



THE PRINCE OF WALES

Training England's Future King

By Meriel Hathaway

IN an English periodical, about a year ago, there appeared an article on the boyhood of Edward VII, which created interest and gave rise to comment. That Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort took up their arduous position imbued with a sense of deep responsibility, and carried out their duties with the utmost conscientiousness, all know who have read anything of Queen Victoria's life. But it came, nevertheless, as a surprise to some, this revelation of the care

and thought, the prayerful and anxious consideration, which were lavished on the early days of the then Prince of Wales. "Nothing," says the writer, "not the smallest thing, was left to chance. Not a week, not a day, not an hour, of the time of this precious youth could safely or properly be wasted. Other lads might occasionally run loose in the springtime, and for other boys it might be legitimate to plunge into the region of romance. But for this boy the pages even of Sir Walter

Scott were closed, and he must concentrate, ever concentrate, upon 'modern languages,' upon 'history,' upon 'the sciences.' . . . Daily, almost hourly, the Queen and the Prince kept watch and ward over those intrusted with the care of their son. Within the walls of Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle letters and notes constantly passed, and have been elaborately and carefully preserved."

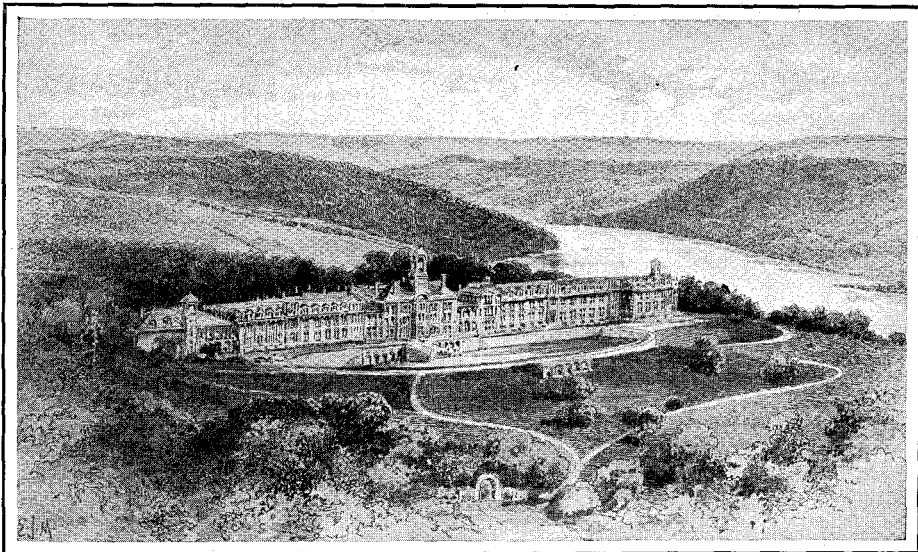
When, at fifteen, the young Prince had an allowance for dress, Queen Victoria wrote to him as follows: "Dress is a trifling matter which ought not to be raised to too much importance in our own eyes. But it gives also the *one outward sign* from which people in general can, and often do, judge upon the internal state of mind and feeling of a person, for this they all see, whilst the other they cannot see. On that account it is of some importance, particularly in persons of high rank. I must now say that we do not wish to control your own taste and fancies, which, on the contrary, we wish you to indulge and develop, but we do *expect* that you will never wear anything *extravagant* or *slang*, not because we don't like it, but because it would prove a want of self-respect and be an offense against decency, leading—as it has often done before in others—to an indifference to what is morally wrong."

When, at seventeen, the Prince of Wales was given a household, wise, loving coun-

sel from the same source was given him. His parents wrote: "A new sphere of life will open for you, in which you will have to be taught what to do and what not to do, a subject requiring study more important than any in which you have hitherto been engaged. For it is a subject of *study*, and the most difficult one of your life, how to become a good man and a thorough gentleman. To the servants and to those below you, you will always be courteous and kind, remembering that by having engaged to serve you in return for certain money payments they have not surrendered their dignity which belongs to them as brother men and brother Christians. You will try to emancipate yourself as much as possible from the thralldom of abject dependence for your daily wants of life on your servants. The more you can do for yourself and the less you need their help, the greater will be your independence and real comfort."

Watched over and sheltered, the Prince of Wales grew up. He does not seem to have mixed with boys of his own age, but to have led a life apart. When he went to college, he lived under the roof of the Dean. The Queen and Prince Albert made a great point of his not sharing the undergraduate life, but he himself said, much later, that it would have been far better for him if he had.

