



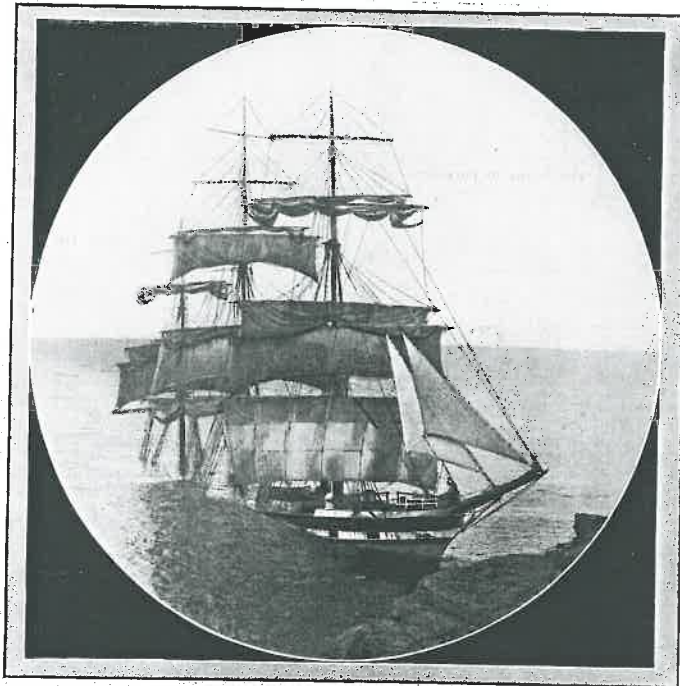
At the opening of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament. The group includes the Duke and Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden and their children, Princess Patricia, and Prince Louis of Battenberg.

The sun shone brightly on Saturday. Empire Day; and the Germans smiling princesses to the man of her heart; and all the world read King George's admirable advice to his subjects in Berlin to foster and maintain the kindly relations with the people of their adopted home; and those who attended the Newspaper Press Fund dinner listened intently to Prince Arthur of Connaught's wise words on the necessity of pacific news editing; and some of us read Mr. P. W. Wilson's exposure in the *Daily News* of the manoeuvres of the manufacturers of lethal weapons—a twin study to Herr Liebknecht's impeachment of the German makers. So everybody shouted "Hoch! Hoch!"—though it is not a particularly easy word for Englishmen to say.

We celebrated married their

The funny part of it is that Mr. Chamberlain's supporters attribute these very things to his political opponents.

Empire week recalled several Empire-builders who can never be forgotten. In the first place an appeal was made by a powerful committee, headed by Lord Haldane, for funds to establish a Military Library in memory of Sir John Moore at Shorncliffe, and Colonel Robert Holden Mackenzie published "The Trafalgar Roll," which does very much for Trafalgar what the late Mr. Charles Dalton did so patiently for Blenheim and Waterloo.



THE END OF A DISASTROUS VOYAGE: THE CROMDALE ASHORE AT THE LIZARD. The three-masted sailing ship *Cromdale*, bound from Talca, Chile, to Falmouth with a cargo of nitrate, went ashore at the Lizard, near the lighthouse, in a fog, on Saturday morning, and the crew were rescued with difficulty. The voyage had been calamitous from the start, the second mate being drowned at Monte Video, and the boatswain and a seaman being killed by falling down the hold while the ship was at Newcastle, Australia.

For the time being, then, there is no need for that anthology of pessimism which we have suggested in these columns. When the time comes for its preparation we advise the compiler to get "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence," which Mr. Werner Laurie has recently issued. This distinguished Jeremiah has left few equals among us to-day. His long life was one long lamentation. Here are two examples from the lengthy catalogue of damning:

Chamberlain is doing his best to create a proletariat which will live, not by industry but by political plunder.

If Chamberlain gets 'into power' he will curse you with a proletariat—a people of State paupers, living not by their industry but by their votes. (1885.)

All our great battles should be treated in the manner Colonel Mackenzie has done, so that we may have a complete literary Valhalla of our fighting ancestors. The true Imperial would include that great silent mass of black effort which helped to build up our resources. This is now possible, for the Slave Compensation Papers have recently been made available at the Public Record Office. What an admirable book could be done about all the makers of our Imperial destiny—ininitely more interesting than the pedestrian biographies of silly French kings and their sillier daughters.

Is there anything on a sunny summer morning like the sight of a coach and four dashing out of London? Last week we dealt with Lord Leconfield's team; to-day we give a coloured supplement showing Mr. Vanderbilt's coach on Epsom Common with Mr. Vanderbilt on the box-seat, while standing behind him is his manager, Mr. C. J. Wilson, and in front his guard with the historic name of Will Scarlett.



THE CELEBRATION OF EMPIRE DAY IN HYDE PARK. THE CHURCH NURSING BRIGADE MARCHING PAST THE SALUTING BASE