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To  
“THE ONLY GIRL ON EARTH”  
My Daughter  
“RENCI”  
*The companion of my travels and in every sense*  
*my fairest critic, this book is*  
DEDICATED  
*by her affectionate*  
“DADDY”

# John Bull, Limited

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Photographs by the  
Author



PHILADELPHIA  
1913



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# John Bull, Limited

By  
**GEORGE W. HILLS**

With Photographs by the  
Author



**PHILADELPHIA**  
**1913**

*our gift*

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## PREFACE

I have not endeavored to "write a book." Therefore this is neither an official guide to England or a brief historical review of that much buffeted kingdom. Many things of interest pertaining to John Bull and his island have been omitted, and only a comparatively few localities touched upon in passing. This little volume was written to please the "Only Girl," to whom it is also dedicated, and having performed its allotted task and thereby justified its continued existence, may possibly find favor elsewhere. With all its faults I love it still, for it is the fragmentary record of a pleasant sojourn in Albion. The statements it contains are all founded on either fact or circumstance, and are made without personal bias or enmity. Like most other things, John Bull must be viewed as an all-around proposition and from many standpoints. He is a complex individual, full of moods and changes, cordial or crabbed as you happen to find him, and must be judged accordingly. But he lives in a Paradise six months of the year, and one can at any rate ramble over his domain with an appreciation of all that is so beautiful and in some respects so different from what we are accustomed to at home. To travel is good for the soul, and even if it has no other broadening effect there is compensation in the pride and mighty gladness that pervades every fibre of an American as he returns once more to "God's Country," after having compared it with the effete and mouldering institutions of the Old World.





Yours sincerely  
Geo. W. Shillay



# John Bull, Limited

The following letter, written home during my first trip across the Atlantic years ago, always brings to me a little reminiscent thrill. It bears the Cunard crest of a Royal British Lion rampant, his face nearly hidden in magnificent Galway whiskers, rushing madly along on his hind legs, with raging tail erect and a large, hot plum pudding in his forepaws,—thus delicately conveying the idea of good food, prompt service and a quick trip.



*Cunard Royal Mail S. S. "Aurania."  
Nearing the Irish Coast.*

I am told that the Purser will take charge of letters written on board and post them at Queenstown for New York, so I improve the golden hour. It is not the easiest thing in the world to write a letter on this rolling, plunging ship. The ink-bottle is secured to the desk or it would soon be on the floor, and one slips, slides, or is swayed back and forth in the chair so constantly that writing is difficult. The trip thus far, with the exception of one turbulent day and night, has been an enjoyable one for those who have been well, including myself, but that day and night offset everything else. The ship had been rolling pretty constantly from the start, but on Monday we ran into rough water and nearly everyone except the crew went to bed. The great green rolling mountains were magnifi-

cent, and came rushing up alongside as if determined to dash right on deck. But just at the critical moment the ship is lifted bodily up the long green slant to slide down the other side, where we are rolled over to meet the next upheaval, the lower deck shoveling up great masses of green and white water with every such dip. The sloping incline of the deck at such times is so steep that no one can walk without holding tightly to the guide-ropes that are lashed in place for such emergency. The steamer-chairs which ordinarily are ranged along the promenade deck, were tied fast to the iron rail extending under the cabin windows, to prevent sliding downhill with their occupants, yet even with this precaution an unusual lurch of the ship will often send one flying like a toboggan into the scuppers. I had a bad fall myself in that way, while lying in my steamer-chair chatting with a seasick convalescent in the next one. The rope lashings got loose and as my chair suddenly started on a flying-trip down the slope, I seized the arm of his chair, thereby upsetting my own, which went off into space by itself. The wrench that my weight gave the adjoining seat broke off the wooden arm and also snapped the rope, and both the invalid and myself had just got fairly started downhill on our backs when the ship rolled the other way and tumbled us in a heap against the cabin. I caught a rope as he seized my leg in a death-grip, and we hung there until the return lurch came and enabled us to scramble into other chairs. I had a bruised arm as a memento, but the excitement entirely cured the invalid of his seasickness and made him very chipper. Aside from this interval of bad weather, however, the trip has been delightful, with sunshine days and moonlight nights, and I have passed hours in watching the great white-capped billows and in viewing the endless arcs and diagrams marked upon the sky by our masts and two great smokestacks, as we are rolled over and back by every passing monster wave. At night it is equally enjoyable to lie at ease in one's steamer-chair and view the star-studded sky overhead, the constellations appearing much larger and brighter than when seen from the land, and vastly more numerous. Under such soothing surroundings, one forgives the table-steward's regular morning query of "'Hoatmeal or 'ominy, sir?" and wishes the voyage might continue indefinitely.

Incidentally, my return trip to New York was a record one, being marked by rough weather from start to finish, and although I have since crossed the ocean many times,

both for pleasure and business, I have never passed through another such experience nor have I any wish to do so. Wind, weather and turbulent sea all combined to make that voyage one to be long remembered, and it is with yet another reminiscent thrill that I peruse once more the following portion of a letter written on board the battered and buffeted old-time *Servia*, just before we finally reached New York:

*Cunard Royal Mail S. S. "Servia,"  
Off Newfoundland Banks,*

*En route Homeward.*

Trouble began as soon as we had got fairly out into the Channel after leaving Liverpool. I may say right here that we have had an exceptionally hard voyage—that not for years, even in this wintry season, has such weather been known on the Atlantic, and that the *Servia* is a bruised and tumbled plaything of the waves, her red smokestacks encrusted to the topmost part with white salt from the flying spray, her deck-rail broken, furniture smashed, crew injured and every passenger a lame and tired wreck. We are already two days overdue, and for four days past it has not been safe to go on deck. I have not been ill a moment, but am so lame and sore from constant straining to keep a balance, and from being thrown across the music-room yesterday by a violent roll of the ship, that I am hardly myself. Here is a brief outline of what we have been through:

The day we left Liverpool was rainy and most unpleasant. Toward evening we got into the Channel, or Irish Sea, and the big steamship began to roll. By midnight the passengers had abandoned sleep and were holding tight to their berths to prevent being thrown out! I retired about eleven o'clock, and took the precaution of putting a folded-up blanket under the front of my mattress, thereby making a little valley in the rear of the berth. As a result I slept soundly until about four A. M., when a heavy Ulster coat that hung overhead on a hook and had been thrashing about all night, suddenly let go and fell down on my head. I turned on the light, and then holding tightly to my berth, looked with wonder at the sight before me. My steamer-trunk and large traveling-bag were playing tag all over the floor of my cabin, now under the berth and

now merrily racing down-hill and bringing up with a crash against the door. The water had slopped out of my big glass decanter all over the basin and carpet. I reached down and rescued my shoes as they slid past the berth. My clothes, suspended on hooks, were alternately stretching out straight in the air or being slapped forcibly back against the wall, as the ship rolled and plunged and reared in a cross-sea that was simply awful. After a considerable time spent in trying to dress while grabbing the berth to prevent falling, I went on deck—but not to remain long. The spray and driving sleet made the place unendurable, while to walk in a straight line was simply impossible. It was just a matter of holding on for dear life, and gazing out over a frothing, seething waste of heaving and tossing billows, whipped by wind and rain, and furiously charging down upon our tossed and burdened ship. I finally went below for breakfast. Only half a dozen passengers appeared—the rest were in bed, groaning and seasick wrecks, careless alike of food or life itself.

The forenoon was a repetition of the night's experiences—it was necessary to hold tightly to your chair if reading a book, or to brace yourself in a berth if lying down. About noon we entered Queenstown harbor, anchored in smooth water, and everyone breathed a breath of relief. We were to remain there for two hours, waiting for the late mails to come aboard, and gradually the passengers began to recover health, appear on deck, and lament their future, for there was a heavy gale outside and we were to proceed at once. Several hundred emigrants arrived with the mail-bags, and finally the little tender blew a parting whistle alongside and puffed away shoreward—the last link that connected us with solid land! Then we started out into the open sea, with three thousand miles of howling gale and heaving foam ahead, while the majority of passengers, including all the emigrants, promptly retired below deck to prepare for trouble.

A Guion liner had preceded us out of the harbor, and when I observed her bow rising up and punching holes in the sky, three miles ahead of us, I closed my marine-glass, had my trunk and valise lashed to the cabin wall, and made up my mind to get one more meal anyhow and then trust to luck. We overtook the other boat about four o'clock. The spray was flying over her in a perfect deluge, and she plunged as if she would go under every time. Our own ship was pitching and rolling heavily also, and with a parting look over the storm-lashed mountains of water ahead, I went down to dinner. I

found the dining-tables partitioned by "racks" into small enclosed spaces, to prevent plates and other things from sliding off—and *such* a dinner! When the ship rolled your way everything on the table came rushing toward you as far as the rack permitted and brought up with a clatter. With the next roll of the ship everything rushed at the passenger opposite. Water splashed out of the heavy glass tumblers, while plates, food, and all things movable did the Virginia Reel. *Such* a rattle and clatter of dishes! You drank your coffee from the cup held over your head, or dove into it as the next roll pitched you forward in your seat. The table-stewards skidded about on a floor slanted like a house-roof, doing a "short-leg and long-leg" act, and it was certainly remarkable how they maintained an equilibrium with both hands filled with dishes. It was an interesting diversion also to observe a passenger entering the saloon, slipping and sliding and grasping madly at chair-backs, until he finally reached his place and either fell upon somebody's head or lay abruptly down on the table! Nobody took soup—it was no time for soup. Also the dinner was a brief one, for nobody felt over-confident of his stomach, although we all smiled cheerfully and endeavored to appear nonchalant. Two stewards escorted me solicitously to the door when I had finished dinner, and I skated and slid and then literally waltzed up the main staircase as the ship did an extra roll, seemingly for my benefit. The fresh salt air was delicious, and through the breaking clouds the moon was struggling into view. The storm was evidently clearing away—but alas, this was too good to be true. The moon had only come out to say good-bye—we haven't seen it since.

That night I shared the common lot and didn't sleep. It required constant exertion and unceasing vigilance to even stay in one place. In other cabins I could hear the groans of the invalids and the frequent tinkle, tinkle of electric bells summoning weary stewards. The noise and din on deck was something fearful, and as a pleasant variety the ship's stern occasionally lifted clear from the waves and the liberated propellers whirled round in the air and shook the vessel from end to end. I lay in my berth, holding on tightly, and with both knees braced firmly against the front. After a while I got up, climbed on the sofa underneath the round port-hole and looked out through the thick wet glass. It was not a cheerful spectacle. When the ship rolled to starboard, my port-hole went about ten feet under water and the black seas rushed past with an angry surge that made me feel grateful that I was on the dry side of the glass.

The following day was simply "more of the same." The gale increased and the sailors had the decks to themselves. During the forenoon a heavy sea broke over the forward deck and flung three sailors against the rail, breaking a rib for one and badly bruising the others. All three went under the surgeon's care. During the afternoon a table-steward was thrown bodily across the saloon and went to bed with a broken arm. One of the cooks was badly scalded in the kitchen by a sudden lurch of the ship, and the surgeon reported increasing business. I found it impossible to keep within doors—the great waves possessed a fascination that was simply irresistible, and eventually another passenger and myself induced an officer to take us outside on the wind-swept deck, where we could behold the war of the elements from a front orchestra seat. We were rushed along the slippery deck to the foot of a mast, and securely lashed thereto by a sailor who was nearly blown off his feet in the struggle. Standing there, drenched instantly by blinding sheets of spray and in a wind which made speech impossible, we beheld a scene of wild and terrible grandeur. Enormous waves like mountains of green water, each huge enough to engulf our entire ship, swung us upward like a toy, and from the crest we could see a blinding waste of other monster waves, tumbling, rolling and heaving like Titans at play. Then followed the thrilling, rolling descent to the valley between and another breathless upheaval to the summit of another giant. As the ship rolled, we could look straight down the almost perpendicular deck at our feet upon the waters raging almost directly under us—the next moment the mast swung us over backward until we could look straight up the same deck and see nothing but drifts of scudding cloud. Instinctively we gripped the mast-rail with clinging fingers, fearing lest the lashings break and plunge us helpless into the yawning gulf beneath. We were not allowed to remain there long, however, and were heartily glad to get back to shelter and safety again.

Along in the afternoon, while we were playing whist in the smoking-room with more or less difficulty, a large whale rose about a hundred feet from the ship and afforded a fine spectacle. The whale was a big fellow and appeared not to mind the ship at all, rising and falling on the great waves and spouting water in fine style. He disappeared shortly, probably going down into the more quiet depths for a change of scene. Later in the day a big sea struck the port bow and broke completely over it, flooding the deck and creating a panic in the steerage. Both officers and crew had

a strenuous quarter-hour in forcibly preventing the frenzied emigrants from rushing on deck to almost certain death. That night was another nightmare like the one preceding, but I managed to get some sleep.

At breakfast next morning we ran into a young hurricane, which included thunder, lightning, and a pelting storm of hailstones. They rattled on the decks and against the glass ports like volleys of musketry, and the sorely beset *Servia* heeled over under the force of the wind until it was impossible to move about on foot. The sailors crawled along the deck, holding to life-lines, and for half an hour it was a wild and crowded experience. Afterwards one of them brought me a great ball of hailstones, scooped up from the deck and resembling a huge white "pop-corn ball." Like magic the hail-storm passed away, leaving us to contend with only wind and sea. During the day another sailor was disabled by being thrown against an iron ventilator, and several emigrants were reported bruised by similar accidents in the steerage.

So the days wore on, each like its predecessor, with no abatement of the rough sea or gale. Life became very monotonous, for every outlet was closed and barred, no passenger allowed on deck, and the barometer apparently knocked out and unable to rise, but still scowling blackly at all enquirers. Great seas were constantly coming over the bow as the ship pitched deeply into them, lifting tons of water as she rose, which raced back along the decks to flood the scuppers and drench everything with flying spray. Thursday we had a snowstorm and some smarty added "Hot Snowballs" to the dinner *menu*. In the afternoon a great leisurely Goliath of a wave came on board, smashing in the smoking-room skylight, flooding the room and drenching half a dozen passengers to the skin. The impact of the wave sounded like a cannon or an explosion, and started another incipient panic in the steerage. The bridge was damaged, canvas torn away, and two men narrowly escaped being carried overboard. The ship's run was only 265 miles that day, and it proved the banner day of the storm. That night several of the female passengers slept on the floor of the main saloon, it being almost impossible to avoid being thrown from a berth. Friday was a day of special interest, caused by two men in the steerage who developed delirium tremens and were finally overpowered after a free fight, during which several sailors were called in to restore order. The steerage passengers have been in a very nervous and excited state during all these turbulent days and nights, being con-

fined below deck and constantly expecting the worst to happen, and are a steady source of trouble to officers and crew.

Next day the gale cleared a little and at night the wind diminished materially, but the heavy sea remained and the rolling and pitching were something to try the patience of Job himself. Everything not nailed down was tumbled around and broken, the dining-saloon was practically deserted, and existence was a trial to everyone on board from the Captain down. The rolling of the ship was not an even motion, but very tricky—it was difficult to locate in advance. Another steward was slammed against the saloon doorway, and yet another sailor reported injured. The ship's pet cat, asleep on a chair with all her twenty claws gripped into the cushion for safety, was flung like a stone from a sling and went slap into a bunch of glassware on the sideboard, smashing about half of it and seriously annoying both the Chief Steward and the cat.

The delay and storm and general discomfort of the trip are attributed by the crew solely to the presence on board of five clergymen, which according to one sailor is sufficient to sink any ship afloat, even one clergyman on board being a direct tempting of Providence.

This was the day of all days that I selected for what is usually my daily morning bath, and finding the bathroom a trifle hot and steamy, I unscrewed the brass port-hole in order to get fresh air, and then entered the tub. I had hardly seated myself therein when an extra long roll of the ship sent the open port under water, and what I thought was the whole icy-cold Atlantic came through the port-hole and down into the tub! The deluge nearly washed me out of the room itself, and what with the sudden shock and the heroic efforts I made to get the thing shut, I forgot my bath. I mean my warm bath—I didn't forget the other one and never shall. The bath-steward will remember it also. He came a-running, gave one horrified glance into the room and rushed for a bucket!

This morning the sea has gone down very materially, several passengers have limped out on deck, the sun is apparently preparing to shine once more, and the Captain says the storm is over. We are hustling along toward New York at a 400-mile clip, and if the good weather continues and we can keep those five clergymen out of sight, we expect to arrive on Tuesday, about three days late!"

That was in the old days—back in '92. You can go to Europe in a very different style now. The following speci-

men day's diary will show how the voyager may spend his time on one of the modern English liners:

**6 A. M., RISE.**—The earliness of the hour is quite optional, but it gives time before breakfast for a

SHAVE at the ship's barber-shop, and a  
MILE WALK round the ship's various decks.

**BREAKFAST.**—Again the hour rests entirely with the passenger. Below is a specimen menu:

Apples	Oranges	Bananas
Quaker Oats	Rice	Hominy
Fried Fresh Fish		
	Finnan Haddock	
Grilled Beefsteak and Tomatoes		
	Grilled Lambs Kidney	
Minced Veal with Poached Eggs		
	Cerealine Fritters	
Broiled York Ham and Wiltshire Bacon		
	Goa Curry and Rice	
	Pork Chops to Order	
Potatoes: Plain, Mashed and French Fried		
Omelettes: Plain and Au Lard		
Eggs to Order, any Style		

#### COLD

Roast Beef	York Ham
Wheat Cakes, Sally Lunns, Corn Bread	
	Vienna and Graham Rolls
Preserves	Honey
	Marmalade

Following breakfast the passenger may, after a short rest and stroll, turn into the

**Gymnasium.**—Here, on quaint ostrich-like contrivances, he can find an excellent substitute for his ride in the Park, or even an up-to-date trot on a camel, or gripping the oars of the rowing-machine may have his morning's pull.

Perhaps after this exertion he would like a Turkish or an electric bath. Both of these are to be found on the ship. A turn into the reading and writing-room, and he can read the latest news from the

Marconi machine. Now he enters the "lift" and is conveyed to the dining-saloon for lunch. The following menu, compared with that of the dinner below, affords a striking contrast between the American and the English styles.

#### LUNCHEON MENU

Sardines.	Potted Shrimps
Clam Chowder	Beef Tea
	Fried Oysters
	Broiled Squab on Toast
Corned Round of Beef and Vegetables	
Baked and Sweet Potatoes	
Chops and Steaks	

#### COLD

Sirloin of Beef	Roast Lamb and Mint Sauce
Benoist Beef	'Smoked Tongue
Boiled Ham.	Lunch Sausages
Beetroot	Brawn
Rice Pudding.	Mixed Salad
Ice Cream	Stewed Figs
Cheddar or Gorgonzola Cheese	Assorted Cakes
Fruit.	Coffee

After such a repast one naturally turns with a book to the deck-chair, or smoke-room, or after a short nap, can join the ladies in the lounge, where passengers will doubtless indulge in a little music. The amateur photographer, however, will be on deck using up his supply of plates or films.

After five o'clock tea in the lounge he will seek the open air again, either for another spell with his book, a walk on the shady part of the deck, or to send replies per Marconi to the friends whose messages he received in the morning. Then dress for dinner—a la Europe this time.

#### DINNER MENU

Olives	Bloater Toast	Celery
Consomme Duchesse	Potage Polonaise	
Bluefish, Maitre d'Hotel		
Saute of Wild Rabbits		
Filet de Boeuf, Chateaubriand		

Ribs of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding	
Haunch of Mutton, Red Currant Jelly	
Chicken, Bread Sauce	
Minced Cabbage	Oyster Plant
Plain, Mashed or Roast Potatoes	
Cold York Ham	
Salad	
Lemon Pudding	
Compote of Apricots	
Ice Cream	French Pastry
Cheese Straws	
Fruit	Coffee

The band has been playing merrily at the morning concert on deck, and during lunch and dinner. Now the passenger strolls out on deck and watches the white wake of the steamship and takes his final evening walk. He has his game of bridge with his little coterie, "and so," as Pepys hath it, "to bed."

This liner may well be called a floating city, for in addition to her crew of four hundred she can accommodate in the most up-to-date fashion over three thousand first, second and third class passengers. She is nearly half as long again as St. Paul's Cathedral, or about the extent of the river-front of the Houses of Parliament. If placed on end she would overtop every skyscraper in New York, and her upper end would be four times the height of Bunker Hill Monument. Yet even larger and finer Atlantic liners are being constructed, and the floating city costing between \$9,000,000 and \$10,000,000 is coming with its acres of deckage, miles of distances, electrically-lighted streets, promenades of waving palms, its tropic gardens, electric lifts, reception rooms, dining-saloons, deck cafes and verandas, athletic fields, cricket and baseball grounds, tennis courts and golf links, wireless telegraph offices, theatres and grand opera, flower shops, swimming-pools and Turkish baths, deck trolley-cars and department stores. So much of this has already been realized that the remainder is easily con-

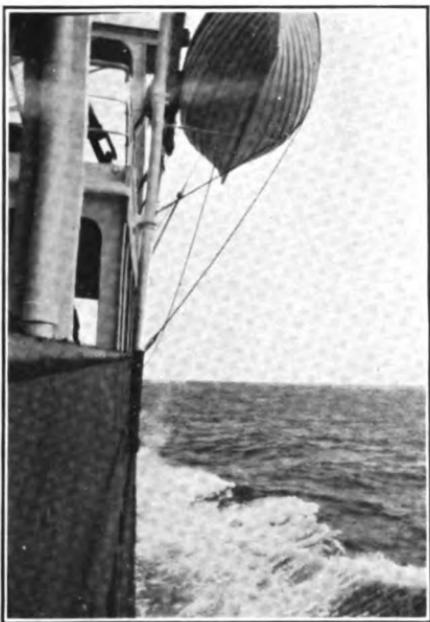
ceivable. These gigantic ships will not be greyhounds, however, but seven-day hotels, and are becoming a necessity because the public demands larger and more comfortable sleeping-rooms on an ocean trip, more necessaries and more luxuries. It is only a question of deeper channels, longer piers and basins and general water-front improvement at terminals.

Yet contrasted with the modern palace hotel, these ocean leviathans, although considered by many people the highest type of construction achievement, afford but a slight comparison. A 1000-foot liner would displace about 70,000 tons of water, as against 150,000 tons of rock displaced in New York to make way for the basement, cellars and foundations of the Hotel McAlpin. Its twenty-eight floors comprise an acreage of twenty-one acres, and more than two thousand servants are employed. In the matter of state-rooms there is no comparison whatever, since in the hotel are sixteen hundred and fifty rooms. Yet even this amazing capacity is far surpassed by statistics of some of the New York "skyscrapers," or modern office buildings, the highest of which rear their fifty floors upward for nearly a thousand feet, or as high into the clouds as the Eiffel Tower!

Here is yet another object-lesson in modern trans-Atlantic transport. Read this slowly, son, and let the statistics sink in:

The Hamburg-American liner "Imperator" carried on her maiden trip this year the largest number of passengers ever carried on any single steamship in any part of the world, said passenger-list being 3,649. Combining this number with her crew of officers and men, numbering 1,332, gives a total of 4,981 souls.

Usually the crew of the liner numbers only 1,180, but



Mid-Atlantic



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owing to the large passenger-list she carried 220 extra hands in the steward's department. There were 859 first, 647 second, 648 third, and 1,495 steerage passengers aboard. Arrangements were made at the Custom House in New York to have the entire force of Acting Deputy Collectors, Acting Deputy Surveyors and Inspectors, 250 in all, at Hoboken when the "Imperator" docked, and there were also 40 Appraisers on duty. At a conservative estimate, passengers in the first and second cabins averaged three trunks each, which gives a total of 4,518, besides 300 pieces of small baggage.

The enclosed square in front of the Hamburg-American Line pier was filled with over 400 automobiles and taxi-cabs, while outside the roadway was a long line of cabs and hansom to carry away the passengers and their baggage.

Figures given by the agents of the line show that the "Imperator" carried on her voyage for the tables on the ship 50,000 pounds of fresh meat, 9,000 pounds of venison and poultry, 9,000 pounds of fresh fish, 6,000 pounds of bread, 1,000 pounds of yeast, 48,000 eggs, 28,000 pounds of fresh vegetables, 13,000 pounds of fresh fruits, 150 cases of lemons and oranges, and 1,500 boxes of ice cream, all for this trip to New York only. In addition, she carried these stores for the out and home voyage—that is, from Hamburg to New York and return: 10,000 pounds of potatoes, 4,400 pounds of onions, 350 barrels of flour of 200 pounds each, 330 gallons of vinegar, 60 barrels of salt, 550 pounds of mustard, 165 pounds of pepper, 1,500 bottles of fruit, 350 pounds of spices, 27,000 pounds of salt meat, 9,000 pounds of ham and sausages, corned tongues and bacon, 25 barrels of herrings, 2,000 tons and 100 barrels of preserved fish, 800 pounds of smoked fish, 6,000 pounds of cheese, 1,400 gallons of sterilized milk and cream, 5,200 tins of condensed milk, 5,500 pounds of butter, 6,000 pounds of mar-

garine, 6,000 tins of vegetables, 800 tins of mushrooms, 2,600 pounds of cucumbers, beetroot, pickles, etc., 1,300 pounds of dried vegetables, 5,500 pounds of sauerkraut and salt haricots, 600 pounds of tinned fruit, 2,200 pounds of orange and plum marmalade, 250 pounds of fruit juices, 11,000 pounds of sugar, syrup and honey, 5,600 pounds of coffee, 380 pounds of tea, 440 pounds of chocolate and cocoa, 4,400 pounds of rice, sage, vermicelli, macaroni, oatmeal, etc., for cabin use, 20,000 pounds of rice, dried peas and beans, etc., for ship's crew and steerage passengers, 1,600 pounds of biscuit, waffles, etc.

The cellars were stocked with 700 bottles of dessert wines, 5,000 bottles hocks and Moselles, 4,500 bottles Burgundy and claret, 3,000 bottles French champagne, 2,100 bottles German sparkling wines, 2,200 bottles brandy, whisky and other liquors, besides 6,000 gallons and 3,000 bottles of beer, 15,000 bottles of mineral water and 660 gallons of crew wines and spirits.

Gee! In comparison with the historic first trip of the "Mayflower," and the caravels of Columbus, it is not only evident that "Tempora mutantur," but also that we are going some.

Thus we progress in this age of achievement, and already an Inter-Continental Air Line is proposed for the aerial transportation of passengers between New York and London, via Pekin. Zeppelin airships, averaging forty miles an hour, with accommodations de luxe, are scheduled to stop at the following stations *en route*: New York, Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Ft. Williams, Behring, Sakhholm, Tokio, Pekin, Irkutsk, Omsk, Orenburg, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Riga, Berlin, Cologne, Paris and London! There's a charming six-weeks' trip—and who shall say it isn't entirely feasible?

I shall never forget my impressions as I stood early one morning on the balcony of my hotel room at Assmanshausen, on the Rhine, and saw the great Zeppelin come over the crest of a mountain toward me, like a wingless yellow monster of the air. As it passed overhead on its way to Cologne, the propellers making a low humming like that of some gigantic insect, the rising sun illuminated with sudden splendor the saffron silken body, as if to glorify the creative genius of Man, therein exemplified. What Man has done, Man can do, and even now is doing—enlarging, strengthening and ever improving the Zeppelin type, designed for either peace or war—for carrying either passengers or explosives with equal speed and safety. It was while these and similar thoughts were crowding my mind as I watched the fast disappearing miracle, that I became suddenly aware of the early morning chill, my abbreviated night apparel and the feverish interest taken in my balcony by some absurd persons on the opposite sidewalk. Five seconds later both the Zeppelin and myself had vanished.

English people are a constant well-spring of joy and delight. They shout "Murder" if the thermometer registers below forty during their winter of conglomerate fog, rain and mud, and then shriek for help if the mercury rises above seventy-five in the summer. With them it is either "Arctic weather—most extr'ordinary, y'know," a time for stuffing cotton in ears and noses, wearing a tea-strainer muzzle for filtering pneumonia germs, and shutting the windows tight in every shop and omnibus—or else it is "Tropical 'eat—'Orrid!" and a 'arf-crown trip to the sea-shore. I should like to "personally conduct" a few Londoners to New York in August and see them melt away like a penny ice, or take them there in January into plenty of snow and a genuine winter temperature. English people

do not know what real weather is. The English winter climate is a mixture of fog, drizzle and raw wind—the cold dampness penetrates clear to your marrow, but does not nip your ears like our clear frosty atmosphere. There is a graveyard chill about it that is itself "quite English, y'know," and very productive of coughs and colds. But it isn't "Arctic weather," nor is the summer ever "tropical." There is no lovelier spot on earth than England from April to October, with its cool air, its wealth of field, hedges and delightful woodland, its English "may" and chestnut trees in full bloom—a land where every house has its dainty flower-garden and no window so poor as to be without its plants or blossoms. But during the balance of the year England and perdition are about equally desirable for residential purposes.

The London 'bus, with its red-faced, loquacious Jehu, chronic of thirst and repartee, ever ready for a chat with the occupant of the seat beside him—the 'bus of Dickens and Trollope, famous in song and story—is gradually disappearing before the increasing number of motor-omnibuses, that more rapid but utterly detested vehicle which leaves a mephitic and sickening trail of gasoline behind it. Vanishing into the historic past is the lumbering ark resplendent with cocoa and beef-tea advertisements and red, green or yellow of body—guided by an autocrat strapped high on his throne aloft, and officered by the meekest and lowliest of mankind officiating as conductor. The progress of the 'bus-driver through the throng of traffic is triumphal. He raises his whip in royal salutation to brother Jehus passing his chariot and discharges his amazing vocabulary at inoffensive pedestrians who impede his imperial march. Have you ever occupied a front seat atop a London 'bus, tipped the driver a tuppence or possibly a "tanner," and listened to his amiable dissertations *en route*? If not, you

have missed a treat. From no other vantage-point can the city be studied as well, or with so much attendant pleasure. Information, both guide-book and otherwise, and the raciest of passing comment, will be showered upon you in proportion to your silver introduction to his graces, and many a witty quip and jest be shot at his passing brethren for your edification. "Urry up, Guy Fowkes," was the objurgation shouted by my driver one day to a gorgeously red-coated and gold-laced coachman on a Royal equipage that temporarily blocked the traffic, causing that pampered menial to fairly turn purple with helpless rage, to the delighted enjoyment of other drivers within earshot.

"I sye, Guv'nor," said another 'bus-driver, as we jogged along down the Strand one afternoon, "d'ye see that chap driving the yellow 'bus? Watch 'im go dotty now." To all appearances the approaching driver had not a care in the world as he guided his horses toward us, composedly puffing his pipe and trailing his long whip-lash—then just a moment before he passed, my driver lifted the round official badge hanging on his breast and dangled it up and down like a jumping-jack before the amazed and shocked eyes of the other. Instantly that living picture of peaceful content became a raging demon! He shook his fist as his vehicle bowled past us, and shouted, "Wyte till I 'ave you in the barn, Jow—I'll blooming well 'ammer your blawsted heyes hout."

"Holy smoke," said I. "Is he crazy?"

"Werry loikely, Guv'nor," chuckled "Jow." "You see 'is father 'ad a bit of trouble with the 'ang-man!"

An American friend and myself one day mounted the roof of a Bayswater 'bus, and pretending to be unacquainted with each other, took the front seats, John on the driver's left, I on his right. The fat, red-faced driver greeted me with a propitiatory grin and a "Mornin',

Guv'nor," whereupon I passed him a "tanner" (English as she is spoke for sixpence) and enquired, "What is that big building over there?"

"Thankee, Guv'nor—yessir—that 'ere is the 'ospital, sir—yessir—werry fine building, sir."

At this moment, John, on his other side, touched his arm and handed him a "bob" (the English for shilling), remarking confidentially, "Here, old chappy, never mind him—what's this Park over here?"

"Thanks, me Lord—that's not a Park—that's privut grounds, me Lord—belongs to the Juke of—."

"I say," I interrupted, "is this a Club House, driver," pointing to a building on my right.

"No, Guv'nor; that's a privut 'ouse, sir—belongs to Lydy—."

"Here, what's this place over here," interrupted John, and the bewildered driver, trying to serve two masters, turned to reply, but jerked the reins vigorously instead and shouted, "Wo—Wo, there!" having nearly run down another 'bus while his attention was distracted from his horses, which was exactly what John and I were anticipating. Then after his fiery steeds had risen from their haunches and the proper amount of profane repartee had been exchanged between the two drivers and freely echoed by both conductors, we drove on with our enjoyment bot-tled for the next opportunity. This pleasing diversion can be safely repeated two or three times with the same driver. The English comprehension takes a lot of comprehending, and that brief ride added considerably to the gayety of at least one nation.

The 'bus conductor is the direct antithesis of his lordly *confrere* on the box—meek and humble as befits his lowly station, literally a servant of the people, and in a country where society is divided into "clawsses," whereof each class

kicks and snubs the class below, all the inferior classes alike lord it over the poor 'bus conductor, whose polite deference and absolute servility is unfailing. He thanks you for your fare, thanks you again as he passes along back to his station on the rear footboard, touches his hat if you ask a question and thanks you along with his reply—courtesies which are accepted by the general public as homage rightly due to superior beings. There being more square-inch civility to the average 'bus conductor than to any average four Englishmen on the sidewalk, we were sometimes moved to impress a moral lesson on the haughty British public. John, two American friends of ours, and myself took a 'bus to Piccadilly one Sunday, each of us arrayed *not* like Solomon in all his glory, but like the Englishman in all of his—"top 'at," long, black frock-coat, light trousers, gray gloves and the inevitable rolled umbrella—the regulation civic uniform of the English gentleman, familiarly called "toff." Thus appareled, and each with difficulty managing a plain-glass monocle, we rose majestically from our seats on the 'bus roof and descended in dignified single file the narrow winding stairway to the rear platform. The conductor politely stepped off to the curbstone to allow us to pass and as we filed slowly by, John shook hands with him cordially, said "Had a charming ride, old man; thanks, very much; good-bye," and then each of us in turn grasped his hand and wished him a hearty farewell, the last man leaving in his paralyzed palm a bright silver shilling. The amazing spectacle of four dignified "toffs" parting thus from an humble and despised conductor was always sufficient to attract excited heads from the 'bus windows and roof, appall passers-by on the sidewalk, and create a temporary obstruction to traffic. We walked on with a lordly unconsciousness of the presence of others on the same earth, leaving a dumfounded conductor staring in a trance at a

shilling in his hand, while an irate and impatient driver slapped his whiplash along the wheels and vociferated, "I sye, Bill, wot are we styng 'ere for? Garn!"

The place to enjoy a 'bus-ride is on the roof, as previously stated (the roof of the 'bus, of course), but the narrow winding stairway leading thereto is certainly a trial to fat people, or those untrained as acrobats. A climbing, swaying, pushing line of people mounting the stairway of a 'bus in motion may not be a thing of beauty, but it is a joy forever to remember. It is a case of hanging on, bumping and being bumped, but ever progressing upward. Once in your seat you are all right until you have to descend again. Most people descend as one descends an ordinary stairway, face to the front and holding on by the railings at each side, but occasionally the street throng is edified by the spectacle of some timid female descending backwards, very slowly and carefully, to the tremendous indignation of the waiting passengers and the privately expressed disapproval of the poor conductor.

But there are ways and means of avoiding this discomfort in mounting and dismounting while the 'bus sways and plunges along its course like a ship at sea. Witness this extract from a letter before me, written by a somewhat stout American sojourning in London: "I am really enjoying my 'bus riding now, for I am no longer obliged to fall all over the roof and down the step-ladder, if I wish to get off while the 'bus is in motion. I just say to the driver, "Charlie, pull up at the next corner for me; I've an artificial leg, and it's a bit awkward on a 'bus, y'know," and you'd drop dead to see the 'bus come to a halt and wait for me to corkscrew my way down to the sidewalk, and observe the tender solicitude and hungry interest the driver takes in looking back at my artificial outfit as I walk off rather automatically, being a bit stiff in the joints, maybe,



Westminster Abbey and Parliament  
Tower



"Ready to Ride on the King's Business." Whitehall



from sitting so long in one place. Upon my word, it is sometimes embarrassing to me, the way drivers and conductors let business slide and passengers howl in vain, while they watch my legs. I couldn't feel more complimented if I wore pink tights. I'm going to buy a little alarm-clock, muffle the bell a bit, and some day let it go off on top a 'bus, and groan, 'My God, driver, my leg has run down! How will I ever get off this 'bus!' And if five or six able-bodied Britons like to carry me down to the sidewalk, I shall feel quite repaid by their remarks when they see me skipping blithely up the stairs of a 'bus going back."

Yes, as I said before, there are ways and means, but that American is going to get into trouble sooner or later, when some worm of a conductor sees a great light and abruptly turns.

But as to weather, England has a practical monopoly of fogs. No other fogs are like English fogs, and no other English fog is like a London fog. Whether this is due to the soft-coal smoke which pours out of so many thousands of London chimney-pots, or whether the angels in the celestial Weather Bureau like to blot this modern Babylon off the map occasionally and look down on something pleasant, even a fog, perhaps, the fact remains that a London fog will take the blue ribbon every time for density, ugliness and smell. It mixes with the soft-coal smoke, forcing tears from the stranger's eyes and crimson language from his protesting mouth—it shrouds the houses, people, traffic and thoroughfares in a dirty-yellow, impenetrable blanket of damp and soot-impregnated atmosphere which soils your linen, hides your path, ruins your temper and changes the color of your lungs. The interior finish of the ordinary human lung is normally a delicate salmon-pink in color, according to medical authorities who have enjoyed opportunities for such observation, and the color-

scheme of lungs belonging to residents of the countryside conforms to this healthy and attractive hue. The interior decoration of the London lung is said to be very different. Owing to the dirt and soot breathed by the London resident, his lungs sooner or later assume a dark-brown color, which contrasts unfavorably with the general harmonious tint of his inner anatomy. London fog is further charged with resembling pea-soup, both in fragrance and appearance, which is not only unkind to that particular variety of soup, but does not convey the proper description. There are worse soups than pea-soup, but there are no worse fogs than a London fog. It surrounds you with a dense wall that seemingly retreats as you walk along, but is always about six inches beyond your nose. You cannot see your hand before your face in the day-time, or the street-light shining brightly above your head at night. You know the pavement is under your feet, because you are walking on it, but you cannot distinguish the presence of other pedestrians, or of vehicles, until you collide. Under such circumstances, all sorts of things occur. Railway trains run very slowly and are hours late on arrival. Omnibuses, other vehicles and trams (street-cars) crawl along in a happy-go-lucky way, drivers trusting to their horses or to frequent shouts of warning to avoid collisions, while innumerable "bobbies" (policemen) acquire premature gray hair in endeavors to straighten out the traffic and preserve their lives at the same time. Pedestrians desiring to cross a street lose their bearings and grope vainly with canes and umbrellas for a curbstone, frequently arriving back at the starting-point and then proceeding calmly on their way under the happy delusion that they got across! I was told of a man who had resided for years in a certain London street, who went out one foggy morning to purchase something in a shop directly opposite his house. He stood

on the curb, carefully took his bearings, and started across in a straight line with both hands extended before him to ward off any fog-blind horse, or prevent butting into some other unfortunate wayfarer. He stumbled up against some obstruction, dimly perceiving a lighted window, and through the glass the back of somebody's head. While he was groping for a door, the whole mirage suddenly moved along and he felt a pain in his foot. He had been looking into the window of a street-car, which had calmly proceeded on its way, after cutting off three of his toes! This seems very remarkable, but the man who told the incident to me was an entire stranger and apparently sincere, yet I cannot but fear that he was flirting with the truth.

After a two-days' encounter with a typical London fog, I wrote the following legal opinion of it, and as I have forgotten where it was originally published, I will present it here in order to make certain sure next time. The fact that some of the statements therein have been openly doubted by people who know nothing about fogs, is of no consequence whatever. There are some people who wouldn't believe what they saw in a mirror, even if the ears on it were covered with pillow-cases. This is it:

#### IN TENEBRIS.

##### A LONDON REMINISCENCE.

It is two P. M. exactly, but it seems like twelve at night,  
A thick and yellow London fog has shut out all the light;  
The lamp-posts stand enshrouded like a lot of martial ghosts,  
But the lamps are good for nothing, they don't even light the posts.  
The cabs and 'busses at a walk go creeping, groping by,  
And the language of the drivers makes the angels shriek on high.  
The sidewalks are invisible, the street a blank abyss,  
No matter how or where you turn you're sure to make a miss.  
The "bobby," like a spectre dim, with lantern at his belt,  
Goes fumbling like the rest of us, in fog that can be *felt!*

You can hear him shouting orders, now near and now afar,  
But like Moses when the light was out, " 'E don't know where 'e  
are."

The only man who knows his way is he who drives a tram,  
He's sure he can't get off the rails, and doesn't care a—penny!  
Hark! Here's a cabby calling to a neighbor out of sight,  
What's that he says? An accident? Why, this is shocking, quite:  
"D'jer 'ear 'bout Bill, of Camberwell, wot runs a 'bus for Semmes?  
'E missed the blooming Bridge and all, and druv into the Tems!  
The four hinsides wos drownded and both 'is 'osses lost,  
And a soldier on the houtsidge swum hall the wye across!  
Bill got ashore a 'arf mile down, afloatin' on 'is 'bus—  
'Oh, Lor', 'e says, when landed, 'Wot a bloomin' blasted muss!'"

Which serves to point a moral that may very useful be  
And however thick the fog is, it's a moral you can see,  
When London drivers lose the way, there's no more to be said,  
The safest place for strangers then is right upstairs in bed.

Which I admit is going some, but is nevertheless entirely true. Such things have really happened and the moral is an excellent one. Nobody in bed ever got lost in a London fog, or if so, it was never reported at any police station. I have made careful enquiries among London policemen and the answers were always in the negative, and very emphatic.

There is a good old maxim, "When you are in Rome, do as Romans do." This applies to the whole Continent of Europe, including the bunch known as England, Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man—otherwise, Great Britain. But it is not possible for the average American to get within a mile of following it—they'll "do" him no matter what he does. And they'll do him good, though he will have much difficulty in locating the good. The entire European population is out to plunder and loot the American visitor, promptly recognized by his speech and courteous ways, and universally regarded as a plutocrat roaming loose and loaded with wealth belonging rightfully to anyone able to

separate him from it. He pays an extra high price wherever he goes—in many London and Continental shops the regular prices rise automatically as he enters the door, and are readjusted after his departure—he is beset and besought by shop attendants, overwhelmed with adulation and fervent proffers of service, shown what he wants and what he doesn't want, and “done” in nine cases out of ten to a crisp, tender brown, and to the Queen's taste as well as the shopkeepers. There are exceptions to the rule, of course, but the American seldom finds them. From his hotel bill to his smallest outside purchases, he will acquire more or less of a roast. On the Continent especially, even the street-car conductor expects a one-half cent tip from the New World visitor, who of a certainty is a millionaire at least. And as nine out of ten visiting Americans do not understand or speak the language of any other country, it follows that nine out of ten Americans consequently lose the satisfaction of adequately impressing an unfavorable opinion on the foreigner when occasion demands. If he can speak the language of the country, however, he is in a far better position in every way and less likely to be imposed on. But he will be “done” nevertheless, nor will he be able to do as Romans do in return, for like Arvernus, there is no return, or in other words, no “getting back.” He may possibly find consolation in the reflection that it is more blessed to give than to receive. When a prominent Paris journal recently announced the arrest on the Continent of a notorious hotel robber, a New York paper which republished the item enquired solicitously of what hotel the arrested man was proprietor—an enquiry that won responsive and appreciative applause up and down the length and breadth of a long-suffering Republic.

