

thought

mere shell, but with a coat of grey looks fairly complete so far as the concerned. All the scaffolding is away. Stands are erected for privetators, with a special stand around for the launching ceremony.

The day before the launch, the ship is at length, but, in brief, it comes to be the entire ship is lifted up by human hundreds of men armed with hammers in wedges simultaneously, working and of a bell. This operation seems far into the night, and is then impressive.

Days down which the ship will slide plentifully greased with tallow. So stands ready for launching, held in only by the "dog-shores" under the cradle.

Each has been described so often, and is so much like any other launch, unnecessary to say much about it. The ship is regarded as "born" on the launch, because then, for the first takes to the water. But actually it is more on a par with a duck-leap into a pond.

After being launched, the new ship is as possible taken out of the water. She is put into dry dock. Here, unless have been seen to before launching, the hull will be fitted, also the rudder, armor-plates will be put into position. As been well planned, everything will be in the dockyard alongside; and the which a ship gets completed depends entirely upon organization in this British organization of this sort is very good.

Plates weigh anything from ten to tons each. There is, of course, an extent to which each has to fit. And just in the difference between good and ship building. I have seen foreign hull gaps between the plates, these filled with bits of wood, putty, cement what not! Making armor-plates to is very much of a high art.

As the armor-belt is in position, the ship is taken out of dry dock and into a fitting where she floats alongside a jetty. Here, enormous shears, her boilers are on board, and at a later date her turn-

gins. The funnels also are got up, by the masts. At this time the ship will begin to present appearance, and cease to grow. Work will mainly be concentrated on fittings, ranging from hundreds of ax-gines to officers' cabins. Before the quite complete she will go to sea for tests. The machinery is tested at all guns and torpedoes are fired, and turning powers noted, and so forth. This ordeal being satisfactorily over, the ship returns to the "complete for sea."

By there comes a day when, smartly painted, the battleship is ready for commission. Then, and not till then, is "over" by the Navy as an effective of the British Fleet.

Manuscript

ally Roman soldier. Over his head are the three crowns of martyrdom, and above these is inscribed his name—"St. Men."

The book, which is 6-1/4 inches long and 4 inches wide, is vellum pages, all perfect, except that the blank portion at the bottom of the last page has been cut away. The is, is for the purpose of writing a letter. The text is complete. The writing is in a cursive hand, sometimes black, and sometimes red, and is quite clear and distinct after the lapse of more than a thousand years. The edges of the vellum are much worn, eaten, and some of the pages are slightly stained. The front portion of the cover, which is of skin, has been injured by fire; the back portion has been completely destroyed. Altogether, it is a noteworthy addition to the collection at the British Museum, and students of the history of the Christian Church know that the Trustees have decided to publish the volume, in facsimile, with an introduction describing the rise, development, and decay of Christianity in the Northern Sudan.

Cabby's Vested Interest. During the election campaign a candidate hired a cab to take him to and from a meeting at which he had to speak. At the hall there was a crowded audience when he began his speech but it gradually dwindled to one man. Pleased with the attention of the listener, the candidate paused in his speech and remarked: "I trust that I am not trespassing on your kindness, sir? I shall be done in ten minutes."

"Ten minutes," echoed the other, "I don't care if you talk all night, so long as you don't forget that the cab's at the door."

A Released convict. A newly-enrolled volunteer was rather alarmed during his first experience of a sham fight, especially as he had heard the colonel in command declare that everything was to be done "the same as in actual warfare." No sooner was the first blank cartridge fired than the frightened soldier dropped his gun and took to his heels. "Hey, what are you running away?" shouted his captain as the man dashed by him. "It's all right, I'm doing the same as I would in actual warfare."

It is said that Scottish miners are facing the blackest outlook since 1894. The Scottish Football Association has had a loss of \$4,170 on the year's working. All the houses in the poor quarters of the capital of Honduras are made of mahogany, which costs less than pine

A Royal "Rake"

The career of the ex-Crown Prince George of Serbia may well be described as a Royal rake's progress, according to the Leeds Mercury.

He has been variously called "the worst boy in Europe," "the Royal Hooligan," and "the European Harry Thaw."