And now, sixty years later, England



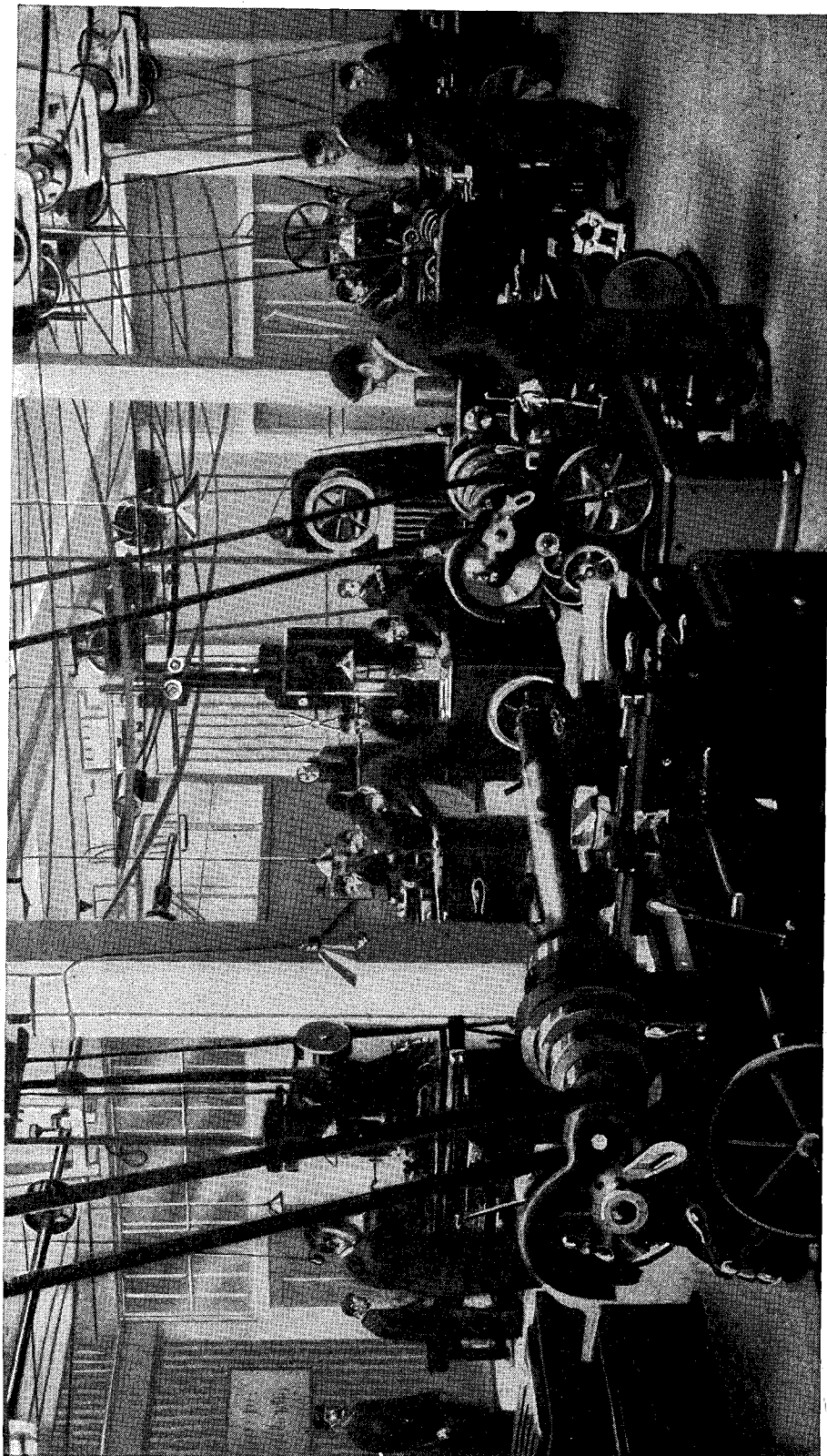
WHERE THE PRINCE TRAINS FOR THE NAVY



THE ROYAL FAMILY—FOUR GENERATIONS

has again a fair-haired Edward, Prince of Wales. His parents, too, have a deep sense of responsibility. They too give the greatest care and much thought to the training and education of their children. But their methods are different. From the time they each reached the age of thirteen Prince Edward and his brother Prince Albert have shared the life of four hundred English boys, and have undergone the same training which every English boy goes through who chooses the navy as a profession. The course of

training for the navy as at present carried out is the result of a far-reaching reform instituted in 1902 by Lord Selborne and Admiral (now Lord) Fisher. Till then England's naval officers went through their preliminary training on board an old black-and-white wooden battle-ship of Nelson's time, anchored peacefully up the little river Dart in sunny Devon. She lies there still, the old Britannia, but her day is past, and the training of the men who have to handle that most wonderful of modern inventions, a



THE TURNING SHOP AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE

great battle-ship, is bound to differ very greatly from the training of the pre-Dreadnought officer.