All of which brings us by easy, natural and successive stages to the consideration of an English Sunday—the

dreariest of all days in the English calendar, even as England is on that day the dreariest, saddest and most lonesome place on all the earth. An English Sabbath is something well worth avoiding, whether in town or country—a relic of Cromwellian days, religious intolerance, bigotry and oppression. The majority of English people regard Sunday as a day of enforced idleness and penance, without pleasure or recreation, and with no place of entertainment but church or "pub." The great majority of museums, libraries, art galleries, and other educational resorts, are religiously closed on Sunday, contrary to the generous Continental custom which on that day of leisure opens wide all such places to the public free of charge, and in most instances provides free band concerts and other out-of-door attractions also.

In England you have on Sunday a choice of practically only two local resorts—you can go to church, or you can go to the 'pub, or drinking-saloon. And in order that these two rival Sabbath attractions may not conflict, the working hours are divided between them. The 'pub closes up when church service begins and remains closed until one o'clock P. M., at which time the bar-doors are thrown open to a waiting and thirsty throng of saints and sinners, church-goers and Weary Willies alike, many of them accompanied by the family tin pail for carrying beer away. The 'pubs close again during afternoon and evening church service, but are wide open between times, and figuratively speaking, the lid is then off till midnight. These drinking places are thronged with men and women, principally from the working class, and many of them intoxicated, and are a prominent and disgraceful ulcer on the body politic of every English city and town.

It is, however, quite possible to obtain liquid sustenance even during the above brief and dry hours of Sunday clos-

ing, provided the thirsty applicant be a "traveler," which means that he is at least three miles from home! London "travelers" simply take a 'bus or tram three miles or so out into the suburbs and there discover in every country 'pub a life-saving station, while suburban residents dying from thirst are given first aid to the injured at the city hostelries. Thus the Sunday liquor-traffic law is rigidly and properly enforced locally, but not so severely as to greatly discomfort the mass of English population. I shall never forget an especially dry and hot Sunday two days after my first arrival on English shores. We had been riding in a barouche from the Langham Hotel to Hampton Court, about ten miles distant from London, and along about four o'clock in the afternoon there occurred to somebody the immortal language of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina. The driver of the barouche proved to be an intelligent animal and guided his Arabs to the nearest life-saving station, which was closed up tight! The driver said, "'It on the door, Guv'nor—it 'ard." I accordingly banged on the door, which at once opened a crack and a red-faced John Bull enquired, "Wot's wanted?" I said, "We wish to go inside."

"Are you a traveler?" he enquired.

"We are travelers, certainly," I replied.

"Wot plyce are you from?" was the next question in the ritual.

"*New York*," I said proudly, as a good American should.

"Well, you've come a blooming wyse to get a drink!" he gasped, as the door swung wide open, " 'Urry right hinside, sir!"

I learned afterward that my answer should have been "London," which was quite sufficiently distant under the three-mile rule to cover all objections. Thus we live and learn.

There was once a time, nay there have been times more than once, when England's teeth and claws were prominently in evidence against the budding young Republic flying the Stars and Stripes. But the England of to-day sends us bouquets instead of bullets and extends to this country a maternal solicitude which is certainly pleasing to the eye, whatever underlying jealousy it may conceal. The British Lion has made serious mistakes in his time, but never one more serious to both his prestige and pocket than the attempted levy of an unjust taxation on our grand-daddies. He has since endeavored in many ways to retrieve this error of royal judgment—some of which were ill-advised and expensive, notably in the case of the Confederate "Alabama" and "Shenandoah," which owed their existence to English aid and English gold—other ways less openly hostile, but quite as treacherous—and others still, signalized by olive branches of all sizes, and golden words of more or less value in the assay. The consensus of public opinion in England to-day is that the attempted oppression and consequent loss of the American Colonies was an especially grievous blunder by George the Third, a catastrophe which in view of certain political dangers in Europe and the increasing strength of her German rival, England cannot too speedily induce Americans to forgive and forget. It has been difficult to accomplish this very effectually during the past two or three generations, probably because Americans have excellent memories and good reasons for distrusting either Greeks or Britons bearing gifts. But it is essential, even vital perhaps, to the continued peace and safety of the British Empire. Therefore the British Lion purrs his affectionate wooing of the American Eagle, his conversation relating largely to blood-relationship and the thin quality of water in comparison, the great desirability of the English-speaking race "standing together," and to

other subjects intimately associated with a prospective loving cup. The United States, barred by its constitution from entangling foreign alliances, rests contentedly in its position of acknowledged strength and supremacy over other nations, England included, and emulates the diplomatic example of Brer Rabbit in "layin' low an' sayin' nothin'?" England has ever been a schoolyard bully over smaller nations, warring and plundering without let or hindrance, appropriating the marbles and sixpences of the weaker boys with regard to neither decency or propriety, and her victims have much to remember when Time shall bring around the psychic moment of opportunity and reprisal. With the United States as her ally, England could defy the world—but comparatively alone and with Germany steadily arming, England does not sleep well o' nights. Hence the olive branches and the entire tree annexed, hence the loud-spoken words of friendship, nay of real affection, and hence the belated discovery of blood-density and other things too numerous to mention. The English people, rank and file, fully comprehend these things to-day, and American visitors cannot fail to be more or less impressed by the welcome generally accorded them in England and the frequent references there, both in public speeches and private conversation, to the beauty and duty of a closer relationship. But underneath this smooth veneer lies the wood and fibre of the secret jealousy which has prompted in the past both open war and treacherous injury to our fair Republic, revealed by a scratch perhaps where least expected. The Alaska boundary, The Venezuela question, occasional disputation of the Monroe Doctrine, the adding and strengthening of fortifications on the Canadian frontier—all have served as little straws to show the wind-direction, and it is no metaphorical figure of speech to say that the American Eagle, viewing past and present events with a contempla-

tive and judicially-appreciative eye, will hardly lose her little fluttering heart, or even skip a beat of that useful organ on account of the suspicious and imperfectly-disguised blandishments of a Lion which has already more than once suffered a disfigured hide and knotted tail at the hands of the present object of its alleged adoration.

A prominent Englishman in Liverpool, speaking not only for himself, but for several other representative business men present, said to an American: "Your national American blood, once pure, has become thinned and adulterated by the tide of Old World emigration. You are already too cosmopolitan, and by and by you will not be the true American nation, a nation produced from Americans born, but a composite conglomeration of all races—German, Irish, Swedish, Italian, even negro blood perhaps. On the contrary, we of England remain English, purely and simply English, representing the best blood and brawn the world has ever known, either in peace or war. Your nation is most corrupt politically, while our politics are pure—your standard of commercial honor is very low, your flag is the emblem of graft of every kind, from your highest to your most insignificant representatives—your nation is fair to outside view, but rotten within. It cannot always be thus. All the greatest and most powerful nations of history have fallen successively through internal rottenness or too much luxury—excepting England. We still and ever shall stand supreme."

The American replied in substance thus: "Accepting for the sake of argument all you say as true, and setting aside the great tendency of your countrymen to pat themselves on the back, the fact remains that the Egnlish people are a Pharasiacial people, thanking God that they are not as other people are, or even as we poor Republicans, so to speak. You see only one side of the shield, and you see that

through British spectacles. Your free trade principles have brought England to her knees in the commercial struggle and filled your cities with an army of starving and helpless unemployed. Your political standards have fallen into the hands of demagogues whose ambition is confined to personal and selfish ends, and great world-questions of the highest moment to England are neglected while your public men play with Home Rule and female suffrage. England is the dumping-ground for the human filth of every Continental country—the Jew, the criminal, the insane and the pauper. Only recently has any effort been made to even regulate this torrent of inflowing scum through restrictions which amount to nothing and are easily evaded by these undesirables and those who assist their landing. Your Customs and Quarantine regulations are few and poorly enforced. In America paupers, criminals and physically diseased immigrants are barred from entrance and promptly returned to their own countries—we accept only that human material which makes for the healthy growth of a country. Only those are welcome in the United States who will prove desirable as citizens, and these sooner or later are assimilated into our American ways and customs, becoming a part of one grand whole in a Republic where all have an equal chance under equitable laws, and where oppression is an unknown quantity. We do not claim to be immaculate politically or commercially, but all nations are more or less infected by political or commercial evils, nor parenthetically speaking, is England any exception to this rule. 'Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.' As to blood and brawn in war, England has never in single combat whipped any antagonist of her size. She has always had the aid of allies when up against anything more formidable than Zulus. It required one hundred and eighty thousand trained English soldiers to overcome thirty

thousand Boer farmers, and but for the assistance rendered by her foreign colonies the sturdy Boers who fought British aggression, even as we Americans fought it in '76, would have won out hands down against your 'blood and brawn' and added some more fancy knots to your Lion's caudal appendage. Even though conquered by a ratio of six Englishmen to one Boer, the Boers taught the English a lesson that every child learns when it picks up a hot poker, and although no other nation interfered, none approved your meddling politics in South Africa. Waterloo was won by Prussians, not by English; and Blucher, not Wellington, was the real hero of Napoleon's overthrow. England grabs everything within her reach, whether gold or glory, and always from weaker hands. The Irish are England's true heroes—your best fighters to-day are Irishmen. Lord Roberts, who saved England in the Boer war, is an Irishman; Lord Kitchener, your greatest soldier and tactitian, is an Irishman, and so is Admiral Beresford, and so are Baden-Powell, McDonald, Killy-Kenny, Butler and scores of other famous fighters and leaders who have brought honor and glory to the British arms—all Irishmen. Your Irish soldiers are in the front rank of England's army to-day, and are graciously permitted by royalty to wear the green shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, which within the recollection of the present generation was once a hanging offence! My friend, much may be said to the credit of both America and England, and on the contrary many things may be said to their discredit also, but in any parallel between the nations on the latter score, America has little to fear and England much. England is jealous of America's growth, wealth, prosperity and progress, likewise her proximity to Canada and the Canadian approval of all things American—and as when you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar, so when you scratch the feverish English affection

for America, as to-day manifested, you will find the yellow jealousy underneath. These are not questions of opinion, but of fact, and the facts speak for themselves. There will come a day of reckoning for England, and there will be few mourners at the funeral of her factitious hopes and glories. For when that day shall come England for once will have to fight a man of her size!"

One of the most popular and widely-sung of England's patriotic songs is entitled, "Soldiers of the Queen." The entire theme is self-laudatory and openly boastful of Britain and its army, but there is one line in particular that never fails to bring a smile to those conversant with England's war history. The line reads, "And when they say we've always won," the reason for this alleged success being given in the line following, "We're soldiers of the Queen." Ask an Englishman what is meant by this "always won" and where it occurred. Certainly it was not in America, for not even against her small American colonies was England's might successful, nor did she stand up in fair combat, but bought the aid of Hessian mercenaries and even allied herself with Indian savages, to whom were paid English bounties for scalps of American men and women! But England did not win—on the contrary she was turned out of the country for good and all, and later on when England again opposed the United States in the war of 1812 and again with Indians as allies, once more she was defeated. These trifling incidents are apparently forgotten or overlooked when English throats so lustily proclaim that boastful "always won."

With the memory of England's past hostility toward America, exhibited both treacherously and openly—of her jealous hatred shown both at home and abroad—the infamy of her hired Iroquois butchers and of murdered and scalped Massachusetts settlers—with such memories still fresh in

American hearts, it is difficult to understand why England pats herself so publicly on the back and gives voice to such braggart and easily disproved sentiments.

Even her boast of sea-supremacy was badly punctured by the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, who is said to have fired round, Dutch cheeses at the English fleet when his cannon-balls had given out. At all events the English fleet was defeated, and the doughty Van Tromp paraded up and down the English Channel with a broom at his masthead in token of his victorious sweeping of England's sea. There is no enormous painting in the National Gallery at London to commemorate this fact, but the Royal Palace at Amsterdam has a particularly fine collection of English battle-flags that have been captured from John Bull at odd times, presenting a valuable object lesson to anyone interested in Dutch buzz-saws.

"Everybody claims to have won Waterloo," wrote Blucher to his King after the fight was over, which showed how little conceit was in the man who has been so libelled in the British press of a century ago. Innumerable authors, the Duke of Wellington among them, agree that it was Blucher and his Prussian Grenadiers who, arriving in the nick of time, made the deciding charge. The heavy rain of the preceding day and night, and its continuance all that morning, made the roads almost impassable for artillery and heavy cavalry, while the Grenadiers had to wade in thick, black, adhesive mud ankle-deep in forced marches in order to get to the battle-ground. Any pioneer or soldier knows what that means to wornout regiments and animals. Hence Blucher's belated arrival, which prompted the Iron Duke to repeatedly pull out his watch in nervous anxiety, and to exclaim when at last he saw the begrimed men, some of them actually helping the horses to drag the cannon up the hills—men who despite such hardship and suffering at once got

into line and gave battle, "Thank God, here is Blucher; we are saved at last."

There was glory enough on the field of Waterloo for all, so why begrudge the praise due to the man to whose lot it fell, unsought, to decide the day. Blucher it was who won the battle of Waterloo, although he did not fight all through the day as Napoleon did against the combined armies of England and her allies.

These statements are not made in a spirit of unfriendliness to England, but simply as references to facts—facts that are sufficiently plentiful and speak for themselves everywhere except in English text-books. Here is an extract from a story entitled "Thicker Than Blood," published in *Adventure*, under date of March, 1911, which is certainly to the point:

"Sooner or later," he said, "when an Englishman talks of war, he will speak of Waterloo. Why, I never can understand. Other nations, when they boast of victories, speak of battles that they have won—if not against odds, at least single-handed. A German can boast of Sedan, a Frenchman of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena or Montmirail, where the odds were six to one against them. Small nations—there is not one among them that cannot tell of some heroic struggle against a stronger oppressor. But you English can only speak of Waterloo, where the allies were two and a half to one against the French, and even in Wellington's army three-fifths of the troops were Dutch, Belgians and Hanoverians. Your own allies outnumbered you five to one, yet you English take all the credit and boast forever of Waterloo! Why? Why? Shall I tell you? It is because that in the history of modern times you have never fought alone or against odds! It is the same story—in Spain, at Waterloo, in the Crimea. You seek to exalt your own glory by throwing mud upon the friends who fought by your side! Why do you not speak of battles that you have won, if not against stronger numbers, at least alone? Because you have none to boast of! I pity you. England, great and powerful as she is, cannot tell of a single battle that she has won against an equal enemy alone and

single-handed. You may be great upon the sea, but you are supremely pitiful on land."

The British officers had listened at first with contempt and then with growing rage. The Captain of the Ennistymons would have interrupted him, but the Boer continued with a passionate bitterness:

"You are right in what you say of South Africa. The war is over here, or will be soon. Even now Kruger may have gone to Europe, and the Boers will not stand up and fight. I have seen places evacuated with scarcely a shot fired, that were wellnigh impregnable. They feared to be flanked. It is easy to flank a foe when you are ten to his one. But do not boast of it! If there is glory here in South Africa, it is not for you, who are the victors. And do not boast of Waterloo or slander the Dutch who were your allies there—you have never won a battle alone or won one against odds—"

Rafferty's Captain interrupted him.

"You are an American?" he asked with bitter scorn.

The bearded man raised his head proudly. "I am!" he answered.

"Well, what great battles has your country ever fought? Where have you ever fought a battle such as Waterloo?"

The eyes of the bearded man shot flame and he waved his clenched fist in a gesture of pride.

"Forty-seven years ago to-day," he said, "we fought a battle where the casualties were practically the same as at Waterloo. There were no allies. It was American against American, and the weaker in numbers was beaten. But the battle was not decisive. No! There were a half-dozen before it and a half-dozen more that followed, that were only a trifle less bloody, and the war was not decided until the weaker side was completely exhausted. There was a war—a war in which every able-bodied man was a soldier—a war that cost over a million lives and took four years to finish! No nation in the world save the French can tell of one like it. There you would have found men who would stand up and fight!"

It is a generally accepted fact that the English force under General Buller was practically beaten and rapidly becoming demoralized when the fortune of war suddenly turned in favor of the English under a new commander, Lord Roberts. But it is not so generally known that the German Emperor, despite his famous telegram to President



A Bit of Cheshire



Kruger expressing cordial sympathy with the Boers in their desperate struggle, is said to have furnished to England a plan of campaign prepared by German military experts, which plan being duly followed by Lord Roberts, secured victory for England. This remarkable extension of the olive branch, coupled with such enormously valuable assistance to England in her extremity, not only aroused a whirlwind of wrath in Germany, but has been requited by the English people with a jealousy and cordial suspicion surprisingly in contrast with the expected grateful appreciation.

A war between Germany and England would embroil nearly all the rest of Europe, and whatever the outcome would inevitably plunge both these countries into financial ruin. England is even now staggering under a weight of taxation which with the added and ever-increasing cost of naval defence must result either in national liquidation or an internal revolt. There are only two classes in England, the very rich and the very poor. Each class is becoming restive under the heavy burden. Germany has not yet reached this limit of her financial resources, but is steadily nearing it. Her fleet is rapidly approaching the prescribed war-standard, however, and then—perhaps an Armageddon, but in any event the almost certain overthrow of England. That is the prophecy to-day of some of the wisest heads in Europe, and looking still further afield, in view of the steady equipment and military standardizing of China and Japan, yet another and even more foreboding prophecy might be made as to probable changes on the world-map of the twentieth century. Japan has already shown her mettle. China is awakening from the sleep of centuries and slowly becoming conscious of a gigantic strength that in mere overwhelming numbers would render her practically invincible, and the white race may yet be forced to meet the yellow in a life and death grapple for supremacy.

As a "tail-piece" illustrating this prevailing English habit of vainglorious horn-blowing, and in view of the unmerciful walloping that a delighted and appreciative world may some day see administered to an obstreperous English school-bully by a healthy and growing German fellow-pupil, I submit the following tin-trumpet boast clipped from an English publication called *Vanity Fair*. And the really amusing part of it is that the English people believe it!

The result of a war between Germany and England would be the destruction of the German Navy within a fortnight if it dared to put to sea, which we very much doubt. The consequence of the destruction or blockade of the German Navy would be that we should annex about three hundred millions sterling of German sea-borne commerce, and add most of it permanently to our own assets.

Isn't it delicious? And this is the nation that was in such a frenzy of apprehension and alarm only a few months ago over a mysterious object which occasionally passed overhead after dark, and was denounced by the English newspapers as a German airship spying upon England! Half the entire population went about by day with one eye cocked aloft in anticipation of a Limburger attack, and scanning the heavens by night in dread of aerial bombs and other explosives, "made in Germany." One day the scare was ended by the discovery that the mysterious airship was only an advertising dodge, a balloon sent up by an enterprising business concern in order to call attention to its marmalade or cheap false teeth, or something equally important to the British public, and the roar of laughter that followed was almost world-wide, the episode being immensely enjoyed by everybody except John Bull. The English did not laugh, and a great many nervous people there are not yet entirely convinced and still scan the starry heavens for German bogie-men.

Apropos of the advertising balloon and as further evidencing the British apprehension of Zeppelin invaders, still more recently appeared the following in the New York *Times* of February 25, 1913:

AIRSHIP ONLY VENUS?

ONE THEORY IN REGARD TO APPARITION THAT IS  
FRIGHTENING ENGLAND.

(*Special Cable to the New York Times.*)

London, Feb. 25.—Further reports of a mysterious airship seen at night come from Hull. The suggestion is now made that a certain light in the western sky, seen nightly and taken for an airship's searchlight, is none other than the planet Venus, which for the past few nights has been shining brilliantly.

And oh, Lud, as if all this were not sufficient to rattle Christian nerves, yet another rude national jar was occasioned by the landing one morning of a German regiment of infantry at the mouth of the river Trent—a jocose experiment for the purpose of ascertaining what kind of a coast defence England possessed, and at the same time give the soldiers an innocent picnic. This German regiment, as stated in the London papers, landed early in the morning, enjoyed their little outing, and sailed back to the Continent without having attracted the attention of a single coast-guard or anyone else, save a few indifferent farmers. The picnic party was unarmed and the landing was a joke, but it was regarded as a very shocking sort of joke by the English people when it finally dawned upon them, and some serious questions were asked in Parliament which later resulted in considerable annoyance to the near-sighted guardians of that particular portion of the British coastline.

Apropos of Germany's dream of vast empire—its boldness, Bismarckian scope, and the forces and facts against it, it is well known that expansion is becoming more and more necessary to the Kaiser Land, while England is a looming obstacle with visions of German Channel control and of a German highway across Europe. There is the potential intervention of America to be considered, and also internal weaknesses of the Fatherland due to inter-German hatred. Witness the testimony of "Pan-Germanism," an important addition to literature by Prof. G. Usher, of Washington University, St. Louis.

"For some years," writes Prof. Usher, "those at all familiar with international affairs have known that it was the custom in the German Navy to drink a toast "To the day." Many people have hugged to themselves with glee the 'secret' information that the officers were drinking to the day when war should be declared against England, but few indeed seem to have realized the splendor of the vision now before German eyes, or the international situation which makes victory seem so near as to send German blood coursing swiftly in the anticipation of triumph. The Germans aim at nothing else than the domination of Europe and of the world by the Germanic race. One of the fundamental errors of which idealists and advocates of peace have been often guilty is to treat this vast project as an unreality. In fact it is already half accomplished.

It is literally true that Germany has become Bismarckian. His heavy spirit has settled upon it. It wears his scowl. It has adopted his brutality as it has his greatness. It has taken his criterion of truth, which is Germanic; his indifference to justice, which is savage; his conception of a state, which is sublime. "This nation has forgotten God in its exaltation of the German race." Bombastic as these phrases are, they yet convey some notion of the militant spirit which has been aroused.

When Li Hung Chang first learned from Bismarck these plans, he was skeptical. But before his brief stay in Germany was over he wrote in his diary, "From all that I have seen I am more than ever convinced that the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck meant what they said when they averred that the German Empire was destined to become a dominant factor in Europe."

Nor is it ambition alone that urges Germany to expansion. The population has increased so rapidly that it is already difficult for efficient, well-trained men to secure any employment. Not only is the superficial area of the country exhausted, but intensive scientific agriculture is speedily limiting the possibilities of the employment of more hands on the same acres or the further increase of the produce. Industry has grown at an enormous rate and the output from German factories is enormously in excess of the needs of even the growing population. Her exports per capita are \$24 per year, as against England's \$40 and France's \$25, and she has not their exclusive colonial markets. Unless some outlet can be found for the surplus population and a new and extensive market discovered for this enormous surplus production, prosperity will inevitably be succeeded by bankruptcy. There will be more hands than there is work for, more mouths than there is food.

Already the boundaries of Germany in Europe have been pushed to their furthest extent. More territory can be added only at the expense of other nations, either of her powerful rivals, France and Russia, or of her weaker neighbors, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Sweden. Nor would the accession of such territory solve the difficulty. Europe is crowded. Germany must find some territory suitable for development by her own people which is not already choked with men and women.

She is seeking the counterpart of the fertile plains of western Canada, of the rich valleys of northern Africa, where her people may build a new Germany whose existence will strengthen her and not her rivals. But such a promised land, tenanted by native races only, is not to be found. Every really available spot is held by England, France or Russia. Germany can therefore obtain colonies suitable for her purposes only at the expense of these last. This is what is meant by the oft-reiterated statements that England, France and Russia are by their very existence inimical to Germany's welfare, and that if she is to escape ruin she must fight them.

Among the facts marking England as the greatest obstacle in the path of Germany's legitimate growth is this: The English Channel is the only available safe passage-way for her merchants fleet. The voyage round the British Isles is long, and during the winter months positively dangerous even for steamships. Natural conditions therefore, by compelling Germany to use the Channel, force her to expose her commerce to assaults by the British fleets, so long as the latter control the Channel. Even if she should acquire colonies and a great market, she cannot really possess them until she acquires a highroad to them safe from the attacks of her enemies. To this end the Germans consider perfectly feasible the construction of a great confederation of states, including Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Balkan States and Turkey, which would control a great band of territory stretching southeast from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. A railway from Constantinople to Bagdad would effectually tie the great trunk lines leading from the Rhine and Danube valleys to Constantinople and the Persian Gulf, and so establish a shorter route to India than that via Suez. Egypt, Syria, Arabia, Persia, India herself, would fall into German hands and be held safe from conquest by this magnificent overland route to the East.

As to the nations between the Fatherland and the Dream—Germany hates, despairs and despises England. For France and Russia she possesses a wholesome respect, mingled with fear but not with love. France she considers a strong man who has run his race and is now beginning to reach senility; Russia she looks upon as an uncouth stripling not yet conscious of his strength. The Germans do not regard England as really great. They think her naval power the result of accident, not of genius, and that it has rested chiefly upon the accident of geography and geology. England has been strong by reason of others' weakness, by the use of others' resources, by the spoils of conquest. The British Empire never has possessed cohesion; never has had a common, vital, economic or geographical interest; has always been a sham and glittering generality whose unreality has remained concealed only by reason of the inability of other nations to perceive it. To the German, England's economic strength has been changed into fatal economic weakness. She no longer produces sufficient food to supply her population for a month; her supply of coal and wood is diminishing; the raw material to build or maintain a fleet she cannot produce, neither raw material needed to supply her looms and factories.

Suppose now, that the German fleet should secure control of the Channel for a brief time only, would not England be starved into submission? Would not her looms soon stop from lack of material to feed them? Would not her whole artisan class be thrown out of work? Would she not be bankrupted as a nation by the simple loss of the control of the sea? The German emphasizes the further point that although the boasted millions of population, the countless acres of territory, the stupendous wealth of the British Empire, are real—they are not England's. The English, it is reasoned, never conquered India. The Hindoos con-

quered themselves, with English assistance, through their own dividing jealousies and antipathies. Now with the democratic impulse spreading from Europe into the East, the Egyptian, Persian and Hindoo are dreaming of a new land from which foreigners shall be excluded, of a splendid nation composed solely of natives, administering their own country in their own interests, independent of all.

To attain its ends, Germany does not want literally to fight. She wants the results without the disadvantages of war. To German thinking the war is already in progress, and will continue to be fought with weapons infinitely more deadly than cannon and small arms—economic crises. They propose to destroy England and France, not in the field, but in the counting-house and in the factory, annihilating the bases upon which in the long run, armies must depend for maintenance. Nevertheless a great navy is essential, and so is an army, large enough to prevent Russia and France, by reason of its existence, from thinking of war. The army is the only barrier between Germany and her enemies. It takes the place of the English Channel, of the Alps, of the Pyrenees. And it must be large enough to enable Germany, in case of war, to invade England without so much exposing herself to France or Russia as to invite an assault from either or both.

The greatest element in opposition to this Teutonic dream is the potential intervention of the United States, with its tremendous resources, its commanding economic position and its practical invulnerability against any force of would-be invaders. In case of a war begun by Germany or Austria for the purpose of executing Pan-Germanism, the United States, it is expected, would promptly declare in favor of England and France and would do her utmost to assist them. The United States possesses the very resources needed to make the economic position of England and

France fairly impregnable. Allied with her they could not be starved into submission, nor bankrupted by lack of materials to keep their looms running. In addition, she possesses the second greatest steel manufactory in the world, which owns the patents and secret processes upon which Bessemer steel depends, a product surpassed for war material only by the Krupp steel. Whatever happens in Europe, America can continue to produce raw materials and finished products needed or required at home or abroad, and would further provide an enormous market in time of war for the sale of such manufactured goods as England and France could produce.

The starving of England, the depriving her factories of raw materials, the cutting off of her supplies for the maintenance of a fleet, all depend on the ability of the German navy to outmanœuvre the English and get possession of the Channel in such fashion that a pitched battle would be necessary to dislodge it, or upon its ability to defeat the English fleet in the first place in so decisive a manner that assistance could not come from the Mediterranean or from America in time to avert the catastrophe.

In careful consideration of which, the discerning reader will easily account for the milk in the English cocoanut, and in view of the added necessity for America's goodwill, there is also afforded ample explanation of the hair on the exterior portion.

Referring once more to the weather, when you go out for a walk, or a Museum, or even just a newspaper, take an umbrella. It rains easily in the British Isles, whether because there is so much water surrounding them or because the English use so much tea that the Lord has to oftener call their attention to water as a beverage is immaterial so long as the fact remains. Four out of every five people you meet carry an umbrella—the other doesn't own one or

else doesn't mind the wet. For instance it rained on the day we went to the Tower. We were in a hansom, however, when the rain began to fall, and through the lowered glass we gazed out at the deluge and troubles of other people with calm and unruffled emotions. The hansom finally stopped at the Tower gate and the cabby remarked cheerfully from his dripping perch, "'Ere y'are, Guv'nor!" The cabby was quite correct—there we were! The sombre old Tower loomed up behind its enclosing high wall, wearing the same grim, expectant look for us that it wore for the hapless and unwilling visitors in the merry old days of King Richard and the rest. But we wanted to get inside out of the wet, while they would probably have preferred any kind of deluge outside to the reception awaiting them within. Furthermore, having got that far, we were going in anyhow. So spreading our faithful "gamps," or umbrellas, and regretting the absence of our "galoshes" or rubbers, we passed through the sentinelled gate to a bird-cage where tickets of admission to the Tower attractions are sold, and then ambled through the pelting rain and mud down an alley enclosed by high walls, to an archway guarded by soldiers, where we fondly expected to find the Tower entrance and a shelter. Not so, however. We found at right angles to the previous alley another one like it only much longer, and the rain was coming down in that alley like all the proverbial cats, dogs and great guns combined! Compared with that cataract of water in the alley, the rain we had already waded through was a little summer shower. We grinned and bore it, or rather the soldiers grinned and we bore it, and then we threw away dignity, picked up our skirts, metaphorically speaking, and ran like the devil for the other end of that alley! We reached the haven at last, closed our soaked umbrellas, and ruefully surveyed our drenched and reproachful-looking silk "top 'ats" from the

brims of which little cascades were falling on the historic pavement trod by Lady Jane Grey, Lord Raleigh and others who had arrived under even more of a cloud than ourselves. We were allowed to look at the Crown Jewels inside an iron-barred cage that would have held an elephant, and were in turn carefully watched by several guards and other slaves of monarchy lest we might somehow entice a Royal crown through the bars, or maybe just a two-foot salt-cellar. But there was something that interested us far more than the display of Royal gew-gaws—the sun was shining! It had resumed business as soon as we got in out of the rain. We emerged from the Crown Jewel district, to the evident relief of the guards, splashed to the parade-ground with our closed umbrellas, ransomed from a coat-room which they had partially flooded, and gazed up at the turquoise-blue sky and then at our still dripping silk hats. And “it remembers me,” as Virgil says, that we spoke no word.

There was once a farmer, widely known for the range and profuseness of his profane vocabulary, and one day as he was driving along with a load of hay some bad boys set fire to the rear end. The farmer had barely time to unhitch his horses—then he saw his hay and wagon disappear in smoke. To the surprise of his neighbors anticipating an oratorical flight of unprecedented fluency and luridness, the farmer said nothing whatever. Finally someone observed, “You take it purty easy—most anybody’d swear consid’ble hard.” The old man walked once around the ruins, then said impressively, “Durned if I can do the subject justice!”

So if anybody should ask the conundrum, “Why is a drowned silk hat like a load of hay on fire?” the answer is, “Neither could we!”

Those who have wandered through the old palace-fortress, this gloomy and forbidding royal prison shut in

by thick walls, wide encircling moat, and the river itself, with the world outside "so near and yet so far," will need no description of its varied attractions to the sight-seer. The chapel with its historic dead, the stone-carven prison cells of Beauchamp Tower and those far worse cells hidden in dark passages underground, the torture chamber in the cellars, that small square space for executions beside the chapel, the ancient Armoury decorated with fantastic designs made from weapons of war and containing long ranges of guns, spears, swords, relics and suits of armor for man and horse, the fatal block and axe used in beheading so many noble personages, the deep gashes in the wood that tell their own tragic story—all these things once seen can never be forgotten, nor yet the dreary recital of Tower statistics droned by one of the aged retainers, or "Beefeaters." On the other hand, those who have missed such opportunity for absorbing useful knowledge directly at the fount, will find in Baedeker a full and entertaining description of everything, together with a lot more about London which I have either purposely dodged or maybe forgotten. Besides, I am a good deal bothered because I cannot for the life of me recollect the name of the lady who refused to be beheaded and finally *sat down* on the block, to the intense annoyance of the headsman. What *was* that woman's name?

I lost a good deal of time one day hunting up a scrap of poetry that indirectly appealed to my subconscious something or other, and I am going to lay that little scrap in here between two leaves, as it were, so that I shall know where to look for it next time. It conveys a good moral to anyone who knows what good morals are.

#### A FABLE.

The hen remarked to the muley-cow,  
As she cackled her daily lay  
(That is, the hen cackled), "It's funny how  
I'm good for an egg a day.

I'm a fool to do it, for what do I get?  
My food and my lodging. My!  
But the poodle gets that—he's the household pet,  
And he never has laid a single egg yet—  
Not even when eggs were high."

The muley-cow remarked to the hen,  
As she masticated her cud  
(That is, the cow did), "Well, what then?  
You quit and your name is mud.  
I'm good for eight gallons of milk each day,  
And I'm given my stable and grub;  
But the parrot gets that much, anyway—  
All she can gobble—and what does she pay?  
Not a dribble of milk, the dub!"

But the hired man remarked to the pair,  
"You get all that's comin' to you.  
The poodle does tricks an' the parrot kin swear,  
Which is better th'n you kin do.  
You're necessary, but what's the use  
O' bewailin' your daily part?  
You're bourgeois—workin's your only excuse;  
You can't do nothin' but jest produce—  
What them fellers does is Art!"

If you should ever go to Scotland, you will see what is usually described under the head of athletics, as a "close race." Take your family plaid along, or if you haven't one buy a plaid shawl or a golf cape, and fly it on general principles. Next to "whuskey," the Scotch people love a plaid and a bag-pipe. I drew the line at a bag-pipe, but I sported a plaid shawl that made most of the Scotch population sit up and shade their eyes. It was a Highland plaid, and what it lacked in blue and green splash was made up by passionate bursts of crimson. I got the original pattern from a colored postcard showing a bag-piper standing on a mountain crag in a gale of wind. His kilt was a scanty

affair, like a ballet-skirt only more so, revealing a vast expanse of hairy legs and terminating much too suddenly around the Southern frontier, being in fact violently abrupt. The scarf, tartan, breeks, and other things helped out the moral effect a little, but nevertheless I felt sad as I reflected on other people's Scotch fore-bares (the spelling is intentional) going about in all kinds of weather with practically only a bag-pipe and a rainbow between their voluptuous curves and a hard winter. Further, although the plaid had a warm and ruddy look about it, like a vegetable hash painted by Turner, I was informed that it carried more itch to the square foot than any other plaid in Scotland Yard. With such a braw and bonny checkerboard, a Buchanan breath, chilblains on your knees, and an occasional "Hoot, mon, hoot," one can go all over Scotland in disguise and feel entirely at home among the Sandys and Daffydowndillys of a more or less diffident and financially-reserved population. The typical canny Scot does not scatter his wealth around in wasteful expenditure. He will squeeze a penny until its maddening screams can be heard blocks away before he will part with it, and nearly die of thirst rather than give up the price of a glass. A visiting Scotchman who had been entertained in London by an American with taxi-cab rides, dinners, theatres, innumerable cigars, and other life-saving auxiliaries, was shaking hands in farewell when his conscience smote him and he broke out, "Mon, yee've been generous to me, but I'll nae let ye do *all* the spending. I'll just match ye to see who pays for a wee parting drop."

Someone has stated that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke through the skull of a Scotchman. But there are others equally impervious of comprehension, and resident not far south of the land of thistles and Scotch "whuskey." Some of these officiate in the humble capacity of

servitors in palaces, museums and public parks—other occupy higher stations, being even numbered among the nobility and attendant satellites of royalty. We love them all. They are glorious company, and in their presence life becomes a rosy sequence of happy, happy hours—except to them. *Par example*, as Voltaire says, we visited St. Pauls Cathedral, and after one thing and another, including a walk up to the top of the dome, from the effects of which I shall never permanently recover, the attendant showed us a lot of glass cases containing uniforms and other ancient wardrobe—relics of bygone kings, warriors and many famous men. "This 'ere cooat," said he, "was worn by King George the Third during 'is reign." "Is it a mackintosh?" enquired John. "Ho, no, sir," replied the solemn-faced attendant, "w'y would it be a mackintosh, sir?" "Oh, I thought you said something about a rain." That attendant will never know what hit him—he simply began his song about the next article of interest.

Another American, after viewing the massive mausoleum of Lord Nelson, in the crypt of St. Pauls, was listening with interest to the closing peroration of the guide. "'Ere 'e rests, sir. 'Is body was henclosed hin a hoaken carsket, which was next henclosed hin a leaden carsket, which was next henclosed hin a steel carsket, hall of which was finally henclosed hin this 'ere bronze and marble sarcophagus." "Well," said the American, "I guess you've got him safe all right. If he ever gets out of there, you cable me at my expense."

Westminster Abbey, among all the host of London's great attractions, was the loadstone that drew my wandering steps most often, and from its time-scarred cloisters paved with burial stones dating back to the tenth century, down to the latest marble memorial on the walls of the great Abbey itself, everything breathes its deathless story of fame and

history. To the wanderer over Europe, all Cathedrals, like "all coons," look alike, with their sombre interiors, great arches, stained-glass windows, marble or wood-carved reredos and choir-stalls, and ever and anon the great deep-toned bell, or silver-throated chimes, sounding the hours far above. But Westminster Abbey has a charm which is all its own and possesses a wealth of historic treasure for those who know the secret places of its keeping and how to get there, far apart from the highways and byways of the holiday tourist crowd who tramp back and forth with eyes that see nothing beyond the little described in the guide-books, and comprehend that but faintly. There is so much of reverential interest in that massive pile of ancient and modern masonry, that no human mind can retain more than a tithe in complete remembrance. The "Poet's Corner," a favorite spot for rest and reverie, the superb marble memorials of brave men and braver deeds on land and sea, the Royal Tombs and Chapels of the early Kings of England, exquisite in marble lace-work, the "crowning-stone" on which every King from Ethelred has sat, the spear and saddle of King Henry the Fifth pendant from the lofty arch above his marble resting-place, the rich interior of the great edifice itself, the ancient Chapter House, the Deanery and velvet lawns outside—all these are things to see and seeing, marvel. But around the cloisters and crumbling Chapter House of the Benedictine founders of the Abbey in 616 there lingers the spell of ages gone, of knights and armor, and those earlier days of England when heroes of the Church Militant made history, and in comparison with whom the present-day exponents of both State and Church appear like pygmies.

Driving back to the Langham Hotel, our hansom overtook on Regent Street a tiny coster-shay and moke—in other words, a two-wheeled cart drawn by a midget donkey,



The London "Bobby"



The Coster Donkey-Shay



mostly ears, and driven by a coster arrayed in the typical coster costume, which is similar to that worn by Mexican *vagueros* and plentifully sprinkled with large silver-plated buttons. Regent Street is the fashionable shopping promenade, the sidewalk ever thronged with the beauty and chivalry of London town, and "sassiety" thus promenading received that day a jarring shock to see a despised donkey-shay draw up to the curb and the socially-impossible coster engaged in conversation by a top'-atted swell who alighted from the hansom aforesaid. The conversation was preceded by the passage of a coin to the coster's pocket and was very brief.

"Here is a half-crown for you. Now I want you to drive to the Langham Hotel and stop directly in front of the main entrance, wait there while I go inside for a few moments; and when I come out you will receive another half-crown, and you can then drive away. See?"

"All roight, me Lord."

Then the little donkey patted along up Regent Street, the coster unconcernedly sitting on his shaft and smoking his pipe, followed by the hansom and a broad-grinned cabby. The subsequent proceedings are still remembered by uniformed officials and attendants of that eminently select and dignified hostelry, but referred to only in whispers, and the dates of many important events connected with the Langham are approximately fixed by said attendants as being just before or just after that awful day "when Mr. 'ills bought the donkey-shy." And this is the tale thereof:

Imagine the highly-objectionable donkey outfit trotting around the Regent Street corner into Portland Place, sacred to wealth and fashion, with its waiting private equipages and powdered, gold-laced and be-wigged coachmen and footmen awaiting noble Lords and masters. Picture the amazement of these pampered and haughty servants, the

huge enjoyment of an occasional cabby, and the helpless rage and horror of the gorgeously-uniformed hotel *attaches* standing beneath the *porte cochere* to receive those favored guests who arrive in carriages. Never before was a donkey-shay among such fashionable and high-toned vehicles, or a coster mingling in such upper-class society. Squarely in front of the main entrance to the hotel, and at the exact point where the sacred carpet stretches from curbstone up the marble stairway to the rotunda, the donkey-shay pulled up, and all the assembled multitude held its breath to witness its instant annihilation by the outraged guardians of the portal. But lo, a stylish hansom stopped directly behind the coster-cart, and with uplifted hand I saved the coster's life.

"That donkey-shay belongs to me, Craig," I said to the gigantic ex-Guardsman. "Let it stand there while I arrange matters at the hotel office."

Now Craig was a man of judgment, had received much tender of silver coin at odd moments, and had a wholesome respect for the source thereof. Therefore despite his awful dilemma, Craig touched his hat as usual, but immediately disappeared into his little guardhouse out of sight.

At the hotel desk I was greeted by the clerk with his eternal "Aw, Mr. Hills, back again, sir?"

"Yep," said I, "and by the way, you know we are leaving here for New York shortly."

"Yessir, sorry to hear it, sir."

"Yes," I continued, "and I have bought a little donkey-shay to carry with me. It will be quite a novelty over there, won't it?"

"How extraordinary—my word, it will indeed."

"And—er—I have the donkey-shay out in front here, and—"

"What's that, Mr. Hills?" exclaimed the shocked official. "A donkey-shay in front of the hotel! God save us, this won't do at all!" and he reached for the bell that calls the porter.

"Hold on there; wait a minute," said I. "You don't understand. I desire to arrange for the care of the donkey and shay until I leave for America."

"Certainly, certainly," perspired the clerk. "I will have them removed to the hotel mews (English for stable) at once, sir, at once. My soul—in front of the hotel—this is terrible!" And again I stopped his bell-call for help.

"Please wait a moment," said I. "I wish to have a hotel room for the little donkey, next to mine if possible, where I can see that he is properly cared for; and you can send the shay to the mews."

"A room for the donkey! God bless my soul, I never heard of such a thing in all my life! It's impossible, Mr. Hills—absolutely unthinkable," gasped the clerk. "Will you *please* allow me to call—"

"Not on your life—call nothin'. I want that moke upstairs and there is no reason why he shouldn't *be* upstairs. He's only a little fellow, all ears, and he can sleep on the bed and I'll pay the damages. There's a couple of pugs, a parrot and a Pomeranian upstairs, and the moke isn't much bigger and wouldn't hurt a fly. If you don't like him out front, hurry up and find him a room inside!"

By this time a crowd had gathered on the sidewalk, people were gazing from windows, there was a Babel of laughter and jeers from the bewigged and bespangled gentry on the carriages in Portland Place, and Craig, purple with indignation and excitement, had emerged from his retreat to restrain a policeman from apoplexy. The coster sat on his wagon-shaft, indifferently smoking his pipe. The moke was calmly working his long ears forward and back, pondering the situation.

"Very well," said I. "If I can't board the donkey upstairs, I'll quit the hotel myself," and in high indignation I descended the marble stairway to the sidewalk, approached the coster, and said, "Here's your half-crown. Drive like the devil."