The Crown Prince's downfall has recently been reported in the newspapers. In a fit of violent drunkenness he attempted to break into his father's room in the palace in the middle of the night. A faithful valet named Kodakovic most respectfully endeavored to dissuade him from this unseemly conduct. Thereupon the crazy Crown Prince kicked him savagely in various parts of his person, and finally kicked him all the way down a magnificent flight of marble steps.

The poor valet was carried away to a hospital in a terrible condition, suffering from a broken leg, three broken ribs, and very grave internal injuries. Having a tough constitution, he lingered some weeks in great pain, and finally died.

The news of his illness and its cause spread among the people, arousing fierce indignation. Demonstrations were made against the royal palace, and King Peter realized that he must take desperate action with his incorrigible son. The King, the Prime Minister, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and other important personages lectured the Crown Prince, and told him he must resign his succession to the crown. He cursed them and contradicted them, but they overawed him, and caused him to write the following remarkable letter:

"Driven by unjustified insinuations, based on an unfortunate occurrence, I beg, in defence of my honor, as well as my conscience, to declare that I renounce all claims to the throne, as well as any other privileges to which I am entitled. I beg you to take the necessary steps that this action may receive sanction. I place my services as a soldier and a citizen at the disposal of the King and the fatherland."

"Kicked Out of the Country." The King then proclaimed his second son, Alexander, Crown Prince in place of George. It was announced at the same time that the deposed Crown Prince would travel for a time in various parts of Europe, which was equivalent to saying that he would be exiled until his offences should be partially forgotten.

Thus the oldest son of the King was deprived of his rights to the Crown of Serbia and ignominiously kicked out of the country.

In order to get the proper view of this royal rake's progress, it is best to go back to the beginning. We find it recorded that when he was a small boy at school in Switzerland he distinguished himself by cutting off a cat's legs and committing other acts of cruelty to animals.

Then came the time when his father, who had spent his life in exile, was called to fill the throne of Serbia, made vacant by the horrible murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga. Prince George was then seventeen years old. A distinguished French officer, Major Levasseur, was chosen as military tutor for him.

In Love with an Actress. During the Major's term Prince George fell desperately in love with Mademoiselle Deshanska, a beautiful young actress and a great favorite at the Royal theatre, Belgrade. Nightly he sat in a box, blew kisses to her, and threw her enormous bouquets. She reciprocated his affection and waited his kisses back across the footlights to the great delight of the audience. As soon as the King learned what was going on, he caused the police to escort the actress across the frontier.

She settled in Vienna, and the Crown Prince hurriedly followed her without consulting his father. The King sent his cousin, Yasha Nenadovitch, after the traitor with a force of police. They kidnapped the Prince and brought him back three days later. Mademoiselle Deshanska was found dead by the banks of the Danube under circumstances that indicated that she had been murdered.

Soon after this the Prince committed one of his most shocking crimes. There was a nun who excited his admiration in the convent of the Trinity, near Belgrade. With three companions, in the small hours of the morning, he drove to the convent and attempted to batter in the door. With his sword he killed two porters who attempted to drive him away. He also ran a faithful watchdog through the body. At last the Mother Superior herself appeared, and said, "Prince, you shall not advance another step except over my dead body."

Then, abashed by her stern and saintly presence, he went away.

Insulted the Archbishop. The Prince was in the habit of going late to the solemn services in the Cathedral of Belgrade, and entering in a noisy, disorderly, and irreverent manner. The Archbishop of Belgrade sternly told the Prince after service that he must come to church in good time or not at all. Furious with anger, the Prince told the venerable prelate to go to a different climate, and then struck him in the eye.

The question of confining the Prince in a sanatorium on account of his outrageous actions had been discussed in the newspapers, and it was said that Prime Minister Pasic favored this action. Hearing this, the Prince broke into the Prime Minister's room with a riding-whip, and began to lash him, crying:

"You dog! You intend to confine me, your future master; I'll kill you! I'll thrash you to death, you canaille!"

The Prime Minister defended himself as well as he could by holding a leather bag behind him, while crying for help.

On several occasions, King Peter, who is a vigorous man, had chastised the Prince himself with a whip. He proposed to do so after this assault on the Prime Minister; but the Prince leaped at him, knocked him down, and started to dance on his father, until it was necessary for outsiders to rescue the exalted person.

