

bunting and the stern, grim outlines of the vessels adorned. As if a great strong man should hang himself round with trinkets and coloured ribbons.

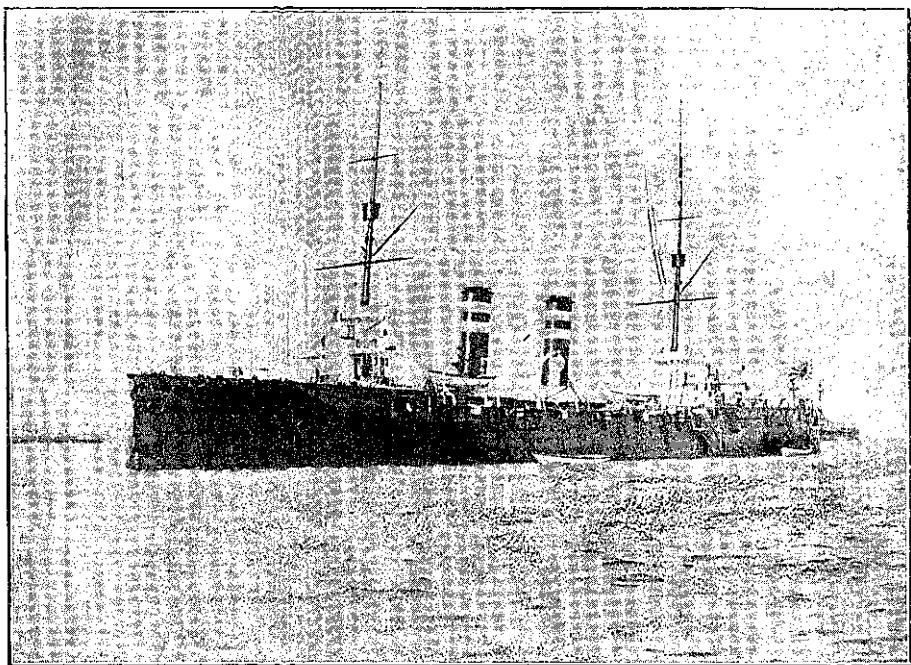
For there is something essentially utilitarian and uncompromising about the outlines of a man-of-war. She is designed for use, but not for ornament. Rigid are her outlines, order and cleanliness and the perfection of finish are her essential characteristics, but for beauty and for grace commend me to the old-fashioned sailing vessel.

faces. Either they were turned from me or too far away for recognition.

With the anchoring of the Victoria and Albert the proceedings terminated.

The Royal Sovereign fired a single gun, and that solitary report struck the death-knell of the Naval Review.

The inspection was practically over, and it only remained for the guests on board the several ships to have their tea and to depart.



Japanese Cruiser "Takasago," 4,160 tons, 12 guns.

I was not even impressed by the beauty of the royal yacht Albert. I was assured her lines were perfect. She carried three flags, the Admiralty flag at the fore, the Royal Standard at the main, and the White Ensign on the staff.

Round the King stood a group of three or four admirals, and there were officers in military uniform as well. Possibly Lords Roberts and Kitchener, I said to myself, and tried vainly to distinguish their

Once more the ships' launches and the long boats were set in motion and once more the face of the Solent was alive with returning sight-seers.

That evening about nine o'clock a few friends and I sallied forth from our hotel to see the illuminations. The night was pitch dark, and a moaning wind that came and went in fitful gusts, driving clouds of dust in our faces, warned us of the approach of rain. As we