

Box to Man.

all men's hearts and in Had the people of Lond forehand that he was going namons. Had the people of hontons, nown beforehand that he was going hey would gladly have thronged the treets to give him a send-off that while ocal in form, would have been national a the feeling behind it. The Prince, ad he chosen, could have driven from he palace to the station between cheer-ng and enthusiastic crowds, the central gure in a popular pageant, and could ave started on his momentous journey with the good wishes of his fellow com-rymen ringing in his ears. But that is not his way; it is not the way of the House of Windsor; it is not he British way. There was no display, o bid for applause, nothing that could yen remotely suggest self-advertise-nent. The Prince slipped away unan-ounced and unnoticed, just like any or-linary officer, and the public did not yen know he was going until he had yone.

dinary officer, and the public did not even know he was going until he had gone. Character and Temperament. The Prince of Wales must have taken back with him many pleasant recollec-tions of his leave in England. The last few weeks have brought him as closely in touch with the people at home as the last three years and more have brought him in touch with the soldiers at the front. He has visited Wales, Cornwall, the Clyde, hospitals and munition works; he has taken his seat in the House of Lords; he has become inevit-ably a public figure in whom all are in-terested; there is a keen desire to arrive at some definite impression of his char-acter and temperament. No one doubts that the Prince is shap-ing more than well. It would be odd if he were not. Born into one of the hap-plest, least ostentatious, hardest-work-ing households in the land, the son of a father whose whole life is governed by a sense of duty and of a mother whose warm-heartedness and practicality have never shone forth so clearly as in these grim days, he began life under the soundest and most wholesome auspices. His education continued and confirmed the good start that birth and heredity had given him. "There is no place in the world," William IV. used to say, "for making an English gentleman like the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war." The Prince was thrust early, first at Osborne and then at Dartmouth, into the strict democracy of the British navy; and the lessons in orderliness, self-restraint and duty that a boy there learns—apart from the supreme lesson hat being a Prince is not everything oam and the sparkle. toxicating.



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ST. LOUIS

St. John, New Brunswick

From Boy to Man. I will not say that the last three and a half years have been the making of the prince. In the fundamentals of char-acter, in all that really mathers, he was made already. I mean that long before the war began he had given proof of the qualities that every parent looks and hopes for in his son and his son's friends—truthfulness, generosity, stabil-ity, and instinctive uprightness, and sim-plicity of mind and nature. But what the war has done for him is to turn a boy into a man. It has brought him ex-perience otherwise unimaginable. It has thrown him into intimate contact with all sorts and conditions of men. He has seen life, and he has seen death, in the rear and at close range. Not since the days of the Black Prince has any heir to the British throne had such a schooling. Ard this all a part of his native bren.

here to the British throne had such a schooling. And it is all a part of his native keen-ness and vitality that the prince has claimed the right to run the risks and share in the danger of his brother-of-ficers. He could no more be a cotton-wool soldier than he could be a prig or a milksop. The decorative security of a job at headquarters very soon sickened him. He would not rest till he had got himself attached to a fighting division, had done duty in the trenches, and had learned at first hand what is to be shot over.

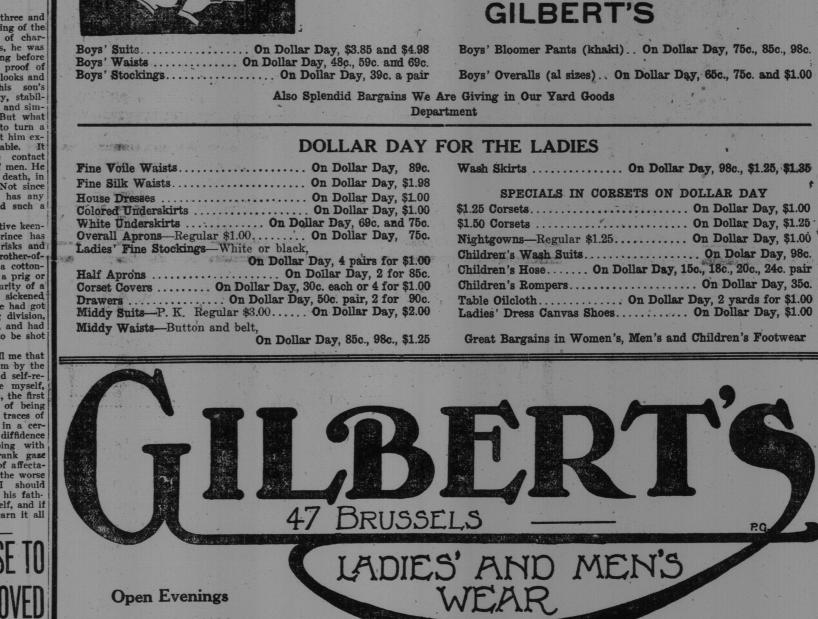
learned at first hand what is to be shot over. Those who know him best tell me that the chief change wrought in him by the war is an added confidence and self-re-liance. And yet on one like myself, who has only recently met him, the first impression he makes is that of being young for his years. The last traces of his boyhood show themselves in a cer-tain diffidence of manner, a diffidence however, delightfully in keeping with his fresh young face, his frank gaze and a total lack of any kind of affecta-tion. The prince will be none the worse for maturing late. He has, I should judge, an observant mind and his fath-er's habit of thinking for himself, and if he learns life slowly he will learn it all the more thoroughy.

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of the Privy Council which recently



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