A Public Scandal. The Crown Prince has had innumerable love affairs besides the one first mentioned. One day while the King was making a solemn State and religious procession from his palace to the cathedral, he was horrified to meet his son intoxicated and lolling in a carriage with one of his favorites. In seeing the King in his State robes the drunken Crown Prince called: "What an old idiot you look!"

He was intensely devoted to a time to a very flighty actress, Mademoiselle Dardzevitch, who was starting in Belgrade. He is particularly fond of variety actresses of the stout type, with blonde hair. With one of them, Fraulein Kel-

Some Romances of the Gold Fields

The discovery of gold in Australia was remarkable. A convict, while at work in New South Wales, one day came across a small nugget of gold. When he was questioned, however, he could not point out the spot where he had found it, with the result that he was dragged before a magistrate, and charged with melting down a gold watch, for which alleged crime he was awarded one hundred and fifty lashes!

After this time small quantities of gold were found, but in every case the discoverer was regarded with suspicion, being considered to be a robber, and so it was not until the discovery of gold in California that mining first began in the colony. When the rush began, whole streets in Sydney were deserted and business came to a standstill owing to the fact that all the servants and assistants vanished through the Blue mountains.

Soon other gold discoveries were made in Australia, with the result that the towns were drained of their males. In the case of California men were willing to pay large sums of gold dust for the opportunity of gleaning at a woman through the cracks of a shanty; in Georgia, however, the women crowded to the doors whenever a male passed through the town, as men were so rare as to become curiosities. That town in four months lost nearly three-quarters of its inhabitants.

The Australian fields differed from all other gold fields owing to the size of the nuggets of pure gold which were found. An aborigine began playing with a glittering substance which turned out to be a mass of gold weighing 202 1/2 pounds, and having a value of over \$200,000.

Actually gold could be picked up from the surface, one party of fire men obtaining \$25,000

ter, he repeatedly supped in public at a principal restaurant of Belgrade, thereby putting royalty in a most undignified light. Another flame was a Hungarian girl named Floriacz, who played the musical glasses. One night he serenaded her, disturbing the sleep of the best people of Belgrade. When the police tried to move him on he threatened them with a revolver.

He was turned out of the municipal music hall of Belgrade for throwing champagne bottles at the leader of the orchestra and climbing over the footlights to make love to Madame Beyla.

ONE KIND OF HUSBAND. Lady Arthur Paget, at a dinner in New York, said of the "appalling American divorce habit"—for that is the shape which our divorce question takes in her eyes:

"And deceit, petty deceit, grave deceit—that is another frequent cause of divorce."

"Too many husbands are like the one who said, as his servant helped him on with his overcoat:

"I am, if my wife asks you where I am, tell her I've gone to the opera."

"The man bowed."

"Yes, sir; very good, sir." And he added impudently, "And where are you really going, sir, in case any of your friends should call or ring you up?"—Detroit Free Press.

of gold in eight hours. Considerably larger nuggets than these were found. For instance, the Welcome Stranger nugget weighed 2,268 ounces, and another nugget was sold for \$52,500.

According to legend one of the principal West Australian fields was discovered owing to a boy picking up a stone to throw at a crow. It was found that this stone contained gold, and the fact was reported to the warden. The official immediately telegraphed to the governor of the colony that a boy had picked up a stone to throw at a crow—in the excitement of the moment, however, he omitted to state that the stone contained gold. The astonished governor therefore wired back: "Yes, and what happened to the crow?" "Now the goldfields in Western Australia occupy an area eight times that of England."

Possibly the most remarkable fields in the history of gold mining are those occurring in frozen North America. In the case of every other goldfield, the original discoverers fared about the worst owing to the fact that the news became at once public and attracted vast hordes of adventurers.

The men who first discovered gold in the Yukon had no competitors for months owing to the isolated position of the fields, and the enormous difficulties of reaching them. In fact, the news of the discovery did not leak out until the original discoverers had taken all the gold they wanted, and had come back to civilization wealthy men. At the time of the discovery the district was practically an unknown territory containing only a handful of inhabitants.

Take the case of the discovery on the Bonanza Creek of the Klondike river. The dis-

Ex-Presidents of U.S.