"Jesso, Guv'nor," he responded, with a slight smile, and with a cluck to the moke, the little shay described a wide circle round into Regent Street again, the crowd melted away, and I was left complaining to Craig and the "bobby" of the obstinacy of the hotel clerk, and receiving from both a labored and elaborate dissertation on the utter impossibility of my request.

Later on I was favored with a long and dismal explanation by the hotel management, full of polite regrets, to which I listened with varied emotions. I did not, however, allow myself to be entirely convinced of the excellence of the several arguments and reasons barring the moke from the hotel room next to mine, until far into the following day, when I permitted myself to become graciously appeased and smoked a cigar of peace and amity with the clerk, who was still feeble from shock. But never until Gabriel shall blow his horn and all things become known and understood of men, will the hotel people ever comprehend or even suspect that it was all a bluff and that I wouldn't have taken the moke as a gift—shay and all!

An Englishman who has resided in South Africa for some years, returning to England on a visit, states that English people live in a groove—that perhaps they like it, perhaps they do not know it, but being their ordinary environment, they do not expect anything else. This is certainly the impression gained, not only by Englishmen who have lived abroad for a time, but also by Americans who have visited England more than once. There is a distinct groove in which life in England travels. The things

that were, still are, and seem likely to continue. The conservatism, the conventionalism, the iron grip of habit and custom and precedent are noticeable to the returning pilgrim, by contrast. England, provincial England, which is the real and perhaps the best England, alters but little. The changes one notices are but little eddies on the placid surface of English life. The main current alters neither in pace or direction. You will find the people doing the same things, saying the same things, thinking the same things, and going along in the same old groove. They may be roller-skating and playing golf instead of ping-pong and croquet—these are but the eddies. In the body politic there is hardly a perceptible change.

There are many influences which force the home-staying English to live in this groove. They have a wonderful security of tenure in their employment. There is nothing to lead them to anticipate change. There is nothing they dread more than change. Society experiences no violent upheaval. Of course there is a leaven of exceptionally energetic and enterprising men who are not satisfied with a groove. But the majority are perfectly satisfied. They are the willing adherents of a caste system as strong and far-reaching as that of India.

In that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call them, they are happy to remain. Whether a man begins as a shop assistant or a shipping-clerk, he rarely seems to arrive at the conclusion that he could do something else better or more profitably. Should he be assailed by doubts, he suppresses them as signs of a discontented mind. He trains himself to acquiesce in what is. That his vocation is underpaid and overcrowded are mere facts to be deplored and accepted, not conditions to be removed. He decides it is his lot, and settles down to it. He slips into a particular groove, and English society tends to keep him there.

This curious form of conservatism produces a certain amount of inefficiency. To continue as one began calls for no great amount of effort. Complete contentment is not an incentive to exertion. The English youth is more often than not content to know that his father was a clerk, and his father's father was a clerk, and that he will be a clerk—and not a very good one at that. Thousands of English lads learn enough to obtain a small position and with this success are satisfied. They never learn more to go any further. They get into a groove.

The tendency breeds idlers. In no part of the British Empire but in England are seen so many young men who do absolutely nothing. They live upon their parents. It is understood that they are studying for this, or thinking about going in for that. They eat, and amuse themselves, and sleep. They cannot be farm laborers—in England. They must not soil their hands—in England. They could not possibly do anything menial—in England. Fancy that!

In England nine-tenths of the lads of the middle classes look forward to nothing more than a seat at an office desk with a certain number of shillings a week, for a certain number of years. To attempt to do anything else would be to run the risk of social ostracism. A young man may loaf respectably on his family, but he must on no account start a business if it involves selling anything or producing anything with his hands. That would be bad form. It would be getting outside the groove. Thus for the great mass of people England holds no romance. The lad who thinks he could do something is not encouraged. Everything is cut and dried. Every class distinction is definitely marked. The whole weight of public opinion is against the smallest divergence from the ordinary rule.

Now all this is radically wrong. The English principle which makes the eldest son the member of the family to be

first considered, even in the middle class, his personal comfort to precede even that of his mother and sisters, and which permits the carrying of heavy hods of coal upstairs by frail women while strong husbands and sons look contentedly on, is to an American not only amazing but repulsive. "The son of the family must not soil his hands or demean himself by menial work." No, not even if his old mother or some other member of his worshipping family break her back under the burden. Therefore little consideration is extended to women in this respect by the British lords of creation, old or young. I have seen in Belgium a woman hitched into harness with a cow and pulling a plough or a harrow in the fields, while her lord and master held the reins and whip. You will not see this in England in this present year of grace, but you will see the woman given the burden there, every time. The fair white hands of the shopman, or clerk, or office employe, to which stratum belong the great bulk of the middle-class male workers, present a strong contrast to the hands of mother and sisters, reddened and seared by the hardest of house-work. True, there are servant-maids, or more properly speaking, female slaves, in most English households, whose work is even harder and more protracted than in families where servants are not employed at all. From daybreak to midnight the work of the "slavey" goes on eternally, and the miracle is that women do not weaken under the burden sooner than they do. On the coldest of winter mornings you will see the army of London maids, one in front of nearly every house, bare-armed and red-fisted, washing and scrubbing the front steps with dripping brushes, while you pass by shivering at the very thought. The same is true all over England every day in the week. Consider also the untold thousands of heavy hods of coal that are laboriously carried up two, three and four flights of stairs day after day by panting mothers, sisters or housemaids.

An Englishman never blacks his own boots. It is beneath his august dignity. The female members of the household perform this menial labor, and if there are no serving-maids, then his mother or sisters do it for him and place the boots before his chamber door, scrupulously polished for the day's wear. Comments or criticisms upon this peculiarity of the English male are entirely wasted: the English male can do no wrong, either in his own eyes or those of his female relations, and whatever appears wrong to other observers is stamped as quite proper by the royal seal of custom and approval. Would an able-bodied American allow his mother or sister to black his boots? Thank God, no!

English maid-servants work and work hard for \$100 a year—about two dollars a week! An English writer, referring to the much-discussed servant question in America, recalls the "excellent services he received from maids in private English homes." They were attractive, refined maids, too, and never, even under the most trying conditions, did they show impertinence or indifference. In the kitchen were posted these daily duties:

#### RULES.

Rise 6.15. Make kitchen fire and rake out fire boiler each day.

Take up tea to bedrooms at 7 o'clock.

Sweep and dust dining-room, also breakfast-room, light fire and lay breakfast. Run sweeper over hall mats and dust around.

Take hot water up to all bedrooms at 7.45.

Cook breakfast for 8.15.

After breakfast take pail and hot water to empty slops, wipe down all washstands with basin cloth, make own bed, clear away breakfast and then wash down outside steps front and rear and shake door mats.

Wash up and leave kitchen tidy for dinner preparations.

Lay dinner for one o'clock, and after washing up and tidying kitchen, get dressed by three o'clock.

Tea at 4.30. Wash all up after supper at 8.30.

Dust down staircase every day. Clean boots. Clean knives after every meal.

*Sunday*.—Rise at 7. Take tea by 7.30. Breakfast at 9. Dinner at 1.15.

*Monday*.—One week turn out drawing-room and the next week clean cellar and breakfast room.

*Tuesday*.—One week back bedrooms, staircase and landing windows, rods, etc., and the next clean covers, tins, hall globes and windows inside. Wash over kitchen and scullery every week.

*Wednesday*.—One week turn out dining-room and the next front bedroom.

*Thursday*.—Clean china, pantry and kitchen, all pantry shelves and all the silver. If not all done, can finish in evening.

*Friday*.—Get up a little earlier and thoroughly clean out flues, and black-lead grate before breakfast. Clean hall and pantry floors, kitchen and scullery drains and windows, and thoroughly clean gas stove.

*Saturday*.—Clean bathroom and bath with sapolio, taps and all brass up and downstairs. Wash down back stairs every other week. Sweep dining-room, using small brush and dustpan. Wash round all oilcloths before breakfast.

The maid in this home was nearly thirty years of age, and had been with the family seven years. She had one night a week off—no afternoons. Her wages were twenty pounds a year (about \$8.00 a month), and rather than lose her, this Englishman says naively in conclusion: "My cousins said they would give her twenty-one pounds a year." Think of that, ye Celtic queens of American household service—a cent and a half a day advance! Truly there are worse places than America!

I arrived at private lodgings in London on one occasion, and ascended to my rooms, leaving my exceptionally heavy trunk to be carried up by the cabby and some street helper. Imagine my feelings when I saw it being borne into the room by the maid and the frail little landlady! Both were nearly overcome by the exertion and obliged to sit down

for breath. The lazy cabman had driven away, and the English husband of the landlady looked placidly on without even offering to help his wife lift her end of the burden. I am afraid the frankness of my opinion, expressed to him personally and freely, tended considerably to prevent any possible friendliness between us after that. He probably had his private opinion of me, but I also had a private opinion of him which still remains fresh and green after the lapse of years. He must have been a mind-reader, for he certainly kept out of my way afterward. Many a time have I taken a hod of coal from a breathless maid and carried it across my room, to her intense amazement, and many a time have I denounced that English custom under which the male animals do the heavy looking-on, while their mothers, sisters or the hard-worked maids, carry the burdens, exactly as their female ancestors carried burdens for the original brute ancestry of the male animals aforesaid. This, however, is only another form of the "groove" previously referred to, and although Englishmen "never, never, never will be slaves," according to one of their most loudly vociferated popular songs, they apparently have no objection whatever to their women serving in that capacity.

All over Europe, to a more or less marked degree, is observed this indifference to woman and careless disregard of her pleasure or comfort. The general disposition is to class her with the working animals. Everywhere upon the Continent you will meet women of the poorer class carrying heavy burdens upon their heads or backs, while men walk beside them encumbered only with a cheap cigarette. At the railway stations are women staggering under great bales and bags of household effects and other luggage, even little children being loaded like beasts of burden, while the head of the family puffs his tobacco smoke and follows on behind. You can see this lesson in Continental courtesy ex-

emplified any day at the piers in New York even, on the arrival of steamships bringing emigrants. In Belgium, women drive the dog-teams which serve as milk-carts, and frequently the women pass the strap over their own shoulders and pull alongside the dogs to lighten the load. But never will you see a man do that. He thinks it is beneath him! As a matter of fact, the man ought to be pulling in the harness, and the woman and the dogs sitting inside the cart enjoying both the ride and the spectacle.

Everywhere the woman works and works hard, and receives in return scant reward and scant consideration. Indeed, consideration of any kind toward woman is an extremely threadbare proposition in Europe. Even respect is almost universally lacking, and it is a common saying that Americans are fools, because nowhere on earth are women so respected and well-treated as in America. Frenchmen are superlatively polite to woman, but do not respect her or believe her to be above improving an opportunity, and to a great extent this is the general attitude of Continental men toward all womankind. The occasional disfigurement of the male Continental countenance by the masculine American fist may be traced to this prevailing false impression of women, more especially of American women, and the Latin race is slowly but surely having impressed upon both its ogling face and imperfect intellect a combined moral truth and lesson in manners. No wonder that the Old World looks longingly toward the New through the moist and grateful eyes of its tired and helpless female toilers. To most of them America and Heaven are synonymous terms, and either name is suggestive of a happiness, peace and rest unknown in the Eastern hemisphere.

Apropos of Continental manners, the most helpless man in the world is the one with a good-looking woman in his care in a foreign country. The truth of this statement

will be found in the answer of any traveled American who has been the guardian abroad of a good-looking wife or sister. He will confirm it. There are but two civilized nations in the world that bestow general respect upon women, according to Anglo-Saxon codes of ethics. These are America and England. Witness the testimony of Roy Norton, an American writer and traveler of wide repute:

"The only salvation in the American case is that we usually speak no language other than English and are therefore blissfully ignorant of the comments with which some of the foreign "gentlemen" favor us when we unconcernedly walk the streets or sit in cafés. But if an American happens to understand French, German or Italian, and has a handsome companion of the opposite sex, he might also echo the fine refrain of that historic character of Mark Twain's who didn't know which was the worst, Hell or Hadleyville. It is the one insurmountable evil of foreign travel. He can forgive or endure poor sanitation, poor railway trains, poor hotel arrangements, poor food and the ever-extended hand demanding a tip, but he can neither forget nor forgive, with equanimity, the insults offered by some of these "gentlemen" abroad.

"The viewpoint of what constitutes the conduct of a gentleman are so radically different, the attitude of the women themselves is so different, the whole atmosphere is so different from that which we have grown to regard as ethical. There seems to be scarcely a country in the world populated by Caucasians, except England, her dependencies and America, where many men do not feel privileged to address any unattended woman who attracts them—and sometimes the attendance does not matter, as they will deliberately address them even if they have an escort.

"'It is a compliment to the woman,' an average Frenchman once said in explanation, using almost the same words

that had been given by a Spaniard with whom I had brought up the same point of politeness five or six years previous. In neither case did these men speak to unattended women, for both were happily and devotedly married, and were merely defending the customs of their respective countries. 'If the woman is but fairly good-looking,' said the Spaniard, 'she cannot help feeling flattered when you walk up beside her in the street as she goes daintily to her shopping, or to mass, and whisper in her ear, "Ah, thou pretty dove! I would give Heaven to have you dine with me this evening, or any other that you name!"' See the difference in our politeness, even though we have our pretty women. We address them all, the plain ones included. The lady turns, smiles, and says, "Thank you, but I cannot." And you go your way, desolated. Or she—well—she accepts.'

"In France or Germany they do it differently. They wink at the lady whenever she looks at them and her escort's back is turned, and make heartrending gestures. They stare at her with looks that are intended to be fascinating, that 'dying calf' look with the eyes rolled helplessly upward until the whites show. If she declines to notice these attentions, they follow her patiently by tram or cab to her door. They try to open it for her. If she beats them to it by a swift sprint, they walk up and down in front of the building for hours, staring at the windows and twirling their mustaches. If the city is small, they repeat this each time she appears. You see, they are so anxious to compliment her! And Heaven help the woman to whom they succeed in getting an introduction, for a flea is lacking in persistency when compared with some of these highly-cultured and nourished foreign 'gentlemen.'

"It is not the intention to assert that all men abroad are guilty of these transgressions from our own code, or that all men abroad uphold those of their fellows who perpetrate

them; but it is certain that annoyances of this character are frequent in some foreign countries and are laughed at, whereas even in New York there is a constant crusade against the 'masher.'

"The foreign courts offer no relief, the police are quite indifferent, and if the lady's escort takes the law into his own hands and administers salutary punishment by disfiguring the foreign 'gentleman's' countenance with a few well-directed punches, or disturbing his dignity by a summary kicking into the street, he is made to suffer legal penalties, or even imprisoned. Most countries of Continental Europe regard the fist as the ultimate brutality and have passed laws that make it an extremely grave offense to strike anyone, while in Germany, to resist an officer, however offensive his actions and even though he crowd women off the sidewalk, is to incur the higher wrath. An officer of any kind, in Continental countries, is sacred. At the same time, the prompt readiness of an American or Englishman to use his fists when thus insulted, is well understood abroad, and when such an occasion arises, the 'masher,' whether officer or 'gentleman,' almost invariably takes to his heels. Neither stolid Englishmen or plain, crude Americans are apt to remain quiet under the open ogling of their women relatives or friends by titled café loungers, who are valor personified in the persecution of a woman alone and unprotected, but discreetly sprint to a safer locality when an American or Englishman shows indication of seeking fistic satisfaction, penalty or no penalty. It is a well-established fact that annoyers and insulters of women are invariably cowards, whether in uniform or otherwise disguised as 'gentlemen.'"

There is another phase of this subject that is interesting. Wife-beating and the indiscriminate striking of English women with the English fist is of so common occurrence that but little notice is taken of such instances, even by the law.

Among the upper social strata this primitive method of dealing with his womankind is a frequent pastime of John Bull and a fruitful source of domestic trouble and separation—more especially when this treatment is attempted with American wives of English husbands. Farther down in the human scale, in the homes of the working-class, a wife with a blackened eye or bruised face is a spectacle too common to cause comment—nay, even when her lord administers his chaste correction in the open street, the public usually regards the matter as an entirely private one and takes only a momentary interest. Few cases get into Court, since it is apparently an unwritten law that a man not only has a perfect right to strike his wife, but the wife is all the better for it. Among the lower classes, blows are often regarded as outward expressions of true affection. Witness the complaint of a coster-girl to her inattentive swain at 'Amstead 'Eath on Boxing Day: "Don't jer luv yer ducky no more, Bill? Then w'y don't jer knock us abaht a bit, lovey?" The principle is even further expressed and more aptly, in the sympathetic communing of a Whitechapel neighbor with a long-suffering widow: "I suppose yore Bill's 'ittin' the 'arp wiv the hangels now." Long-suffering widow: "Not 'im. 'Ittin' the hangels wiv the 'arp's nearer Bill's mark."

Referring once more to our weather subject, once in a while we spring this solid truth on an average English intellect. We say, "When a man never did any work, and his father and grandfather never did any work, that man is one of the nobility, isn't he?" The answer is always, "Oh, yes-sir, the nobility never work, sir." Then we say, "Ah, we call those kind of people 'tramps' in America." Then they drop dead. A slap at the nobility has about the same effect on an Englishman as the sudden descent on his head of a load of brick. The shock generally kills him, but he always drops! Caste is a sacred thing in England, and the various

descending grades are sharply defined, from the King, who is in a class by himself, to the chimney-sweep, who is naturally in no class at all. The "clawsses" between these extremes include the nobility, the untitled "400," the legal and medical professions, clergy, high Army and Navy officials, leaders of the Government, then through a descending scale to the "middle clawss" which includes those in ordinary business, or "trade," and so on down through the inferior serving-class to the humble cat's-meat man and the sweep. Each class keeps to itself and looks scornfully down upon the class below, drawing its skirts tightly aside to avoid any contamination. Each general class is further subdivided—the tradesman who lives in rooms, or "apartments," over his shop is socially far below the lordly proprietor who resides in a neighborhood apart from the scene of his daily toil. Approximately also, there exists a wide social gulf between the Vicar of the parish church and his meek and lowly Curate. The King kicks the nobleman, the nobleman boots the Church and State official, he passes the kick down to the "gentry," who in turn propel the tradesmen forward, and from thence downward each exponent in the social scale receives the kick with a grateful "Thank you," and bestows it on his immediate inferior until finally the sweep and the cat's-meat man are left to boot each other, or the cat if preferred. Servility is the badge of all the English tribe, each class looking reverently upward to the superior, and all lifting adoring eyes to "Ryalty" and the Court. Should you desire to learn the acme of servility or seek to know the uttermost limit that obsequiousness can attain, get yourself introduced to a London tradesman as Lord Somebody! There will be no blacking left upon your boots for others to lick—he will want it all.

That the principle of caste is not confined to England alone, the following condensed bit of wisdom will perhaps illustrate:

"Big fleas have little fleas  
Upon their backs to bite 'em,  
And they in turn have smaller fleas,  
And so *ad infinitum.*"

Americans on their first visit to London usually comment upon the great number of ragged and dirty men and women seen in the streets. It is not necessary to go to the squalid parts of the city to see them, for they are visible at all hours in the Strand, Regent and Oxford Streets, while aristocratic Pall Mall also knows them well. Their poverty is obviously real, and one can guess their hunger. They do not always beg, but shuffle listlessly through the streets. In winter they increase the bands of hunger-marchers that tramp through the gutters of the chief shopping thoroughfares, especially during the month preceding Christmas.

London does not hide its poverty, and London's poverty makes no effort to hide itself. According to official statistics there are over 116,000 paupers, persons in receipt of relief from public charities. This provides a ratio of pauperism of twenty-four per thousand of population. This ratio is said to be slowly diminishing. There are various causes suggested for the existence of this vast number of paupers, but no single cause can be assigned. That it exists is a sufficient fact for the average Londoner.

Parenthetically, there is a small boy in London whom I intend some fair morning to lead gently by the hand into a secluded spot, and secretly murder. The only thing that has saved his life thus far is that I dislike to cause grief to his parents, who are friends of mine and apparently have a genuine affection for the little devil. He is a walking volume of puzzles and conundrums, and because I have answered two or three of them correctly, he is constantly springing a new one on me in the presence of other people in order to "stick me," as he expresses it. He said at

breakfast, "Oh, I say, can you do this one? A man is forty years old, plus one-half his age. How old is he?"

His father said to him, "My son, let Mr. Hills eat his breakfast and don't annoy him."

I said, "You dear angel child, the answer is eighty."

"Why, how did you do it so quick?" squealed the angel.

"I don't have to do it," I said. "I am the man."

He dropped his knife and nearly fell off his chair. If he could have heard what I was saying to him in my heart, he would have died on the spot from fright!

He asked me one day if I was a schoolteacher at home, because I "knew such a lot." I said, "No, dear, I drive a hearse." I missed it that time, however, for that sweet pet told about forty people in the hotel that Mr. Hills drove a hearse in America! And although some of them do not believe it, others do, and the rest are doubtful—being largely English and very practical. On reflection I will not kill him outright—simply maim him for life, and by and by maim him again.

Returning from the Parliament Buildings in the cool of a charming afternoon, we sidestepped through Pimlico, an old residential part of London—going home that way partly to save time and partly to give the little Pimlicolics a treat. It was somewhere in that weird locality, where the long blocks of yellow houses all look alike and the shabby-genteel ex-gentry keep boarding-houses, that the first "cat's-meat man" crossed our enraptured vision. This person ("person" is the extreme English limit as an expression of social loathing and contempt) is a typical London institution—a sort of Pied Piper who pipes cats after him instead of rats and mice. His mission in life is to provide meat for pet cats, and his street-cry of "Meat, meat, meaty-meat, penny for meat, meaty-meat," attracts every cat—pet, plain cat, or otherwise—within hearing distance, and the C. M. M. is

preceded, flanked and trailed by a ravenous rabble of hungry cats miaouwing a feline accompaniment to his seductive cry. At almost every other doorway stands a mistress or white-aproned maid with the requisite penny, receiving in return a long thin wooden skewer piercing three or four portions of cheap meat. What the cats do with the skewers is a mystery. Maybe they serve as toothpicks.

Another local snapshot of Pimlico, and also common to Bloomsbury, Bayswater, and other boarding-house districts, is the street-singer—a begging nuisance of the first water. He is always ragged and hungry-looking, and sometimes accompanied by his presumed wife and baby. Begging is legally a crime, but street-singing is legally only a harmless form of out-of-door entertainment, and so these perambulating beggars in disguise walk very slowly through the quiet residential streets, bawling pathetic songs and carefully watching windows for stray pennies. Strong, able-bodied huskies they are, and amply fitted for hard work, were it not so much easier to scrape a few shillings together in this more enjoyable way. A procession of this sort, averaging two or three an hour, is a monotonous, unnecessary, and exasperating nuisance to indoor residents who desire to write, practice music, or engage in conversation. Yet there are certain misguided people, usually elderly maidens or spectacled old ladies who ought to know better, who bestow charity on these loafing frauds—charity which finds its way to the nearest 'pub.

The late King Edward's Birthday, my own Birthday, and Lord Mayor's Day, all fell on the same ninth of November not so very long ago, and there was something doing in London town that day, I do assure you. It was a rare celebration, which for several reasons will never occur again. One reason is the recent death of the King, another reason is a private matter between the police and myself, and the

other reasons do not count. The Lord Mayor celebrated in his ancient and time-honored custom, Eddie Guelph provided a conspicuously joyous programme at Buckingham Palace, and I started a few things myself in my own feeble way. We all celebrated. Incidentally, I got in the way of the Lord Mayor's Parade, or the Lord Mayor's Parade got in the way of my hansom, or possibly it was the horse's fault—at all events I had a very near and excellent view of the procession, with two big London "bobbies" holding my cab-horse's head, and another "bobby" standing on the hansom-step to prevent my cabby from driving over the Lord Mayor! I could plainly hear the cabby instructing the policemen in eloquent sincerity that the personage at that moment honoring the interior of the hansom with his august presence was worth "all the blooming, blawsted Lord Myor's in hall England," but the three "bobbies" were obdurate and the hansom stayed anchored right there until the entire parade had passed. It wasn't a long time at that—twenty minutes, perhaps. The Lord Mayor bowed to us from his gorgeous gold chariot with a sort of politely inquisitive expression as he observed my police escort. My Birthday was not perhaps attracting quite so much public attention as his, but in some respects it was a close second. I noticed for several days afterward that I was regarded with much interest, and even occasionally bowed to by members of the London police force, all of whom were entire strangers to me, but who were evidently aware of the date of my birth, although I had arrived three thousand miles away from London! But never mind—praise be for happy memories—let us return to our Southdowns.

Every year a new Lord Mayor goes into office, assisted by a grand pageant of soldiers, white-wigged Judges and city nabobs in gold-covered circus-coaches sprinkled all over with wigged and powdered footmen bearing wands, pre-

ceded and followed by historical floats, brass bands, and grotesque figures on horseback, the parade being viewed by the same kind of adoring crowd along the route that turns out in New York on the occasion of a St. Patrick's Day Parade—but with different feelings of adoration. It is a great day for London, and is always a public holiday. Sometimes it rains on Lord Mayor's Day, and wets more feathers, gold lace, big wigs, cocked hats and uniforms than you would see in a dozen parades in America, but London loves this opera bouffé display and the soldiers wear helmets and plumes that make them look about seven feet high. As already stated, it requires only a very short time for the procession to pass, yet we were told it was the greatest sight on earth excepting the Queen's Jubilee and King Edward's Coronation. I told the hotel people and others about the parades we have in New York wherein seventy-five thousand march at one time and how it requires all the afternoon for one of our parades to pass the reviewing-stand—and they regarded me as the biggest liar in all Europe! But I remember that the big Columbian Parade in New York was five hours passing my offices on Union Square, and there was another procession right behind it that occupied all the evening, and it took most of the paraders all night to get home! Nevertheless these people don't believe it and never will. They will forget all about the big Columbian Parade and remember only about my monumental lie. All the satisfaction or gratitude that I receive is, "Oh, I sye, old chap, that's one of your American tall stories, isn't it—haw, haw—most extraordinary!" I have become exceedingly wearied sometimes in my educational missionary labors among this perverse and heathen generation. What they don't know would sink the whole island, and I often wonder how they keep it afloat, anyhow!

There is a little spot in London, enclosed by iron railings and situated close beside one of the principal entrances to Hyde Park, that to me is one of the most pathetic and touching places on all this broad, green earth. It is known as the "Dogs' Cemetery," and here repose all that remain of two or three hundred faithful and loving companions of mankind, each tiny grave enclosed by an iron border and bearing a small marble slab, or monument, with the name of the dog cut thereon and frequently also some touching inscription. The loyalty of the canine heart is proverbial—nothing can destroy it, not even cruelty, and a dog will not only love but even defend an unworthy master. I doubt if within any of our great cemeteries which are filled with human remains, there lies buried one-tenth part of all the unquestioning love and loyal devotion represented in that little plot of ground in Hyde Park. Witness some of the testimony copied verbatim from little marble tombstones erected here in loving memory:

"Rex," for nine years the devoted companion of Lady Bancroft.  
"Not one of these is forgotten before God." (Luke xii, 6.)

My Own "Pepper." Patient and loving to the end.

In loving memory of "Toby." "He was my friend, faithful and true to me."

Here lie two faithful creatures, "Snap" and "Peter." "We are only sleeping, master."

A broken marble column five feet in height, the shaft entwined with marble lillies exquisitely carven, bears this inscription: "In loving memory of dear, gentle little Lily. Died January 6, 1900, aged 14 years."

My "Baba." Never forgotten, never replaced.

"Joe Follett." For over five years the dearest and constant companion of H. F. and M. F. "Surely he was not a dog, only he was not human."

To my dear "Mossoo." "There are men both great and wise who say that the dumb creatures we have cherished here below shall give us kindly greeting when we pass the golden gates."

"Pompey." In life the firmest friend; the first to welcome and defend.

A tribute of respect to "Bebe" and "Sam."

In loving memory of "Puck Lee." "In a false world, thy heart was brave and true."

To my own "Bob." For nine years the beloved and devoted companion of Mrs. M. Digan. "He talked with soft brown eyes more eloquent than speech."

To our gentle little Blenheim "Jane." "She brought the sunshine into our lives but she took it away with her."

Our good and faithful "Peter." "No truer friend than he."

In affectionate memory of darling "Jimmy," a loving, dear and faithful friend for fourteen years.

"Curly," a faithful friend. He pined for his lost mistress and died November 18, 1896.

In loving memory of "Chum," my faithful friend for ten years.

In faithful memory of "Judy." "A friend loveth at all times."

To our sweet little "Affschén." For seventeen years a loving and faithful companion.

In loving memory of darling "Jockie," a Scotch collie. The most intelligent, faithful, gentle, sweet-tempered and affectionate dog that ever lived, and adored by his devoted and sorrowing friend, Sir W. Seton Gordon, Bart.

The above are only specimens of the sincere and touching tributes to be found on nearly all these tiny marble tablets, erected here "in loving memory." Most of the inscriptions include dates of birth or death, which have here been omitted, and upon many of the tiny graves were wreaths of immortelles and flowers, which the attendant informed me were frequently renewed.

While some people may carp and sneer at such lavish display of money and affection upon a dumb animal, such people, fortunately for our race, are rare. The loving spirit which prompts these tiny memorials and offers such pathetic evidence to the endearing qualities of the loyal little hearts that lie unresponsive beneath them, needs no apology. Thousands of humankind lie buried under monuments far

more imposing, yet deserve far less remembrance than these little friends of man. How many men or women could stand the test of that touching line above, "In a false world, thy heart was brave and true"? According to Scripture, both Sodom and Gomorrah would have been spared from Divine destruction had Lot been able to produce only ten good citizens. If it had been good dogs, there might have been a different story to tell, a reflection in which there is meat for an excellent sermon.

There are certain localities in London, including the prominent hotels and sundry places of amusement, where you are pretty safe to find visiting Americans at all hours of the day, sight-seeing or swapping experiences. It is possible in these popular rendezvous, more or less hallowed by roaming citizens of the Great Republic, to acquire considerable information, not only as to how Europe appears when viewed through the eyes of other people, but concerning various ways and means of traveling. My idea of the distance from New York to Liverpool was considerably disturbed, for instance, by hearing at the Savoy Hotel a disgusted new arrival who had made a somewhat tumultuous passage, remark, "These steamship fellows call it 2,800 miles from New York to Liverpool, do they? Wal, that's measuring on a flat mill-pond. When your ship has to climb up and down all them waves, it measures about three times as fur!"

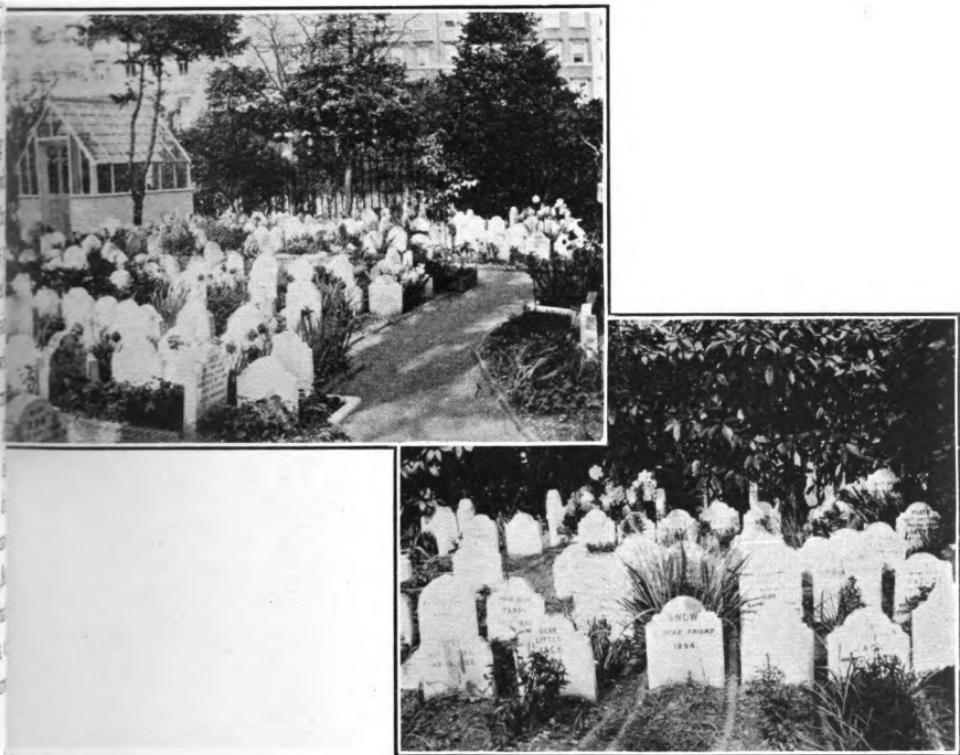
In this connection, the following letter, received at Queenstown by a lady passenger for New York, may point a moral:

*Lunnon Town,  
After your departure.*

"*Beloved Star,*

*Thou art so near, and yet!"*

This note is sent in care of the Purser of your ship, who will hand it to you and look at your tongue. Cheer up, you will soon be



"Dogs' Cemetery," Hyde Park



dead. Perhaps a few popular songs would make you feel different. Listen to Melba on the gramophone, "the 'Star Spangled Banner,' ladies and gentlemen, as sung on the good ship *Cesic*, all down but the Captain!"

"Oh, say, did you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly you ate at the twilight's last gleaming?"

Don't deny it. "The Lord loveth a cheerful liar," but you are not cheerful this morning, and I know it. The breakfast rolls and the ship rolls too, and when even sailors are heaving the lead and passengers calling from their berths for "New Yo-o-o-r-r-r-k," it is no time for prevarication. The choir will sing "Dixie:"

"I wish I was with Hillsie, hooray, hooray,  
On top a tram,  
Don't care a cent,  
Away back there with Hillsie,  
Hooray, Hooray,  
Away back there with— (Hurry up, steward—OH, my!)"

There's more of that coming—I mean the song. The rest follows naturally. One of the passengers on the *Deutschland*, not feeling well enough for a full dinner, ate only a plum and afterward a pear. "And what gets me, old man," said he, with earnest eyes, "is that the plum came up first! Now how the mischief did that plum get by the pear?" But things like these and Flying Dutchmen are mysteries of the deep blue sea. How about this little National Hymn—you know everything rises when this is sung:

"OH, my good gracious me!  
Is there no remedee  
For this sort of thing?  
Please throw me overboard!  
OH, my! And OH, Good Lord!  
Why did I come aboard?  
God save the—(BING! There goes my bouillon-cup!)"

While you are climbing big waves and sliding down the other side, I shall be resting for a week in Amster(you say it), inspecting Dutch windmills, dog teams, balloon trousers and wooden shoes—sitting in the shade of a cold stein and chewing the rag of desolation, thinking, love, of you, and my happy little home so far away, far away. My heart has gone sailing with you, and "where the heart is, the lungs are near by," though thank God in this case the stomach remains on dry land. The Holland atmosphere, unlike that of Lon-

don, is very clear, resembling the native schnapps. There are no Newfoundland fogs or long foam-capped ocean surges in these little canals for big ships to rise upon and then sink lurching downward with that awful gone-ness and tired feeling, you know—Whoa, there! Hi, stewardess!

Well, as I was saying when you interrupted, this clearness of atmosphere is very different from that around your pretty little cot in Pittsburgh, with its charming and picturesque draping of soot and other words to that effect, and the Dutch people presumably have pink lungs. The wool of Dutch sheep is very white, in delicate and harmonious accord with the color-scheme of old Dutch house interiors, lungs and all probably, all of which couldn't happen in Pittsburgh at all. In the beautiful and touching language of the Philadelphia poet, "Mary had a little lamb, with mint sauce on the side"—no, that's another story and it wasn't on board ship, either, or the lamb would have been on the same side as the sauce, or more likely over it.

"Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow,  
She took it out to Pittsburgh—  
And now just look at the dam thing!"

Remember me to the Captain and the Purser, neither of whom as yet enjoys the felicity of my acquaintance and are therefore probably not worried about their ultimate salvation, as is the case with some others with whom I have crossed. I am sending the Purser a line, enclosing this for you and thereby quite naturally paving the way to his eternal gratitude.

Oh, I sye, look out on the ocean! Is that a load of hay on the horizon? What a lot of water! There was an old lady who had lived all her life in Kansas, a life of hard work and economy, and she had never seen the Streets of Cairo or the ocean either. She came East finally, and saw the Atlantic stretching its boundless way across to the Old World. She gazed a long time and then they asked her what she thought of it. She drew a long breath and said, "Well, for once in my life, I'm glad to see something that there's enough of!"

The congregation will please rise and unite in singing Hymn Number Steen, Page bottle of wine, room 31, entitled "Rolling Home."

"Oh, look on high whate'er betide,  
Try and forget your poor inside;

Cast all your trouble on the sea,  
And think of me, Oh, think of me."

(Watts revised version.)

The letter closed at that point and I have frequently pondered over its probably fatal effect upon the recipient and have pictured in my mind that affecting burial at sea, when her canvas-enshrouded form slid with a dull thud into the receptive arms of old Neptune in the rolling waste of green. But maybe they just boxed her up and shipped her to Pittsburgh. I never got any reply to the letter and so I don't feel interested any more.

Speaking of two such radically different subjects as hymns and Pittsburgh, I shall never again hear that good old anthem, "The Lord Is My Shepherd," without recalling the English Christmas and certain ancient and honorable customs connected with that festive season of goose, plum pudding, Christmas card sending, and likewise that exasperating accompaniment known as "the waits." These are small bands of street musicians who come around in the night after everyone has got comfortably asleep, and then play church hymns! In the good old days that followed the religious hammering administered to England by the late Oliver Cromwell, when the population took its hymns along with its meals and neglected no opportunity for religious services between, this sort of thing might have been popular, but times have changed, and the "waits" are now little more than an advance-guard of the dreaded German invasion, being composed of "little Cherman bands" that visit England annually to wake up the innocent and slumbering populace and turn their thoughts to God. It wakes them up, all right, and the subsequent profanity eloquently attests the attainment of the object. On the occasion I refer to, the fog was clearing away and when I returned home from the Gaiety Theatre just before midnight, the moor

was taking its fortnightly look at London and "little stars were twinkling bright, twinkling on you and me," or rather on you and myself, as the poet should have said. I went to sleep, murmuring, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder who you are and what your real name is," and was peacefully dreaming of New York and soft-shell crabs and other things that English people never heard of and consequently never dream of, when suddenly I woke up under the impression that my bed had been struck by lightning. Then I saw that it was not as bad as that, and that the disturbance, whatever it was, came from the street. It was music—very different from ordinary, every-day music—low, strangely sweet and tremulous—played by a shivering little quartette standing under the street-lamp—"The Lord Is My Shepherd." I realized that I was in the presence of one of England's great institutions, and peered out through the cold, darkness and soft-coal smoke to further investigate. I had never seen any "waits" before and was very much interested. I may say however, that before the week was out I had lost considerable of this interest and was taking my serenades in bed, with a pillow in each ear.

Four musicians stood out there in the cold, chilled to the trombone. The music sounded far away, weird and eerie like a midnight mass, or softly-breathing dirge. Suddenly it ceased. There was a brief silence, then they began to play another hymn, familiar yet unfamiliar, indescribably sweet and faint, like the Antwerp tinkling chimes. There was also a far-off echoing bugle effect, similar to "Taps" at a military funeral and leaving much the same sweet touch of sadness in the mind. Another verse, then silence again, silence that remained unbroken. How the musicians departed or where they went, I know not. They vanished like the shadows they were—folded themselves like the Arabs, probably, and silently slid into space. I looked out of the

window, between two mighty yawns, but the street was quiet and deserted. Then I looked at the time, 2.30 A. M., went back to bed, and fell asleep wondering why and what.

At breakfast, between the wrathful denunciation of a sleepy barbarian whose rest had also been somewhat fractured, I learned that it is an old English custom which precedes Christmas, along with that other pleasing eccentricity called "Christmas Carols." The two in combination are quite sufficient to keep an Englishman and his household well stirred up after sunset. The difference between the "Waits" and the "Carols" is simply that the former wake you up at night and play the hymns to you, while the latter (usually children) stand on your front porch during the evening and *sing* them to you, until you either buy them off with some pennies or shoo them away with a brick. As a rule, these "Carols" are youthful brigands who are out for a general "hold-up," and unless given a cash ransom or a pail of cold water, they will camp on your porch and squall "When Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night" till daybreak! Neither shepherds, flocks, or "Carols" being desirable on one's front porch all night, it is always best to settle the matter one way or the other in the beginning. Being an old ancestral custom, and both old customs and old ancestors being as sacred to an Englishman as they are to a Chinaman, it has never been interferred with, or changed, or improved upon—in which respect it resembles the English shirt, which is another story. However, I thought it a very pleasing custom (on the first occasion, I mean), and far superior to either tom-cats or night-owls. It is an interesting fact that the musicians do not collect contributions until the day after Christmas, which is evidence of rare intelligence and has no doubt been proved by past experience to be the safest way.

Another beautiful Christmas custom which is slowly but surely sapping the mental foundations of British householders, paying guests, office tenants, and other probable possessors of cash, is the "Christmas box." The custom of giving a Christmas present, or "tip" to servants and employes, is not uncommon in other countries and is not objectionable, but in England *everybody* expects a present—the grocer, butcher, paper-boy, postman, policeman, charwoman, elevator-boy, milkman—everyone wants his "Christmas box," and if not forthcoming promptly or delayed by unexpected circumstances, they simply call and *ask* you for it, which is practically only a mild form of highway robbery. Many a Briton have I heard bemoan and revile this undue tax on his finances, but few there are so bravely rash as to refuse, thereby incurring a year of reproachful looks and petty annoyances from those aggrieved. Nor do those clever and far-seeing people who quit England during the Christmas holidays, hoping thereby to escape this and other kindred evils, wholly succeed in that laudable endeavor. The "Waits" and "Carols" will have vanished, it is true, but a procession of hardy "Christmas box" fiends, with memories which are simply devilish and a persevering persistence that would qualify them as human adhesive plasters, will ring the door-bell or rattle the knocker at all hours of the day and evening, to wish a belated "Merry Christmas" and politely call attention to the little oversight.

The Christmas pudding is the *piece de resistance* of the day, and the effect of its after-dinner introduction, when the dining-room is darkened and a big butler brings in the pudding, all alive with the dancing blue flames of poured-on brandy (the pudding, not the butler) is "simply ripping," as the English vernacular has it. When the pudding is served, the family and guests unite in an exciting search, each to his own portion, for the ring, sixpence, "thrup-

pence," and sundry other objects which have been baked inside it and are supposed to possess mystic properties and bring luck or otherwise to the finders. The guest who bites on the ring, for instance, while comfortably masticating his plum-cud, will infallibly be married before another Christmas, and the fact that he or she may be already married cuts no ice whatever. The "thruppence" is supposed to bring wealth and good luck. We accounted for all the articles in our pudding, I believe, except the "thruppenny bit." I had swallowed that in a sudden absentmindedness caused by nearly biting it in half under the mistaken impression that it was a plum, but I said nothing about it, although a general demand was made for its production by whoever had it, and its absence was regarded as very mysterious. There was nothing mysterious about it—I had it safe, but as I couldn't produce it for inspection, I let it go at that. It didn't bring me luck, or anything else, beyond a hideous uncertainty and the feeling that I was carrying money about very carelessly among strangers.