The English naval officer has to know a great deal more of engineering than his predecessors. He has indeed to be more than half an engineer. "For in the modern ship of war the whole ship is an engine-room packed with a multitude of engines, gun mountings, motors, and mechanical contrivances of the most varied and intricate character, which require for their proper handling and management a wide knowledge of the practical applications of mechanics and applied electricity."

The new scheme came into force in 1902; to put it very briefly, every boy enters at thirteen, goes through four years of training on shore, two years at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and two at Dartmouth, in Devonshire. But though the educational system has been revised, there has been no break in tradition or atmosphere, and the boys wear the same uniform which their fathers and uncles and great-uncles were proud to wear. They have the same record of naval greatness behind them, and the same task before them, that of keeping their country's flag flying. They are in a naval atmosphere from the first day of their new life. The timing of the day's routine is by bells, as on board ship; they wake to the sound of the reveillé bugle; they are looked after entirely by men, as on board ship. Naval officers are in command, and are with the boys at their games and in their leisure; discipline is far stricter than at a public school; punishments take the form of "drills;" only that part of their education which they have in common with any other school-boy is intrusted to civilians; and at every turn the cadet realizes that from the very beginning he is part of Britain's navy.

Imagine our little Prince on the first morning of his new life. He has arrived overnight with the seventy new boys who constitute the fresh arrivals and are dubbed "first termers." The bewilderment of the new surroundings has merged into sound slumber, but some of it clings to his mind as he opens his eyes next morning. The reveillé bugle has not yet sounded, and he has time to look around. He

sees the long, spotless, carpetless dormitory, with its many curtainless windows. Right and left of him are narrow little iron beds like his own, each bed covered with a regulation blue rug, with the owner's initials embroidered on it in red; another row of beds opposite him, eighteen on each side. Between each is a small, plain washstand, and at the foot of each stands the cadet's sea-chest—a solid iron and oak box painted black and white. This is the cadet's wardrobe, and contains all his possessions. He will have nothing more for the first few years of his sea life, so he must acquire the art of being tidy in a small space.

Meditations are cut short by the reveillé. Sleepy heads rise from pillows, thirty-six little figures jump out of bed with more or less alacrity, and then follows a silence for prayers. When the last boy has risen from his knees, there is a patter of feet to the lower end of the dormitory, and thirty-six white-skinned boys are splashing in the cold-water plunge. But only for a very short time. No dawdling is allowed. The cadet captain, one of the older boys, sees to that.

From the moment the cadet turns out of his dormitory, with the last button buttoned and his hair brushed, to the moment he puts his head on his pillow again, he leads a life in which work and play follow each other in smart succession. No loafing is possible. The morning is invariably spent on books or engineering, or both. Two hours and a half after lunch is spent on games and recreation, more work between 4:30 and 7, then tea, bed at 8:35. The boys put in seven or eight hours' work a day, including the time in the engineering shops.

When at the "shops," the boys put on brown overalls, which are more than necessary for the protection of their clothes. I have seen Prince Edward going through the blacksmith's course, his face flushed and with a smutty smear across his cheek, where a grimy little hand has brushed across it. The boys wear flannels a great part of each day—white flannel trousers and soft-collared flannel shirts with their uniform reefer coats. By tea-time, however, every boy is in his blue serge again, with linen shirt and stiff collar. When the boy is not at class work

with civilians, he is in touch with one or other naval officer; a lieutenant is told off especially to look after one group of the boys; he superintends their games, and talking to him gives them a glimpse into the life in front of them once they are at sea. Thus they get to know the circumstances of life in the China seas, and how to test the blade of the sword which forms part of their outfit; they hear at first hand what happened in that row in the Persian Gulf, or what the English bluejackets did off Messina at the time of the earthquake. They go through a course of naval history; they handle boats from the time they are able to swim; the flagstaff in front of the college, with its accompanying rigging, accustoms them to ropes; and they go a cruise on a man-of-war during their first term. Thus, though their training is on land, there is no chance of their forgetting that they are preparing for a life at sea.