One of the charms of a simple society has always been the ease with which great public servants return to obscurity when their duties are ended. Cincinnati at the plough has been extolled as the model of republican virtues, and an example for republican imitation. But, unfortunately, in a complex modern world Cincinnati is not the best of models. We like to think that our great men are capable of this kind of noble eclipse, but we know very well that it is not practicable. A man who has held the reins of supreme power cannot sink into the herd, however earnestly he may desire it. The younger Pitt, when it seemed possible that he might go out of office, proposed to return to the Bar and attempt to practice. But if he had done this, he would not have occupied the position of an ordinary junior. The Bench and Bar would have been more than complaisant towards a man who had been Prime Minister, and might at any moment return to power—a man who had such vast potential capacity for patronage. You cannot wholly dethrone those who have

been once enthroned; a King in exile remains very different from the average citizen. This truism has led most countries to make provision for the retirement of their chief citizens by means of pensions. It is felt by most people that for a great public servant to be left to struggle against the crowd, handicapped in the race for success by the years he has given to the service of the State is unworthy of the dignity of the nation. In America it is otherwise. The system inaugurated for a very simple society continues in the most complex of modern communities. The President however high may have been his services becomes at the end of his term an ordinary citizen unwarded and undistinguished. Grant joined the Wall street firm of stockbrokers; Cleveland became a consulting attorney to a business house; Harrison went back to practice at the Bar; Mr. Roosevelt to become a member of the staff of the Outlook—not editor, but editorial advisor and contributor. The New York World in an article on Monday very rightly protests against the system which makes such things necessary. The World is a Democratic paper, and has never supported Mr. Roosevelt. But it argues with much justice that the dignity of the office of President is lowered if its occupant is thrust into private life at the end of his term to earn his living as best he can. It urges that a retiring President should be given a seat in the Senate and a pension of at least £5,000 a year, and the reasons it adduces will carry conviction to every student of politics and every well-wisher of the American nation. In fact, the President should be treated as a soldier or sailor who has vacated an important post, but who is still fit for duty. He should be placed on half-pay.

We have no wish to suggest that journalism is not a most useful profession and the Outlook a most capable and high-minded paper. It has an honorable reputation for sobriety and good sense, and with Mr. Roosevelt on its staff should be a great force in American public life. But we cannot feel reconciled to the system under which a President is merged in the publicist. Our first objection is very general—that the necessity to seek a means of livelihood may work very hardly in some cases. Mr. Roosevelt is a man of limitless versatility, and could have made his living in a dozen different spheres, from cow-punching to the management of a university. But every ex-President may not be so happily situated. We can imagine a great First Citizen, a man with a real genius for politics, who would be hard put to it to earn a living. The younger Pitt, for example, would have done badly at the Bar we are sure, if he had had to rest on his merits as a pleader; and if Mr. Gladstone had had to make his way, say at the age of fifty, in a profession, we do not feel that his progress would have been very fast. The whole idea seems to us barbarous and uncivil. A man who is a true statesman by profession, who has dedicated his best years to the service of his country, should not be cast off when his term of service is accomplished. His future should be the care of the State.

In the second place—and this objection applies especially to the case of Mr. Roosevelt—an ex-President will find it difficult to become a private citizen, and may exercise an influence in a profession due, not to his present merits, but to his past dignities. We have already instanced the case of an ex-President pleading before a court of law. In journalism the danger is still greater. We would not for a moment suggest that Mr. Roosevelt will not make a brilliant journalist. His many books and his messages to Congress show that he has a mastery over the written as well as the spoken word. But the main appeal of his articles will be that they are signed by an ex-President, and by one who even in his retirement remains by far the greatest figure in America. Mr. Taft is the inheritor of the Roosevelt tradition, but he cannot be its spokesman while we have Mr. Roosevelt writing weekly in the columns of the Outlook. The whole situation will be very delicate. One of the two political centres of gravity will be in the press, and the Fourth Estate will acquire a dominant place in the political organism. The fact is, that Mr. Roosevelt is too big a man to be a journalist or a lawyer, or indeed any sort of private person. His influence will be illegitimate, because it will not be based on his private capacity, but on his public antecedents. In politics Mr. Roosevelt is too masterful a figure to make the role of freelance either safe or profitable.