I swallowed a big horse-fly once, while chasing a 'bus with my mouth wide open for breath, and all that blessed day I was certain I could hear that fly faintly buzzing, and feel it poking around under my waistcoat looking for an exit. Of course that was all imagination, for a fly does not continue disturbing the peace after disturbing gastric juice, still I had that tired feeling all right and disposed of numerous and varied liquids in an endeavor to drown or poison the fly, which was apparently whirling about like an electric fan just southeast of my watch-pocket. It is a remarkable fact, how at exactly such inopportune moments you remember similar instances of that kind of thing or something worse, that happened to somebody else, and how he strangled, or exploded, or did something equally frightful before he died, or just afterward, and it makes you feel

foolish. I had a vivid recollection of a man who drank some water in Texas, of all places, and discovered afterwards that a Mexican horned toad had taken apartments in his interior. Then there was the little girl in Brooklyn who swallowed a tadpole, which developed into a green frog that trilled nightly in its dark, damp prison, and all the other children used to sit in a hushed circle around this infant phenomenon and listen to the mocking-bird inside. And I thought of the Jersey farmer who hired a tramp to saw some wood for a dollar, paid him a two-dollar bill by mistake, demanded it back, and the tramp rolled the bill up and swallowed it. The hired man held the tramp while the farmer gave him an emetic, and the tramp coughed up \$1.85 in silver! I thought of all these things and I thought of the fly, and hoped it wouldn't crawl into my appendix and have to be sent for with a hurry-wagon, and altogether it was a rather crowded afternoon, as I remember it. The moral is to keep your mouth shut, which is a good general rule, flies or no flies.

England, although a monarchy, allows to her subjects and indeed to all within her realm, a freedom of speech and action which is the more surprising since it favors also the ever-present horde of Socialists and "riff-raff" of every kind that is poured into the island from every Continental sewer of vile and wretched humanity. If you object to royalty or the Government, if you disapprove of law and order or the English Church, if you have ideas of your own that conflict ever so directly with prevailing conditions and customs, even if you happen to be a suffragette—you are at perfect liberty to go to Hyde Park, get on a barrel, gather a crowd, and preach anything you like from atheism to treason, so long as you do not injure the grass! Nobody will complain, the police pay no attention—England is a land of liberty and free speech. Consequently it follows as

a natural corollary, that what is permitted to an individual is also permissible for two, three or a larger number of individuals, and so we come to observe what are called "hunger marches," and processions of England's great army of the "unemployed." I have never seen a more striking object lesson than one of these processions in the streets of London—the permitted wandering of the huge tiger-beast representing Socialism and oppressed poverty, through the city's most fashionable and wealthy section. Imagine a parade of the "unemployed," including in its ragged ranks over fifty thousand hungry and often desperate marchers, both men and women, carrying red flags and banners bearing such inflammatory inscriptions as "Down With Capital," "Socialism Forever," "The Coming Revolution," "We Are the Workers Whose Blood Supports Capital," "Death To the Upper Class," "We Don't Ask Bread; We Want Work," "Free Distribution of Wealth," and followed by eighty great barges full of children waving small red flags and singing Socialist songs! Mounted and foot police guarded on either side along the entire length of this mighty menace of labor to capital, only ten feet apart and proceeding step by step with the marchers, and all along the route other police were stationed to preserve order and guard against an outbreak. Muttered growlings came from the ranks, nevertheless, curses and jeers were openly flung at spectators in windows, and when a carriage passed with liveried coachman and footman an ugly yell of execration rang from the paraders all along the line. This procession was passing through Oxford Street, the principal thoroughfare of the "swell" West End, on its way to Hyde Park, where a mass meeting was held later and labor agitators preached the coming revolution, one advocating openly the immediate sacking of London amid cheers and howls of approval—unchecked and unrebuted!

In all of this the Government sees no menace. Instead of being repressed or confined, the tiger is permitted to prowl openly and unchallenged, to snarl his hate and bare his yellow teeth at what he hopes some day to tear and rend apart. Did the French Revolution leave no impression on England? Here apparently is the selfsame tiger, unleashed even and moving in plain view instead of secretly, its jaws dripping with anticipation, and saffron eyes roving impatiently over the goodly preserves of the rich and unheeding. It was both an object lesson and food for thought, as I sat there on top of the halted 'bus, and watched the slow-moving labor-beast passing by and listened to its occasional roars of rage and ferocious exultation at the well-dressed spectators, and elegant West End shop-windows full of riches, that were not for him—yet!

The English weather (to return to our original subject) is directly responsible for my tolerably intimate relations with the royal family. It was raining that day, and had also rained the day before and the day before that, and in the general *ennui* and absence of anything to do or anywhere to go, and thinking perhaps that the Prince of Wales (now King of England) might be equally as bored as myself, I dropped him a line of congratulation on his birthday, incidentally referring to the present peaceful and undisturbed relations between the United States and England, and also informing him that I was quite well and trusted that these few lines would find him enjoying the same great blessing, or words to that effect. Having thus broken the spell of my own *ennui* and given the Prince something to occupy his time later on, I followed it up by a letter to the Lord Mayor, suggesting his official residence, the Mansion House, as an ideal headquarters for the London branch of the Salvation Army, and pointing out the great honor and glory accruing to himself if he adopted and made public my suggestion as

his own happy thought and put the official red-tape wheel in motion for unwinding such a corking good proposition. I regret to say that the Lord Mayor never replied to my letter or took any notice of it at all beyond putting an extra policeman on duty opposite the house where I lived. From what I have since learned, I think the proposal may have hit him a little too suddenly perhaps, and therefore not have proved an entirely agreeable subject. In these official matters I find it is desirable when you wish to bring something to the notice of any high authority, as they call it, to first convey to them something to the effect that there might be something to that effect prepared for presentation before them later on, and then after waiting awhile for that ante-preliminary announcement to soak in, to thereupon follow it up with a second, or preliminary announcement, to the effect that something to the effect referred to in the previous communication that I had had the honor of submitting, had since been prepared and would be submitted for consideration on receipt of an intimation as to when it would be convenient to receive said something to that effect, etc., etc., etc. I also learned that a proper reply to such a communication from myself would be returned at the proper time, and then when the planets were in the proper ascension and the hour propitious for presenting the subject in due form and under proper auspices, I could get in line and by daily attendance and closely conforming to rules, formulæ, and precedents governing the case, might possibly hear something drop. I was much impressed by this official system, and when I write the Lord Mayor again, I shall wire him a week ahead and then write him to watch out for a letter I'm going to send him later, explaining in the letter about the telegram and the P. S. will read, "Say, what about that Salvation Army idea of ours?" Then he'll know what is coming and can write a coherent and properly

appreciative reply. I am really rather sorry now that I sprung it so abruptly. It is a shocking thing to an Englishman to have the cart backed up for delivery before he sees the horse coming.

But the Prince of Wales was different, considerably different. He got my letter and recognized the high sign at once. A couple of days after I wrote him, a royal equipage, splashed all over with crimson velvet, gold paint, powdered footmen, and red-coated postillions on the four horses, drew up before our residence and a six-foot gold-laced Equerry played rat-a-tat on the door knocker, while all the white-wigged and powdered attendants removed their crimson three-cornered hats and stood at attention! Or rather, to be more exact, perhaps I should say that it was the postman who knocked—but never mind, that is a little detail. What are a few coaches, anyhow? The main point is that I received the following letter, and the general impression in the neighborhood seemed to be that the Prince and I were doing London together and that New York was my personal property! The royal reply by deputy read as follows, and is a personal one instead of the usual cut and dried form of such acknowledgments:

"Dear Old Chap: I—"

No, I am wrong. This is the one:

*"Lady Eva Dagdale presents her compliments to Mr. George Wallingford Hills and his daughter, and is desired by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to write and thank them both for the letter of congratulation on his birthday and for all their good wishes, and to say how much the Prince appreciated their kind thought."*

George, then Prince of Wales, is now George, King of England, following in the line of succession his illustrious father, King Edward the Seventh. Some day when there is nothing doing and time hangs as heavy on my hands as

it did that day in London, I shall probably write him again. Idle formality and red tape such as surrounds and tangles up the Lord Mayor's private correspondence, is entirely dispensed with between royalty and myself. We know better.

I am reminded by this dissertation on Royalty that with the exception of what territory is possessed by the Crown, the Municipality, and the great Railway Companies, the land upon which the great city of London stands is almost all *owned by ten men*. Not being one of these ten myself, I am correspondingly astonished, and naturally regard such a thing as monstrous. No wonder English Radicals demand an accounting from these tremendously rich Ducal landlords. "Ground rent" is the secret of this wealth. These enormous areas of land, presented in the olden days by kings to royal favorites, have since been built upon under "ground rent" leases providing that at the expiration of the fifty or hundred-year term, the ownership of all buildings erected upon this leased land by tenants shall revert to the owner of the land! Consequently many of the finest business structures of London belong to the Ducal descendants of the original land-owners, and every year hundreds of other buildings of every description—houses, shops, hotels and others, fall into the financial laps of these already gorged and swollen Ducal capitalists, by expiration of lease and under reversion conditions. In addition to these princely metropolitan holdings are the great parks and private domains situated in the Midlands afar from London, known as "The Dukeries" and occupied as Ducal country-seats, and the magnificent residences and broad acres of the Duke of Norfolk and Duke of Richmond, located in the South of England. The entire list of such possessions would fill a small volume.

Referring to London, the Duke of Westminster, as owner of the largest part and parcel of the land, heads the list.

His property was formerly known as the Grosvenor estate and embraces vast tracts in the west and southwest portions of the city.

The second on the list, Lord Cadogan, holds the property brought to his family by General Cadogan, who was a notable member of the Horse Guards in the time of Queen Anne.

Viscount Portman owns land once known as the farm of the Knights of Jerusalem and received by Chief Justice Portman as a gift from Queen Mary in 1532. Much of this is situated in the West Central district. Lying east of the Portman estate is the Portland property, now owned by a young man who inherited it from the daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland.

The Great Central Railway Station stands on land owned by the Eyre family. Not far from this property are the lands known as Hampstead, contiguous to Camden Town and Kentish Town, the property of Lord Southampton. Lord Southampton also owns Tottenham Manor, which is crossed by the Euston Road.

The Duke of Bedford owns city property even more valuable. It embraces St. Pancras to the north of Euston Station, the lands occupied by the British Museum, Russell Square and Covent Garden. This property was given to a Duke of Bedford in 1671 by Charles the Second, and with it were given all the rights of Covent Garden Market, which produces an enormous income.

To the east of the property of the Duke of Bedford lie the lands of Lord Northampton, comprising the parishes of St. James, Clerkenwell and St. Marys; to the west, the lands of Llangattock, which lie south of the Thames, comprising Southwark, Camberwell and Newington.

All these lands are leased for a term of ninety-nine years and then revert to the heirs of the original owner with all

the buildings on them. It is impossible to obtain any idea of their enormous value. And the moral? Well, every city in England has its army of hungry men, with over twice as many equally hungry wives and children behind them! The wonder is that the poorer class has not long ago arisen in its wrath and might against the nobility, even as the French rose in the terrible days of the guillotine and Robespierre.

Conditions such as these are sooner or later their own death-warrant. On one hand, the indifference of teeming and insolent wealth—on the other, the helpless and hungry poor with shining eyes and clenched hands. The caviar imported specially from Russia as a table delicacy for the wealthy class costs something like five shillings, or \$1.25 a spoonful. A woman dies of starvation at the other end of London, eating next to nothing herself in order that her little ones might have what poor scraps of food there were. Thousands of men, women and children in England get up hungry in the morning, are hungry all day, and go to bed hungry at night. The price of a single spoonful of caviar would save one of them from hunger for a week. Think of the cynical heartlessness which lavishes enormous sums upon palate-pleasure and stomach-satisfaction at a time when so much misery and hunger exists among the poor! What must her Colonial Premiers, occasionally visiting London, think of a "mother country" which in the same year sends to Germany three thousand of its skilled workers from dockyards, who can find no work at home, refuses her Colonies a preferential tariff and unloads upon them thousands of her hungry unemployed, and lavishes upon a Coronation display millions of money that would be far better spent in relieving from distress the army of helpless, suffering, and wretched Englishmen unable to get work or support their hungry families. America, of her bountiful

charity, has sent in times past many shiploads of grain and provisions to starving Ireland in stress and famine, and through her Irish-Americans is to-day sending enormous amounts of gold annually to the "old folks" and others left behind. But with such conditions as now exist in England between the wealthy and poorer classes, the millennium is indeed far off.

American money is not only a present and future blessing to Ireland, but possesses also an absorbing fascination to England's bluest and proudest patricians. Many a noble English house tottering to its fall has had its foundations underpinned and its walls buttressed by a pile of American dollars. Witness a few of the peers of England who within recent years have married American heiresses—likewise the estimated dowries of the brides:

Duke of Marlborough, married Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt..	\$10,000,000
Eighth Duke of Marlborough (late), married Mrs. Lillian Hammersley of New York .....	3,000,000
Duke of Roxburghe, married Miss May Goelet of New York .....	10,000,000
Duke of Manchester, married Miss Zimmerman.....	2,000,000
Eighth Duke of Manchester (late), married Miss Consuelo Yznaga .....	1,000,000
Earl of Craven, married Miss Bradley Martin of New York .....	1,000,000
Earl of Strafford (late), married Mrs. Cora Colgate.....	1,000,000
Earl of Dosoughmore, married Miss Grace of New York..	500,000
Lord Curzon, married Miss Mary Leiter of Chicago.....	5,000,000
Earl of Yarmouth, married Miss Alice Thaw of Pittsburgh .....	1,000,000
Earl of Suffolk, married Miss Daisy Leiter of Chicago..	Not stated.
Fifth Marquis of Anglesey (late), married Miss King of Georgia .....	"
Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, married Miss Davies of New York .....	"
Earl of Essex, married Miss Adela Grant of New York..	"



Introduction of Two Distinguished  
Foreigners



Earl of Oxford, married Miss Louise Corbin of New York .....	Not stated.
Lord Malcolm of Poltalloch (late), married Mrs. Gardner Lister .....	"
Lord Randolph Churchill, married Miss Nellie Jerome of New York .....	"

Few international marriages have resulted happily to American brides, either in England or on the Continent. The domestic trials of the Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt, resulted in the absolute refusal by the Duchess to resume her position at the head of the Blenheim household after disclosure of the Duke's real character.

Lady Churchill, daughter of the late Leonard Jerome, of New York, after divorcing Lord Randolph Churchill, married George Cornwallis-West, of the famous Cornwallis-West family of England, and subsequently again sought release from marital ties.

The Countess of Yarmouth, after enduring the financial extravagance and conjugal indifference of her titled husband for three years, divorced him and has since been happily married to an American gentleman.

These are only examples of scores of cases where American women possessing wealth, beauty and culture, have wedded aristocratic foreigners only to find happiness impossible. During the past fifty-five years nearly four hundred and fifty American girls have married titled Europeans and it is estimated by those in close touch with such things abroad that one hundred and sixty of these girls brought to their husbands dowries aggregating \$161,000,-000 in cold American cash. In the great majority of these marriages this cash has been squandered in the most extravagant manner by the husband, who has proved anything but thoughtful or dutiful. This realization of a grave mis-

take has resulted in many separations and suits for divorce against these exponents of an effete and fortune-hunting nobility.

The curse of wedded unhappiness that seems to pursue marriages of American girls to titled foreigners is also noticeable in similar Continental alliances. The Gould-Castellane match was one of the most prominent international-marriage mistakes. The Count was an impoverished French nobleman, upon whom, in accordance with French custom, a settlement was made, amounting to about \$17,000,000. For several years thereafter, Parisians enjoyed the continuous performance of Count Boni as a spender of American dollars. His enormous extravagances finally resulted in a divorce obtained by his wife, who however, undiscouraged by her first matrimonial venture, soon afterward married Prince de Sagan, an uncle of Count Boni de Castellane.

Another tragic international *mesalliance* was the marriage of Helen Morton, a very wealthy American girl, daughter of the Vice-President, Levi P. Morton, to the Duc de Valençay, a member of the famous Talleyrand family. The constant appeals made by the Duc to Mr. Morton for money, in addition to his "settlement," resulted in an advance to him of \$500,000, mostly to discharge mortgages on the Talleyrand estates. His wife left him after learning that he was lavishing this money on other women.

Another instance is that of Miss Bessie B. Curtis, of Boston, who married the eccentric Marquis de Perigord. When the Marquis ceased, for excellent reasons, to receive an enormous allowance, he neglected her for other women. A divorce resulted, after which the Marquis married Mrs. Richard Stevens, of New York, who later, like the first wife, found his eccentricities so unbearable that she also secured a divorce.

Miss Eva Bryant Mackay, step-daughter of John W. Mackay, of New York, married Prince Ferdinand, of Colonna. Her wedding presents were worth close to a million dollars, and her father settled \$2,500,000 on the prince. In after years there was a tear shed by the bride for every dollar. She found her husband was no different from other noblemen who marry American girls for their money, and freedom finally granted by the divorce court was the end of this brilliant alliance.

The story of Miss Edith Collins, of New York, heiress to \$7,000,000, who married Count Czaykowski, is another example. After squandering a large portion of this fortune, the Count's brutal treatment of his wife resulted in the legal separation that eventually brought her relief.

Perhaps the most deceived woman who ever married a foreign nobleman and got rid of him as quickly as she could, was Miss Hannah Heason, of Grand Rapids, Mich. She married Count Leopold de Melville, and after a few months her titled husband eloped with another woman. Then came disclosures of two other marriages, and upon further investigation it was discovered that the Count had a number of other wives scattered here and there over the country.

The list of marriages where the American brides found their husband's title no recompense for conjugal unhappiness, might be continued indefinitely. And likewise the purchase of foreign titles by wealthy American girls will doubtless continue indefinitely, to the enrichment of worthless, impoverished noblemen and the sad experience of deluded brides.

And what, asks an eminent observer of things English, is this nobility, this "British aristocracy," that sells its titles to American pork-packers, "forty-niners," and cattle kings, and whose degenerate blood is revitalized and debts paid

through these American alliances? It is not an aristocracy of birth or ancestry like the French, for its sources lack both purity and quality of blood lineage. William the Conqueror himself was illegitimate, and his mother the daughter of an humble tanner of Falaise. Even the mother of the great Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of a plain English gentleman. Here too is another instance, says Collier. The master of a Westminster pot-house married his pot-girl, who becoming a widow married a lawyer named Hyde. Hyde afterward became Lord Chancellor, and the daughter married the Duke of York and became the mother of Mary and Anne Stewart, both afterward queens of England. It is evident, therefore, that if queens of England may have a barmaid for grandmother, lesser mortals need not concern themselves too much on the subject of ancestry.

William the Conqueror divided England among the commanders of his army, conferring some twenty earldoms, not one of which exists to-day. Nor, according to the record, do any honors remain of those conferred by Henry I, Henry II, Richard I, or John. All the dukedoms created from Edward III to Charles II, except Norfolk, Somerset and Cornwall (the title held by the Prince of Wales) have perished. Of all the earldoms conferred by the Normans, Plantagenets and Tudors, only eleven remain, six of which are merged in other honors. The House of Lords to-day does not number among its members a single descendant of any of the barons who were chosen to enforce Magna Charta, or any descendant of the peers who fought at Agincourt. There is only one family in all the realm, Wrottesleys, which can boast of a male descent from the date of the institution of the Garter, 1349.

The present House of Lords is a conspicuously democratic body. Seventy peers were ennobled on account of distinction in the practice of law. The Dukes of Leeds trace

back to a cloth worker, the Earls of Radnor to a Turkey merchant, the Earls of Craven to a tailor. The families of Dartmouth, Duncie, Pomfret, Tankerville, Dormer, Romney, Dudley, Fitzwilliam, Cowper, Leigh, Darnley, Hill and Normanby all sprang from London shops and counting-houses, and that not so very long ago. Ashburton, Carington, Belper, Overstone, Mount Stephen, Hindlip, Burton, Battersea, Glenesk, Aldenham, Cheylesmore, Lister, Avebury, Burnham, Bidulph, Northcliffe, Numburnholme, Winterstoke, Rothschild, Brassey, Revelstoke, Strathcona, and others too many to mention, have taken their places among the peers by virtue of long purses gained in trade.

"Wealth, however got, in England makes  
Lords of mechanics, gentlemen of rakes.  
Antiquity and birth are needless here,  
'Tis impudence and money makes the peer.  
Great families of yesterday we show,  
And Lords whose parents were the Lord knows who."

It is a stated fact that the adult males in a Town Meeting in Hingham, Massachusetts, for example, could trace back to male ancestors who attended that same Town Meeting a hundred years before, in greater numbers, in proportion to their total number, than could the members of the House of Lords to ancestors who had sat in that same chamber.

And forasmuch as the Association of High German Nobility decided a while ago that an American girl can never be a duchess or a highness, even though she marries a duke, it appears high time that Americans informed themselves as to just how they stand socially in the estimation of some Europeans. Roughly speaking, the order of precedence is like this:

*The Upper Upper Classes*, including kings, kaisers and members of the Krupp and Rothschild families.

*Upper Upper Classes*—(No trade.)

*Middle Upper Classes*—(Birth-marks traded for pot-tage).

*Lower Upper Classes*—(Scan checks closely).

*Lowest Upper Classes*—(Castles begin to turn into breweries here).

*The Upwards Classes*, including those between the lowest upper classes and the

*Welter Classes*, which include the Upper Middle, Middle Middle and Lower Middle Classes. Next come the

*Upper Lower Classes*—(No birth-marks).

*Middle Lower Classes*—(Trade).

*Lower Lower Classes*—(No pottage).

*Criminal Classes*, exclusive of those who have inherited criminality along with their titles.

*Insane and Idiot Classes*, exclusive of those so afflicted who can prove that they belong nearer the head of the procession.

*Americans.*

NOTE.—Americans reading this list begin at the end and read backwards.

However, this is digressing from English weather. Let us get back to the subject. There is a crying need in John Bull's island for a tourist hand-book entitled "English into American," for the purpose of translating some of the strange words and sayings of the island vernacular into what the English call our "Yankee dialect." I have a small book entitled "French into English and English into French." It contains imaginary conversations with hotel proprietors, railway officials, the washwoman, café waiters, cabmen and other natives whom one is likely to meet, but it does not include policemen, the fire department, what to say when run over by a motor car, how to register a letter or enquire the way back to the hotel, where to get a bondsman over night, and a lot of other important things that

might occur when least expected. The book is also singularly incomplete as to an index, for when you have read the necessary question to the waiter, the cabby, or whoever the victim may be, the answer you get is never like the one in the book, but usually contains half a mile of French words delivered from a rapid-fire gun. Still the book is a treasure. I am fond of reading it. The interest of the plot is always sustained and never grows dull, in which respect it is far superior to a French dictionary. *Par example*, as the book says, we wish to learn something as to our small dog, who desires to go with us from Paris to Dieppe perhaps. We approach the French guard at the railway statiton and state the case. According to the book, the guard replies as follows:

"Monsieur, les chiens ne sont pas admis dans les voitures des voyageurs. Ils sont musselés et placés dans les caisses speciales." That is plain and to the point. It signifies that the dog is not permitted to ride in the passenger car, but is muzzled and put into a receptacle designed especially for him, and this information is conveyed to you with many a profound bow and regret. In America the reply would be, "NIT! Trun de pup in de baggage-car!"

Now observe the real thing, in contrast to the book. The dog having signified his desire to accompany us to Dieppe, is tucked comfortably under your arm out of sight, a dog-ticket purchased for him (price always one-half a third class fare) and you proceed to your railway compartment, where the guard pockets a franc and instantly becomes absolutely blind on his dog-side, and also deaf and dumb if desired. My daughter has carried her pet dog all over Europe in this way, and created an epidemic of official color blindness wherever we journeyed.

Observe now the mystic workings of such a book in England. Take for example, the "washlady." In France

a man's shirt is a *chemise*. That is to say "chemise" is the French word for a man's shirt. And *chemise* is also the French word for a garment that forms a not unimportant part of the feminine wardrobe. Consequently your laundry list may easily become confusing. But in England you may do even worse than that, and the virtuous indignation of a British matron who imagines herself "being made game of," even if she be only an humble washlady, is something to avoid at any cost. Wherefore it behooves one to behoove, and allow the landlady to make out his first laundry list. And certainly he will learn something to his advantage. In the Garden of Life, let us discriminate between peaches and lemons.

The English bed is a law unto itself. They are all alike, big double affairs with four posts and innumerable coverings and usually include a feather-bed. They are wide, comfortable abiding places, and while it requires some time to warm one of them up on a cold night before going to sleep, the discomfort is more than offset by the cosy nest in which you wake up next morning and doze comfortably while someone builds your grate-fire for you. Considering how English servants go about building a fire in an open grate, it is amazing how few house conflagrations there are in cities and towns. Such a thing as a "blower," that common article made of sheet-iron and propped up before a newly-lighted fire to create a draught until the coal is well alight, is practically unknown. The men-servants and maids know a trick worth two of that, and simply open out a newspaper and spread it perpendicularly before the fire, where the draught holds it tightly in place and the flames roar merrily behind. Suddenly a little flame will reach out, the paper catches fire, and pouf! the whole newspaper vanishes in a blazing whirl. This frequently results in a chimney filled with burning soot, from which belches forth



River Villa at Twickenham



South-Down Chops



a volume of thick, yellow smoke that smells like leather and sometimes nearly suffocates people in the street. A catastrophe of this kind amounts to nothing with English people, however—the chimney finally burns itself out, and unless the local “bobby” complains nobody else appears to care. The first time I saw a chimney on fire in London, I lost considerable valuable time waiting on the opposite side of the street to see the fire department arrive. From the amount of smoke it looked like a conflagration worth waiting for, and I wondered that the passersby took the matter so indifferently. I finally went over and rattled the brass knocker on the front door, and informed the rather indignant maid that the house was on fire. “Garn, it’s honly the chimney, you silly,” and she shut the door with a bang that was eloquent of her opinion. I waited round the neighborhood for quite a while, hoping to see the house well on fire and the servant come shrieking to a front window with her back hair singed, so that I might shout to her, “Why, it’s only the *chimney*, you silly!” But the smoke died away, and the chance for repartee also, and all that I got out of it was a vile burnt-leather taste that stayed in my mouth the rest of the day.

Nevertheless I could never get accustomed to seeing my newspaper go up the chimney like a chariot of fire, and what with my frequent lurid arguments with chambermaids and landladies, I never got any real satisfaction out of an English grate-fire. That was not the only reason, either. The English grate is about three feet square, but only holds one shovelful of coal, being filled in with bricks at each side by economical landladies who have the national dislike of beholding anyone else at all comfortable.

The English bed, however, is not only comfortable, but spacious. It is a very different thing from the Continental variety. You will seldom or never find a double-bed on the

Continent, more especially in Germany, where narrow single beds are the rule. The reasons for this comport well with the sober, prosaic and serious characteristics of the German people, for the reasons are based solidly on hygienic rules of health. In other words, it is more conducive to health to sleep alone than to sleep with another person—adult or child. Nothing is said in the hygienic rules about sleeping with a dog or a pet kitten, nor is there any reference to other lively things, upholstered with even more legs and teeth. In Italy, on the contrary, you may sleep from four to six in a bed, if you do not mind children, and will often find a goat in the party as well. But that is another story. The German bed will remind you of the English bed, because it is so different. In Germany, for instance, if the room is intended for two persons, there will be two single beds, made up exactly alike and pushed together side by side, and Mein Herr and his Frau are tucked therein as snug and comfortable as the traditional bug in a rug.

Now a single bed is all right in its place, but as I had frequent occasion to explain more or less violently to German landlords, there exist sundry people whom Heaven never designed for single beds and who therefore prefer a double one, even if only to be occupied by one person. I like plenty of room to sprawl and be comfortable. I do not like to be cramped into either a ship's berth, a coffin or a German single bed. The song descriptive of "A pretty lil' cot down in southern Tennessee," does not appeal to me, for I have no use for a cot, either. And so when I first beheld a German bed, surmounted by the inevitable square-shaped eider-down puff, I had my doubts. But I compromised by having another single bed moved up beside mine, creating a hurry-skurry among the chambermaids to piece out the bed-coverings so as to spread over both beds in a Christian manner and allow room for a little boy to stretch him-

self. There was a good deal of comment on my upsetting of the national custom, and even the landlord came up to view the new arrangement with pity and contempt. He said something from the German poets about "Two beds with but a single thought, two beds made up as one," and I also said something about the landlord, in the New York dialect, but as neither of us understood the other we bowed politely and let it go at that. I got the impression, however, as I heard him quoting from the "*Goetterdaemerung*" in the hallway outside, that he was disturbed about something.

Well, I went to bed. It was a cold, frosty night and the room was poorly heated. There were two of those down-puffs instead of one—boy's size and neither of them large enough to warm up a fried oyster. If you pulled one up under your chin, you froze everything below your knees, and if you covered up your feet you had to sit up and slap your arms all night. It was difficult enough to even follow one puff about—to manage two was a contract. I finally got under them and went to sleep. I woke up later and found both puffs on the floor and icicles on my knees. Then I whiled away some hours in alternately sleeping and chasing puffs around on the floor—and somewhere in the pale cold light of a winter's dawn I arose and wrapped my fur-lined overcoat around my frost-encrusted nightie and thereafter slept like the Polar bear in his hibernating den, warm, snug and comfortable. I was dreaming quietly of falling out of an aeroplane and landing with a dull thud on somebody's roof when I awoke again and found myself on the floor between the two beds, with bed-clothes and puffs piled upon me like an avalanche! The beds had simply separated, and I had slid down into space as gently and softly as a snow-flake falls upon the earth. I refer to that kind of a snow-flake that weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds avoirdupois.

dupois. I was not seriously damaged, however, and after due reflection, being quite comfortable in my fur coat and the enveloping puffs, and feeling sure that now at least the d—owny things couldn't fall off the bed any more, I curled up in my new nest and slept royally until Heinrich came in to build my fire in the tall German monument that does duty as a stove. I could hear Heinrich trotting around the two beds like a wild animal searching for prey, and as with many a grunt of "Ach Gott!" he gradually removed the debris and assisted me from between the beds, he fairly perspired with pent-up curiosity. I told Heinrich that I usually slept that way, and judging from the absorbed interest with which I was regarded by everyone from the landlord to the chambermaids, I have reason to think they all believed it.

Apropos of the weather again, there is another kind of fog that occasionally comes to visit London—a dreamy and misty effect which is called a "white fog," by contrast with the awful and "yellow" visitation. The white fog is like a thin smoke—you will notice it in the hotel corridors and public rooms and imagine that someone has a smoky wood-fire in an open grate. It is obstructive out of doors to only a limited extent, except on the river, where it rolls along in fleecy clouds that alternately obscure or reveal the shores and water-craft. In comparison with a yellow fog, a white one is of little consequence. But when the yellow fog comes you cannot see a man two feet away. At such times, men bearing torches or lanterns held out on poles, walk in the streets at noonday ahead of vehicles, and as a rule discover more obstacles with the end of the pole than with the lantern-light.

Bloomsbury and Bayswater are districts in London that are given up almost entirely to the boarding-house industry, and in these more or less exclusive localities reside a large

number of people, Americans and others, who for various reasons prefer a comparatively private and undisturbed life to the publicity and bustle of hotels. Many of the Londoners also prefer this manner of living to the trials and troubles attendant upon metropolitan housekeeping. The landlady, proprietress, or head of such an establishment, is of the same genus all over England, differing only in species—with the same predatory disposition and mannerisms, and the selfsame methods of conducting business that have existed ever since Mr. Pickwick boarded with the Widow Bardell. The majority of English landladies are widows, while most of the others support a male encumbrance in the shape of a husband, who is usually quite willing to be supported. In very many of these boarding-places you can live entirely by yourself, with meals served privately in your own sitting-room by a white-capped and aproned maid, who lays the table and brings everything to you in its proper order. This is a great improvement over the ordinary boarding-house dining-room where the boarders meet on a common level and there is little or no personal privacy or exclusiveness. But however localities, people, boarding-houses or manners of service may differ, the type and style of the genus landlady never alters and her peculiar laws are as arbitrarily grooved as ever were those of Medes or Persians.

On the exact morning of each recurring seventh day of the week, you will observe in exceedingly plain view on your breakfast plate or tucked bashfully under your serviette your weekly statement of "board and residence," which includes "fires, lights, boots and service." Shortly afterward you may notice a subdued tapping at the door and in response to your "Come in," the usually rubicund countenance of the landlady appears, with polite enquiries as to your enjoyment of breakfast, the rainy weather we're

having, and so on, during which you produce sundry gold of the realm, receiving in return her cordial expression of continued trustful affection, together with sundry bobs, tanners, pennies and fardens in change. It is remarkable to what heights of cordiality a landlady can soar when the financial sunshine radiates its mellow warmth at so much per, and also how sad and marked the difference if your "ship has not come in," and your American drafts, checks or other evidences of wealth are unfortunately delayed.

The genus English landlady may be of all styles, shapes, ages and sizes, but they all fly the same "social status" flag, married, widows and old maids alike, and the story of her life will be gratefully poured into your sympathetic ear if you betray the slightest willingness to listen. All of them tell it about the same way, with but little variation. English landladies are invariably descended from "gentry" and possess very wealthy relatives who live in luxury and exhibit a most cruel disregard of poor relations in the majority of instances, not even showing the faintest interest in your poor landlady's earthly existence. Forced therefore by a fate especially frosty to this particular guild, to acquire some sort of a genteel income, they advertise in the daily papers for "paying guests," in which is polite English for "boarders" or "lodgers." The "paying guests" occupy the better portion of the premises, and the landlady's hitherto lonely or precarious existence as the decayed exponent of an alleged noble ancestry is thus rendered more or less commercially safe through the income paid her by the merry boarders.

The prevailing style in landladies also varies. There is the shrewd, middle-aged harpy whose business experience has razor-sharpened her eyes, tongue, nose and temper, and whose scale of charges shifts according to whether you are American or English, or, on the contrary, you may be for-

tunate enough to discover a pleasant, agreeable and accommodating hostess, one of the exceptions which prove a rule. But the latter are few and far between. As a rule, English landladies are out for the needful, and are correspondingly ravenous. They charge what they judge you will stand and give you in return as little as they dare. You will pay for many "extras," coal at a sixpence a scuttle being the most common. In many houses the gas is shut off at eleven P. M., and if you happen to have company, or wish to read after that hour you can light the candle which always stands at the head of your bed! As previously stated, your meals will be served in your room, or you can join the other "paying guests" in the dining-room, according to circumstances. And unless you take a cup of tea in the afternoon, dropping all other pleasure and business therefor, you might as well not go to church on Sunday, for you are violating one of England's most sacred social canons and will be henceforth regarded with suspicion and have no valid excuse for living. As a beverage I have personally about as much use for tea as I have for red ink, but I found it easier to follow the line of least resistance and join the mourners round the "afternoon tea" table, than to argue or fight about it.

It would also appear that the more "highly connected" these people are with mythical "genteel" ancestors the further has been the fall and the longer their distance from home, so to speak. Apparently, when a member of the English gentry metamorphoses into a landlady they leave behind all that gentle womanly charm and grace which usually denotes high birth and education, acquiring instead a singular air of superiority over the common herd, and in some cases misplacing their h's and doing other curious things not at all characteristic of the nobility.

"May I enquire your name, madam," said I to my prospective landlady.

"My name is Mrs. 'awkins, sir."

"Mrs. 'enry 'awkins?" said I, jokingly.

"No, sir—not 'enry, sir—Hedward."

I recollect another dignified and pompous landlady, descendant of a "very old Scotch clan," as she frequently reminded us, who after having stated her terms per week for "paying guests," deliberately charged us double for the second week on the ground that we could afford it and she needed the money! My courteous protest was as the bleating of the lamb before the raging wolf, and when finally her storm of words and reasons subsided. I forsook the Scotch remnant who had so literally "descended" from alleged ancestors, and engaged other rooms whose owners possessed less "noble ancestry" and more common honesty.

On another occasion, during our sojourn in the Midlands, I noticed the frequent proud reference made by the landlady to "Sir John," her husband's father, and one day I enquired where he had been knighted by the King, since the King had never visited that part of England. She could not remember. One day I happened to observe a framed certificate hung in the hallway, which proved to be "Sir John's" certificate as a Sir Knight of a local organization known as the "Buffalos!" I said, "Is that where he got the title of Sir Knight?" "Oh, yes; certainly. Sir John was one of the leading Knights of the Order. He always carried the banner, or something!" "But, my dear woman," said I, "a Knight of the 'Buffs,' which is an excellent order, no doubt, is very different from being a member of the nobility." She was considerably disturbed, and we heard no more about "Sir John" after that. At yet another place, the landlady's old maid sister officiated as waitress, and not only served our meals, but undertook to remain and entertain us in our rooms during the repast, and also offered to play our piano and sing! As she could not be

made to comprehend sufficiently to withdraw peaceably, she now sleeps under the currant bushes in the back garden, where I finally buried her after a severe struggle, during which our dinner cooled off and was entirely spoiled. The family were a good deal annoyed about the incident at first, but knowing her peculiarities, did not really blame me in the matter and eventually even deducted the dinner from the weekly bill.

I have observed that English people treat both landlady and servants as the dirt under their feet, entirely ignoring their existence except when giving orders. This is absolutely the only correct treatment. They are used to it and expect nothing else. If treated courteously or at all pleasantly they neither appreciate or understand it, regard you as of practically their own class, or "no class," and take advantage accordingly. The proverbial consideration shown by Americans toward those in inferior places, is utterly lost and wasted in England and only serves to invite being "stung" in a hundred ways of neglect and petty robbery. Their "bettters" never notice them, and would think far less of you for so doing. Given the slightest encouragement, a landlady will bore you with her private history and personal affairs, making innumerable inquiries regarding your own as well, and intrude upon you at all hours of the day for this purpose. Your privacy will disappear, your peace of mind vanish, and you will be forced to meekly endure her or change your lodging. The genus English landlady, or "hostess," is everywhere the same old story, differing only in style of binding, and one reading is usually sufficient. If all the landladies in England, good, bad and indifferent, including those descended from "Ryalty" and those descended from Scotch-itch ancestry, could be immersed in the English Channel for about fifteen minutes, their successors would at least be free from these inherited

traits, and the new army of "paying guests" would hear less about "high-class connections," "noble ancestry," and the famous things "my great-uncle Oliver Cromwell" used to do!

Finding a bathtub in a London boarding-house is not such a rare experience now as it was only a few years ago. I remember what a thrill I had when on enquiring in reference to a room, I was assured by the landlady that they had recently put in a fine, large bathtub. The house was situated not far from the British Museum. Shortly after my arrival I enquired where the bathtub was and was told that it was in the basement. So I made myself ready, donned a bathrobe and set out, guided by a chambermaid, for the tub. The basement proved to be a sort of cellar, dark and gloomy. The maid handed me a candle, and discreetly withdrew. She apparently regarded me as a dangerous lunatic. I approached the tub. The sight of it startled me considerably, for it looked for all the world like one of the stone sarcophagi in the British Museum. There was no place for water to run into it, and the only way of emptying it was with a bucket. I learned afterward that it was filled once a day. The water was cold, the cellar was cold, and I did not like the looks of the tub. I gazed hard at its massive stone interior, and then remembered that the summer before I had noticed several cracked and discarded sarcophagi lying around outside the Museum. It struck me that this might be one of them. Anyhow I did not take the bath. I went back and made some inquiries of the maid, and after that I had my bath brought into my room in the usual way, which was in a tin pitcher.

You must go to Paris, however, to properly study the bathtub question. Outside the modern hotels, you will find little evidence of either tub or bath, as understood by Americans. But you will find partial compensation in other

respects—the quaint lodgings, pretty back gardens, flowers and vines, and your essentially Parisian environment. I once stayed for several days in Paris at a charming quaint *pension* that in other days had been a convent, situated in the heart of the city near the Parc Monceau. The building has been reconstructed, but retains many of its old characteristics. The former chapel is now the dining-room, and the life-sized Saviour on the cross is still suspended half-way up the western wall. Upstairs, along the old dormitory passage, are little "cells" at frequent intervals, like walled-in cupboards, once used by sorrowing penitents for prayer and meditation, while at the rear of the building were two or three real bona fide cells for those who required a real bona fide punishment. At the rear of this building is a great garden, surrounded on three sides by a forty-foot wall, and in this fair garden formerly walked the nuns with their breviaries, or rested on the wooden seats, secure from prying eyes and the wicked world outside.

My rooms overlooked this garden and incidentally I felt very proud of living in a convent, which is something of which few men can boast. I discovered that convent life possesses many advantages not to be found in the whirl and racket of a modern hotel. I was never locked in a cell while there, since not having been supplied with a copy of the rules, I never broke any. There are a great many men of my acquaintance who couldn't get into a convent for love or money, and who as a matter of fact would not be allowed within a mile of one, but I am different. Never shall I forget those happy hours I passed while studying my Baedecker breviary in that charming garden, to the accompaniment of a pint of Beaune and my faithful meer-schaum. There was a sedate old tom-cat attached to our convent circle, I remember, "Monsieur Bolo" by name, and also a frisky Tabby known as "Mam'selle Poussette," but as Kipling says, that is another story.

My rooms were not furnished with modern improvements, neither hot water, steam heat, or electric lights. They do not have these things in convents, I understand, so I did not expect them. There was also a marked absence of soap—probably nuns do not have frequent occasion to use soap, and monks never do. I have never seen a monk who would not have been considerably improved by a thorough dry-cleaning process. My wash-bowl and pitcher were about the size of a cup and saucer, and because I required more than a cup of water to wash in, they regarded me as something unusual, *tres extraordinaire*, for a teacup holds more water than a Frenchman uses for a full bath. Therefore whenever I wanted a bath, I was accustomed to notify the *concierge* a day or two in advance, and she would watch out for what I called the “life-saving corps”—a man who came through the street every few days with a two-wheeled cart containing a metal bathtub, boiler of hot water, a large pail and some other things. If you desire a bath, he halts his business establishment before your door, carries the tub upstairs to you, fills it with water, then patiently sits down on his cart, lights his pipe, and waits while you finish with the tub. It is an enormous advertisement for you—a wondering and excited murmur spreads around among all the neighbors, “M’sieur So-and-So is having a bath—yes, it is true—see, the bath-man is waiting for his tub. Oh, Mon Dieu, what waste of money!” If you are American or English you furnish your own soap. If you are French, you save the expense. I do not know how they used to arrange this bath business in the old halcyon convent days—I have enquired, but nobody seems to know anything about it—they throw out their hands, shrug up the shoulders and say “Mon Dieu!” It is too many for them. The nuns probably had other arrangements, though probably they—well, anyhow, the answer

went away with the convent days and the big white bonnets and flowing robes, and only the conundrum is left behind to trouble mortal men.

The Fourth of July in London is a "Sad July Fourth" indeed, for the Briton—a day of mourning and humiliation. It is perhaps expressed by the fable of the Englishman and Irishman who arrived in New York on that date for the first time. There was the usual din of cannon, bells, pistols and firecrackers. "What's all the row about?" asked the Englishman. "'Tiz the Foorth av July, begorra," said Pat. "This is the day we licked yez!" In London it is made a day of banquets, speeches and general celebration by all Americans, whether resident or visiting. Some of the newspapers publish petty sneers, veiled behind attempted witticisms, and as a sample of that prevailing English ignorance regarding all things American, the following is of interest, from the London *Globe*:

#### SAD JULY FOURTH.

#### NO PUMPKIN PIE AT LONDON RESTAURANTS IN HONOR OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Where's your George Washington noo? This question ought to be asked of every American who strolls along the Strand to-day. For it is Independence Day, the "glorious Fourth," and according to almost hoary tradition, every really patriotic American ought to eat nothing but pumpkin pie, clam chowder, planked shad and that sort of thing. But a round of all the principal hotels and restaurants where Americans dine shows that not a single American dish is on the menu to-day.