The regulations as to pocket-money are very strict. A shilling a week is paid out to them on Saturdays, and whatever a cadet takes back on his return from leave has to be banked, and can be taken out only in small sums. I believe that Prince Edward has been known to be so short of cash that he has had to borrow a penny for a Sunday collection! This is a far more suitable arrangement than that prevalent at Eton, where boys have the handling of far too much money, some even having check-books and large sums of money at their disposal. Leave, too, is very sparingly doled out. Cadets may go out with parents any Sunday afternoon, but not more than once a fortnight with

friends, and then 6:30 or 8 is the latest they may stay out.

With all these regulations the young princes have to comply, like the rest of their world. On one occasion their parents, then Prince and Princess of Wales, were spending a few days in the Isle of Wight, and the princes got the leave granted to all the cadets, from 2 to 6:30—no

more; as the recall was hoisted, two little dark-blue figures came hurrying across the fields, back to duty, back to work; there was no thought of extension of leave or any special favor, "just for this once!"

Walking through the gymnasium, one sees lithe-limbed youngsters swarming up ropes, scaling ladders, and generally "letting off steam." Here is a little chap vigorously punching a ball, getting very pink in the face as he pounds away. Suddenly conscious that he is being watched, he turns and sees us. It is Prince Edward. He throws us the shy side-glance he has inherited from his mother, and then turns to take up some other form of active exercise.

Sunday is known by various outward and visible signs, such as half an hour longer in bed, a special uniform reserved for that day and state occasions. But I think it can safely be assumed that it is also a day of "inward and spiritual grace." The care that is exercised by authorities in the choice of captain, commander, officers, and masters has also been exercised in the choice of a chaplain. At Osborne the "padre," as he is affectionately called, is a man beloved by officers and boys alike. He has striven to make their



PRINCE EDWARD—NAVAL CADET

church services a reality and their religion part of their every-day life.

During Prince Edward's first year of school life there came to him the sad experience of the nearness and suddenness of death. A boy in his own dormitory died after a few days' illness, and as the little Prince, with the rest of the boys of his "term," followed the gun-carriage bearing the body of their comrade, pacing with slow step and downcast head, the solemnity of the occasion must have weighed on his young mind.

The first two years of his training over, the second stage of Prince Edward's career began; he went on to Dartmouth College, which as a training school has superseded the old Britannia. Here, on the steep wooded banks of the lovely little river Dart, stands the huge building, too elongated to be beautiful, but well built and a splendid training-ground for England's sailor lads. It is "steps up and steps down, steps everywhere and all day long," so one cadet described it. The College faces the south, looking out over the two little towns of Kingswear and Dartmouth, groups of clustering red roofs on either bank of the river. There is but one bend of the river between them and the open sea. The next turn in their lives will bring the boys to the open sea too; it is waiting for them, almost in sight—the open sea, with its loneliness, its beauty, its dangers, and its joys.

Prince Edward's first Devonshire winter proved him a good cross-country runner, and the boy was among the keenest for a run with the beagles. The College has its own pack, hunted by the Commander, and the whips are chosen from among the cadets, who mostly follow on foot. Sturdy of limb and sound of wind have those to be who follow for miles up and down those Devonshire hills, and as one sees the field coming back after a long wet run, covered with mud, disheveled, and very hungry, one is consoled by the thought that there is a sturdy stock still to man the ships which are England's hope and pride.

Prince Edward was past fifteen when he was prepared for his confirmation. This was intrusted to the chaplain at Dartmouth, and wisely so, for, besides his earnest devotion to his profession, he was the one

person who had been most in touch with the boy for months, in his week-day divinity teaching and in Sunday services; he knew the incidents of his every-day life, and would be far better able to appeal to the best side of his boy nature.