The final objection is, that America in relegating her ex-Presidents to the ranks is losing a great asset. The President is the chief executive officer of the Republic; he is the true American Foreign Office; he is the head of the army and navy. His experience, even during one term of office, is so wide and varied that he becomes a most valuable adviser on all public questions. In the case of one who has served two terms this experience is unique. Such a man has had a political training far more useful than any to be met with in Congress or in the Senate. He has acquired the habit of treating great affairs in a large spirit, and he is not to be befogged by any complexity of detail. He is a true expert in statesmanship, and as such should be kept always on call. It is surely the height of folly to drive such men out of politics altogether, or, if they retain their political interests, to force them into journalism for an outlet. Let the State retain their services by, as we have said, placing them on half-pay. Then they will always be available for arbitrations, home or foreign, special commissions, confidential inquiries, or any other delicate and responsible non-party work which the executive may desire to entrust to a man of special authority and experience.

Spencer, Poet

(A. M. Belding in The Springfield Republican.)

In a sequestered spot in the beautiful cemetery that is called Fernhill, at St. John, N.B. stands a rough block of black granite, which bears this inscription: "Hiram Ladd Spencer, Born April 28, 1822; Died . . ."

When this inscription shall be completed the world will have lost a sweet though mournful singer, and the rough boulder of black granite will mark the resting place of one who Emerson and Hawthorne, Longfellow, George William Curtis, and William Cullen Bryant, but Hiram Ladd Spencer still lives and a volume of his poems has just been issued from the press of John A. Bowes at St. John, N.B.

Mr. Spencer's most quoted poem, "A Hundred Years to Come," is the opening poem of the new volume, "The Fugitives, A Hundred Years" (nearly 200 pages) just issued. Perhaps the writer cannot do better than quote from the introduction, which at the publisher's request he wrote for the book, after an acquaintance with Mr. Spencer, extending over nearly a quarter of a century. In his Author's Note, Mr. Spencer says: "Many of these poems have been afloat in the newspapers, magazines and anthologies for more than half a century. They have been so kindly received by the Press and the public that the author feels that in this form they may command the attention of a larger circle of readers. In the introduction, which follows, it is said that if Mr. Spencer had devoted his attention to literature as earnestly as did some of his great New England contemporaries, his fame, if it did not equal theirs, would at least have been secured. Mr. Spencer reached the age of fourscore in April, and was contributing sketches of the past, and 'with the skill of an artist whose hand is not hurt by his cunning, he paints word pictures which may indeed present a somber hue, but which possess fascination for the thoughtful and perceptive mind.' His style is characterized by the 'keen sense of humor, and presents phases of character and quaint situations with a delicacy of touch that is delightful.' He never signed his prose sketches, and the authorship of his most famous poem, 'A Hundred Years to Come,' has been disputed. Mr. Spencer was born at Castleton, Vt., April 28, 1822, and got his education there. He taught school, went into business, and in 1851 took up his abode at St. John. He had contributed to Graham's Saturday Review, and had written for the New York Tribune and Post and the Boston Journal. In St. John he was engaged on one and another newspaper of the city. His books are 'Poems,'

1848: 'Summer Saintings Away Down East,' 1850: 'The Years,' and 'A Memory of Acadia,' 1859; and later another small volume of verse, while of the present volume mention has been made.

On the occasion of his 80th anniversary a few of his former friends on the St. John press felt that it would be a graceful act to remember the veteran poet and journalist on that day, and in their behalf the writer went on the little river steamer to White Head and presented Mr. Spencer with a gold dollar for each of his 80 years. Tall, erect, with massive head and flowing beard, he seemed a very patriarch. He has no relatives in the province, and his tiny store is in one of the rooms of the farmhouse of John Edwards with whom and his wife the poet has made his home in recent years. He keeps a small stock of groceries, and has but few customers. The farm is situated on a hillside overlooking broad reaches of river, island, farm land and wooded hills, and though within a dozen miles of St. John is quite secluded.

Quite Head is on a broad neck of land between the Kennebecasis and St. John rivers, and is only reached by steamer, a long ferry, or a long and rough about-drive. For several weeks in fall and spring, when the ice is forming or before it runs out, the people are practically cut off from traffic with the world. For 50 years or more Mr. Spencer has been a summer visitor to the place, and had made friends there; and when he said good-bye to active work to his scenic charm and seclusion appealed to him with a power that was irresistible. Though now feeble in his movements, his brain is clear, and surrounded by the flowers that now in beauty spring, as long as he looks out upon life with wide eyes and a clear, deep, and true of the cup it offered, and regards the future with serene philosophy.