Not many years ago the American in London used to demand his favorite dishes on July 4th. Without neck clams, squirrel soup, or soft-shell crabs on toast, life on that day was a blank. But this year things are different. Not a single London menu will to-day struggle bravely under the inscription, "Picked-up Codfish." From Temple bar to the West there will be never a bear steak. Americans are no longer patriotic.

At the annual American banquet at the Hotel Cecil, the dishes will be entirely English or French. America's sons will have to scintillate without the aid of green corn, succotash, Virginia ham or canteloupe. It is hard. Only one thing will show that it is Independence Day. American music will be played at all the theatres and restaurants."

"Fancy that," as we say in London! "Neck clams, picked-up codfish, squirrel soup and bear steak" as Independence Day dishes! It is as if an American newspaper should describe the English national dishes as Thames shark, broiled live rabbit and native Highland lobster. But it will require years of education to instill this into the British intellect. A people who still entertain the general hazy idea of grizzly bears running wild in American cities, and Indians hunting buffalo in New York suburbs, may be regarded as hopeless. But the Fourth of July is indeed a "Sad July Fourth" for England, for on that day she lost what she has ever since been trying to regain—American friendship.

England should be grateful, not spiteful, toward Americans. The money spent in London by visiting Americans has more than once saved a depressed London season from collapse and London tradesmen from financial disaster. It is to "Yankee gold" that Coronations and other great English festivals owe largely their financial success, and it is Americans who keep the great hotels, theatres and practically London itself in ready money during the season of travel. Should Americans stay at home for a continuous twelve months, the steamship lines and English shopkeepers would receive a financial shock sufficient to almost unsettle British reason! American cash is the Englishman's idol. To it he bows down in adoration and for it he will barter even his ancestral title. Without Yankee dollars and the moral influence of Yankee support among the nations,

England would not only be to-day in a most unpleasant financial dilemma, but one or two aggressive neighbors would even now be knocking at her door with twelve-inch guns. There is indeed much to love and admire in England, but the English disposition has few endearing qualities, and the native hue of its complexion is too sicklied o'er with the pale cast of insincerity and envy toward Americans. But there are people whose presence would spoil even Paradise.

And as thereby illustrating the natural British instinct of getting the cart before the horse, politically, internationally and otherwise, it is recorded that at a recent meeting of the British Association, Dr. Adamkiewics read a paper upon "Ist der Krebs erbllich" ("Is Cancer Hereditary?") Unfortunately the programme had it "erdlich," meaning "amphibious." So the London newspapers next day announced that the doctor had read a paper upon "Is the Crab a Sea or Land Animal?"

It is not probable that the error was ever corrected. The English press, like the King, can do no wrong.

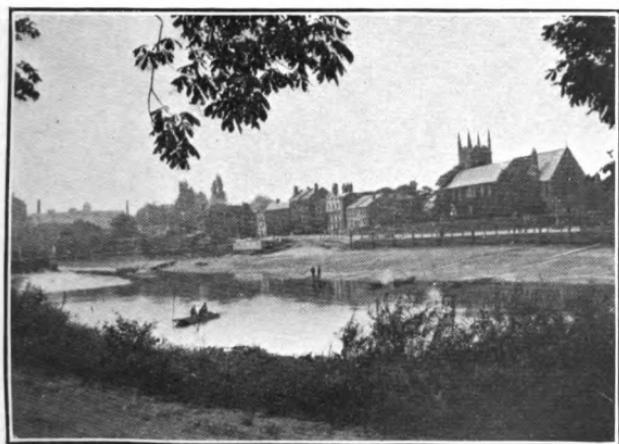
The Thames River is regarded by that great majority of English people who have never been off the island and who believe nothing unless they see it, as the most wonderful piece of water on earth. The Mersey River, with Liverpool at its mouth, is a close second. Neither "Tems" or "Marsey" amounts to much commercially, however, except for a comparatively short distance inland, beyond which limit both rivers are given up to rowboats, punts and amateur fishermen. The scenery, especially on the Thames, is exceedingly pretty, as the river winds about through woods and fields, with occasional locks and weirs to vary the monotony. Along its banks are situated such famous places as Richmond, Hampton Court and Windsor, all beloved of royalty past and present, while farther on is the great uni-

versity town of Oxford. Sprinkled in between are numberless beautiful private estates, with frequently a cluster of English "houseboats"—literally a house upon a boat, the flat roof adorned with awning, hammocks, chairs and rugs, with vines and flowers growing everywhere. There is navigation only for steam launches, or very small passenger boats, but the river during the summer season is fairly alive with all sorts of tiny craft, most of which religiously tie up to the shady bank at 5 P. M. for the ritualistic English "tea." The Thames is not imposing, being above Richmond only about the width of a country road. "And they call that brook a river!" said an American girl. "I'd like to show them the Hudson or the Mississippi." Peace, my child, they would not believe you. This is It—behold the largest and longest river in all the world! Don't step on it, girly; to the English this water is more sacred than the river Jordan!

Other European countries have their rivers, too—Germany its beautiful Rhine, Belgium the charming Meuse, France its exquisite Loire, Spain the Guadalquivir—winding among woodland and mountains, dotted with historic castles and made famous by poet and artist. The Irish, Swiss and Italian Lakes—Killarney, Lucerne and Como—even the wild Loch Lomond and Katrine of Scotland, offer kindred charms of height and woodland, and one could well be content and "happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away." America has everything that the Old World has and more beside, for everything is on a larger scale—her mighty rivers, traversing almost a continent, and great lakes, lying like huge inland seas, are no more to be compared, however, with Europe's smaller but not less attractive beauty-spots of Nature, than are the Adirondack slopes with our majestic Rockies, or the Scotch Highlands with monarchs of the Alpine and Balkan ranges. All



Along the River Thames



Above Kew Bridge



have their diverse and several attractions, following the same rule of Nature that makes the violet lovely in its modesty, and the gorgeous-hued and self-exalting tropical exotics magnificent by force of contrast.

All of which brings us naturally and easily again to the consideration of our original subject, primarily, the English weather, but also incidentally including Americanisms, so-called, and "English as she is spoke," already lightly touched upon as befits a fine-pointed pen rambling over such large extent of subject.

When an English author writes a novel which includes among the other characters an American, or when a British playwright includes an American in the cast, both invariably become tangled by Yankee speech and also by what an Englishman believes to be the typical Yankee costume. Americans do not wear the stove-pipe hat, swallow-tail coat and trousers strapped underneath the boots, commonly attributed to them as the "sure enough" Yankee outfit, no more than the typical Englishman wears the bell-crowned top 'at, swallow-tail coat, knickerbockers and mutton-chop whiskers, characteristic of the press cartoons. But when it comes to Yankee speech, the English writer or playwright is hopelessly at sea. He is aware that within the borders of his own small island may be heard many dialects—the cockney, the coster, the Yorkshire, Lancashire, Devonshire, Lowland and Highland Scotch—more varieties of distorted English, indeed, than one author could hope to reproduce successfully, yet he makes little or no distinction in the speech of two Americans coming from widely separated parts of this much larger country. He knows no north, no south, no east, no west. All Americans seem to look and talk alike to him.

He is fatuously content to have his imitation Yankee stalk through the pages of his novel, or across his stage, wear-

ing the invariable slouch hat and goatee, and "guessing," "reckoning," and "allowing," with serene disregard of the fact that the man who "guesses" lives hundreds of miles from the man who "reckons," while neither of them may have ever met the one who "allows."

Americanisms and more Americanisms and still more, all the Americanisms that can be got hold of, heaped high for good measure—such is the approved formula for the Yankee as he is written down in English fiction. And not the least curious feature of the queer business is that the supposed Americanisms are often inaccurate, awkwardly used, or wholly spurious.

So much for Buckingham! Turning now to the real thing, "made in England," witness the following, clipped from a London newspaper at the time. In July, 1910, a party of young ladies who had by a newspaper-coupon voting contest been adjudged the most beautiful and popular young ladies in the great State of Ohio, U. S. A., were enjoying a brief European trip, specially conducted and expenses paid, as the advertised prize of such contest. The London newspapers referred to them as "The Buckeye Daisies," which was a hopeless conundrum to the British public, who have no idea what "Buckeye" means, or why the term was used. The Ohio bean with a dark spot like a buckeye is an unknown article in London, and after it had been explained the English people were more mixed than ever between the bean, the buck and the "Daisies." The party attracted considerable attention, being regarded as literally the fairest of all America's fair sex and the tour although well chaperoned and conducted was referred to as something distinctively "American, don'tcherknow!" The efforts of the reporter to rise to the occasion and adequately reproduce and portray American speech are quoted verbatim:

## OHIO GIRLS RUSH 'ROUND LONDON.

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE TOWER AND ST. PAUL'S.

## THE TAME RAVEN.

*"Buckeye Daisy" Wondered if it Could Say "Never More."*

The American Prize Beauties are in London to-day, after "doing" the home of the great Shakespeare. The Ohio girls are, above all things, patriotic, but during the beautiful drive from Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon yesterday four or five of them wavered in their allegiance to the United States.

"I thought," said one, "I could never bear to live away from home."

"As for me," said another, "with all these beautiful hedges and cottages and green meadows, I just want to say nothing and go on being thankful I'm alive."

Sunlight made Stratford-on-Avon an exquisite picture when the carriages containing the girls arrived. Shakespeare and all pertaining to him was the dominant thought. They showed their delight in the Shakespeare relics. In the birthplace of the poet there are notices up that the ceilings and walls are not to be touched. A demure brunette read them carefully, then she sought for her scissors in her "grip" and proceeded to dig up a souvenir in the shape of a splinter from the floor.

They rode back to Warwick singing snatches of songs, waving hands to little children in the streets, and exclaiming how beautiful England was. They began to talk about English people in the course of the day. "They are of an enquiring turn, anyway," said a lady from Columbus, Ohio. "They watch us through the carriage window as if we were curiosities. Threepence a look is my charge henceforth."

"The people are very nice," said another, "but I haven't seen a good-looking man since I left the States."

"Too many mustaches," said another little lady. "I wouldn't marry a man with mustaches for anything."

They came to London thrilling with thoughts of the greatest city in the world. They stepped from the train into the midst of a crowd that had gathered to receive them. As they entered the closed carriages awaiting them, the crowd cheered them heartily and the girls waved their handkerchiefs in response. "For the first time we have had an example of good British weather," said one of them at the hotel. "It made the drive to Stratford-on-

Avon delightful, and the fascinating old church and things there brought a kind of schoolbook feeling. Fancy walking on the same flagstones as Shakespeare walked on! We liked very much an English girl driving a dog-cart herself. She was dressed in white and was the first stylish girl we have met since we left home. She waved her whip to us just like an American girl. We have seen a good many English girls and their complexions are just lovely and they look real sweet, but we can't say what we really think of them till we have talked with them and heard what they have got to say. One thing which has surprised us is the way girls of fifteen and sixteen wear their hair loose down their backs. In our country they braid it, and tie it up when they are ten and eleven. We were extremely surprised at seeing women working in the fields hay-making. We don't send our women out to work."

For three hours to-day the "Buckeye Daisies" steeped their souls in the Tower and St. Paul's, and have seen the most wonderful things of a lifetime sixteen times over. They had a brake and the Man from Cook's. After breakfast they walked along the Thames from the Royal Hotel to Blackfriars—a distance of some twenty yards. They stood and watched the manner in which the traffic is regulated and plied the man in blue with questions on various topics.

"I call him real nice," was the comment of one of the girls upon an officer. "Wish ours were as obliging."

The Buckeye Daisies thought the river not a bad old thing for its age.

A statuesque Beefeater at the Tower arch was the first curiosity that suspended twenty-one Ohio circulations, and there was an embarrassing silence until one of the Daisies said that he must be a Beefeater, because he didn't look like a vegetarian, "she guessed."

Twenty-one Daisies seemed as though they would swoon at the notice, "Beware of Pickpockets," on the staircase to the Armoury. They looked contemplatively at the newspaper representative and clutched their purses.

How busy those purring American tongues were at the executioner's block! One Daisy thought the axe must have been used a mighty lot to get so blunt. And she took a warder by the ear and led him to the block, and cooed to him to lay his head in the right position. She wanted to master the technique of the process.

Several Daisies said "Land sakes!" and "Oh, my!" at the collar that our ancestors tightened on the necks of gentlemen whose confessions were hard to extract, or not suitable to their purposes. "And perhaps the poor dears were speaking the truth all the time," drawled one ready maiden.

"We've just been to Smithfield on the way to London," commented a dark young lady with a grim pursing of the lips, "and now we've come to England's biggest slaughterhouse." It takes an American to estimate history without prejudice.

"Say, gur-rls!" exclaimed a patriot with the flag of the proudest, bravest, freest country on earth splashing her trim jacket, "there's a raven doing the cakewalk. Wonder if it says 'Never more?'" News was gently broken to her that the pets of a British regiment (in the Tower of London, too) were never permitted to quote American authors.

They saw a suit of horse-armour, presented, said the warder, "to Henry the Eighth on the occasion of his marriage." "Which one?" flashed the question from a sympathizer with King Henry's eight partners. That monarch is not thought a great deal of by the Buckeye Daisies.

They did the Beauchamp Tower in the world's record time of 1 minute 48 3-5 seconds, during which the attendant sold some hundreds of picture postcards for Ohio albums.

Then to the Crown Jewels, where the warder cracked the ancient joke that visitors were not expected to take away any of the crowns. The Daisies promised, as there isn't a King in Ohio, to respect our national susceptibilities and leave all the jewels, including the Kohinoor. Dismal were they, however, when they learned the stone was but an imitation. The Man from Cook's apologized on behalf of the nation.

So the Tower was done with. The Daisies had reams of short-hand notes of their conductor's conversation. Some day they will be startled to find all that information in the guide-books they rested their shorthand slips upon.

"I'd be more interested if I were less tired," said one fair tourist when half St. Paul's had been taken at a gallop. By the time they arrived at the Whispering Gallery and the Stone Gallery, the capacity of the Daisies for amazement was exhausted. Satiety had o'ertaken them. They wanted "to see a meal and get to it in double time."

This afternoon Ohio's best girls are seeing the sights of the West End.

"I wouldn't go to Westminster Abbey," exclaimed a desperate girl in blue, "if you promised to bury me in it. I'm as tired as tired!"

Now why should the spirit of mortal be proud—especially the spirit of an English mortal? Whyfore and wherefore does he chuckle in his sleeve at "Yankee speech" and pat himself on the back because of his immaculate English vernacular? Let us see what his vernacular is, anyhow. Behold the deadly parallel, and say whether the speech of John Bull is not in truth that of a foreign country, being even as an eminent French writer has pronounced it, not English, but "English as she is spoke."

A spool of thread is a "reel of cotton," and the drygoods store where you buy it is the "draper's shop." The pen you write with is a "nib," your cane is a "stick," your umbrella a "gamp," and your rubbers are "galoshes." Your vest in New York changes to a "waistcoat" in London, and you must never refer publicly to your vest there, because it means your undershirt! A napkin is a "serviette," and you do not turn a faucet, but a "tap." Your baggage is "luggage," and your trunk becomes a "box." A horse is a "gee-gee," and a donkey a "moke." In London your silk hat is a "top hat," your overcoat a "top coat," and your Derby hat may be either a "bowler" or a "billycock." When you go up-street you are going to the "top of the road," when you go down-street it is to the "bottom of the road," and the drug store on the corner is the "chemist's." Alcohol is "methylated spirit"—if you ask for alcohol you are directed to the nearest bar! A cocktail is a "swizzle," no relation whatever to its American namesake and well worth avoiding. A store is a shop, a shop is a "store," and the elevator is a "lift"—and always a slow one. The sign over a market is "Victualler and Poulterer," which for a long

time I took to be the name of a London firm with innumerable branches. The carpenter becomes a "joiner," and the hardware dealer an "ironmonger." If you desire marmalade or jam, ask for "squish and tosh," and for candy you get "sweets." Lemonade is "lemon squash," and sinfully weak. The dentist does not fill your tooth, but "stops" it. Father is "the Governor," mother is "the Mater," and instead of saying "Thank you," you say either "'Kew," or "Ta." The street-car is a "tram," and when the conductor is angry, he "gets in a wax." The railroad is the "permanent way," the engineer is the "driver," his fireman is a "stoker," and their salary is called "screw." For men's gloves and other furnishing goods, you go to a "haberdasher." If you're not looking bright and chipper, people call you "seedy," and if you are ill, you're "bad"—sometimes "very bad." Money is "oof," and divided into "monkeys, ponies, quids, bobs, tanners and stivers."

These are only a few of the eccentricities of "English as she is spoke." There are other examples even more appalling, and to hear a street altercation between a 'bus-driver and a cabby is a liberal education and long to be remembered, for although largely unintelligible, it affords a wonderful insight into the elasticity of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. But when you enter the jungle of dialects—Scotch, Yorkshire, Devonshire, Lancashire, cockney and coster, your cup will be indeed full and running over. Yet this is the nation that ridicules American speech!

Pursuing the subject into the newspapers, where the evidence is yet more prolific, a few clippings from the advertising columns of the London *Telegraph* may be appropriate as a literary chaser. Now what American would understand this, for instance?

FREEHOLD GROUND-RENTS.—£33 per annum on Six semi-detached houses, pleasantly situated in growing suburbs; rack rental values £32 each; reversion 99 years; price for quick sale only 24 years purchase, £792. Call, Finsbury Pavement, E. C.

And hark at this now, as we say in Lunnon. This is the polite way of advertising for "Boarders Wanted:"

A LADY Receives Paying Guests in her comfortable, well-appointed residence; bathroom, electric light, and good cuisine; terms moderate and inclusive. Apply, Cromwell Road, London, S. W.

Now what would you think of a Cook-General, 22 years old, during only 4½ of which she has had a good character! And will you please observe the amount of wages paid to a cook in London, £15, \$75 a year, or about \$6 a month! A trip to the Tuffey Avenue Registry might prove a paying investment for thousands of distracted American women in want of a Cook, whether General or high private. Here she is:

#### WANT PLACES.

(Three lines, 1s, 6d; and 6d per line after.)

AS Cook-General; age 22; country servant; 4½ years good character; wages £15. Mrs. —'s Registry, Tuffley Avenue.

Now here is rather an interesting question: When a man is 88 years old, and has been 20 years with one firm of lawyers and for many years previous with another firm of lawyers, wouldn't it seem that he might be allowed an obituary notice that would give him more than two lines out of seven, all the rest being free advertising for those two firms?

HOBART.—On the 14th inst., at Harrowgate, in his 88th year, Jabez Lawton Hobart, for upwards of 20 years the trusted clerk and friend of Messrs. Jiff, Meeson and Wombley, solicitors, Market Row, Bolster, and previously for many years clerk to the old firm of Jarley, Matthew, Duckett and Sims, solicitors, Wimbledon Terrace, Bromley.

The following item is probably in the right column, although at first sight it looks a bit financial. Here's Mr. and Mrs. Penny, and by and by there will be little ha' pennies and farthings!

PENNY-NORWOOD.—On Tuesday at Albert Tabernacle, Bayswater, by the Rev. M. Anstruther, Albert M. Penny, son of Major George Warburton Penny, D. S. O., to Augusta, third daughter of Henry William Chester Norwood, Esq., of Willowdene Terrace, Kensington, S. W.

Were you thinking of ordering any coal? Here are some of the pretty names:

**COAL & COKE.** Thos. HOCKINS.

Chief Offices, Euston Road, N. W.

Household Brights ..... 24s. od. per ton.

Special Bright House ..... 23s. od. " "

Kitchen Cobbles ..... 18s. 6d. " "

Prices of Other Kinds on Application.

Tel., 765 K. Z. (Estab. 1847) Teleg., Fires, London.

Here is mystery in a birth notice, for apparently the Captain's wife had a baby by cable!

MERRIVALE.—On the 19th inst., at Bombay, India, the wife of Captain H. Warriner Merrivale, R. A., of a daughter. (By cable.)

And as evidence of the constant poverty and distress in the "East End" of London, appeals like these are never absent from the advertising columns:

THOUSANDS on VERGE of STARVATION. Rev. J. W. Atkinson, Claremont, Cawley Road, London, E. (36 years Latimer Church), URGENTLY PLEADS for HELP to PROVIDE FOOD and FUEL for HONEST but STARVING EAST LONDON FAMILIES. EVERY POUND SENT PROVIDES over 200 hot meals free for hunger-bitten little CHILDREN, or 40 sacks of COAL and COKE for FIRELESS HOMES.

HUNGRY, COLD and HOMELESS.—In pitiable misery from streets and prisons, continually imploring the CHURCH ARMY for WORK, securing FOOD and Lodging, 13,000 meals and 5,000 beds daily provided. Married men with families assisted. Relief by work only. Work tickets (2s. per dozen) on application. Lack of funds terribly limit us. Donations, old clothes and firewood urgently needed. Rev. W. Carlisle, Edgware Road, London, W.

Work-tickets, however, do not rank very high as popular gifts. The proposition figures out something like this: You give the Rev. Carlisle two shillings, receiving in return twelve work-tickets. Thereafter, when a beggar stops you on the street, you hand him a work-ticket, which entitles him to walk a mile or two to the woodyard and chop wood for an hour or so in return for a bit of bread and coffee. His expressions of gratitude will be both fervent and lurid—possibly shocking. He wants food, and on the spot, not in some distant woodyard after a two hours' wrestle with an axe! That is the popular London way of dispensing charity, however. The Society gets the money and also the wood chopped ready for sale, while the applicant gets the long walk and subsequent exercise at the woodpile—always provided that he improves this golden opportunity, which he seldom does.

It may not be inappropriate to add the following memorial notice, which appeared in a local paper in the North of England:

In loving remembrance of John Joseph Hanly, who was drowned at Wampole Clevedon, aged 4 years.

The children of Heaven were robed in white,  
Happy at play in the city so light,  
When Jesus came smiling, and said to His band,  
"There's darling John Joseph; come, give him your hand."

English newspapers are usually pronounced dull and uninteresting, but to me they are always wellsprings of humor

and even excitement. Even the columns and pages devoted to Parliamentary proceedings have occasional rays of sunshine piercing the murky gloom. Then, too, the deadly monotony of the country life is sometimes rudely disturbed by a conflagration, and thereupon it is delightful to read between the lines and build a mental picture of the scene itself. An English fire, or "conflagration," so-called, is an entirely different thing from an American one. Fires are of far less frequent occurrence in England and comparatively rare outside the cities, where fire protection is usually lacking, or limited to volunteer fire companies. When a fire once gets started in a country district, the house is usually destroyed, frequently for want of water. Referring again to the newspaper, here is what generally happens:

#### SCOTTISH CASTLE IN FLAMES.

One of the most disastrous fires that have occurred on Loch Lomond side took place at Boturick Castle, Bulloch, belonging to Mr. R. E. Findlay. The outbreak occurred in the servants' quarters, and so quickly did the flames spread that in about four hours the servants' quarters and a large part of the castle were destroyed. The efforts of the firemen were handicapped by the insufficient water-supply, the water being conveyed to the scene in milkcarts.

It is not difficult to picture that conflagration, although the English report is very meagre, not even giving the time of day. Any American newspaper would have contained a far better and more detailed description, with perhaps an illustration as well. Imagine the scene—a Scotch castle located in the hilly country near Loch Lomond, isolated from the village or other sources of help, yet having no water supply in case of fire. An entire lake almost at the door, but not even a windmill to pump water to the castle. "Water was conveyed to the scene in milkcarts." Fancy that!

Here is the account of another country fire, which reads like a burlesque, but is nevertheless absolutely true. The

item is given verbatim and exactly as clipped from the newspaper. Lots of things happened this time!

#### HALE NURSERIES ABLAZE.

Early this morning a serious fire broke out in the nurseries of Mr. John Robson, Hale Road, Hale. The flames were first noticed issuing from a potting-shed by a night watchman. He gave the alarm, and one of the employes at the nursery, after making a futile effort to extinguish the fire, set out on his bicycle to summon the Fire Department. On the way, his machine broke down and delayed the sounding of the bell. In the meantime the flames rapidly involved the structure, which contained large quantities of stakes, boxes, charcoal and young vines.

A slight mishap occurred to the fire-escape on its way to the fire-scene. The hind part broke loose and was left in the roadway. Later four men were despatched to remove it, and an accident occurred to the fore part of the vehicle. The axle snapped and threw the firemen into the roadway. One of them was badly injured about the head, hand, and legs, and had to be taken home. The potting-shed and contents were completely destroyed and the outbreak also spread to an adjacent shed.

The Fire Department should not be permitted to take that "fire-escape" along to any more fires. How can a fireman be expected to keep his mind on a fire, with a contraption like that upsetting and bothering him? First the "hind part" breaks loose and is abandoned, then the "fore part" throws the firemen into the roadway. Meanwhile the flames "rapidly involve the structure" and it merrily burns up, while the fire-escape is playing tag with the firemen down the road somewhere. It sounds like a comic opera! Here is still another affair:

#### TOO LATE FOR THE FIRE.

As Col. Dixon and his family were at breakfast yesterday at Astley Hall, Chelford, an outbreak of fire was discovered under the dining-room fireplace. A telegram was despatched to Adderly for the brigade, but it got delayed, and the Hall engine after two

hours put out the fire. Much amusement was caused by the Alderly fire-engine arriving on the scene at 5.30 P. M., or six hours after the fire had been extinguished. The message had been unaccountably delayed, the Hall being only three miles from Alderly.

In view of the foregoing extracts, who shall hereafter pronounce English newspapers dull? Aside from the quaintness of the English language as used in England, in comparison with "Yankee speech" in America, the newspaper facts themselves plainly show the radical difference of manners and customs between the two countries. There is probably not a newspaper in all England, speaking impersonally, that would not feel itself insulted if considered "frivolous" or humorous, or anything but serious-minded and dignified in all respects. Yet to anyone reading between the lines, they are all "comics" alike.

And parenthetically, if there are any more American millionaires who, like Andrew Carnegie, are worried lest they be disgraced by dying rich, they need not bother about founding libraries, helping universities, or building Peace Palaces, for there is a much simpler way of getting rid of superfluous wealth. All that the plutocratic American who yearns to be poor needs to do is to subscribe to the famous and dignified London *Times* and then proceed to assist all the folk (and an uncommonly queer crowd they are) who advertise their alleged needs in this journal's "Agony Column." It certainly is unique, this "Agony" or "Personal" column, for in no other newspaper in the wide world do unblushing grafters so persistently advertise their necessities, or in some cases their mere whims, in the fond belief that utter strangers will be moved by their appeals and proceed to "cough up" the necessary wherewithal.

Here is a highly typical "appeal" which appeared in the *Times* fairly early in the holiday season:

VICAR for many years of a large parish and his WIFE, utterly unable to afford such a luxury, intensely DESIRE A HOLIDAY ABROAD, free from work, free from cost, free from other companionship than their own. Will anyone who appreciates such a longing and is rich enough to gratify it, provide means for this happiness? Write REVEREND, O 191, Times Office. E. C.

For sheer nerve it would be hard to beat this and others like it among the *Times* personals, and one naturally wonders if the ingenious folk who insert them ever get any replies, to say nothing of discovering philanthropists ready to "part," as they say over the water. Evidently the first appeal of the "Vicar of a large parish" was disregarded, for a couple of weeks afterward it was repeated with the pathetic query, "or does no one care? No reply to former advertisement."

Clergymen are perhaps the most arrant beggars in the *Times*. Here is another of them, a "country clergyman who would be exceedingly grateful for loan of motor-cycle with side-car." "Greatest care," he adds, ingratiatingly, "A Very Real Kindness. Cannot possibly buy, or would." There was no apparent sequel to this advertisement, so we shall never know whether the clergyman ever got his motor-bike or whether he is still pedalling an ordinary wheel.

People who have become tired of daily work and yearn to be adopted by some affluent person are thicker than blackberries in the "Personal" column of the *Times*. Here are the heart-cries of two of them:

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, unhappy through family misfortune, would be ever grateful if someone really kind and generous would take a deep interest in him or even adopt him. Write X. Y. Z., Times Office. E. C.

WILL WEALTHY LADY OR GENTLEMAN ADOPT OR INTEREST THEMSELVES IN YOUNG MAN with artistic and literary abilities? Genuine. Do please respond. L 261. Times Office. E. C.

People who, like the Vicar mentioned above, desire holidays at someone else's expense, are also plentiful in the "Agony" column. A typical "appeal" of this kind reads as follows:

EDUCATED YOUNG MAN, 25, very good companion, has five weeks holiday during August and September and would like well-to-do person to take him abroad; has great desire for travel, but financial and other circumstances will not allow it; photo sent. Reply O 675. Times Office. E. C.

One would greatly like to see a photo of the "educated young man" who put that in. A day or two later this appeared:

A WIDOWED LADY with TWO SMALL BOYS would be very GRATEFUL if some KIND-HEARTED PERSON would help her to GIVE THEM A MONTH at the SEASIDE from first August. R. G. N. B 247. Times Office. E. C.

People who are worried by debts and desire someone else to pay them, likewise advertise in the *Times*. Here is one modest request:

WILL LARGE-HEARTED LADY or GENTLEMAN assist advertiser to CLEAR himself of DEBTS amounting to 100 pounds Reply O 154. Times Office. E. C.

Next we have a "loyal churchman, who has given the leisure of twenty-five years to church and charitable work in London, and who is urgently in need of twenty-five pounds through domestic affliction. Could repay with interest next year." Also "a struggling business man, for sixteen years in money-lender's hands," who appeals for "private loan of twenty-five pounds to free him" and another signed "Anxious," who wants "temporary help, to save myself and family from disaster," and enquires pathetically, "Can I find a friend?"

There is literally no end to the variety of these appeals in the *Times*. In a good many cases these "cadgers," as they are called, are no doubt successful in discovering Good Samaritans, there being many people with money and soft hearts, and it is probable that many of them are touched, in both senses, by these appeals. But it is very certain that the appealers, especially the vicars who advertise for Continental holiday trips, and those other diffident little violets who desire adoption, constitute a weird company.

We may draw the line, however, at marriage announcements. On such occasions everybody is dragged into the newspaper, and the more titles there are the merrier and more impressive will be the announcement. In this connection the following extract from *Everybody's Magazine* will be appreciated by every American who knows his English marriage column:

In this country (*i. e.*, the United States) when the contracting parties to a marriage desire to inform the public of the event, you will see inserted in the proper column a little notice like this:

"BROWN-SMITH.—Married on Saturday, March 4th, at St. Josephs Church, Mary Smith to William Brown."

It is simple and sufficient. Did you ever take up one of the English social weeklies and see how a marriage is recorded? It will read something like this:

"MARRIED at Ramsgate Rookery, near Oakley, Stafford, at noon on Thursday, 30th instant, by the Reverend Plantagenet Clutterbuck, LL. D., F. R. S., A. T. S., M. N. O., Q. E. D., uncle to the bride, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, Elephant's Head, Briary Lane, Berkeley, assisted by the Reverend Theophilus Timoleon Titmouse, J. O. B., R. R., R. X. Y. Z., D. B. F., cousin of the bridegroom, Rector of Calvary Church, St. Martin's-in-the-back-cellar, Man's Nose, Grantley, Gertrude Maude Beatrice Constance, daughter of Grantville Neville Bolingbroke Bopgappers, Esq., L. P., M. P. T., S. P. Q., W. P. N., of Bareknees Briary, Cholmondeley Chairbones, Somerset, to Harold St. John Evermont Stragsby, K. C. B., R. B. A., L. G. J., and T. E. C., late of the Fourteenth Royal Lan-



The Royal Guards



English Manor House at Chichester



cers, of Pumpernickel Priory and Stonehenge and Stickleneck Lodge, St. Christopher's-under-the-hedge, Mumblepeg, Hartford."

This extract is doubly interesting, since its point was entirely lost upon one of the readers of the magazine, an Englishman, who wrote from the Consulate at Rio Janeiro the following sincere and throbbing protest:

"SIR. As a true Britisher, I desire to protest most emphatically against an article appearing in your magazine, showing the difference between an American marriage announcement and an English one.

"Unquestionably the person who wrote this article is not well acquainted with British titles, customs, or names, and I cannot understand the article in question. I shall not bother you much with details, but shall invite your attention to the more glaring errors.

"I am a Cambridge University man and acquainted with the degrees and titles of England. Will you, therefore, kindly explain what the following degrees are, and by what college, or by whom, conferred 'A. T. S.,' 'M. N. O.,' 'Q. E. D.,' 'J. O. B.,' 'R. R.,' 'R. X. Y. Z.,' etc. I have never heard of them.

"My father was a Church of England clergyman and I am well acquainted with English churches. I defy you to tell me where, in all Britain, one can find 'Rector of Calvary Church, St. Martin's-in-the-back-cellar.'

"It seems to me that as a matter of justice to Englishmen, you should give my letter the same publicity as the article from which I have quoted."

Well, he appears to have secured the publicity and the chances are that he now knows more than his brethren regarding English titles and names of churches. And yet England is full of just such solemn and prosaic mortal things as that!

But it is in the daily newspaper reports of proceedings in the Law Courts that surprises await the American reader. The presiding Justice in an English court of law is looked up to as a veritable little tin god by counsel present, and his labored attempts at wit are loudly applauded by the spectators. Both the main object in the trial of a case, and

the dignified conducting of the case itself, seem to be of secondary consideration in some London courts, where the Justices apparently seek a reputation for wit and repartee at the expense of witnesses and counsel. Buffoonery of this kind, which is never witnessed in an American court of law, is not only greeted with roars of laughter by the audience, but the roars are conscientiously reproduced in the daily newspaper reports! Such lack of decorum in an American court room would result in the instant ejectment of every spectator, yet America is supposed to take not only her legal procedure but also the expounding and practice thereof, from the English law courts. A fair example of this behavior, which is alike insulting to litigants and public, is found in the following report, taken verbatim from the London *Telegraph*. It will be observed that the legal point of contention is apparently entirely lost amid the "piffing" of Justice and counsel and the laughter of toadying spectators. The counsel in this case are among the most eminent and distinguished in all England.

#### SPECIAL LAW REPORTS.

##### KING'S BENCH DIVISION.

BEFORE MR. JUSTICE RIDLEY AND A SPECIAL JURY.

#### SALISBURY TRAIN DISASTER.

The hearing was continued of an action brought by an American lady against the London and Southwestern Railway Company. Plaintiff was Mrs. Reata Augusta McDonald, whose husband, Mr. John Edward McDonald, was killed in the railway disaster at Salisbury in 1906, whilst she was injured. In 1908 plaintiff married Mr. Brodt, of New York. She claimed damages for personal injuries, and under Lord Campbell's Act, for pecuniary loss sustained through the death of her late husband. Sir E. Carson, K. C., Mr. Montague Lush, K. C., and Mr. R. F. Colam were for plaintiff, and Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K. C., Mr. R. B. D. Ackland, K. C., Mr. J. A. Simon, K. C., and Mr. R. B. Murphy were for defendants.

Mrs. Mills, of Wimbledon, to whose house plaintiff was conveyed after the accident, was cross-examined by Mr. Rufus Isaacs with regard to Mrs. Brodt's injuries and her present condition.

Referring to the plaintiff's journey from London to Aix-les-Bains for her health, Mr. Isaacs said he did not want to ask any indiscreet questions, but perhaps the witness could give him an idea of the length of time she took in motoring with plaintiff from London to Dover.

Witness: About four hours.

His Lordship: How long would it take to Southampton?

Witness: I think it took about four hours, because we went very quietly. We went under the twenty miles. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Isaacs: Oh, I was assuming that, of course. (*Laughter.*)

Sir E. Carson: I do not know why you should assume that. (*Laughter.*)

Witness said that it was a fact that at this moment plaintiff was unable to turn her head to the right. When she tried to move it she suffered great pain.

Answering other questions, witness said she and plaintiff motored to Ascot. Plaintiff sat on a chair in the paddock all day. Witness added: My husband thought that the air would do her good.

Mr. Isaacs: But the air at Wimbledon, you know, might be better than the air at Ascot. (*Laughter.*)

His Lordship: Did you go to any other places of entertainment?

Witness: We might have gone to a theatre in the evening. But we never did anything very exciting. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Isaacs: Some people think going to a race meeting is exciting. (*Laughter.*)

Witness: Well, it was not exciting for us, because we sat in the paddock all day, and never saw anything. (*Laughter.*)

His Lordship: What you go to Ascot for is to sit in the paddock!

Mr. Isaacs: You did not go to look at the horses? (*Laughter.*)

Witness: We went to look at the dresses. (*Renewed laughter.*)

Sir E. Carson: You never went on the stand? I suppose there is a stand there? (*Laughter.*)

His Lordship (*laughing*): Oh!

Sir E. Carson: I do not really know, my lord. I never went there. My experience is confined to flower shows. (*Laughter.*)

Dr. W. W. Ord, who attended plaintiff on the morning of the accident at Salisbury, said she was suffering from very severe shock, and almost a collapse. She was bruised from head to foot. He had rarely seen such bad bruising. One rib was broken, but owing to the pain the examination caused her, he could not tell if any more were broken. The two ankles were also strained.

Dr. W. B. Winton, of Wimbledon, said there must have been over a hundred bruises on plaintiff's body.

Radiographs of the lady's neck, showing the atlas bone, were produced. A photograph of an atlas bone taken from a human body was also produced.

His Lordship said the original owner of the bone seemed to have met with a violent death. (*Laughter.*)

Sir Edward Carson: The bone did not come from France. (*Laughter.*)

The hearing was adjourned.

I quite agree that to any American more or less familiar with the dignified procedure of American courts, the possibility of such farcical procedure as above instanced, seems incredible. Ample corroboration, however, may be found in the law court reports of almost any issue of the London *Telegraph*, and in nearly every case the report will be punctuated by "laughter," "renewed laughter," and frequently "loud laughter." That reputable citizens, forced to seek protection or relief in courts of justice, may be thus publicly pilloried in a witness-box as defenceless butts for such inane wit and gross courtesy, is almost beyond belief. Such exhibitions not only lower the dignity of the court, which is the veritable "majesty of the law," but are in execrable bad taste from every point of view and frankly so regarded by very many English people. And if this expression of opinion is "contempt of court" then I am guilty—only contempt doesn't half express the opinion!

The following anonymous poem is insidiously seductive because of its text, or moral, or deduction, whatever you choose to term it, and with an additional stanza about English courts would be still more instructive.

## THE CRY OF A PHILISTINE.

A painter splashed his canvas full of colors, vaguely blent;  
He called it Art.

A player mauled piano keys until his strength was spent,  
And called it Art.

A poet penned a sonnet weird which not a soul could scan;  
A fellow wrote a "problem play" which puzzled every man;  
Another one composed a song which gave us all a start;  
They called it Art.

Crowds thronged the painter's studio, exclaiming, "What a grand  
Impressionist!"

More gathered 'round the pianist—cried, as they shook his hand:  
"Impressionist!"

They said it to the playwright, the composer and the bard,  
And to a lot of other freaks that worked but half as hard  
Creating weird absurdities to give the world a twist—  
"Impressionist!"

Perhaps I am too dull to grasp their scheme of things; but still,  
I call it rot!

Perhaps it is because my mind won't give the proper thrill—  
I call it rot!

It's hard to say, but anyhow, I like to use my mind  
To judge of art, and not be told, "THIS is the proper kind."  
I think art should be understood, and so, when it cannot,  
I call it rot!

Apropos of weather and the London atmosphere, here is something that ought to be interesting to collectors of tarry hydrocarbons and sulphuric acid. It is taken from "The People of the Abyss," a book descriptive of life in that under-world of poverty and human wretchedness known as the East End, or White-Chapel district, of London:

"Consider but the one item of smoke. Sir William Thistleton Dyer, Curator of Kew Garden, has been studying smoke deposits on vegetation, and according to his calculations no less than six tons of solid matter, consisting of soot and tarry hydrocarbons, are deposited every week on

every quarter of a square mile in and about London. This is equivalent to twenty-four tons per week or 1,248 tons per year to the square mile. From the cornice below the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral was recently taken a solid deposit of crystallized sulphate of lime. This deposit had been formed by the action of the sulphuric acid in the atmosphere upon the carbonate in the street. And this sulphuric acid in the atmosphere is constantly being breathed by the London workmen through all the days and nights of their lives."

The fact which is established by the above atmospheric conditions is that the London worker is anæmic, physically weaker, and never in as healthy condition as the country worker who always breathes pure air. Aside from the medical standpoint, however, there are other reasons to influence emigration by London workers. The London Board of Trade in its recent report giving the comparative cost of living in England and the United States, shows that artisans and farmers have considerable advantage over other classes in the matter of wages, hours, comforts and opportunities of saving money. The investigations were begun in 1909 and covered twenty-eight American cities and towns. The employments chosen for enquiry were the various branches of the building, engineering and printing trades. Among the main conclusions is the finding that the food of the average English family depending upon the trades named would cost about 38 per cent more in the United States, and that the rent in America is in proportion of 207 to 100 in England. In other words the cost of food and rent together is 52 per cent greater in the United States than in England. The wages in the United States, however, are in the ratio of 230 to 100, or more than two and a quarter times greater.

Since there is proof that employment is no more intermittent in the United States than in England, workers have a much greater margin, even when allowance is made for higher expenditure. This margin makes possible the command of necessities, conveniences, and the minor luxuries of life to an extent greater than in England, although the effective margin is in itself curtailed by the scale of expenditure. The report further established the important fact that although the habit of spending money is greater in America than in England, and although the American is naturally more extravagant and wasteful, those who desire to exercise strength of will and foresight can save more easily in the United States because of the larger income.

In the matter of hours, the skilled workers in the building trades in America have the advantage of about six hours weekly compared with the English, and the unskilled have the advantage of about  $3\frac{3}{4}$  hours. The American compositor works about 48 hours weekly as compared with  $52\frac{1}{2}$  hours in England. In the engineering trades, on the other hand, American hours exceed the English by three hours weekly. Such a report is naturally a great argument in favor of protection, and the necessity of tariff reform in England has long been a thorn in the side of her free-trade advisors.

As a matter of fact, English wages are about one-half those paid in American manufactories, while the cost of living was about the same. The following comparison was made by an owner of manufactories on both sides of the ocean.

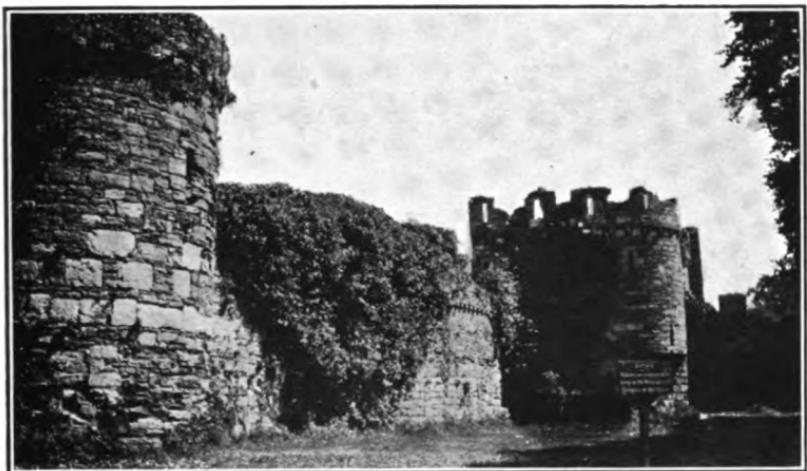
#### WAGES IN AMERICAN AND ENGLISH MILLS.