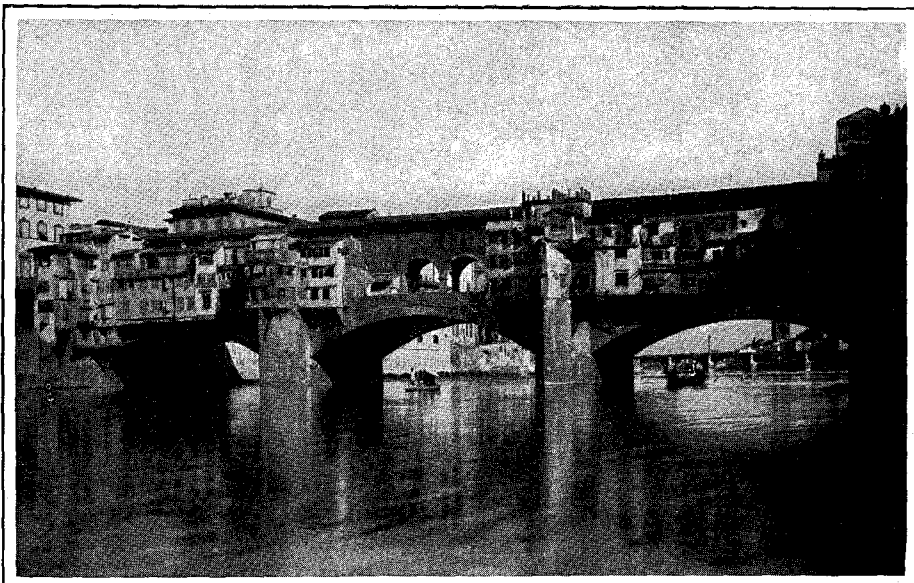
Those who were present in St. George's Chapel at Windsor and saw the little kneeling figure of the boy and the uplifted hands of the Archbishop against the somber background of ancient carving in the mellow light of the stained-glass windows felt that this was no mere formal state function; they knew that earnest prayers were rising from many hearts for blessings on the head of this child who might some day be called upon to bear much and strive much, and whose life must, of necessity, be fraught with responsibility and anxiety above that of his fellows.

The death of Edward VII, as his grandson was approaching his sixteenth birthday, brought the boy a step nearer these great responsibilities. But once the imposing funeral was over, back the Prince went to work. Some changes were made in his curriculum; less time was given to technical seamanship, more to political history and modern languages.

The Prince's democratic education, of which I have tried to give some idea, had a democratic finish. In the middle of his last term he and his brother both went down with the measles, of which an epidemic broke out. There were no serious consequences to either Prince Edward or his brother, and, like any normal school-boy, they no doubt congratulated themselves on the break in the work, the pleasant convalescence, and the delightful unexpected holiday for sick leave.

Time only can show the result of this education, but its humanizing influence none can question. Those who govern must be in the closest touch with those they govern. They must be able to put themselves in the place of those whom legislation is to benefit, and they must be able to look at things from the point of view of the ordinary citizen.

That was the lesson conveyed by that most fascinating book of Mark Twain's, "The Prince and the Pauper;" and what the Prince Edward of those days learned in a very hard school Prince Edward of to-day is learning by ordinary human intercourse.



PONTE VECCHIO

My Old Bridge

By Gardner Teall

PONTE VECCHIO! How the name of this old bridge rings in the memory of one's Florentine days, like the silvery-toned bells over there where Giotto's marvelous tower rises from its bed of granite! Here you stand within cool shadows of the arcade that looks up the Arno towards the Ponte alle Grazie and off over the lovely cypress-covered hills of San Miniato. Below you the running stream seems to be gurgling aqueous *stornelli*, such as the young *contadini* sing on their way home through the Porta Romana—Fra Lippo Lippi sang them too:

“Fiore sfrontato,
Giglio del Arno!”

The waters ripple along just as they did some seventeen hundred years ago, when the King of Armenia's first-born, a soldier under Decius, defied the Emperor's edict against Christianity and suffered martyrdom there in the great forest that once stood near by. Only yesterday old Marietta was telling you of the miracle that set Miniato's head upon his shoulders again and breathed life into his body until

he had crossed the stream (perhaps at the very ford below you) and had climbed up the hillside himself, to give up his soul to Heaven at the spot where his church now rises. All that was mortal of the blessed Miniato rests there under the high altar, but you ask yourself what is all that cold marble compared to the memory of his noble life? You are ashamed to recall the careless travelers you have seen galloping up his hill for a duty-peep at the old church, and then, over coffee or an ice in the Piazzale, but a step away (where Michelangelo fought out the Medici), shamelessly declare: “Thank goodness, we've seen that! Don't *you* love these pink cakes?”

“*Pesce, signori! Pesce, signori!*” You turn around, startled out of your reverie. It is Friday; a street peddler is crying his wares—little shimmering fishes which he carries in a great gourd thrown over his shoulder. He weighs them out carefully with funny Shylock-like scales, heavy with ancients. You wonder where he gets his gourds, until another cry greets your ears.