Appended are some of Mr. Spencer's verses, which will convey to the reader some idea of the quality of his poetry, style and the tone of his poetical work: **A Hundred Years to Come.** Where, where will be the birds that sing. A hundred years to come? The flowers that now in beauty spring. A hundred years to come? The heart that beats so gayly now. Where, where will be our hopes and joys? Joy's pleasant smiles and Sorrow's tears. A hundred years to come? Who'll press for gold this crowded street. A hundred years to come? Who'll tread the roses with willing feet. A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling Age and fiery Youth,

By A. Belding, in the Springfield Republican

And Childhood with its 'brow of gold.' The rich, the poor, on land and sea; Where will the mighty millions be. A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep. A hundred years to come! No living soul for us will weep. A hundred years to come. But others then our lands will till. And others then our homes shall fill. And other birds will sing as gay. And bright the sun shall shine as today. A hundred years to come.

By the Sea. Through the still night I lay On a gray cliff that overlooked the Sea, Whose breast the ripple stirred; And there, as wore away The night, discoursed to me In tones of melody. A voice before unheard.

'Dreamer of idle dreams! Their lessons still rehearse The Stars, that shone when wood alone Did fill the universe; And still the Sea doth speak As in the ages old.

She to the sages spake: Over yon mountain peak Behold the moon doth break The moon that they beheld! 'Doth the Sea moan? 'Tis not that virtue dies; 'Tis not for right o'erthrown That darkness veils the skies! By laws inscrutable, All evil perisheth; Good is immutable And knoweth naught of death.'

Then my heart stirred within me, and I cried: 'O Voice, O Voice, the grave is deep and wide! My soul for its beloved dead upon the shore, Answered the Voice, 'Behold the tender flower. Carefully guarded from the wintry blast. The summer sunneth only at the hour Appointed by the Master.' Then the night was past.

With outstretched arms I follow Thee, In sorrow. To-morrow? But vainly, and thou laugh'st at me, To-morrow! To-morrow! Ah me, to leave this shadowland, Upon the sunlit shore to stand. Ah me, to clasp thy jewelled hand, To-morrow! To-morrow!

Thou beckonest, and I pursue, In sorrow. To-morrow! To-morrow! Thou beckonest, and I pursue, In sorrow. To-morrow! To-morrow!

Earth's falsest heart to thee, is true, To-morrow! To-morrow! But thou art falsest than the wind— A dream, vapory the mind, And thou that seek thee never find, To-morrow! To-morrow!

The Land of Dreams. Farewell, farewell, thou land of Dreams! Where Youth and I together dwelt; Could I beside thy mystic streams But feel once more as I have felt! Could I by cliff and river-side, By pine wood and mountain hear, Dream on as in the days of old, And feel as I shall feel no more!

Farewell, farewell, thou land of Dreams! The dreamer sighs his last adieu; Mountains and vales and whispering streams, Can time that were always bright and blue. Skies that or fortune e'er efface The imprint of those blissful hours. When this path was Hope's dwelling place.

And every path was strewn with flowers? **Song of the Goose Girl.** King Arthur and his knights go riding by, go riding by, Queen Guinevere and Lancelot go riding by, and . . .

Who keep my flock the road beside, Have seen them ride And heard them sing: 'Tis the Spring, And trees once more are blossoming.'

I heard Sir Lancelot sing: 'O Heart's Desire, my Heart's Desire, The spark of life has fanned yet once again the flame of desire. I heard the Queen's voice caroling: The breath of May And cuckoos lay Have called us back to earth this day.'

From Avalon they come on each May-day, on each May-day, Through Camelot and Lyonesse to Joyous Garde, they wend their way. I keep my flock the road beside, And see them ride And hear them sing: 'Tis the Spring, And life once more is blossoming.'

O Queen of rainbow mist from shore To-morrow! To-morrow! As onward through this drowsy land of ours you pass once more. There comes the first call of the Spring. And see you sing With sudden zest Men hail once more the Mystic Quest— Alik Egerton, in The Westminster Gazette.