A comparison of wages paid in Yorkshire, England, and in Providence, R. I., U. S. A., to operators working upon the same machinery and using the same materials:

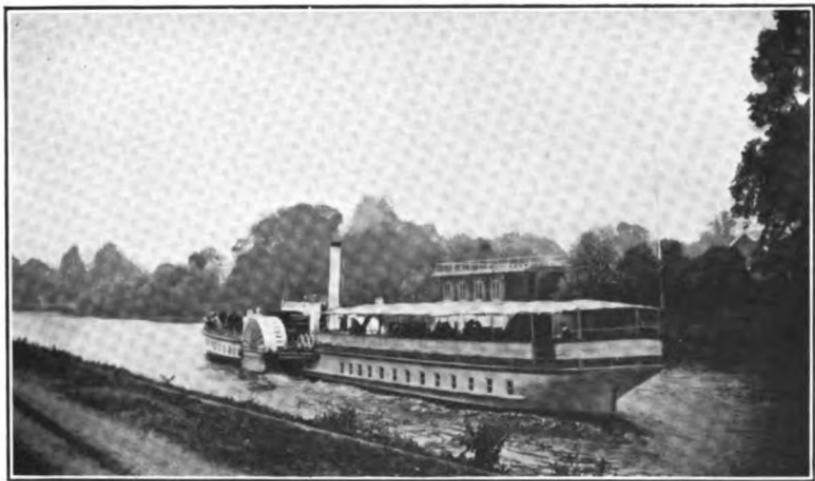
	<i>Yorkshire.</i>	<i>Rhode Island.</i>
Wool Sorters .....	\$7.68	\$16.00
Men Box-Minders .....	4.20	8.00
Noble Comb Minders .....	4.80	9.50
Can Gill Minders .....	3.00	7.00
Drawers .....	3.00	7.00
Rovers .....	2.64	7.00
Spinning Overlookers .....	7.20	15.00
Girl Spinners (according to the number of spindles).....	2.70	6.12
Doffers .....	2.16	4.50
Girl Twisters .....	2.64	7.00
Girl Warperts .....	3.12	8.00
Weavers .....	3.80	11.22
Weaving Overlookers .....	8.64	16.00
Joiners .....	7.64	15.00
Mechanics .....	7.20	15.00
Stokers .....	6.00	12.00

"The workmen in our American mills do the same work that is done by our English operators, and get more than twice the wages that are paid at our plant in Yorkshire. Here at our Rhode Island plant they comb, spin and weave exactly the same classes of wool, alpaca and mohair, and the same qualities of yarn and cloth as do the operatives in our English mills. They use identically the same machinery. They do precisely the same things. Indeed, many of our workmen here were working in the English mills only six years ago. The length of the working week is almost the same, 56 hours here and 55½ hours over there."

The speaker was Chairman of a company which began business in 1860, in Bradford, England, and is to-day the President of a company which began building in 1903 the huge plant employing fifteen hundred persons, situated at Graystone, on the border-line of Providence, R. I. The firm is one of the best-known in the world in its line, and the American plant was erected on account of the tariff, in



Beaumaris Castle, Wales



A Whale in the Upper Thames



order to compete for the business of the American market. The mills are now the largest of their kind in America, their specialties being the finest grades of alpaca and mohair. A large number of the employes came to America to work in these Graystone mills, following the company across the ocean.

"Now," continued the speaker, "I believe in tariff reform for England. I know that if the English workmen wish to improve their condition, receive higher wages, and have more constant employment, they should adopt a tariff policy for their country. I spend my time alternating between England and America, and I became so convinced of the importance of this whole matter that I caused the above careful comparison of wages to be made."

He referred also to the other comparison of vital importance in this connection, the cost of living. "I have never," he said, "known a workman to return to live in England. The company has built a model village about the mills at Graystone and the operatives conduct their own co-operative store, just as they do in England. The secretaries of these stores made computations and I have the comparisons here. For instance, a Yorkshire butcher, employed by the Graystone co-operative, states that the joints are not cut the same, but that the prices realized for the whole animal are about the same as in England. I have ascertained the quantities of everyday necessities consumed by families ranging from two to thirteen persons and find that the average cost at Graystone is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cents more than in Yorkshire, and that a family of five will have to earn jointly  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cents more per week to be equal to the families in England."

Food prices in the co-operative stores managed entirely by the workingmen of the textile plants in Yorkshire and Rhode Island:

	<i>Yorkshire.</i>	<i>Rhode Island.</i>
Best flour, per package of 14 lbs...	\$0.50	\$0.54
Best butter, per pound .....	.34	.32
Best lard, per pound .....	.18	.15
Sugar .....	.05½	.05½
Best cheese, per pound .....	.20	.20
Currants .....	.10	.10
Coffee .....	.40	.28
Ceylon tea .....	.46	.44
Onions .....	.02½	.05
Ham .....	.26	.25
Bacon (Irish) .....	.24	.20
Apples .....	.07½	.08
Rice .....	.06½	.09
Milk, per quart .....	.06	.06
Vinegar, per quart .....	.08	.07
Swiss milk, per tin .....	.10	.07½
Bananas, per dozen .....	.16	12½

It would seem that facts so convincing as these would sooner or later bore through the adamantine blocks that do duty on the shoulders of the English Liberals who cling so blindly to the fallacy of free trade. That the facts have an interest for the English working-class, however, is shown by the ever-increasing totals of emigration to these more generous and comfortable shores. It is only the lack of passage-money that keeps the great mass of English workers at home, where it is not easy to save anything out of wages that average only about three dollars a week for women and girls, and a dollar a day for men. The whole subject is an object lesson, since an equally amazing wage comparison may be made in almost every English trade or vocation. The wonder of it all, in face of the higher cost of living, increased taxation, and depression of business generally in England, is that the working population do not start for America *en masse*.

One thing that impresses a stranger in England is the attention paid to details in business, and the minute examination of all matters arising in the daily routine of great corporate bodies, such as railways. Returning from a visit to York and a ramble through the grand Minster, along the Roman Wall, and among the ancient Abbey ruins there, we missed a small book, entitled "Poe's Short Stories." We did not miss it until after our arrival home, and at once recollected exactly where we left it in the train—rear seat of the compartment, right-hand side, between the window and the seat-cushion. So I wrote to the Railway Company, giving full details, and as the compartment had contained no other passengers and the train on arrival had been taken directly to the railway yard for the usual inspection and cleaning, I knew the Company had found that book right in that identical spot, and accordingly I requested its return forthwith. Well, that evening we discovered the book at home! Then I was in a quandary. The logical thing, of course, was to write the Railway Company and withdraw my previous letter. But I had had occasion to blister that same Company once before, for mislaying a dress-suit case, and although the dress-suit case had been recovered, there was a coolness between us and I felt a little delicate about exposing my head to their official club after having used a sledge-hammer so triumphantly on the Company's. It was a serious dilemma. I felt sure that the Railway Company was going to have a lot of difficulty in finding any book of mine in that particular spot in that particular car, for good and sufficient reasons. I knew they would have a search made, maybe several of them—under the seat and over it, and into every crack in that railway carriage, and that an inspector would afterward call upon me with all the official correspondence, from the guard up to the General Superintendent, and then ask me four hundred very pointed

questions and write down all my answers. There would be an investigation and a general row, during which they would probably recognize me as the sarcastic complainant in the previous case, and would then search the whole train and also probably along the line clear to York! In that previous case, neither of us had economized either time or convenience in making things warm for the other, and I did not desire any repetition of that circus, although I had emerged from the fracas with both my suit-case and the enemy's scalp. But this was different. The situation was a very delicate one, it seemed to me. I wondered if I ought to accept a duplicate copy of "Poe's Short Stories," in case the guilty and conscience-stricken and abjectly-apologetic Railway Company should dissimulate its uncertainty and proceed to make restitution on general principles. It was manifest that I must allow them to thus appease me, or else confess myself a candidate for a guardian or nurse-maid while traveling. On the contrary, should the Railway Company again act 'igh and 'aughty, I would be in a still worse position. How could I do myself justice, and wave the red flag of riot and war over the still bandaged head of my former adversary, when I had the lost article in my pocket! The more I thought the matter over, the more I perspired, and finally I decided to emulate the example of Brer Rabbit—"lay low and say nuffin'." I received no word from them during that week, which I regarded as somewhat remarkable, but not so remarkable as to necessitate another letter from myself, so I waited another week, and yet another, without any sign of life from those people. Then I began to breathe a little more freely. I had occasion to go to that railway station to meet somebody one day, and while I was trying to attract as little attention as possible, an engine in the station suddenly gave two sharp whistles that nearly sent me over the newsstand! Two whistles in

a station means that the engineer has found a gold watch or something in the engine, and not having missed anything myself, I went away. From that day to this, however, I have never heard a word from the Railway Company! Nor has the Railway Company heard anything further from me. Whether my letter of complaint miscarried, or whether they received it and "stood pat," only the Superintendent and the angels will ever know. I certainly shall never enquire. It was the narrowest escape I ever had, and impressed me more than anything Edgar A. Poe ever wrote, even in his wildest flights.

On "Whit Week," or Whitsuntide, "all Lancashire and the rest of England" quits work and takes a vacation. In preparation for this holiday, thousands of the Midland mill-workers set aside a portion of their weekly wage in the care of "clubs" or "associations," each employe receiving back his holiday saving at Whitsuntide and thus ensuring his vacation expenses. All Lancashire goes traveling—some to Wales, some to London, and thousands swarm to Blackpool, the nearest seashore resort. The broad Lancashire dialect and noisy click-clack of Lancashire "clogs," resounds from Regent Street to the Scotch border, whole families locking up their homes and "camping out" for the week. The great crowds pouring through the Midland railway stations necessitate the addition of one hundred extra trains a day, and although the crush is something tremendous, everything is orderly and everybody well-behaved.

Whit Week, as stated, also serves to give all England an unlimited opportunity for cheap travel, special trips at half-fare prices being offered by the railway companies to Holland, Belgium and France, in addition to excursion-trips all over England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. And everybody goes, leaving business to take care of itself for a week, and everybody apparently has no end of a good time.

At this holiday season an invitation came for us to go to Beaumaris, in Anglesey, North Wales, and we accepted. The route lay through wonderful mountain scenery along the coast line, with grand views of the Irish Channel nearly all the way.

Wales is rich in mining properties and consonants. The names of some localities are as long as a village street, and affluent with g's and d's and w's and double ll's. They are practically unpronounceable except by Welsh people and include such gems of thought as Llandudno, Rhyl and Pwylgwyn. There is one particular town that has a name with nearly half a mile of consonants and only three inches of vowels. I have copied this name from the guide-book and solemnly swear it to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and also that I have heard it pronounced by a Welsh gentleman who still survives. It is really a whole sentence in a single word, and signifies something or other about "the village by the little house beside the mill by the river" and how attractive it all looks. This is it: Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogeryclvhwyrnndrobwll-llandsiliogogogoch!

They call that place Llanfair, for short, and nobody has ever questioned the sagacity of that idea. Any Welshman will take the whole name in one bite, however, and I could sit for hours to listen and admire. Welsh sounds exactly like a man trying to talk with his false teeth out. I heard a sermon preached in the Welsh language during our brief visit to Anglesey, but it didn't affect me half as much as the name of that town. That name sounded to me like home—like an elevated-railway guard calling the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street station in New York, and it went straight to my heart.

If the rest of Wales is anything like Anglesey, it must be a little Paradise. I shall never forget that coach-ride over

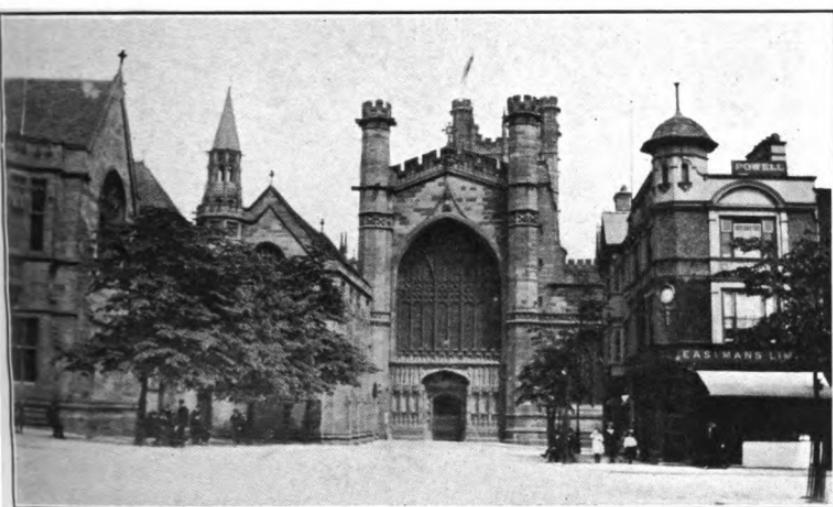
the long Menai Bridge, through the walled roads arched by spreading trees, the rolling meadows of buttercups and daisies, the occasional Channel vistas, the changing road views as the heavily-laden coach rumbled through narrow defiles cut in solid rock or rolled easily along by delightful wayside cottages and flower-gardens.

Beaumaris is an exquisite little corner of Anglesey, half country and half seashore—with the blue Channel waves at the feet of the quaint old village, and a glorious expanse of green hill and meadow behind. The village and all the rest is a part of the ancient hereditary Barony and is owned by the Lord of the Manor, together with the rest of Anglesey. Close beside the village is the old, ivy-covered ruin of Beaumaris Castle, a mediæval fortress of the thirteenth century—its massive walls and towers, wide moat, and heavy-butressed oaken gate backed by three arched portcullises, revealing its former great defensive strength. The entire Castle is roofless and open to the sky, the wide walls now thatched with grass and vines, but showing still the outlines of the interior plan, with dungeons, hidden passages within the walls, and the towers and outer walls pierced with slits for arrow-shooting. Opening on the inner court is the famous ruined banquet-hall where two hundred Welsh bards, or singers, were treacherously killed while at dinner, by one of the early Barons and his retainers.

The peace of centuries overspreads this historic old ruin. Its grass-grown moat is used as a playground, while the great central court, spangled with flowers, is now a velvet lawn of green and sunshine where tennis-balls and youthful laughter replace the strife and bloodshed of bygone centuries. Daisies and clover-blossoms whisper back and forth the stories and Castle legends told them by the old ruined walls, or brought by the gossiping rooks that nest in the towers and promenade the moat.

England is filled with such historic relics, dating back to the Roman occupation and Lord knows when. Even now, at Chester, York, and many other places, stone coffins and cooking utensils are frequently unearthed, and the once-encircling Roman Wall, or fortification, is still in evidence, with a pretty footpath all along the top. These monuments of an almost forgotten people offer far more food for reflection when seen face to face than when pictured in story. The real thing is always more convincing, to others besides Missourians. In the British Museum is a "prehistoric man," so called because antiquarians locate him away back with the ichthyosaurus and other freaks before the flood, or just after it, or—anyhow, there he is. He has his stone coffin along with him, and reposes inside curled up like a pretzel, exposed to the sport or curious regard of mankind of to-day. That twisted and fossilized figure is the world's original "oldest inhabitant," and if you are fond of quiet reflection and the accompanying reminiscent thrill, you have a gold-mine in that glass case. As evidence of the seriousness of the British intellect, it may be added that when a London newspaper gravely announced on April first that the "prehistoric man" was showing signs of returning animation, the British Museum attendants not only received an extra large number of curious visitors that day, but dropped into the "mummy room" for an occasional peep themselves!

Referring again to York and Chester, the quaintest of old English cities—each a beauty-spot of Britain, each difficult of description—for one's interest becomes so divided by the range of subjects and so absorbed by each in turn that an adequate comprehension of all is well-nigh impossible. The history of York and the story of its wars and conquest, from Hannibal to Cromwell, is the history of both, and the dry statistics and perfunctory descriptions of Minster and Cathedral, Roman Walls, and ancient buildings, are all to



Entrance to Old Abbey at Chester



"Old Ship Inn," near Manchester



be found in Baedeker and a hundred other books dear to the librarian and tourist. The most charming way to see such delightful places is to leave Baedeker at home, and wander about as we did, with friends who omitted all the dry statistics and related only what was really interesting, telling the story of each historic object while we stopped to gaze upon it. We learned that the Cathedral was one of the largest and grandest in England, that it dated from about one thousand and something, and had the finest original stained glass in the kingdom—further, that the Octagonal Chapter House was the most beautiful in Britain. We saw in the Crypt, built in the twelfth century, a piece of masonry said to be of the Saxon era, but I was none the wiser for that, for any old rock looks like any other old rock to me. There was an ancient Guild House down the street that was interesting—it resembled a small chapel, and I was very glad to get outside again, for it was apparently ready to tumble down at any minute. We came out on tiptoe. It was not the Cathedral, or "York Minster," as it is called, that most interested us, however. I have seen Cathedrals and great churches all over Europe until I am tired of them from brain to feet. They all look alike, have the same odor of sanctity, and seem to wear the same universal scowl for strangers.

What most impresses one in York is the old Roman flavor that pervades everything. We stood on the Roman wall that encloses the ancient portion of the town, and dreamed things as they were nine hundred years ago—the Roman sentinel, kindred to the one who stood steadfast at his post in the fiery rain at Pompeii, standing on guard here at the old postern water-gate—the ancient arched and sculptured city gates under which have passed in and out, Norman, Saxon, Roman, Briton, and Cook Tourists—the ruined Abbey, roofless, with only the high-arched windows and one

side-wall remaining after a thousand years, the same little river flowing at its feet where monks in olden days fished for their Friday dinner—the Hospitium, where strangers calling at the Abbey were lodged, now a museum of relics and curiosities unearthed roundabout. In those early days there was no Patent Office, and in that ancient museum we saw hair-pins, scarf-pins, fancy tableware, rings, iridescent-glass ornaments, and all kinds of household adornments, exactly like those in use to-day, and in many instances duplicated in our own Patent Office as models upon which "patents" have been issued to enterprising non-inventive Anglo-Saxons. The dear old safety-pin, friend of our childhood and ever useful, may be found on exhibition in every museum in Europe, some of them cut out of wood and used in Egypt three thousand years ago, along with the hair-pins found in mummy cases—and one day an Anglo-Saxon smarty *patented* the safety-pin idea and made a fortune! We saw a monk in the Museum, or rather what remains of him, cowled and with the selfsame rope around his waist that held his gown centuries ago. Most visitors glance at it, pass on, and become interested in the collection of stone coffins dug up in the Abbey grounds, but I could see that monk passing across the lawn and down to the river-bank with his fish-pole, and by and by his cowled figure going through the ruined entrance to the Abbey, and later mingling with his brown-robed brethren in the chapel—all nine hundred years ago!

Sometimes I wish that I might live a thousand years and go about the earth revisiting old scenes. With my inborn capacity for enjoying everything from an autumn leaf to an insurrection, such a life would certainly be varied and never dull. In some respects it would be charming—sad in others. I have in my little day wandered over a considerable part of both continents, and find it always pleasant to

revisit scenes and people, however widely scattered from West to East. But a thousand years! What changes to observe each century—what new friendships to make, and old friends to mourn—what passings-on of all things temporal! And curious it is how gradually and imperceptibly, yet surely, the haunts and abodes of men are finally builded on by succeeding generations and become in turn obliterated by Time and the earthy deposit of Time. We do not realize that what is on the surface of our earth to-day will be largely tumbled down and built upon a thousand years hence. You can dig anywhere in Europe almost and discover buried and forgotten things of long ago, from a button to a temple. Part of a Roman Wall has recently been unearthed near London, Roman coins and the remains of Roman camps, pavements, goblets, and armor are constantly being turned up by the plough or spade all over England—perhaps as reminders “lest we forget” that for five hundred years England labored under the yoke and lash of her Roman conqueror. Even while we were in York they were resurrecting a huge Roman ruin of a bath-house, chariot factory, or department store—nobody knew what it was or appeared to care. Some Yorkshireman happened to be digging a well and found a cupola! After relocating his well, he continued operations, and some day he will have a Roman bath, or whatever it turns out to be, and then the English Government will double his taxes and eventually acquire the excavation. One of our York friends who was having a cellar made for a little summer-house in his garden, surprised a former Roman citizen reposing there in a stone coffin. The coffin is now in the museum, inscribed *not* with the name of its former occupant, but with that of the *finder!* The bones went elsewhere. Apparently the Romans wore out their welcome in York.

There is also the old Castle, which I am not going to describe—part of it is only a prison now—but imagine going through that musty old fortress, one of the oldest in England, absorbing ancient lore and getting mentally covered with the hoary dust of antiquity, so to speak—and then emerging into the sunshine and being shown “the finest modern railway station in Europe!” York has both the oldest and newest of attractions—one might stay there for many and many a day, and find never a dull one.

Chester, or “Old Chester,” as it is reverently called, also imprints its lasting impression on the memory of pilgrims to its shrine. Nestled within the arm of the slow-winding river Dee, and surrounded by the ever-charming rolling country of Cheshire, its heart enclosed by the still-enduring Roman wall, and its grand old Cathedral looming up amid other buildings old and new—Chester is all that could be desired. Once within its charmed circle, one feels the deep content that betokens earthly peace and good will. It was a fortified Roman town in the first century, and here one realizes the antiquity of Britain.

Chester is dominated, not by its majestic Cathedral, its quaint “Rows,” its past glories and modern cheese, but by its famed tutelary deity, the “Cheshire cat.” This strangely-shaped and grotesque effigy of a feline pet grins its distorted greeting at you from every shop-window, apparently rejoicing in its hideous deformity and the red and yellow spots. You will find stray specimens of these china monstrosities all over England, but Chester is the family head-centre, the “old homestead” of the tribe. That cheerful, emblematic grin meets and welcomes you at every turn, and such is its insinuating, persuasive witchery that even while you berate yourself for a fool and the descendant of fools, you cannot resist an idiotic grin in return. The Cheshire cat is the living exemplification of Ella Wheeler Wilcox’s

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." Its complacent smile has never been paralleled except by the pleased expression of a certain historic tiger returning from its walk with a too-confiding young lady.

A beautiful view of Chester and its surroundings may be had from the promenade along the top of the Roman wall, the most ancient in England. A parapet extends along each side, broken by occasional old watch-towers, from one of which King Charles saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor, in 1645. The wall is pierced by antique "city gates," with coats of arms still blazoned above the arches. Near the main entrance and just within the wall itself stands the Cathedral, famous among the famous Cathedrals of England. We wandered through its darkened interior, the golden sunshine filtering through the great stained windows, and rested for a little in the cool shadow of the central nave to admire the rich reredos and altar, carven choir-stalls, and grandly-imposing dome. Then with a shilling we corrupted an attendant, who led the way to a little door opening into the old burial-ground outside, where nobody is allowed to enter except Royalty, church members, and us. We are usually able to secure entrance into everything, everywhere, and always, even though it is contrary to orders, against all tradition, and may mean death to the official in charge. Our "open sesame" is a silver key that unlocks every door, the size of the key varying with the size of the door, and we are particular to always have this key with us when we go a-wandering. The English sightseer seldom spends an extra penny, and consequently sees only the regulation free programme, while a nimble little silver six-pence or shilling will open locks and doors leading into all sorts of secret places full of wonderfully interesting historic treasures always kept sacred from the public view.

I remember on one occasion when visiting Windsor Castle, we were admitted to St. George's Chapel after the regular hour for closing, due solely to the hypnotic effect produced by a half-crown piece, and how later the attendant nearly wept because he was helpless to acquire a beautiful gold sovereign offered him for a look inside the great marble sarcophagus of the Duke of Clarence. "Don't you want it?" "Want it?—my Gawd, yes!" said the man. "Well, open it, then," said John, pointing to the sarcophagus. "Gawd save us, I *cawnt* hopen it, the top weighs more than a ton, sir," almost blubbered the excited attendant. John gave him half a sovereign, to save his tottering reason, and we shall remember that sarcophagus as one of the very few places in England that we failed to unlock.

Chester is famous for its ancient "Rows" (pronounced *rose*), a sort of second-story sidewalk, with shops and house-entrances like those in the street below. They resemble a long interior balcony, with railing, affording a quiet and shady promenade, with stairways to the street at either end. The idea would seemingly be worth copying for relieving the crush on modern sidewalks. It is said that these "Rows," or second-story sidewalks, were once on a level with the streets of the old walled town—a statement which appears at first sight more or less doubtful, yet perhaps it may be true. It gives one a sort of apologetic feeling to be promenading in front of what would ordinarily be somebody else's private apartments, but we got over that.

The ideal way of seeing England, or for that matter any other place, would be to tour the country in an automobile, with a careful and competent chauffeur, who would also act as guide. By this means, all railway travel and arbitrary hours of arrival and departure are eliminated, and one can ride along slowly or stop whenever desired, to view the charming landscape. There are plenty of pretty wayside

inns from which to choose resting-places at night, and one enjoys perfect freedom from time-tables, stuffy railway trains, station conveyances, and a hundred other annoyances of ordinary travel. England is fairest outside her cities; the countryside is delightful from April to October, and an automobile trip through Devon, Cheshire and Lancashire into Scotland, along the lake and mountain route from Glasgow to Edinborough, thence down the east coast to the sea-side resorts along the "English Riviera," or South Coast, Brighton, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, and the like, is an ideal trip never to be forgotten. There is a world that is entirely different from the world seen by the railway traveler, full of scenes and pleasures absolutely new and delightful to every sense—a world that is open wide to him who journeys slowly and with eyes that see, whether the journey be by rail or motor-car. To the traveler who races over a prescribed route, in a prescribed and limited time, a slave to his itinerary of travel and with eyes for only what the guide-books recommend, the real joys of foreign travel are unknown. He sees but little, remembers less, and the principal benefit derived from such a trip is enjoyed by the recipients of his foolish and wide-flung travel expenses.

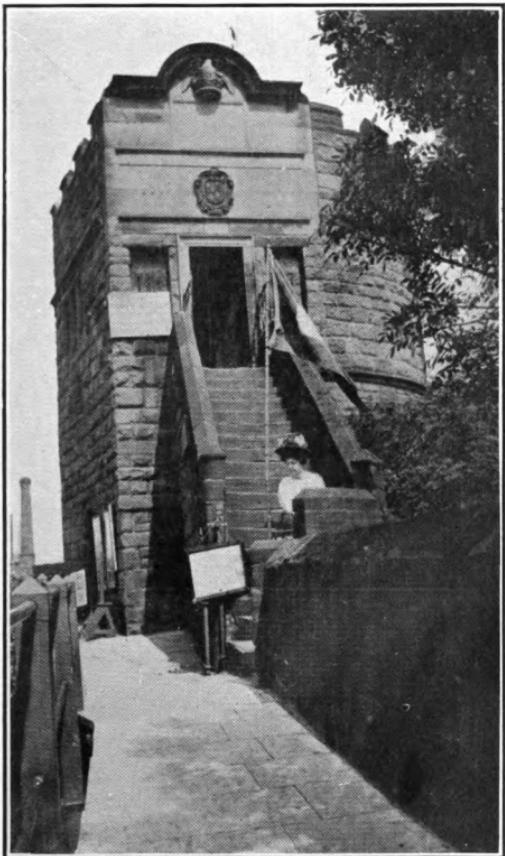
The mill-towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire are all alike in essential respects, being prosaic, commercial and dull in comparison with the quaintness of York and other show-places. Weaving-mills and factories are everywhere, their countless "smoke-stacks" rolling out black clouds of sooty soft-coal smoke both night and day, befouling the landscape and soiling everything it touches. The sun shines brightly in the Midlands, however, and one doesn't notice the dirt till he looks at his cuffs!

The average wage of an adult mill-worker is sixteen shillings, or \$4.00, per week. Children of all ages and sizes are also employed, receiving an average of four shil-

lings, or \$1.00, per week. The working hours are from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., with an hour for dinner. At 7 P. M. the day-shift leaves the mill and the night-shift takes the vacated places. The mills grind night and day, grinding human beings! The day-shift is made up largely of women and girls, the night-shift of men; husband and wife meet at the gates of the mill, he entering, she leaving, or vice versa, seeing each other only in that brief moment until Sunday comes. The mills shut down on Sunday, but they keep the fires going!

Bradford is situated on one side of a wide, deep ravine, the ridge opposite being open country and marked out in squares or rectangles by innumerable hedge-rows, the customary English boundary-lines of farms. The view across the valley is very fine—whenever the smoking forest of intervening “chimney-stacks” permits.

Within the silk-mills is the eternal crashing back and forth of countless shuttles endlessly weaving, weaving the story of human hardship and cruel poverty into rich fabrics, amid a deafening and exasperating din. Here are employed thousands of anaemic-looking workers, whose lives run literally in one straight groove from day to day and year to year, with little or no variation from the daily path traveled from home to mill and back again. Tons of silk cocoons are pulped in these mills, then spun and woven into all manner of silk goods. The largest mill is near the pretty Park, and boasts a “chimney-stack” taller and of greater girth than any in all England. It certainly is a monster, and from its commanding situation on high ground overlooks all the country roundabout. A coach and four horses can be driven round the top, they say, but the experiment has never been tried. On the day when the great chimney was “opened,” christened, or dedicated, a dinner-party was held at the top. A temporary railing was



King Charles Tower on the Roman Wall,  
Old Chester



built around the outer edge, and the guests were carried up on a small "lift," or elevator, inside the chimney. The people of Bradford talk about that dinner yet, and probably always will. The stranger, on arrival, is asked: "Hast seen owt (aught) of Lister's chimbley-stack? Noa? Thow't not—weel, zur, a cooch and voor 'orses can be a-druvven round aboot the top, zur, an' when chimbley war oopened"—and so on. They tell it to you. We heard it every day, until I finally got it so pat that I told it to Bradford people myself, but always locating the chimney in Lancashire! Yorkshire is jealous of Lancashire, and Lancashire has no special use for Yorkshire, so the chimney was always good for a free lesson in dialect. Yorkshire dialect is always richer and broader when the speaker is excited. The bare idea of that Yorkshire prize "stack" being in Lancashire was usually sufficient to transform a quiet Bradford citizen into a violent lunatic. It was very odd.

The beauties and capabilities of the real Yorkshire dialect are best heard when the mill-shifts are changing and the adjacent streets and sidewalks are thronged with the hurrying workers. The Babel of jargon is something tremendous. Lancashire dialect is said to exceed the Yorkshire in broadness and picturesque variety, but I could see no choice myself. Either one can be cut with a knife and make an Irish "brogue" resemble thirty centimes.

In traveling across England by rail, the mill-towns are conspicuous by the smoke which obscures the sky above and around them. Sheffield and Birmingham can be recognized miles away by their canopies of smoky cloud. We passed through Sheffield in a sort of thick fog, and as the train continued its route across a valley and along the opposite side, we looked back at the city five miles away and saw only a smudge of smoke like a great cloud. We were then in brilliant sunshine and among the green fields and

harvests. Little wonder that Horace Walpole described Sheffield as "one of the foulest towns in England, in the most charming situation." At night the fires of the great steel rolling-mills there reddens the sky like the glare of a burning city, and the scene inside a mill is like a peep into the Inferno of Dante, with the crimson glow and half-naked men, and roaring flames of the wide-open furnaces. But even with such an object-lesson always before them, it is not recorded that the Sheffield population is especially interested in theological subjects.

I remember one especially dull morning while returning to New York on a big White Star liner, when every passenger seemed to be buried in a book and steamer-chair, or prowling about the deck in a fit of the dumps, a mental condition which is charmingly expressed in the English vernacular as "got the hump." Maybe it was due to the weather, possibly to the long side-roll of the ship, or perhaps just a plain everyday coincidence.

I stood at the rail of the promenade deck beside the Only Girl, rejoicing in the sweep of ocean-view, the glorious breeze, and joyousness of life itself. As we watched the great vessel plough its giant path through the white surge that spread away each side of the bow, and the millions of bubbles racing past to the foam-flecked wake behind, I took a handful of silver coins from my pocket, and said:

"We are like passengers in a balloon sailing over the mountains and valleys of the ocean-bed. Away down there below us in those blue depths are Alpine ranges and mighty prairies, towering peaks and smooth table-lands, extending for hundreds of miles in every direction, and were this great ocean to vanish and we remain floating here above it all, we could plainly see all these mountains and valleys so far beneath us."

"How far?" inquired this practical maid.

"Well, the depth of the ocean varies according to the conformation of its bed, the greatest depth being about three miles. In the ship's library, my dear, you will find books describing the ocean and its hidden secrets, and also maps showing the charted heights and hollows of the submarine bed itself. It is very interesting.

"For instance," I continued, "we are now about a thousand miles from the English coast, almost in mid-Atlantic. Directly under us at this moment, according to the library charts, is a valley extending some seventy miles from one side to the other, enclosed by lofty mountains and gradually shelving like the interior of a wine-glass to a base only about ten miles in diameter. The bottom is said to be of hard white sand, and whatever wrecked ships have gone down into this valley gradually shift to this common centre and find a final resting-place upon this white sand. Now, if we were in a balloon instead of a ship, you could look down and see what is there."

The Only Girl captured a wind-blown tress and fastened it beneath her steamer-cap. "How awfully interesting that is. I should so love to see it."

"Well, we can't very well do that, but we can send a substitute."

From the handful of mixed English and American silver coins I selected a bright new shilling-piece, her eyes sparkling meanwhile with suppressed curiosity, while a convalescent invalid in a nearby steamer-chair regarded us with that scowling disfavor commonly extended by the breed toward passengers with well-behaved stomachs.

I held the shilling-piece in my hand, and said:

"Now, dear, this little shilling is going to see something that no human eye has ever seen or ever will see. I am going to throw it overboard and it will sink lower and lower, down, down through the blue ocean to the sandy

bed far below, and it will stay there forever and ever, among the shattered wrecks and skeletons and perhaps treasure, and all sorts of queer things. It is sure going to see things, unless some big fish gobbles it en route to squander in some lobster palace. Now, if this shilling could only come back and tell us what it has seen down there under the blue water, it would be a story worth hearing, wouldn't it? Well, here it goes; say good-bye!"

The Only Girl looked very intently at the little messenger, and said:

"Now, don't you stop to talk on the way with any strange fish; you just hustle down there and get busy with those wrecks and things. Then cable us at Daddy's expense."

I threw the shilling far out from where we stood, into a dark patch of blue water free from foam and bubbles, and as the liner forged its way past we saw the silver gleam and twinkle as it sank down into the depths, turning in the dark water as if to flash back an eternal farewell to sunshine and the turquoise sky.

The incident left a deep impression on the mind of the Only Girl, and will always associate itself with a mental photograph of that ocean-valley and its silent surroundings. Frequently during the rest of the voyage she would emerge from a brown study or interrupt some abstruse remarks of mine with the musing interrogation, "I wonder where that shilling is now, Daddy," and so also during the years that have since elapsed the fate-question of that little messenger has frequently been in our minds. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene. The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear," but not one of them has such a healthy and absorbing interest to me as that little Queen's shilling. I don't think I ever spent a shilling to such good advantage.

English railway men are proud of the speed records made on their lines. They admit that they have no long-distance runs like those of the New York-Chicago limited trains of the Pennsylvania or New York Central, but they claim to operate a greater number of fast trains at a greater speed than the American railroads. This high speed, however, is for only a comparatively short run, and cannot be compared with the long mile-a-minute runs extending nearly half-way across the American continent and made by fast passenger specials. It was old Commodore Vanderbilt who once remarked that fast train service in England was like a hundred-yard race—"they couldn't keep it up long, for fear of running off the island."

The fastest non-stop run in England is between Darlington and York. The Northeastern Railway does this forty-four-and-one-half-mile run at a speed of a little over sixty-one miles an hour.

The express trains of the Great Central Railway cover the distance of twenty-two and one-half miles between Leicester and Nottingham at the rate of a little over sixty-one miles an hour. The next best run is the Caledonian Railway's express, which covers the thirty-two and one-half miles between Forfar and Perth at over sixty miles an hour.

The Great Western Railway has some remarkably fast trains. The non-stop express runs between London and Bristol,  $118\frac{1}{4}$  miles, at a speed of fifty-nine miles an hour. The Great Western also runs non-stop expresses between London and Plymouth, 225 miles, at a speed of fifty-five miles an hour. Americans landing at Plymouth are familiar with the Great Western's boat-specials that take them from Plymouth to London. They often cover level stretches at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. From Plymouth to Exeter the line is hilly, which reduces the speed.

The French railway men also have some fast expresses to boast about. The Northern of France covers the run from Paris to Arras daily, 120 miles, in 117 minutes. Its Paris-Busigny expresses do the 112½ miles in 112 minutes. Its Paris-St. Quentin expresses do the 95½ miles in 95 minutes, and its Paris-Longeau expresses do the 78¾ miles in 78 minutes.

The French railways have recently speeded up their Paris-Berlin expresses. The morning train from Paris to the frontier is timed as follows: Paris-St. Quentin, 95¼ miles in 93 minutes; St. Quentin-Erquelinnes, 53½ miles in 51 minutes, or at the rate of 62.9 miles an hour. The French railway men think this is "going some."

There are a dozen trains from London to Birmingham, 110 miles, that cover the distance in 120 minutes to a tick. From London to Brighton, the popular seaside resort, is 50½ miles, and a dozen expresses a day do the distance in just 50 minutes.

The difference between the English railway compartment-coach and the American railway car is quite as marked as the difference between the locomotive engines. Corridor cars, a compromise between the two types of passenger cars, are a great improvement over the old-style compartment car, and far safer for ladies obliged to travel alone.

"God bless your Honor," said the old Irish janitor of an office-building in Manchester, to whom I had wished a "Merry St. Patrick's Day" as I stepped from the "lift" on the upper floor. "'Tis kind av ye, sorr—sure, today is the Siventeenth and 'tis an American ye are, praise God, and not English. Strange things do be happening nowadays, sorr; d'ye mind the bit av green in me coat today? Sure, 'tis only of late years that a man could do that here and

openly, yet now, sorr, the wearin' av the green is not only allowed but raley encouraged be the English, God forgive thim! Faith, 'tis but right, and why? Irish Ginerals have led the English throops to victory along wid Irish soldiers too often av late years for England to openly ignore Ireland longer, since 'tis the English flag gets all the glory and honor, sorr. And sure, the Queen sinds the Irish Guards great boxes av shamrocks on St. Patrick's Day, and the King be graciously plazed to allow ut be worn on the British uniform for that wan day only. Bedad, in other days and not so long ago ayther, the English were hangin' people in Ireland for wearin' the green little shamrock, but that is all ended foriver, praise God, and only the red shame to England remains."

True words those. It was worth while to hear the old man talk of Ireland's partial emancipation and catch his appreciative laugh when I explained how St. Patrick was born at midnight on March 8th, and because those present were unable to decide whether he arrived late on the 8th or early on the 9th, they added the two dates and called it the 17th! The celebration of St. Patrick's natal day is not, however, carried to such an extreme in London as in New York—they do not hoist the green flag on Buckingham Palace or the Houses of Parliament yet; but even that may come in time. The British lion is still sensitive mentally and physically from the trouncing received in the Transvaal and Soudan, from which he was rescued by Roberts and Kitchener, Irish both, and what with frequent tail-twistings by Irish members of Parliament, and the awful visitations of the Suffragettes, Sir Leo can hardly be blamed for purchasing peace at any price. Much of this nature and more to the same effect did the old veteran and I discourse about, while the "lift" waited idly near us on the upper floor with wildly-ringing bell, and men of England

filled the entrance-hall downstairs with wrath and lamentation. "But phwy prolong the discussin'," as Tim said when he finally started the car downward. "Sure, 'tis all wan—Here's to thim that wish us well, And thim that don't may g-g—God change their hearts, sor!" With which bit of Irish philosophy the old man dropped down to the raging tenants marooned on the ground floor below.

Near Manchester lived a man known as "Ducky," who had spent about ten years of his life in raising chickens, ducks and geese. He knew more about the habits and eccentricities of that kind of fowl than it seemed possible for any man to retain in his mental system without straining it wide open. As an authority on feathers and cackle he stood ace-high, his judgment being regarded as Gospel truth by all the adjacent neighborhood. One day a well-dressed stranger carrying a satchel walked into the little public-house where "Ducky" was holding forth on the high price of eggs as contrasted with the indifferent business ambition displayed by the local poultry. The stranger ordered a drink and started conversation.

"I have something here," he said, extracting a live goose from the satchel, "which I consider one of the marvels of the age, as illustrating what education will do for even a poor dumb creature like this. I am told that you understand something about geese, and you are therefore probably aware of the mental disadvantages under which they labor, having little or no brain power or mental concentration, and being easily flustered or confused. When, therefore, such an absolutely irresponsible proposition develops a high intellectual capacity for absorbing, retaining and applying knowledge imparted to it from a loftier intellectual plane, that object becomes a marvelous exception to the general rule, and as such, a miraculous evidence of the

exalting power of higher education. For instance, this is Muriel, the dancing goose."

"Garn," said an onlooker. "Chuck it!" The audience roared with appreciative interest.

"I sye, old chap," remarked "Ducky," stroking the back of Muriel, then standing on the floor and regarding the company bashfully, "wot d'ye mean aboot this burrd a-darncing? Geese don't becoom darncers, y'know."

"Not all geese, certainly," the stranger continued, "but Muriel, this snow-white wonder, does actually dance. She will do a sailor's hornpipe, a whirlwind dance, the coochee-coochee, or a pigeon-wing, if preferred. She has had the benefit of a musical education as well, and is gifted with an excellent ear for correct time."

"'Ear, 'ear!" applauded the crowd. "Give us a 'ornpipe, missis."

By this time "Ducky" was greatly interested. In all the years of his intimate experience with geese he had never heard of one being so intelligent and graceful as to be capable of executing a dance. But he was willing to be shown, and the stranger was willing to convince him.

"Muriel," said he, "will take pleasure in dancing for you, and then if you are satisfied you should take her home to entertain your friends. Nothing would force me to part with her, except actual need of money, nor would I ever do so unless I was sure that she would have a good home and a kind master."

The stranger took from the satchel a square piece of tin and placed it on the floor. Muriel backed away a few steps rather shyly, but was lifted up by the stranger and placed upon the tin, with the admonition:

"Now, Muriel, kindly oblige us with a dance."

Sure enough, the goose began to kick and hop about in a grotesque sort of two-step, varied with an occasional flop

into the air, resuming its gyrations when its feet returned to the tin square. The spectators, at first hushed and awe-struck, applauded uproariously and shouted encouragement.

"Sling yer 'ook, Dysy!" "Go it, missis!" "Blyme, wot a lark!" "'Appy days, old girl!"

Muriel began to show signs of extreme disfavor and the stranger lifted her up, replacing the tin square in the satchel.

The dance was not so very graceful, "Ducky" admitted, but then one couldn't expect too much from a goose. In the main it was very satisfactory, however, and he was pleased and considerably impressed. After a brief private conversation with the stranger in a corner, during which "Ducky" parted with the amount required for Muriel, he bade the stranger good-bye and took the goose home.

On arriving there he placed Muriel once more on the tin square, where she danced as vigorously as before, to the unbounded joy and admiration of a fresh lot of spectators. Then in some way, right in the middle of a startling High-lang Fling, the goose managed to get off the tin. Immediately the dancing stopped. Muriel, with a little shake of her ruffled plumage, just walked off as a modest little goose should.

Then "Ducky" started to investigate. Picking up the bird, he found attached to each foot a fine wire, which ran down each leg. The wire was continued under the wing, where it connected with a tiny electric battery, cleverly concealed. When the bird was placed on the tin, a circuit was formed, causing it to kick and stamp its feet! The mysterious source of Muriel's higher education was revealed. "Ducky" had also learned a thing or two himself.

