremony."

"What do you suppose she did then? Told them that she'd picked a name for her son—neither Ullek nor the one suggested by Buckingham Palace, but Gerald, and that the second name would be David, after her popular brother!"

"Of course nobody'd ever heard of such a thing! And although the Reverend Hastings Kelk had announced the christening and Goldborough was all excited and making great preparations for the event, Mary's relatives got her to postpone it. They hoped to bring her around and save the family dignity. That accounts for the dates being all mixed up."

"But Mary wouldn't change the name and her mother and daddy wouldn't change their minds. And one afternoon they telephoned the rector to be ready and for goodness sake to look the

doors for the few minutes they'd be in the church—or something to that effect—and Mary and her husband, together with the Earl and Countess of Harewood and one or two others who happened to be guests at Goldborough Hall, walked to the church by a private path through the grounds and the infant was baptized Gerald David.

their sisters are quite likely to be held back to mid-Victorian standards for women.

Princess Mary spent the first twenty-five years of her life under the eagle eye of a mother who is most radically opposed to anything which even threatens to assail old-fashioned conventions.

Accordingly, while other English girls were bobbing their skirts as well as their hair and donning the vivid, sophisticated garments that have revolutionized women's dress during the past few years, Mary was going about in high collars and voluminous, ankle-length skirts.

Members of the court family remember what happened when the Viscountess Lascelles returned from her wedding trip to Paris. The Queen Mother looked at the new frock she wore, snappily short and tight of skirt. She inspected the high-heeled, high-arched boots of gleaming patent

of the Princess, the while they are outraged by the memory of having the door of their own church closed in their faces.

The village has been very proud of its association with the royal family, as the home of the King's only daughter. It's boasts many places of interest, among them the famous Droying Well, at Knaresborough, with Mother Shipton's Cave close by, as well as St. Robert's Cave, an anchorite's cell, associated with the story of Eugene Aram.

It was in this church in March, 1923, that the Hon. George Henry Hubert Lascelles, the first grandson of King George and Queen Mary, was christened with pomp. Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York, performed the ceremony, which was attended by the royal grandparents and other figures prominent socially.

That christening party made up to the villagers the disappointment they felt when Mary elected to remain in London for the birth of her first baby, rather than to await his coming at "The Hall."

However, when she appeared in the town early last Summer, and it became known that she again was expecting the stork, Goldborough was overjoyed.

"The village will be more interesting than ever when it becomes the birthplace of a child of royalty," everybody said. And one and all strove to make the Viscountess happy.

Shortly before Gerald David was born, one of the peacocks that wander about the walls of "The Hall" perched upon the cornice of the stable, where it remained throughout a day and a night. This was considered a good omen by the townfolk, who declare that the peacocks have brought fortune to the mothers and children of the house of Lascelles for generations.

Finally a notice was posted on the outer door of Goldborough Hall, announcing the birth of a son, and the town held a celebration. But the spectacular rejoicing was to take place after the christening.

"No wonder Goldborough feels cheated," they are saying around London. "And we can't blame them for feeling that their rights were transgressed when they were barred from their church. Supposing some one shut us out of Westminster Abbey."

"We'd like to know now what her Royal Highness will do next!" Oddly enough, they had't long to wait to find out. Only the other day Mary again astonished her friends by announcing that she may spend the Winter season in America as the guest of a famous society woman in Palm Beach.

It is suggested that she may be so fascinated by the good time Long Island gave her brother, the Prince of Wales, last Summer that she is determined to accept American hospitality herself. And what makes it all the more astonishing is the silence of Her Majesty. The Princess didn't ask her royal mother's consent to the visit, nor say a word about it. She just told the world she was going—and that was that!

leather, with their flashing buckles. She stared at the clever toque, drawn low on her daughter's blonde head, after the most daring Rue de la Paix manner. Then she visited the apartment where Mary's trunks were being unpacked and when she next appeared she was very grim.

This was the first spectacular wrenching at the material apron strings made by Princess Mary in what everybody sees as a struggle for self-determination. And now conjecture turns to the private christening party and speculates upon just how much Mary has picked her royal parents by her failure to give in to their choice of a name.

Meanwhile, the townfolks of Goldborough remain offended by what they consider the slight

Citizens of Goldborough Gossiping Over the Christening Situation with the Village Postman

—Always a Ready Source of Information by Virtue of His Calling.

Photograph by the Graphic Photo Union, London.

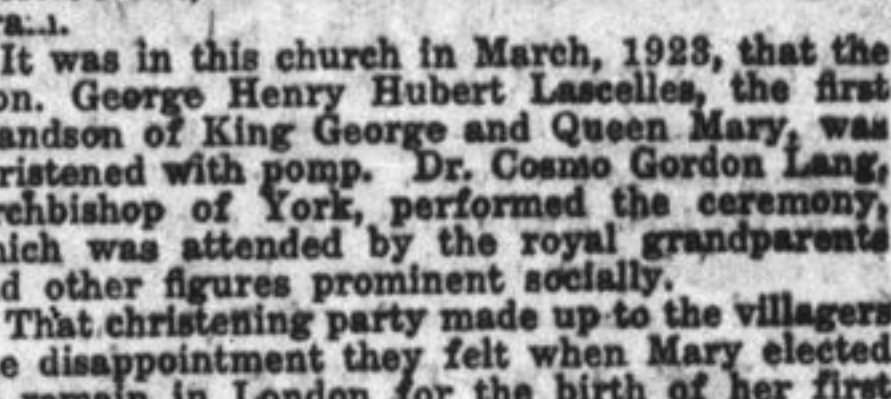


Princess Mary in One of the Swagger Paris Gowns Which So Offended the Victorian Tastes of Her Royal Mother.

The Christening Cake of Master Gerald David Lascelles, Second Grandson of the King and Queen of England.

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The Lascelles Peacock, Perching on the Manor Stable, Was Considered an Omen of Good Fortune for the Newest Baby.



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