The Midland country lying between London and the Scottish border was the scene of much religious strife in

the strenuous days when Oliver Cromwell and his "Iron-sides" overran England, shooting, hanging and maiming that unfortunate portion of the population who differed in religious creed. Spreading the gospel by cropping off the ears and slitting the noses of tardy converts is a method only temporarily convincing. Many an old and battered farm-house still attests the "Protector's" malign presence, where, after hanging or cropping the unfortunate owner, the departing soldiers put the torch to the old stone-walled buildings. At Drogheda, Ireland, while suppressing a rebellion in that unhappy isle against the English, over one thousand men, women and children were locked inside a church where they had taken refuge, and burned alive at Cromwell's orders. All these atrocities were done in the name of religion and to the glory of God. During those dark centuries not only was the Tower of London crowded with noble prisoners and the execution-block working overtime, but all England was drenched in the blood of an internecine conflict waged in the cause of Christ! Catholic and Protestant alternated in the sunshine of successive sovereigns and the fortunes of both great religious parties varied with each change of robe and sceptre. At the death of Cromwell the Protestant Church of England had become firmly and finally established.

There is always a moral to a story. This is the story. One day an Irishman wandered into a Protestant cathedral and fell asleep. He was awakened by an indignant official, who exhorted him between shakes:

"Come, move on now; you're in the wrong place. This isn't your church, it's a Protestant one."

Pat rubbed his eyes and looked about him.

"Faith," said he, "ain't thot the statue of St. Joseph?"

"Yes," replied the official.

"Ain't thot other wan the Virgin Mary?"

"Certainly it is. Move along now!"

"Ain't thot wan the blessed Saviour?"

"Yes, yes."

"G'wan, thin! Whin did all thim turn Protestant?"

Manchester will always be associated in my mind with the Philippines. During the summer an exhibition was opened there called the "White City," a pocket-edition of the great "White City" at Chicago at the time of the World's Fair. One of the attractions was a "Philippine village," a cluster of rustic huts occupied by a number of native Iggorotes, practically naked, and fresh from the Philippines. From a tall flag-pole in the centre of the village floated the Stars and Stripes—the only clean thing in the place. Now, it is no exaggeration, but a positive fact, that fully one-half of the middle and lower-class population of Manchester and vicinity who went to see that village and beheld our national flag above it, believed those natives to be pure Americans, native-born New Yorkers, perhaps! This dense geographical ignorance, more especially regarding America, is a prominent English characteristic, not confined to the lower classes, but frequently encountered in higher circles of society as well. Americans visiting England are frequently informed that they "speak excellent English." On one occasion much surprise was expressed by an addle-headed young nobleman who sat next to an American lady at a country-house dinner. "Why, bless me, where did you ever learn to speak English? You have no American accent, re-arly, y'know." She confided her reply in a whisper, "Oh, we had an English missionary in our tribe." Whereat he marvelled much, gazing steadily ahead through his monocle, and then beamed upon her with, "Oh, yaas, yaas, of caws; most extr'ordinary, y'know."

It did not matter that these Igorrotes were chocolate-colored and bare—they were usually referred to as “the Americans,” and that queer collection of huts as the “American village!” English visitors were also especially interested in a so-called “dog dance,” given by the natives two or three times a day, and during which an imaginary dog is killed, boiled and eaten, in realistic pantomime, by these simple children of nature. In their far-off tropic home the dog was always a real one and took a prominent part in the proceedings, but in Manchester the dog was omitted, and, if wise, got outside the city limits. Another absorbing object of interest to the open-mouthed believers was the Chief of the village, a six-foot Igorrote, who had a record as a “head hunter,” having killed eight men, whose heads, nicely dried, were hanging at his happy home-fireside as trophies of his prowess. This fact went still further to prove him a genuine American citizen, according to the English theory. The entire native costume of male Igorrotes being about the area of a pocket handkerchief, it was a constant and aggravating mystery to his admirers where he carried his gun.

Generally speaking, the knowledge displayed by the average Briton regarding all things American is quite on a par with his geographical proficiency. America is looked upon as a sort of Utopia, where large conflagrations, shocking railway accidents, and wholesale negro lynchings are of almost daily occurrence. It is occasionally necessary to explain that people in New York and other American cities do not go about armed to the teeth, an explanation which is usually regarded as a deliberate evasion. “Fancy that! Why, I thought you Americans always carried a pistol and were ready to use it at any moment.” Then follows the usual bromidic corollary: “But of caws you do not requiah a pistol in England, y’know.” I have met English people

of excellent standing who were perfectly certain that I carried a concealed gun, and possibly a bowie-knife in my boot as well, since I never proved the contrary by taking the boot off in evidence. They have read about such things and Americans get the benefit of it. It is a noticeable fact, however, that throughout Europe nearly all Americans are treated with politeness, perhaps because of this prevailing uncertainty as to firearms. It does no harm at least, for on the Continent courtesy is mostly purchased with gold and silver, and seldom proffered gratuitously unless you are regarded as apt to shoot! *Par example*, it is always a pleasant diversion, if a waiter is slow, to use the magic word "Goddam." The waiter will instantly vanish and your order be served by a nimble substitute, with a constant wary eye on your hip pocket. I was once asked in all seriousness by a charming English lady dining with us in a prominent Paris café, "Oh, *would* you please shoot just once at the chandelier; I should *so* love to see the waiters go through the windows!" And because I had thoughtlessly attended dinner without my alleged armory, she regarded me ever after as extremely disappointing.

One of the English newspapers contained an editorial on the great fire in Chelsea, Mass., locating Chelsea on Tremont Street, in Boston. Such a *faux pas* is not unusual with English papers, while the majority of readers never heard of either place. English newspapers are dull, heavy, and extremely vague on all matters except the daily Parliamentary reports. There will be columns and pages of ponderous arguments and dreary, stupefying discussions of that august body, and only a half-column or so about foreign matters. Occasionally the newspapers contain awful breaks in geography concerning things that every schoolboy ought to know. The London *Daily Telegraph* is probably the best all-round newspaper published in England, with

the *Daily Mail* a close second, but of a different class. The *Daily Telegraph* made a world record in the Russo-Japanese war that for promptness of service and news accuracy placed it easily first among all the newspapers of that day, not excepting even the American press. The *Daily Mail* is the favorite journal with Americans, however, being bright, newsy and conducted in the American style—a lonely and attractive sulphide among the bromides of English journalism.

There is much philosophical wisdom to be derived from even humble sources. The staple products of Yorkshire and Lancashire are cloth goods and dialect, and the slow, leisurely manner of transacting business in that region is convincing evidence that the man who sits down to wait will be still sitting there waiting long after the man who hustles has got what they both went after. There is much good doctrine in the old assertion that "God helps those who help themselves," but the fact remains equally true that a personal, strenuous effort will leave less for God to do. Prompt decisions, like prompt remedies, are often vitally necessary in business, and all business ethics yield to emergencies. A case in point is that of the two little girls who were hurrying along in imminent danger of being late to school. One said, "Oh, let us kneel down here and pray God that we may not be late." The other girl said, "No, let's skin along and pray as we skin." They skun and got there.

That seems to be the better way; certainly, it has advantages. Shakespeare, an Englishman himself, has given Englishmen this valuable financial tip: "Our remedies oft within ourselves do lie, which we ascribe to Heaven." In other words, personal effort, not supplication, is the trump card. Reflections like these in time of stress are comforting

to bear in mind. It is also of advantage to resolve oneself into a "Don't Worry Club" and practice the essential principle. But there is a limit. "Excelsior" and "Casabianca" are poems cited as excellent examples of perseverance and obedience for the rising generation to inscribe inside its hat and seek to emulate. While there is no doubt that "Excelsior" as a poem conveys a wholesome moral to business and financial climbers, the moral can be overdone, and then something happens to the climber. He may even be frozen out permanently. There is a considerable margin between perseverance wisely directed and a fool ambition to climb an Alp all alone. "Casabianca," too, is a pretty poem and conveys another good moral, but that boy was only another kind of fool. He waited too long; he had plenty of pluck, but no judgment. Common sense should have told him that if his father hadn't turned up at that last red-hot minute, it was because he *couldn't*, and young Casabianca should have skun along and prayed as he skun. The poems and morals are both all right as far as they go, but, as previously stated, there is a limit. One live boy is better than two dead ones.

Manchester is the centre of the Yorkshire cotton goods industry and, as in Lancashire, most of the mill workers wear the "clogs," or wooden-soled shoes. No one who has once heard that street music of the "clogs" in the Midlands will ever forget it. Oldham, near Manchester, is a fair sample. The clack-clack is everywhere and always—the sidewalk resounds with it, the air is full of it, and the echoes come back from up, down and across the street. People go clack-clacking by, clack-clacking up side-streets, or clack-clacking in and out of the shops, and the combined racket is something fierce. I was passing through a narrow street in Oldham when I heard a rattling on the paving-



Two Americans in  
the Philippine  
Village



Regarded in Manchester as Genuine Americans



stones behind me that sounded like a runaway cab! I stepped into a doorway out of danger, and then discovered that the din was made by two small boys clattering along in their "clogs" to school. You can always tell when people are in a hurry; it is not necessary to turn round, if they are behind you, for you will have ample evidence of their presence. The clack-clack is comparatively mild and modest when anyone is walking quietly along, but when there is a hurry call the "clogs" go clickety-clack, and if it is a dog fight ahead or a bill collector behind, then the music quickens to a clickety-clickety clack-clack, and you know that the owner of those "clogs" is doing a hundred-yard dash through the next street. Whether the familiar clog-dance of our variety stage owes its happy origin to the Midland mill towns, I cannot say—they certainly have the clogs, if not the dance. And when on national holidays or the occasion of some special football match at the famous Crystal Palace grounds near London, the Yorkshire and Lancashire population goes sight-seeing to the metropolis, then resounds the dialect and the "song of the wooden shoe" high above the roar of traffic, while London stuffs its ears with cotton and folds its hands in pious resignation.

From a clog dance to a Crematorium is an easy transition. The English public has not taken very kindly to the gospel of cremation, notwithstanding the apparent vast advantage offered by this process of burial over the English and Continental fashion of using one grave for an entire family, beginning at the bottom and adding layers as required. Cremation has many excellent points in its favor besides sanitary considerations, and to the majority of people but one objection offers itself—the natural aversion to consigning a loved one to the incinerating furnace. But when it is remembered that the alternative of earth-burial consigns the loved one to a process of slow decomposition

and decay which is far more revolting, the quick reduction to ashes seems preferable. The modern cemetery is to most people a beautiful park, adorned by nature and man with lovely lawns and shaded paths for quiet meditation; where flowers, sweet symbols of life, are budding and blooming everywhere. It is pleasant to wander about amid such surroundings, apart from the busy world outside, viewing the sculptured tributes to departed friends, enjoying the restful silence, and the hushed voices of the leaves whispering in the trees above. All this is dreamy and appropriate, and since it is what we have always been accustomed to, is no doubt more or less a solace in many ways. But it is not cheerful to reflect that all this beauty of nature and exquisite handiwork of man, the verdant lawn and flowering landscape so charming to every sense of those bereaved, is but a fair and smiling mask to conceal what lies hidden underneath—human remains passing through every stage of loathsome putrefaction and decay. Cemeteries, although attractive to the eye and serving more or less satisfactorily a purpose, yet possess no attendant advantages that cannot also be offered with cremation as a substitute for burial. It is quite as logical to bury an urn containing the ashes of a departed friend or relative as to inter the coffined body itself. No change or alteration in the appearance of the cemetery is required—its floral beauty and effective landscape remain the same, with sculptured tributes also, if desired. But above all, we may have the final certainty, the deep content, of knowing that there is to be no gradual corruption and dissolution of that form so fondly loved in life, neither any possibility of trance, premature burial, or kindred horrors that, having happened before, may perhaps happen again, and from which any positive exemption cannot be guaranteed. Only cremation can give that great assurance that brings the peace of certainty; only crea-

tion can rob the grave of half its terrors and dangers for those yet living. And as cremation becomes more widely known and understood, just so surely will it gain increasing numbers of new friends and advocates.

Ever in pursuit of useful knowledge, we visited a Crematorium, situated near Manchester. In America it would probably be called a Crematory, but in England the Roman forms of speech are more often employed, harking back, perhaps, to the yoke worn by Britons under five hundred years of Roman rule. Old habits are hard to change.

The building was about the size of a chapel, and occupied a prominent location on the main avenue. There was a tall "chimney-stack" towering above it, through which were carried off the smoke and gases from the incinerating chamber at the base. A sign-board announced that the Crematorium was open to visitors on Sundays at 3 P. M.

We arrived there at 3 P. M. exactly, and found five or six people waiting patiently before the iron gates, which were closed and locked. There were no signs of life inside the building and it was beginning to rain. We waited for ten minutes, on the general principle that ten minutes overtime is allowable for a man, and half an hour for a woman. Then the iron gates were occasionally rattled forcibly, while another ten minutes passed. The rain had increased and there was no shelter except under the dripping trees. Finally we went to a neighboring house for information, but got no satisfaction. Returning to the Crematorium, we found the gates open and entered the grounds. A knock on the door was answered by the attendant, an exact replica of the typical John Bull, fat and pudgy, with a red face decorated by a pair of small side-whiskers, and a breath which at once explained the reason of his tardiness and inattention to duty. He began to say something and I began to say something.

"Hi beg pawdon, sir; do you wish to see—"

"Look here, do you call this three o'clock? Do you know what your sign says? What the devil do you mean by coming here late like this? Do you know it's raining? Do you——"

"Hi beg pawdon, sir, Hi cawn't 'elp it, sir; Hi couldn't get 'ere sooner, sir; Hi 'ave to tyke a train from——"

"You're late because you've been drinking, and I'll report you in the morning for keeping people waiting in the rain here for half an hour!"

"Hi 'ave not been drinking, sir, honly one hale, sir; Hi couldn't——"

"You're another! You're half squiffed now and you can't talk straight. Go on and show this shop—you'll be reported for this, all right."

"Yus, Hi will be reported, sir; Hi shall go hand report myself, sir. Hi cawn't be talked to like——"

"Here, you sing your song about this Crematorium and shut up about yourself. And you sing it to the others here—don't talk to me—not a word!"

John Bull, purple with mingled wrath and ale, and in momentary danger of apoplexy from inability to describe the Crematorium and explain his dereliction at the same time, turned helplessly to the half dozen other waiting visitors, and, almost weeping with indignant wrath, began to talk.

"This here Crematorium was erected in the year——"

I will not attempt to reproduce the pro forma lecture, which was punctuated with gasps of suppressed excitement and frequent glares in my direction.

Someone asked, "How long a time is required for a cremation?"

"Honly forty minutes, sir—but 'im, it would tyke a hower for '*im!*' glaring at me as if he would be only too happy to prove it.

But he was sobered! What with the excitement, and the shock of the assault on his dignity and veracity, the effect of his Sunday potations en route to his post had been dispelled and John Bull was slowly but surely cooling off into his normal self. He had finished his long lecture about "the 'ot hair in the chimbley" and the chemical action of the "carbon dihoxhides," shown the empty furnace and its appliances, "sung his song," and his work was completed. As we passed out, I beckoned to him.

"Here's a shilling for you," I said. "Are you going to be late again next Sunday?"

"Thankee, Guv'nor—Gawd save us, Hi never 'ad such a time in hall me life, sir; Hi shall halways remember you, Guv'nor; no, sir, Hi shall not be lyte hagain, sir—not never, sir." He mopped his perspiring face and spoke fervently.

"All right, then, I won't report you," I replied. Whereat he insisted on showing the Columbarium, consisting of square steel boxes set into the wall like those in a Safe Deposit, only larger, each sealed door being inscribed with the name of the person whose ashes, enclosed in a bronze urn or casket, reposed therein.

As we came away, The Only Girl remarked: "I don't think I'd care to live near a Crematorium. With the sooty smoke from that chimney-stack settling down all over the neighborhood, I might be dusting some of Mr. Jones off the piano!"

English and Continental cemeteries resemble each other in a general way, but they have certain decorative features seldom or never seen in America. Natural flowers are seldom seen upon graves after the wilting of funeral tributes, but in place of these are wire wreaths or crosses covered with artificial flowers made from colored glass beads. Upon nearly every grave is a glass dome enclosing a bead wreath, wax or beaded flowers, and sometimes a

photograph of the deceased person. These glass covers are precisely like those used in pastry shops to protect pies and cakes from dust, and present a weird appearance to anyone more accustomed to shops than cemeteries. The effect when the sun shines is dazzling, like hundreds of gigantic dewdrops scattered through the grass.

In an English cemetery there is the same careful and distinct drawing of the social line that exists in English society —no mingling of the gentry with the commoners. The vulgar herd is distinguished from its betters by a wilderness of plain marble slabs, while in the very best part of the cemetery, and usually clustered around the pretty stone church, are the sculptured angels, urns and marble monuments of that exclusive class who will probably be vastly surprised some day to find many of the best seats around the Throne allotted to commoners, regardless of the special arrangement of graves below. Such exhibitions of “caste” and petty social pretensions, based on the “holier than thou” scale of measurement, are sufficiently laughable in real life without being dragged into the churchyard. The English idea of the general resurrection is apparently based on the English social law, the nobility to have preference in rising when Gabriel blows his summons, followed in turn by the gentry and middle class, and then, when everybody else has passed into the private boxes, orchestra stalls and best seats generally, the common herd can tag along and stand up! The proposition is certainly delicious from almost any point of view.

Again we have unconsciously wandered from our original subject—the weather. After having experienced the different varieties of London fog, we were introduced one day to an entirely new form of this distinctively English attraction—a charming and delightful fog at Liverpool. It

was called an "off-shore" fog, being confined to Channel waters, while all along the coast the sun was shining brightly. This is said to be a peculiar and attractive feature of Liverpool fogs. The London, or "land fog," is a very different matter—sooty, thick and "pea-soupy," as they call it, wherein both your skin and your linen suffer equal indignity. But the Liverpool fog, both local and "off-shore," is *clean*, a word of blessed significance to those who have endured the other variety. We shall always remember this Liverpool fog, for we were then sojourning at New Brighton, opposite the big sea-port at the mouth of the Mersey, and a fog of any kind blocking the entrance of this great water artery of England is always prolific of trouble. It seemed like two different worlds in touch—one shrouded in gloom and mystery, the other bright with sunshine. Such a variety and Bedlam of sounds came out of the murky depths—horns and ringing of bells from anchored craft, high-pitched and long-drawn whistles from coast steamships, whoops from the siren steam-horn, the muffled tones of the lighthouse fog bell, and an occasional deep basso-profundo blast of a big liner feeling its way—all sorts and kinds of medley. It sounded like a barnyard afloat out there in the shrouded mist—the Moo-oo-oo-OO-oo-oo-oo of the liner, then a bla-a-a-a-t from some smaller steamship, followed by a yah-yah-yah-ya-a-a-a-aaah from a tin-horn sailing vessel, a squeal from some impatient tug-boat—you could shut your eyes and almost smell the new-mown hay, the sweet breath of the lowing kine, the violets in the lane, and other odors perhaps not so poetic, but which always cluster around a barnyard, ashore or afloat. And suddenly the fog began to clear away—long lanes of sunshine pierced the mist and opened up great vistas of blue water dotted with a procession of ocean and Channel craft already beginning to creep into port.

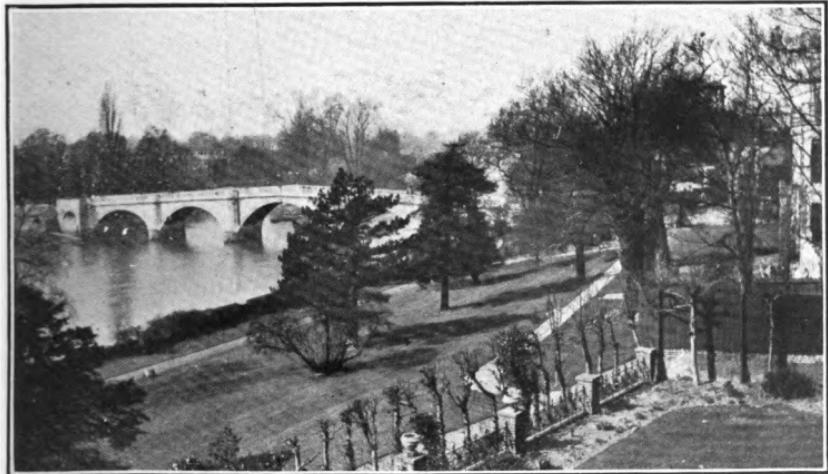
Fogs are the precursors, attendants and trailers of the winter season—that hopeless and dreary three months during which the great English nation affrights the Gods by stuffing its ears and nostrils with cotton, winding thick mufflers around its sensitive neck and blanket-shawls over its tender knees, in 'busses or railway carriages, and also occasionally displaying that remarkably British institution, a mouth filter or sieve, strapped on like a dog-muzzle and designed to prevent the inhaling of microbes, germs and other pollywogs of the air! The fog and the filter go hand in hand in merry England, along with the hermetically-sealed windows and clammy atmosphere.

The British Isles include England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the Isle of Man, and the people of these various sections are very clannish. They are all one or the other, and they are all equally the "best of the lot," even to the little Manxmen of the Isle of Man, where all the cats are born without tails, but are also the "best of the lot" just the same. As a matter of fact, however, the Scotch are the real rulers of Britain—politically, the others do not count. And how these different clans do love each other! All over England the saying, "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief," is accepted literally. What the Welsh think of the English is best left unsaid. As a matter of fact, we found the Welsh people quite as pleasant, hospitable and altogether likeable, as the English. There is nothing on earth that an Englishman regards as equal to what he can get at 'ome in England. He is not ordinarily a likeable person on this very account, since he can see no good in anything not English made, or English managed, and has only criticism for everything else, whether made by God or man.

This is no fancy sketch or flight of the imagination. It is strictly true and accords both with Hoyle and Price Collier, who states:



When King Edward Bowed



Old Richmond Bridge



John Bull, in his own personality, is a colossal figure of egotism and self-satisfied gratification. He is inflated with a tremendous sense of his own importance, and a supreme indifference to others. That any family, tribe or nation should desire to live under any rule but English, is to him unthinkable. This idiosyncrasy is apparent in the dedication by Lord Curzon, late Viceroy of India, in his book entitled, "Problems of the Far East." He says, "To those who believe that the British Empire is, under Providence, the greatest instrument for good that the world has ever seen, and who hold with the writer, that its work in the Far East is not yet accomplished, this book is dedicated." In this connection it may well be asked where, in the history of mankind, one may look to find another assumption of virtue and omniscience, coupled with inordinate self-satisfaction. Who believes that the world is better where the English dominate? The English. Who believes that India is happier? The English. Who believes that Ireland is happier? The English. Who believes that the East under English protection is happier? The English. This amazing assumption that England and God (for in Lord Curzon's dedication the British Empire takes precedence of the Deity) have between them done more for the world than any other agency, is characteristic of the English people. They know only one way—that is their way, and their way is the best way, and is sanctioned by God, who, by the way, is the God of the English national church. The opinion of Ireland, India, or the Far East counts for nothing. Providence, by grace of England, doeth all things well. Interesting, isn't it?

Englishmen are not only insular in prejudice, decrying everything on earth external to their little isle, but also clannish, decrying and backbiting each other. Yorkshire is especially derided by other counties, and the alleged

miserly, stingy nature of the Yorkshireman is held up to the world in the following characteristic lines, taken from three postcards which are very popular in England—outside of Yorkshire:

#### A YORKSHIREMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

"See all, hear all, say nowt;  
Eat all, sup all, pay nowt;  
And if tha does owt for nowt,  
Do it for thisen." (thyself).

The next is equally business-like and conveys a very thrifty moral, the application of which is very far from being confined to Yorkshire.

#### A YORKSHIRE WOMAN'S ADVICE TO HER DAUGHTER.

"When tha starts thinkin' abah't gettin' wed,  
Allus see t'bloke hes plenty o' brass.  
Love in a cottage may be all reeght,  
But a lahl brass is mich better.  
Tha can love a man wi' summat  
Just as weel as yan wi' nowt."

On the remaining postcard is a coat-of-arms showing a large shield bearing a flitch of bacon, a flea, a fly and a magpie, the shield being surmounted by a horse's head. The scroll below bears a motto, "Qui capit, Ille habet," which, freely translated, is, "Grab it and keep it." Below this facetious illustration appears the following rhyme, toast, and translation, reproduced in all the quaintness of the olden text.

## A YORKSHIREMAN'S COAT OF ARMS.

A Magpy behold and a Fly and a Flea  
 And a Yorkshireman's qualifications you'll see,  
 To Backbite and Spunge, and to Chatter amain,  
 Or anything else, sir, by which he can gain.  
 The Horse shews they Buy few tho' many they Steal.  
 Unhang'd they're worth naught, does the Gammon reveal,  
 But let Censure stand by, and not Bias the Mind,  
 For Others as Bad as the Yorkshire you'll find.

"Here's tiv us, all on us. May we niver want nowt, noan on us.  
 Nor me neither."

Qui Capit, Ille Habet.  
 Yorkshire translation:  
 "Cop t'lot en stick."

The Yorkshireman, thus held up to the derision of his fellowman, retorts on his Lancashire rival, whom he regards with the same fervid and passionate affection displayed toward each other by the famous Kilkenny cats—a sentiment that is cordially reciprocated by all Lancashire. The coat-of-arms displayed on the postcard devoted to Lancashire bears a duck, a clock, a drain-pipe and a drum, on a red and blue shield surmounted by another duck. Below is the rhyme, in Lancashire dialect:

## A LANCASHIREMON'S COAT-OF-ARMS.

The Lancashiremon's Coat of Arms yo' mun know,  
 'S Drum, Clock, and Duck, wi' a Drain-pipe also,  
 Fer a Drum, when it's 'ollow, meks plenty o' din,  
 Same wi' th' Lancashiremon, wherever he's bin.  
 T' clock goas on tick fer as long as it con,  
 And soa, when he's chance, wull a Lancashiremon.  
 A Duck's niver reight on'y when thur's som' wet,  
 And th' Lancashiremon'll sup o' he con get.  
 A Drain-pipe's noa use till it's stuck under grawnd,  
 And it's soa wi' a Lancashiremon you'll a' fawnd.

In addition to the above the Lancashire shield has a scroll bearing this inscription, which certainly shows an accommodating spirit: "I'll Sup or Feight wi' Onybody."

But if you really desire to foment an insurrection in English society, all you need do is to praise the Irish! They will cheerfully and unanimously drop every other pleasure and all business to unite in abusing the whole Celtic race. Suppose you say, "Why, they are the best soldiers in your army; they saved your Highlanders and your Surrey Lancers and the very battle itself at Bloomfontain! Your best generals are Irish, too!" You will not get any farther. They will almost foam at the mouth explaining to you that all these men have been *Anglicized in the British army!*

The ability of the British mind to appreciate humor is a subject on which the ablest observers disagree. It is entirely a matter of degree and perception. Someone has said that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman. To perform this operation on an Englishman may not require such heroic treatment, but before the operation can be regarded as a success the joke must be explained in detail and possibly illustrated by diagrams, after the manner of "Punch." Then he sees it—perhaps! Or possibly he will see the point later on and tell you a day or two afterwards, "It's ripping, old chap; I simply howled!"

The quality of English humor, like that of mercy, is not strained. That is to say, it is not reduced to the essence, or fineness of degree, that characterizes American humor. The point is always in evidence—always right in front where one can see it at first glance. Nothing is left in uncertainty—the conclusion is never deftly concealed and thereby made all the more delicious for its quick discovery and appreciation, as in America. An Englishman likes his humor dished up to him on a ladle, not served as a delicate tidbit. He will

strain at the subtle gnat and swallow the too obvious camel, hoofs, hump and all.

Witness an evening social gathering at a private house. Every English person, man or woman, is a born entertainer, or thinks so, which is often quite as satisfactory. Therefore everybody is down on the host's list for a "stunt" of some kind, and is expected to prance out at the proper time and help entertain—play the piano, talk wittily, sing a song, do a violin solo, and, as Dundreary said, "Make a jolly ath of himself." The popular tendency is to be humorous; puns are irresistibly funny and conundrums perfectly excruciating. Someone will perhaps remark carelessly:

"Oh, I say, have you ever hard—er—have you ever hard the story of the three wells?"

All hands delighted, and a chorus of, "Oh, do tell us!" "No, what is it?"

The inquirer looks very solemnly around the circle, shakes his head mournfully, and says, "Well, well, well."

The company shrieks with laughter, going off in singles and batches like a bunch of fire-crackers, according to the length of their mental fuses. The joke is one that everybody comprehends, and the reputation of the propounder as a most extraordinary fun-maker rises immensely.

As the titters subside, the host consults his list surreptitiously and with upraised, hushing palm ponderously announces:

"Er—I feel very shar that we should all appreciate it very much if Miss Mothpatch will kindly favor us with a song." The company settles into various attitudes of resignation, listens more or less intently, and applauds loudly as the lady retreats to cover.

"Remarkable voice that, y'know," somebody says in a loud aside, while the fair one tries to appear deaf and everyone nods assent. You murmur, "Quite so, indeed," and look enraptured at the ceiling.

Suddenly a young man, wagging his ears with suppressed mirth, propounds:

"I say, why did the owl howl?" (Now, herein lies a secret—if he says "owl howl" you know he is good class, but if he says "howl 'owl," you have reason to wonder how he ever got inside the house.)

Everyone looks wise and expectant, ready to grapple intellectually with the answer, which bursts out triumphantly upon us:

"Because the wood-pecker would peck her!"

Thereupon ensues the inevitable explanation—some can't see it, others gurglingly explain, dissect or magnify it, and finally the slow ones roar, too. Then, rushing on his fate, or following his luck, or whatever it may be, the young man tries another:

"I say, what did Noah say when he hard the deluge coming down?"

"Oh, tell us; what did he say?" palpitate the listeners.

"'Ark!'"

That caught on nobly, too. Then some bromide said, "Makes Noah an English cockney, rarther!" This touched off another titter, and the host announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will now have a song by Mr. Adam Sapple and myself, accompanied by your hostess."

This called for tremendous applause, but everyone seemed to brace for a shock, apparently from past experience. After the first line, "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" I braced also. This ancient conundrum was sung with astonishing *verve*, amounting almost to a demand for your answer or your life, Adam's apple doing a wonderful up and down accompaniment from behind his high collar, and the piano literally howling for mercy. The hush that followed was more than eloquent, until the company recovered its presence of mind and demanded an encore. But this was beamingly and perspiringly declined.

By-and-by it became our turn and I tendered the classic morceau:

"What goes 'round a button?"

They looked at each other in polite dismay. Someone enquired, "Do you mean the hole, sir?" and someone else said, disparagingly, "Why, the cloth, of caws—rarely, that's very stupid, y'know."

There was a general demand for the answer, and I therefore gave it:

"Why, a goat goes 'round a-buttin'!"

You could have heard a feather drop in that dense, dense silence and utter gloom. Everyone sat dumb, nobody smiled, nobody saw it, and I began to realize that their intellectual machinery had stopped and could almost hear the fog-whistle. Finally somebody said:

"I beg your pawdon. I really don't see—er—you cawn't put a goat round a button, y'know." Another earnest assurance followed:

"I say, it's the buttonhole goes round the button, old chap."

"**A**-buttin'," I shouted, "not *the* button!" No use.

On the funereal occasion that I am recalling, this conundrum started a debate that in turn plunged most of those present into incipient paresis. One man at last saw the point and began to laboriously explain it to his neighbors, while I worked heroically over others who appealed to me for light. Gradually the great truth dawned here and there, the darkness lifted, and through the murky mental gloom came the bright rays of understanding. But the joke was a dismal failure. Nobody seemed to like it, although I took the trouble to write out the explanation for three or four who apparently viewed it as a sort of 15-block puzzle to be pored over at home. I have always felt that the original goat was not entirely alone that evening.

After supper, desiring to atone in some measure for the previous disaster, I requested an announcement made that I would contribute again to the general entertainment. This created a considerable stir, and as I rose I noticed that several of the company had a worried look, and some rose to go. A little child burst out crying. Although the outlook seemed dubious, I said:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, here is a very easy one; it came all the way from a New York kindergarten alone; I know you will enjoy it; now pay careful attention; this is it, *Why is a hen?*"

Just as I expected, there was a blank stare, so in order to save wear and tear on the straining intellects, I gave the solution at once:

*"Because the higher the fewer."*

They said afterward that that was what broke up the party. The dead and wounded lay everywhere just as they fell, and the pale, cold moon looked down on a silent and deserted battlefield as we drove away in the hansom. And I honestly think that if war should ever break out between America and England, it would only be necessary to send over a regiment of bill-posters to placard these two antique conundrums and their answers all over Britain. There is just enough obstructive matter in them to muddle John Bull good, and when once they get well started boring their worm-like way through the English skull and sooner or later penetrate the crust, in that fatal second the blinding flash of comprehension will overwhelm and forever annihilate that man.

As a matter of fact, very few English people understand either American jokes or American slang. There was a certain Baronet who was an exception. He understood, or rather, said he did. At all events, he always haw-hawed, and he had one ancient joke of his own so pat that he

never tired of it. Like many of the male nobility and army officers, he wore corsets and was very proud of his figure. There was no secrecy about it—everybody knew it. This gave him material for his perennial joke. No matter what you might say, the Baronet had his return shot ready. "Fine day, isn't it, old chap? Of corset is!" and up would go his monocle as he observed with delighted and expectant grin the effect on your risibles. And it is proper to add that although the social value of a Baronet, in comparison with an Earl or other lofty sprig of nobility, is about that of a dime beside a haughty half-dollar, this Baron's "of corset is" was a standard joke up there in the ethereal blue of Court society and was said to have even affected Royalty to tears of laughter.

The Baronet was very fond of grouse shooting on the Scottish moors and expatiated learnedly on the best methods of cooking game. He told an American that the proper way to prepare larks was to hang a dead woodcock on a nail, attach the larks to the claws of the woodcock and leave the whole bunch hanging there for eight days. By some occult process the excellence of the woodcock goes into the larks, and at the end of the eight days they throw away the woodcock and eat the larks. The American was much interested, and replied, "We do the same thing in America, except that at the end of eight days we throw away both the woodcock and the larks and eat the nail!"

It was along the same line of reasoning, and with a patriotic view of imparting useful information and at the same time preventing these children of John Bull from becoming unduly puffed up over their native phenomena, that I occasionally invited attention to the remarkable habits of the Side Hill Gouger, an animal peculiar to the mountainous fastnesses of our great and glorious West. This strange quadruped possessed an attraction to the average British

intellect that was positively uncanny. It furnished material for many a hot discussion, and a timely reference to it has scared many a refractory child to sleep. The "Gouger" was commonly understood to be a sort of indeterminate nondescript between the Cody buffalo and the Fennimore Cooper savage, and the memory of his weird manner of departing this life will long linger in the minds of true believers. This is the tale and the manner of telling:

"The Gouger somewhat resembles the common 'moke,' or donkey, save that it has horns and is noted for its huge size and extraordinary ferocity. Many a belated traveler would lose his life were it not for the most interesting circumstance that owing to its long habitation of steep mountainsides, the legs of one side have become nearly twice the length of those on the other side. Owing to this fact the animal cannot turn or follow its intended victim, so if the traveler succeeds in dodging its first rush he is safe. The American Indians have a most ingenious method of hunting it. A fleet and daring brave conceals himself on a hillside adjacent to some level spot of considerable extent, and awaits his game. When the Gouger approaches, the fearless redskin leaves his hiding-place and proceeds to infuriate the beast by approaching him from the windward side with a large piece of Limburger cheese. The enraged animal instantly charges, and the savage, keeping just out of reach, leads him on until the baffled animal finds himself on level ground. This is his undoing, for the short limbs on one side cause Gouger to spin around in a circle, and, working himself into a frenzy, his rotary progress becomes so rapid that all the blood is thrown by centrifugal force into the blood-vessels on one side. The delicate walls of some of the smaller capillary vessels soon give way, and the death of the animal is instantaneous."

It was worth crossing the ocean to hear the gasps of

"Most extraordinary," "Gawd save us," "Wonderful, by Jove," and other tributes of respect invariably tendered by a British audience at the conclusion of this truly remarkable narrative. It never failed to score a breathless and horrified hit.

There must be a lot of vegetarians in England, for in every city are numbers of "vegetarian restaurants," dotted as frequently as chemist shops. The poorer classes are mostly vegetarians perforce, and they certainly have an unhealthy appearance. This in a land where American roast beef and South-Down mutton chops are world-famous, seems a trifle singular. A certain family living near us were vegetarians, "and a proper lot of scrubs, too," according to the butcher—stunted, thin and pale. They ate no meat whatever; even their dog was a vegetarian. This dog was a particularly strong and healthy-looking animal and was pointed out with pride by the owner as an example of what a bean and potato diet could do for even a dog. One day we observed this vegetarian animal industriously digging up a big bone that had been buried for future reference by the dog belonging to our hostess, and learned from her that the husky vegetarian came over nearly every day to help her Irish setter eat his meat dinner!

A London Sabbath, as previously stated, is the dreariest of dreary days, even under the sunniest of skies. But London on a foggy or rainy Sunday, or gripped in the clammy chill and murk of a winter's day, is desolation itself—a prison is cheerful in comparison and even cemeteries afford a wildly hilarious contrast. But there is a way out—not by train, 'bus, tram or other conveyance, but a joyful and sure escape, nevertheless, which, like roller-skating or drowning a cat, is easy for those who know how.

I sat before my open fire in London one Sunday morning after the regulation bacon and eggs—a drizzly sleet outside and a damp chill everywhere in the room except inside the little fireplace itself. My feet were warm and my back half-frozen; if I turned about, my back got warm, but my nose froze—a characteristic of most English rooms in the winter season. I longed for warmer and more congenial climes, and in sudden determination to escape for a time at least, I went to California! Yes, to California, and by a route far superior to rapid-transit dirigibles and rather more in the line of a magic carpet or an Alladin's lamp.

I had in my trunk a variety of time-tables and descriptive pamphlets of foreign resorts, so after deciding where to go I reposed comfortably in my easy-chair, lighted my faithful pipe, opened the particular pamphlet or book I preferred, and, presto—I began to travel! In a jiffy I had left behind all cold and sleet and the dreary city itself, and knocking the ashes from my pipe and putting on my glad society smile, I walked into the beautiful Mission Hotel in Southern California. Ah, what a difference, what balmy air, what exquisite tropic bloom of flower and foliage, with the bluest of sky and the brightest of sunshine! From the shady veranda I saw the palms waving their fronds in welcome; a sweet scent of orange and jasmine blossoms was wafted from the distant gardens. Somewhere above, the soft tinkle of a mandolin fell lightly on the air and the ripple of a laugh floated down from an upper window. As in a dream I wandered, forgetting London and its dismal garb, oblivious of everything but present enjoyment. After a delightfully refreshing bath to clear away the dusty traces of my journey, and a delicious lunch on the veranda, I lighted a cigar and walked about the quiet grounds. The older portion of the hotel, according to a legend of early Spanish days, was the relic of an ancient monastery, with a queer old well

nearby, where the tired traveler once upon a time found comfort and refreshment. Nowadays the dusty-throated traveler is tenderly cared for inside the hotel, and so keeps step with the march of progress. I strolled among the orange trees, rested awhile upon a rustic seat in the shade of the palms, and finally returned to the hotel porch and gazed thoughtfully out over the arched entrance. Dreamy fancies of the old Spanish mission mingled with the blue smoke of my cigar, and I was gradually drifting into a lovely after-dinner siesta, when *bing!* a great bell hanging almost over my head struck three times. I don't think I have been so startled since big Carolus in the Cathedral belfry at Antwerp struck unexpectedly one day when I was right beside it. It certainly was very provoking, for up to that moment I had been perfectly comfortable and contented with all California. But when that bell struck!—well, I lost my cigar, my temper and all interest in California; I just marched straight to the hotel office, settled my bill and left immediately, on the minute, waiting for no explanation, although the clerk said something about the bell having been there for over two hundred years and no previous complaint had ever—but I didn't wait! I made a bee line for Colorado Springs.

Ah, there is the real thing! Romance and reality, the past glorified by the present, and a hotel, the "Alta Vista," with no seductive, drowsy jasmine to lull a man to sleep, and no d—eafening mission-bell to scare him blue. A small log-cabin stood here, once, but the magic touch of some genii has changed that humble cabin into a modern hotel. The view, the *alta vista* (high view) was waiting there beyond the hotel in palpitating eagerness for my opinion of it—a wonderful expanse of mountain and valley, with an occasional lofty peak sticking up through the clouds, a mile or more above the sea. I looked long and earnestly, and many new and beautiful thoughts crowded into my mind, especially one

concerning a lovely combination of Scotch and other things known as an *alta balla* (high ball), which proved of material help after the long up-hill trip from the plains. Then I went for a drive and saw some more scenery. Colorado is certainly gifted in the matter of scenery. As I looked down on the terrible chasms and canyons, the low-lying valley with a faint wisp of smoke curling up from some solitary cabin, the split, grim-visaged peaks and upheaved mountains all around, I thought of the Irishman who saw for the first time an express train zip into a tunnel and vanish. "Howly Saints," he gasped, "there's going to be a divvle of a smash wan day whin thot thing misses the hole!"

Before me lay mapped the awful result of some such mis-carriage of Nature. I tried to imagine that chaos of turmoil and volcanic wrath, the frightened clouds skurrying overhead, the red glare of the heavens, and the probable view from where I stood. I gave it up and went to look at the Balanced Rock—a gigantic boulder overhanging a precipice and trembling on the razor-edge of nothing. I waited quite a while to see it go over, for it apparently needed only a touch or a puff of wind to send it rolling downhill clear to Chicago! They said the rock had been anchored there for years and that it was impossible for it to get away, but I hung around all the same, and then gave *that* up. Then I rode over for a view of the famous Seven Falls. At the summit I slipped and got a bad fall myself, and not caring for the other six I returned to the hotel. It was then nearly five P. M. I sat down in one of the large rockers on the piazza, enjoying with eyes half shut the matchless view. But the exhilarating mountain air seemed to have become perceptibly cooler. A knocking disturbed me, and I drowsily recognized a familiar voice, "Your tea is ready, sir." With wide-open eyes I beheld the interior of my rooms in London and the maid-servant bustling about

the tea-table. It was the sacred hour for English tea, I was reposing comfortably in my own easy-chair, and the fire in my grate was nearly out.

The usual marrow-chilling fog was still enshrouding London, but I was quite content. I had passed a delightful Sabbath, far away from fog and England both. I did not envy the passing throng, even those who journeyed in haughty limousines. I knew a trick worth two of that. And next time I shall go to Japan. I have always desired to visit Japan.

London has been good to me, and I am very fond of it, but only when the weather is behaving itself. I am fond of Paris, in a way, and quite contented in Berlin. I am also fond of New York, proud of New York, and proud not only of being an American, but an American from New York. Many times I have been asked the question, "Which do you like best, America or Europe?" or "What city do you like best, New York or London?" For answer I tell them of the man who was dying and somebody suggested a clergyman. He said, "No, I am content—it makes no difference where I go. I have friends in both places."

London is solid, respectable, hearty and satisfying, like its own glorious big steaks and thick South-Down chops. Paris is like a *soufflé* and a cold bottle, with a Hungarian orchestra behind the palms. Berlin is bright and lively like Paris, but more solid and satisfying, and does not begin to get sleepy till sunrise, which is very different from London or even Paris. New York is all three in one, with frills and *ruches* of lobster Newburg, soft-shell crabs, and other things celestial and ambrosial that are utterly unknown to Europe. Therefore, with friends in all, I am equally content in either great metropolis, but always glad to get back to New York!

Incidentally, I will point out here a brief scamper or two

about London, for the benefit of those people who have only a short time to spare, as is the case with so many visiting Americans. The route should, however, be gone over far more slowly, for days, weeks and months may be passed in these highways and byways of a great city with vast benefit and enjoyment. One does not tire of London, somehow—it may be slow, but it is wondrous sure and satisfying.

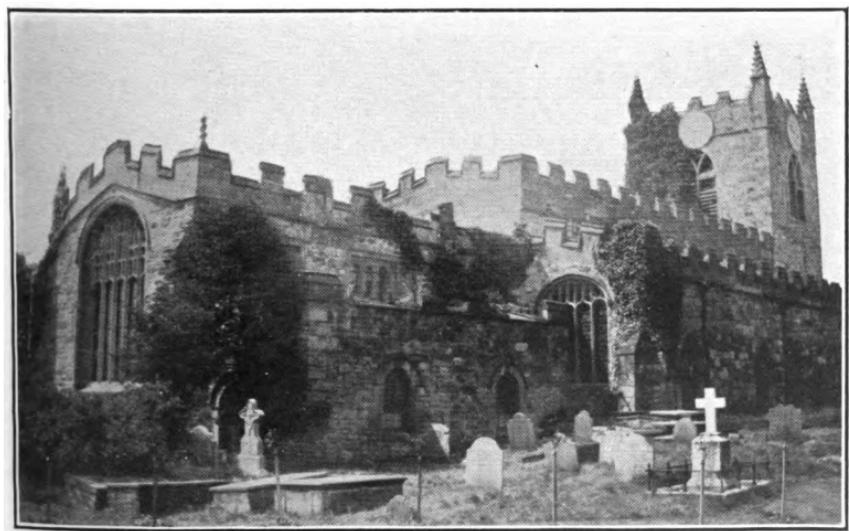
Charing Cross should be the starting point, as the centre of interest in the metropolis. Adjoining it is Trafalgar Square, one of the finest open spaces in the British capital, with the lofty Nelson column, guarded by the four great Landseer lions at its base. On the upper side of the Square is the famous National Gallery, containing masterpieces of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Van Dyck, Gainsborough, Turner and other great artists. Leading from Trafalgar Square is Pall Mall, lined by famous Clubs and buildings of note, including St. James Palace and Marlborough House, both royal residences. St. James Park and Buckingham Palace, the residence of the King, are just to the south. Also leading from Trafalgar Square is Whitehall, containing the Treasury, Admiralty and other principal branches of the Government. Before the ancient palace are always two mounted cuirassiers with high-plumed helmets, brass breast-plates, tall Wellington boots and "white tights," each soldier motionless before his sentry-box like uniformed equestrian statues, "ready to ride on the king's business,"—a custom and service dating back for hundreds of years.

Just below is the great edifice and clock tower which will be immediately recognized as the Houses of Parliament.

Westminster Hall, at the side of the Houses of Parliament, dates back to the fourteenth century. Opposite is the venerable Westminster Abbey, containing Tombs and Chapels of English Kings and monuments to heroes and



Twickenham Ferry—Fare a Penny



A Typical English Church-Yard



great men. Near by stands St. Margaret's Church with its beautiful stained-glass windows. Here also is Westminster School, one of the oldest in England. Stretching along the west shore of the Thames from Westminster Bridge runs the Victoria Embankment, with Cleopatra's Needle midway, and along the opposite shore runs the Albert Embankment, leading to Vauxhall Bridge.

Starting again from Trafalgar Square and turning west, only a short distance away is Piccadilly, lined with fashionable residences, hotels, clubs, and such well-known places as Burlington House, the famous Arcade, and other points of interest. From Piccadilly Circus in the summer season start the coaches and four-in-hands for Richmond, Hampton Court, and other delightful show-places along the Thames. At the end of Piccadilly is Park Lane, bordered with the costly homes of millionaires, and just beyond is Hyde Park, where London society parades daily from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington Gate. Parallel to this drive in Rotten Row, a broad bridle-path for horseback riding and flanked by shady promenades filled daily with the beauty and chivalry of London's wealthy West End.

The Albert Memorial, erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of the Prince Consort, and Albert Hall, a circular building seating eight thousand people and devoted to fashionable concerts, are at the Kensington side of the Park. Near Albert Hall is the Imperial Institute, part of which is occupied by the London University. The Exhibition Galleries, containing the Science Exhibition and Indian Museum, and the Royal College, are near by. The great South Kensington Museum and the Natural History Museum are just beyond. Kensington Gardens, a beautiful park containing Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born and resided until her accession to the throne, is within easy reach. Thence by carriage one may visit Kew Gardens, one of the most famous spots in England.

Another interesting trip is into the older part of London, starting again from Trafalgar Square and proceeding down the Strand and Fleet Street, replete with historical interest on all sides, past St. Paul's Cathedral and the Guildhall to the little space around which stand the Bank of England, Royal Exchange and Mansion House, or residence of the Lord Mayor. A little further on is the Monument commemorating the Great Fire of London, London Bridge, and the Tower with its Crown Jewels and historic memories of royal and titled prisoners sacrificed to the block and axe. Nearby is the Tower Bridge with its remarkable lifting roadway.

Should you wish to see the seamy side of London, sunk in the same repulsive poverty and misery that once bred a French Revolution and may some time breed an English one, you will go to the East End, or "Whitechapel" district. Take a hansom by day, and a policeman with you after dark, and even then you will not be entirely safe, for there are many alleys and windings there into which even the police seldom venture. The main thoroughfares are safe at all times. In this district, too, are found the "costers," dressed in a sort of Mexican style with hundreds of pearl buttons decorating the costume.

After having "done" London, all rural England extends inviting arms to the visitor from other shores, and a great variety of trips are available for your choice. There are four-horse coaching trips through Cornwall, Devon, the beautiful Lake country and rural Wales, boating trips up the lovely Thames and trips by rail or automobile to historic show-towns, or the famous South Coast resorts. England is a veritable summer Paradise, offering everywhere an unlimited range for instruction or enjoyment. There is no country-side like the English country-side, with its firm yet gentle lines of hill and dale, its ordered confusion of

features, its deer parks and downlands, its castles and stately houses, its hamlets and old churches, its farms and ricks, great barns and ancient trees, its pools and ponds and shining threads of rivers, its village greens and kindly inns. Other country-sides have these pleasant aspects, but none such variety, none that attract so steadfastly throughout the year. Thus speaks an English lover of English rural scenery and landscape. Yet not all people think alike, for other countries have attractions, too. Picardy is pink and white and pleasant in the blossom time, Burgundy is lovely with its wide hillsides and vineyards, Italy offers its wayside chapels and olive orchards, the Ardennes has its woods and gorges, its torrents and romantic ruins; Touraine, the Rhineland, the Campagna with its distant Appennines, and the snow-topped mountain background of Switzerland, and leave their special beauty and glories imprinted on the memory. But none, it is claimed, so frequently change character, or have such diversified sunlight and cloudland, or so perpetual a refreshment of soft, strong sea-winds, as merry England. Thus rhapsodizes another lover of the English country-side.

But one must judge for himself. Take your Baedecker, gird up your purse, and go forth into your kingdom, for all these things shall be gathered unto him who hath eyes to see and soul to appreciate.

From London to Dover is a journey of special interest, through the ancient Saxon kingdom of Kent. Every silver-tongued description breathes the selfsame story of England, which here unfolds itself century after century, which will speak to you from the ivy-clad ruins of feudal fortresses, and from marble tombs of warrior kings and imperious bishops lining aisle and nave of the ancient churches. Not a town or hamlet through which you pass that has not its record of ruthless pillage and cruel slaug-

ter, not a Cathedral crypt that has not been oft a refuge place for shrieking women and children from massacring invaders. Every foot of the exquisite stretches of orchard valleys, of hillsides smiling with green and yellow crops, of woodland clumps and forest patches, of wide-spreading oaks and beeches, has been fighting-ground over and over again. The Kentish coast, being nearest to the Continental mainland, was the logical landing-place for foreign invaders. Cæsar beached his Roman galleys near to Dover, probably at Deal. The Saxon conquerors landed at about the same place, and the Normans occupied Kent and its Saxon cities after the great battle of Hastings.

At Eltham, nine miles from London, are the ruins of the Palace of the English Kings from Henry the Third to Henry the Eighth. In this royal residence Queen Elizabeth passed her baby days and here Van Dyck painted the memorable portrait of Charles the First. Maidstone, farther on, is a city of great antiquity and all the surrounding country rich in picturesque ruins and relics of the past. Here are the hop gardens, blossoming in golden glory, and orchards of the cherry and apple trees for which Kent is famous. Leeds Castle, near by, belonged to a Norman family in the days of the Conqueror, and afterwards became a royal residence under Edward the Second. Later it was the prison of a murdered king, Richard the Second, and is today still well preserved. At the stately city of Rochester is the Cathedral, second oldest in the kingdom, and Rochester Castle, a Norman stronghold on the site of the former Roman citadel. Gadshill, close by, was the home of Charles Dickens, and the neighboring inn was made famous by Mr. Pickwick and his friends. Thence we come to Canterbury, the Mecca of Chaucer's pilgrims, dominated by the towers of its illustrious Cathedral, the largest in England and dating from the time of that St. Augustine

who christened the Saxon King Ethelbert. The Cathedral contains the shrine of the murdered Thomas a Becket, the Tomb of Edward the Black Prince, ancient cloisters, a marvelous crypt, and tombs of archbishops and bishops from the sixth century. Nearly all the Kings of England have taken part in solemn ceremonies in Canterbury Cathedral. Sixteen miles farther on we come to Dover, with its high chalk cliffs and ancient feudal castle-fortress. From the top of the walls there is a magnificent view of the French and English coasts, with Calais in the blue distance before you and the green vales of Kent behind. In the narrow strait below was fought the first great battle of the Armada. No sea-view in all England rivals this narrow historic expanse of water.

Do you prefer the river, or perchance a coaching trip? During the summer season there are delightful "combined" trips whereby you can leave behind the dust of London and travel luxuriously by rail to North Cornwall and North Devon, thence coaching through the rugged West Country, famous for its picturesque views of land and sea.

The great beauty of English railway travel is that it does not require very much time to go anywhere. Nor do you become tired, as on long trips in America or on the Continent, for traveling in the English compartment railway coaches is very different in many ways, and always a novel and pleasant experience to an American. The English railway trains are very unlike those we are accustomed to see on American railways. The mammoth engine with its insignificant little smokestack like a cigarette, its cab wide open to the air and the driver and stoker apparently at the mercy of the elements; the long line of passenger coaches, divided into small compartments, each with its separate door to the platform; the uniformed and always courteous "guards"—everything impresses an American at first sight

as deliciously new and strange. The passenger coaches of each train are divided into three Classes, the railway fare being graded according to each Class. The Second Class coaches, while less luxuriously furnished than the First Class, are very comfortable, but not nearly so well patronized as the Third Class, which in England are quite equal to most First Class cars on the Continent, both as to furnishing and comfort. The Third Class coach of England is, however, not to be compared with its fellow across the Channel, wherein the seats are not cushioned and the passengers are of a class impossible of long-sustained association. In England the great majority of well-to-do people travel Third Class, as much on account of the real comfort as of the lower price. "Good Heavens, why do you travel Third Class?" gasped a fashionable Londoner to an equally fashionable but more sensible acquaintance alighting from the Brighton special. "Because there's no Fourth," she gurgled happily. However right this may be in England, however, it would be all wrong on the Continent, where a Fourth Class *does* exist, being mainly used for transporting soldiers, peasantry and grimy sons of toil. Nearly every English train has private compartments reserved for ladies only, designed primarily for ladies traveling alone, and into which no male biped is permitted to hardly even look. It is proper to add that one such look is usually quite enough, for these sacred precincts are usually monopolized by ancient virgins with a vinegary distaste for mere man, or timid old ladies subject to "sinking spells" whenever the train starts. Most of the modern railway carriages are heated in winter-time, though many are not, and in the latter case passengers are forced to depend on shawls, rugs and "foot-warmers"—long flat tins filled with hot water, which are shoved in by the railway guard at occasional stops.

Baggage checks are practically unknown in England. Your trunk, or bag, travels in the "van" and at the terminus is shot out upon the platform into a general heap, where each passenger selects his particular belongings, which a porter wheels off to the nearest cab. In the face of such an almost criminally loose system, and the apparent opportunity offered for theft, the amount of lost or stolen baggage is surprisingly small. Should you desire, however, you can pay a small fee and "register" your baggage to its destination, receiving in return a scrap of paper with the necessary details laboriously written thereon by the baggage master. This apparent survival of some old Roman custom saves the traveler much worry and annoyance, and more nearly approaches the American brass-check method. But do you know that your trunks can be checked from your hotel or residence in New York directly to your hotel or residence in London for the amazingly low charge of fifty cents each by simply notifying the New York agency of either of the great English railways, or Cook's? Your keys will be forwarded in a separate sealed envelope to the London agent, who will have the baggage examined by the Customs and thereupon forwarded (with keys in another sealed package to your terminal address. Think of the trouble and expense thus avoided. Why, it is cheaper than the New York cab-fare! And on your return you can check from London in the same manner.

All "hand-luggage" is free on English railways, and as a natural result most English travelers carry with them a large bag, or valise, that can be stowed away in the capacious overhead racks in the passenger coaches, and handed to a porter on arrival, or even carried personally. The enormous size of some of these infant Saratogas that travel as innocent "hand-luggage," would put even the "head-luggage" of an Italian emigrant to shame. If you have

ever seen an aged Italian woman carrying on her head a load of furniture tied up in a sheet, you will know what I mean. But the average Englishman will incommodate his fellow-passengers and act as his own porter besides, to save tuppence.

However, we were just taking a train for a little run through the West of England. While occupied in comparing notes on English and American travel, our well-appointed railway carriage has been speeding along over a solid-ballasted roadbed winding through a pretty landscape of smugly-trimmed hedges, woodlands, meadows and farms, until lo, we have come to ancient Salisbury, with its exquisite Gothic-spired Cathedral, the highest in England. Nearby is Stonehenge and the mystic stone circles of Druidic origin. After passing Fordham Abbey, we cross the border into "Glorious Devon," with Exeter just beyond. Here is that other famous Cathedral, so exceptional in its decoration, with stately Norman towers and superb octagon. The curfew is still rung every night on Great Peter Bell, as an "early to bed" hint, with possible dangers of a bogie-man. Here also is the quaint Elizabethan Guildhall, with the romantic ruins of Rougemont Castle, founded by William the Conqueror and mentioned in "Richard III." Old Exeter was the scene of hard and terrible fighting in the Norman era and Middle Ages.

Beyond Exeter you may mount your "coach and four" for a glorious ride through King Arthur's Land to Plymouth and Torquay, or on to lovely Clovelly, Ilfracombe and even Penzance. Clovelly is a wonderful little fishing village beloved of artists, with a quaint uphill main street built like a stone staircase, queer donkey carriers and wondrous coast views in gray and sapphire. All about this Eden country are the beautiful valleys, luxuriant lanes, wild moorlands and picturesque Old-World villages for

which Devonshire is famed. Painters and poets have revelled in the summer color-glories of a sea and sky along this favored coast. Gainesborough, Shelley, Coleridge and Southeby were all frequent visitors here. The Doone Valley, familiar to readers of "Lorna Doone," is within easy reach, and farther on at Penzance is the centre of the Cornish Riviera, where frost and snow are said to be almost unknown. This is probably an English joke, however; at all events it is regarded as a myth and a fable and even something stronger by those who have experienced English winter weather. The airy apparel worn by the Gilbertian "Pirates," and more especially that of the chorus, in the well-known opera, is not the prevailing style in Penzance, for even summer wear. I learned this fact by enquiry among the villagers, some of whom were quite rude in their replies.

Incidentally, an Englishman with whom I was conversing one day made such wondrous hash of pronouncing certain American names that it was impossible not to sit up and take notice. Here was a man who really ought to have known better, but didn't, because he had been taught his pronunciation in an English school, just exactly as his children are being taught today. He was referring casually to Illinois, which he pronounced "Illinwah." Then he mentioned a place that sounded like Dagger-tar. I said, "What language would that be on the map—Dutch?" "Fancy," said he, "why it's one of your own States!" It proved to be Dakota. When I gently but firmly endeavored to disabuse his mind of these and some other fallacies regarding America, he complained bitterly of the rankness and impurity of American names generally, and the particular criminality of expecting Englishmen to pronounce them perfectly. Whereupon I obtained a map of England and pointed out to him certain names thereon, after which the subject of

both American and English nomenclature was dropped by mutual consent, with the honors fairly even. In loving memory of that conversation, I have been re-examining a map of Britain and submit herewith what appears to be an excellent case of circumstantial evidence.

What would you think, for instance, of Borrowash and Matlock Bath, Whatstandwell and Hitchin, Oxenhope, Oxted, Dove Holes and Frog Hall—all good old English names that smack of the countryside and the Englishman's passion for a "tub." Then if you fancy double names there are Bell Busk, Kirby Muxloe, Horsted Keynes, Shepton Mallet, Lyme Regis, Chorlton-cum-Hardy (good old Cæsar!), Bury St. Edmunds, Stoke Poges, Barrow-in-Furness (a singular place for a barrow, moke or Shadrach coster), Cheadle Hulme, Penny Compton, Sutton Coldfield and Broom Junction—each of them an illuminating head-light to warn posterity into simpler and less tangled paths. But there are others, and here is a little group that apparently might bear watching—Potter Heigham, Chipping Norton, Marsh Gibbon and (whisper it!) Fenny Stratford, and last, but evidently not least, Walton-in-the-Naze. It reads like a newspaper story, all suspicious characters and a mystery at the bottom. For whatever happened to Walton-in-the-Naze certainly ruined the spelling of it, if not the shape, and possibly it is wise not to enquire into causes or reason. Consider instead whether any possible extenuating circumstances can exist for such sweet violets of etymology as Bletchley, Shanklin, Rowsley, Bognor, Yeovil, Worksop, Thirsk, Wigan, Bootle and Diggle. The last three jewels sound like an East End law firm, and suggest the dying struggle of Bill Sykes, pendant from the roof.

But it is in Wales that "gems of purest ray serene" are found—names productive of lockjaw and dental expenses, large, generous, double-d'd and hyphenated extravaganzas

of spelling and pronunciation both. Observe these sample exotics, carefully culled from a garden tropically luxuriant in consonants, diphthongs, and peculiarly shaped alphabetical orchids that only grow in a Welsh atmosphere: Ynysddu (why wouldn't one d do?), Aberystwyth, Penwyllt, Llanelly, Ynys (pronounced In-nes), Perrhyn, Pwllheli (meaning probably a noise like a Chinese laundry), Nantclwyd, Llanrhiaidr, and also such lofty skyscrapers as Pantyffynnon, Pontnewydd, Pehclawd, Tal-y-lynn, Llanwrtyd, Machynlleth and Bettws-y-Coed. I do not know how they swear in Welsh, but it certainly looks easy.

It seems almost like painting the lily and also adding insult to injury, but there are nevertheless a few deserving Scotch candidates fairly clamoring for recognition, such as Killicrankie, Kingussie, Dalwhinnie, Blairgowrie, Coupar Aegus, Arbroath, Auchmacoy, Old Meldrum, Balquhidder, Ballachulish, Auchterarder, and others equally shy and modest. Ireland, too, can muster quite a formidable array, which, for the sake of the proofreader, are omitted. The case appears to be amply proven, however, and Britain, as in other respects, should not be boastful of her pulchritude in this regard. "Illinwah" is sufficiently avenged.

Given a bright, sunny day, there is no prettier jaunt than from London to Windsor, either by rail or by boat. From Putney to Mortlake is the famous racing-water of the Cambridge and Oxford crews. Then Richmond, with its quaint stone-arched bridge, its Deer Park, old Royal Palace, the thirty-mile view from Richmond Terrace, the Great Park, and at its entrance the renowned "Star and Garter" Inn, delightful resort of Royalty and commoner alike, famous for its dinners and glorious views of the Thames valley. The river is at its best from here onward; hundreds of punts, boats and launches dot its placid surface or peep coyly from the fringed and overhanging banks. A

little beyond is Hampton Court, a Royal Palace built originally by Cardinal Wolsley, resting like a wonderful river-garden within a forest park and well-beloved by English and Americans alike. From Marlowe to Windsor is an exquisite river trip, passing Cleveden, the former magnificent residence of the Duke of Westminster, now owned by William Waldorf Astor.

Windsor, with its stately Park and great Royal Castle, has been for centuries the home of English sovereigns, dating from Edward the Third. The State Apartments, St. George's Chapel, and Round Tower, with the Albert Memorial Chapel and Castle Terraces, are open to the public when the King is not in residence. Directly across the river is the historic Eton College and its famous playing-fields.

This lovely river-trip should be prolonged to Oxford, the seat of Magdalen, Christ Church, Merton, and other colleges dear to the masculine English heart. Near by is Blenheim Palace, which for a score of years has been presided over by American Duchesses. The money of the Duchess Lillian, formerly Mrs. Hammersley, of New York, helped pay for many of the much-needed repairs under the former Duke. The present Duchess, formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, of New York, also brought such an enormous dowry to her husband that her son, the Marquis of Blaeford, will some day be perhaps the richest Duke in the House of Lords. His only rival will be His Grace of Westminster, or possibly His Grace of Roxburgh, also married to an American, formerly Miss Goelet, of New York.

England is an earthly Paradise for negroes, and the colored man is promptly accepted not only as a man but literally as a brother also. No question is raised regarding color, smell or social status—he is clasped to the bosom of

John Bull and rapturously introduced to the family. Well-dressed negroes walking with respectable and well-dressed white women are frequent spectacles, and social courtesies may properly be extended to a negro in England which would result in ostracism of the hostess from all white society if perpetrated in America. In these matters the English people seem to be literally color-blind. I have seen the Royal box at Covent Garden occupied by members of the Royal family, with the opposite box occupied by negroes, and they may frequently be found in the best seats at any theatre or music-hall, escorting either white women or those of their own color. At the popular restaurants negroes are welcome guests and apparently possess a weird attraction to the white Continental waiters, who anticipate every want and frequently extend to them preference over white patrons. To an American, and especially to a Southerner, such an exhibition is simply revolting, yet not more so than the general indifference displayed by the English public. To them the negro is apparently an agreeable personality, possessing an especially mysterious attraction to the English female. The young English woman who would elevate her sensitive nose at the thought of being seen in public with one of her father's honest, middle-class clerks, cheerfully accepts the negro, not only as a social equal, but as a very badly-used and misunderstood proposition in the United States. I have heard people of the best and highest standard in England declaim indignantly against the whole American population for lynching or burning negroes at the stake for certain crimes, without regard to the slower processes of law. "Why burn and torture?" they argue. "You Americans are savages!" "Was it less savage for Englishmen to blow Sepoys from the mouths of cannon after the Indian Mutiny, as a deterrent example? Even as a Sepoy believes that the spirit of a dismembered body

cannot attain to Paradise, so the superstitious negro believes that whoever perishes by fire will burn forever in torment," I reply, "And were his white victim one of your own family or friends, sir, you would be in the front rank of avengers instead of preaching mercy for a fiend. Only by such prompt and terrible punishment for these crimes has the South been made safe for unprotected white women. You will find the same answer written in your own history abroad."

The fact that a few members of the colored race have risen above the general brute level is no criterion that the mass is to be either trusted or respected. The radical difference of race traits will always serve as a barrier against the mingling of white and black on the same social plane—the races are not homogeneous and can never assimilate. Unlike that of the American Indian, the negro race is not diminishing; when the red man shall have vanished from the Western Hemisphere, the negro will have multiplied ten-fold. In America the negro is theoretically free and equal with the white man, but is kept in his proper secondary place, partly by custom and partly by force of circumstances. South of a certain geographical limit, he is not permitted to enter public conveyances or places of amusement, but rides in separate or "Jim Crow" cars, and in a theatre sits upstairs in the "nigge[r] heaven," apart from the white audience. How different the reception accorded the colored brother in England, where he struts in well-dressed and apparently conscious superiority, a shining mark for English admiration and American amusement. It has been suggested that herein lies an easy solution of the American negro problem, it being simply a matter of emigration of the colored brethren from the United States to England, a solution which would doubtless meet with entire satisfaction from both Americans and Afro-Ameri-

cans, and ensure the latter a cordial and sympathetic reception by the same John Bull who not so very many years ago was enslaving and selling their South African progenitors. But that is another story, and possibly embarrassing.

The natural result of all this cordial showering of English hospitality is that the negro takes what is so freely tendered. Although some slight distinction is made between the Afro-American type of negro and a native of India or the West Indies, the Englishman draws no rigid line of demarkation, while to the American "all coons look alike" and are about equally objectionable.

The American Indian, as exemplified in the so-called "Wild West" shows, is likewise a human magnet socially to many English people. It was a common sight during the old days of the original "Wild West" exhibition in England, and more recently in New Brighton during the palmy days of a mediocre cowboy and Indian show, to see white girls promenading the street with uncouth, repulsive and gaily-blanketed Indians, apparently entirely oblivious of the social chasm between the two races. One of the most popular girls in New Brighton was a young squaw-member of the visiting troupe, who was constantly surrounded, whether on the water-front promenade or at the skating-rink parties, by an especially attentive coterie of the best young men of that distinctively English society. In America, the "squaw-man" and the white wife of a negro have about the same social status, if any, but in England both Injun and coon seem to possess an equally fatal charm for English people. The social limit is drawn apparently at the Chinaman, and you will meet only polite pity and depreciation if you allow your "American prejudice" for the negro to show itself.

It is not so very long ago that the London *Standard*, a leading publication, printed a solemn warning against "im-

migration of the blacks," so-called, based upon the investigations of a London detective agency and bringing to notice what was termed an "invasion of England by negroes, especially American, which has been steadily proceeding for several years." The report stated that "Englishmen's traditional tolerance of the differences of color, race and creed has blinded them to the real danger now threatening them," and proceeds as follows:

"London is the Paradise of the black man, and the American negro has discovered this fact. Every ship from the United States brings fresh arrivals to swell the large colony which is already here, where they are treated on an equal footing at the lodging-houses and sit at the same table with whites. For the first time in their lives, they are permitted to mix with white women on social equality. This has created a grave peril which is becoming worse every day."

The Agency report draws an ugly picture of the negro character, and, referring to the Southern States of the United States, says:

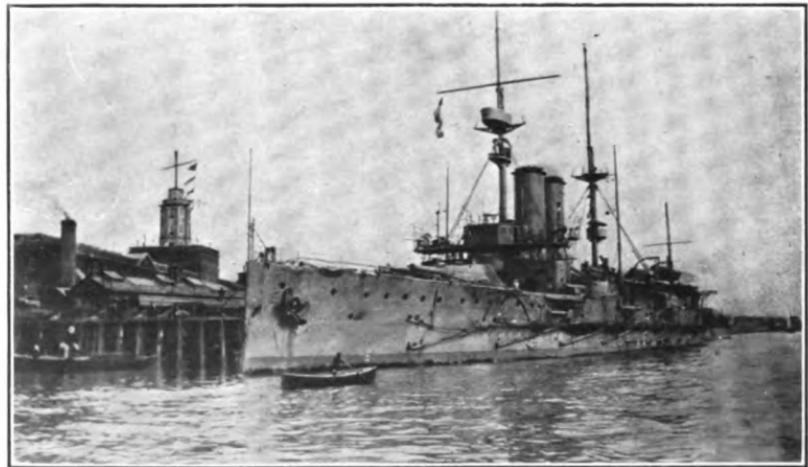
"Lynching seems to be the only way to prevent the wholesale commission of crimes against womanhood by modern negroes, because fear is the sole restraining influence they know."

Jesso!

The winter climate of England has already been referred to, more or less disrespectfully, but there exists one literal ray of sunshine that pierces even the Channel fogs, Scotch mists and drizzling rains, which constitute this, to use an English term, really "beastly" portion of the year's calendar. It is the South Coast of England, called the "Sunshine Belt," "English Riviera," and other prettily descriptive names, and well deserves all the good words



Crab Inn, Isle of Wight



One of England's War-Dogs, Portsmouth Dock-Yard



bestowed upon it. There the winter climate is milder and more agreeable, the sun shines brightly two-thirds of the time instead of not at all, as in London, and under such conditions it is little wonder that thousands of well-to-do people leave the Northern Counties at the first touch of frost and hie them with the song-birds southward. Devonshire, Hampshire and Kent are beautiful all the year round, and, like the southern coast of Wales, abound in delightful land and sea resorts. The Isle of Wight, a famous winter haven for invalids, lies but twenty minutes' sail across from Portsmouth, while Brighton, Eastbourne, Bournemouth and other charming English watering-places form a chain of coast attractions difficult to equal. With this delightful South Coast itself so very near, and palms and orange trees of the French Riviera and Spanish and Italian winter resorts only a day's journey from London, the amazing thing to an American is that so many English people of the leisure class, amply able to spend the winter elsewhere, remain uncomfortably at home not only throughout the whole wretched winter season, but even all their lives! There are thousands of English people of ample means who have never been off the island itself, though all the Continent of Europe with treasures of every kind dear to the appreciative, lies directly at the door of England in almost irresistible proximity. These short-sighted "stay-at-homes" spend at Bournemouth or Folkstone each year more than enough to take them comfortably through Holland, up the Rhine, and through Switzerland—a foreign trip sufficient to store one's mind with memories and pictures of everything from wooden *sabots* and whirling windmills to the sunset glories of Rhenish castles and the snowy Alpine range beyond. Everything Continental is so absolutely different from England—language, customs and people—such a complete and wonderful change of scene, so

near and so delightfully easy of access, and yet comparatively few of the English people ever leave their accustomed home-rut to travel ever so little into the great and wonderful world outside. Such are the people who marvel that Americans will travel thousands of miles across the ocean and part with huge sums of money to see lands and peoples that practically have little or no meaning to Britons. They live their little lives in their own little English grove, and are perfectly contented in their ignorance and sloth—nay, even proud of it!

Southampton and Portsmouth were always the Mecca and Medina of my youthful traveling aspirations, so far as England was concerned, partly because Dickens was born at Portsmouth and partly because the Pilgrims sailed from Southampton, closely followed by a certain great-ancestor of mine in 1638. Whether he was chased out on account of his piety, as the Pilgrims were, does not matter. He probably was. But my interest in seeing Southampton was not so much on his account, beyond a secret desire to set fire to it because of the unrighteous treatment accorded there to the original member of the Hills family. It was too late to get any satisfaction, however. Everyone responsible for my early ancestor's religious difficulties had, I was told, since died, and as they were probably now regretting it every time they looked at the thermometer, I let it pass.

Southampton has many interesting features, being an ancient seaport town and rich in old houses and quaint corners. Its distinguished feature today is the magnificent system of quays and docks for ocean liners. This is also the sacred spot where the Danish King Canute and his royal arm-chair narrowly escaped being carried out to sea during his historic experiment with a tide that continued rising in disobedience to his command. After the imperial retainers

responsible for this practical joke got His Majesty back on dry land, they heard something drop, or, as his historian describes it, "his flattering courtiers received the famous royal rebuke."

But despite all other attractions, my mind kept returning to the sailing of the *Mayflower* from this oldentime waterfront, in 1620, that momentous date for Old as well as for New England. It must have been a grand and stupendous sight when that noble leviathan, loaded to the topsail-yards with old-fashioned furniture and peak-hatted Pilgrims, moved majestically out into the stream with snowy canvas spread and course laid true and straight for Plymouth Rock. I saw the white foam curling underneath the "Standing Room Only" sign nailed to the bow, and an occasional mislaid spinning-wheel or gilt-framed mirror bobbing in the wake astern. I beheld in fond imagination the multitude of intrepid Pilgrims clustered in the shrouds, the deck piled mountain high with old-fashioned mahogany furniture and garnished with clock-reels, flax-winders, spinning-wheels, three-legged stools and high-backed chairs, while passing breezes wafted back to the cruel opposition on the dock the sad sweet strains of Gospel hymns. I could hear the stately, endless ranks of "grandfather's clocks" striking the hour in one grand farewell chorus, everybody's clock apparently outdoing everybody else's clock, while loud above the din rose the hoarse voice of the Captain shouting back an order for more Colonial furniture by the next boat. It was an occasion fraught with stupendous moment to future millions of both freeborn and imported American citizens as that gallant ship faded out into the Solent, propelled by Fate and following the finger of Destiny pointing to the New World. Gee, it was a great day!

The following notice on the dock-wall attracts the attention of American visitors:

On the 15th August, 1620, from near this West Quay of Southampton, the famous Mayflower began her voyage, carrying the little company of Pilgrim Fathers (including John Alden of Southampton) who were destined to be the founders of the New England States of America.

Incidentally, there were also some Pilgrim Mothers on board, a fact apparently overlooked in the notice, but this omission will no doubt be duly rectified when it is called to the attention of the militant English "suffragettes."

There is something mysterious about the sailing of the *Mayflower*. She apparently departed several times on that memorable trip to America, and from several different places. For instance:

According to the inscription at the Southampton dock, the vessel left from Southampton, on August 15th.

According to "*Montgomery's American History*, the *Mayflower* sailed from Southampton on August 6th, then came back and made a fresh start on September 16th, six weeks later, sailing from Plymouth.

According to the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," the ship sailed from Southampton "in August" (which is a trifle indefinite), then returned and started all over again on September 6th, but the port of her second departure is not mentioned.

After such a series of "farewell performances" and the attendant discomforts of a winter voyage across the Atlantic in a furniture van, yet another large and juicy lemon was handed to the Pilgrims on arrival, for, albeit they held passage tickets to sunny Virginia, they were landed on the stern and rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, with no railway facilities for continuing the journey to Old Point Comfort. Whereupon they philosophically settled down and developed that race of sturdy Yankees which one hundred and fifty years later made a teapot of Boston Harbor

and tied permanent Gordian knots in the tail of a highly indignant British lion. This stupefying conquest is explained and accounted for in England today on the ground that the victorious Americans were in reality *Englishmen!*

Dr. Watts, the great writer of church hymns, was born in Southampton in 1674, half a century or so too late to have supplied the Pilgrims with up-to-date concert material. It is generally understood, however, that no blame attaches to Dr. Watts for this apparent oversight and his subsequent career appears to have been entirely blameless and exemplary.

There is a charming old Abbey at Beaulieu, just beyond Southampton, that is said to have been founded by King John. The principal feature of interest there is the local pronunciation of the name Beaulieu. It is called by the natives "Bewley," which is presumably the proper way of pronouncing the name—in England. To reach Beaulieu, we were told that it was "a three-mile walk over a sandy road from the boat-landing, and follow the telegraph wire." In view of our inability to walk on a telegraph wire, and a lack of enthusiasm regarding the six-mile round-trip over a sandy road, we cheerfully omitted "Bewley" from our route. But we heard it pronounced!

On the other side of Southampton is Winchester, birthplace of Alfred the Great, and fairly reeking with antiquity and the lore of ages. Egbert, the first King of England, was crowned here in the great fog of 827, to which was due his famous English witticism, "Be sure you crown the right man." If you fail to laugh at this moss-grown fable in Winchester, you are guilty of *lese majeste*. But the history of this "city of Kings" ante-dates this fable by many centuries. The grand old Norman Cathedral is its chief attraction today, and has been added to, century after century, until now it includes every kind of architecture from

Norman to early Renaissance. You are shown the Tomb of William Rufus and the fatal arrow-head which fell out from his bones when the coffin was opened some years ago. There, too, are the sarcophagi of the Saxon Kings, and enough other objects of interest in that old Saxon city to occupy a month of sight-seeing and subsequent reflection.

The crowning glory of Nature in this part of Britain is the New Forest, an ancient royal hunting demesne comprising a wonderful expanse of woodland glades and reaches of park-land, with masses of huge beeches so dense at times as to suggest actual darkness. This wooded scenery is of unsurpassed beauty, some of the great trees being more than a thousand years old. The New Forest is about one hundred miles in extent, being some twenty miles long by about twelve at the widest part. In one of the lovely glades is the famous Rufus Stone, a low pillar marking the spot where the second Norman King was slain by the arrow of Walter Tyrrell. How anyone could commit murder in such a veritable temple of Nature as this magnificent forest park, is inconceivable and shows a turgidity of character hopeless of redemption. I do not remember what happened to this Tyrrell afterward, but I could not help hoping that he was duly and properly boiled in oil, or slowly and carefully skinned, or otherwise painfully and permanently removed from his mistaken sphere of human usefulness.

Elsewhere in the Forest is the pretty Lyndhurst Church, with its beautiful altar-piece, "The Ten Virgins," by Lord Leighton. But not all the virgins of merry England, red-cheeked or grey-headed, pictured or alive, could entice my soul away from contemplation of those majestic forest monarchs whose close-leaved branches darkened the noon-day sun, making the cooling shade and emerald turf beneath a glad Elysium of rest and peace for mind and body.

both. The silence of these forest depths is awesome and profound—even the birds are hushed as in some dread and mysterious Presence—the cities and haunts of Man fade farther and farther away, and into the soul steals something akin to reverence for these grave and silent giants that have stood a thousand years of storm and bid fair to stand a thousand more. To lie outstretched upon the velvet sward, and look upward into those dark-green caverns above; to follow the great branches leading from the mighty trunk and ever multiplying while mounting upward to the sun; to mark one by one the scars and ravages of centuries upon the savage frontlets of those warrior kings—all this brings a deep and abiding content that steeps one's inmost soul in restful peace.

In yet another way the spirit of the forest manifests itself, and to him who sits entranced upon an English coach behind four regulation English coach-horses and rides through miles of shadowy forest-aisles of this great out-of-door Cathedral of Nature, under the arching beeches and along charming woodland drives—to him shall be vouchsafed the memory of a day that though he live a hundred years can never be forgotten.

I quote from a letter which gives a bird's-eye view of what the South Coast looks like to an American girl:

We are spending a few days at Southsea, the court-end of Portsmouth. It is good to see sunshine again after weeks and weeks of London atmosphere, which is composed of fog, smoke and rain-water. The beautiful Isle of Wight is directly opposite and all about us are lovely sea-coast resorts. We have been to Cowes, the quaint little town on the Isle of Wight where the famous annual yacht races are held, and to Osborne (spell it with a u in England), the favorite residence of Queen Victoria and where she died. We have sailed up and down the famous Spithead anchorage of the British war fleet, and visited the old Garrison Church at Portsmouth, where the soldiers march in with band and drums for Sunday service, and

where we were escorted into one of the pews reserved for officers because Daddy used to wear a sword himself in America and knows the Major in command here. We have visited the funny old streets and byways of the very oldest part of Portsmouth, where Charles Dickens was born, the Duke of Buckingham assassinated, and from which Nelson sailed out to sink the French fleet at Trafalgar. We have been aboard the historic old *Victory*, lying honorably at anchor here in the inner harbor for the rest of her days, and have stood on the very spot where the great naval hero died. We have strolled along the beautiful Marine Promenade and beach and listened to the military bands playing on the Pier, and have seen the sham battles between the warships and torpedo boats at night, and the target practice of the big cruisers by day, and the regiments that are forever at drill on the parade ground or marching up the water front. We have been shown all the objects of interest and met ever so many nice people. On Tuesday we are invited to an elegant garden-party at Arundel Castle, the residence of the Duke of Norfolk, for we are "intimate friends of an intimate friend" of the Duke's brother, Lord Talbot, and next week we are invited to go aboard the Royal Yacht some day when the King isn't there? Isn't it lovely? We were at Bournemouth for a week—such a charming place, with thick woods behind and the ocean in front, and glorious sea-bathing. The women wear the frumpiest bathing-suits you ever saw, and the men—well, the least said the better. The more I see of some people the better I like my dog. But of course that doesn't apply to everyone. We are to spend the Fourth of July on the Isle of Wight—no, not to escape the noise, for the Fourth is the quietest day in England—but Daddy wants to celebrate where the English fleet can hear him. Isn't it awful?"

The story of that Fourth of July celebration is best left untold. It only shows what a little rocket and some red fire on a deserted beach can do toward waking up five miles of war-ships and an army of English constabulary, and I shall always regret that no official time-record exists of my hundred-yard dash up the lane. The English navy is apparently a very sensitive proposition. At least that was the impression that I received. They are probably watching that mouse-hole yet.



Bird's-eye View at Isle of Wight



The Portsmouth navy-yard, or "dock-yard," as it is called, is quite a large affair, both in area and naval equipment. Thousands of workmen are continually passing in or out, and there are always several lead-colored, wicked-looking cruisers and battle-ships moored alongside the great work-shops undergoing refitting or repairs. Submarines and torpedo-boats are almost as common as row-boats in the inner harbor and attract no special notice. We were invited by a prominent local resident to visit the dock-yard with himself and daughter, and accepted the invitation. After passing through the great entrance-gates, we were ushered into a small guard-house and requested to sign the visitors book. When this formality had been completed, the tall Sergeant who had charge of the party glanced over our signatures, beheld the fatal words "New York" proudly inscribed thereafter, and turning to me, said, "Are you a Henglish subject, sir?"

"Not on your life," said I. "Look at the book."

"I 'ave looked at the book, sir," he rejoined, "and I am sorry to say that you cannot henter the dock-yard."

My friend started forward to expostulate, but the Sergeant was firm as his own Gibraltar. "No aliens are allowed to visit the dock-yard, sir," was all the satisfaction to be obtained from his stolid front.

"We will go to the Commandant," said my friend, and while the ladies waited like Peri at the gates, we went in to consult the oracle and read him the Riot Act. The Commandant was away, but his private secretary received us with all the honors of war, and explained at great length the regulations, proving that the Sergeant was quite right. "Aliens" were tabooed.

"Do you call Americans aliens?" I enquired.

"Certainly," he replied, "all who are not British subjects—all foreigners—are aliens."

"Are not the Japanese aliens also?" I said.

"Well, yes, in a sense they are. But they are our allies."

"But, my dear sir," I protested, "you bar out Americans, whom you claim to be your own flesh and blood, yet admit the Japanese without question and permit them to inspect everything desired."

Once more the parrot-talk. "The Japanese are our allies."

"Yes, they are your allies to-day. But let me tell you something. Your nation is now educating the Japanese in modern war-methods, and they in turn are educating the Chinese, consummating thereby the 'Yellow Peril' to the white race. The day is coming, perhaps, when the Japs, your present affectionate allies, will come knocking at the gates of England as enemies, having learned all of modern warfare that England is able to teach, and mark my words, when that day shall come, England will entreat the help of America in defending the very dock-yards and arsenals from which Americans today are barred as 'aliens.' I hope, sir, you will have become more hospitable to us before that time arrives."

We went away, my English friend greatly mortified with our experience. I was somewhat nettled and made up my mind that I would get into that dock-yard now, anyhow! I had not cared very much about it previously, having visited other dock-yards equally interesting, but after having been called an 'alien' in my dear old mother-country, I desired to hand them back a grape-fruit in return for the lemon. Accordingly I got in touch with the American Embassy at London, gave the high sign, stated my case, and was handed this bunch of rhetorical green grapes by the Ambassador himself, "It is useless. The law is very strict regarding entrance to English dock-yards. I could not even obtain admission myself, not being a British subject."

That settled it. I said, "All right; I shall wait until some day when the Japs come around to that old dock-yard on war business, and then go in along with them! And I hope that private secretary will be there to see 'us aliens' wrap the British lion in a Japanese kimono and run him round his dock-yard ahead of a bunch of firecrackers."

The moral is obvious. As straws show which way the wind blows, so little things like this betray the yellow under the English red. If Americans are regarded by the English Government as "aliens," what degree of confidence can be placed in the constantly reiterated assurances of blood-relationship and the loyal grasp of "hands across the sea?"

British sentiment hostile to America has been more recently shown during the threatened complications between Japan and the United States over the California alien land law, and the attitude taken then by the London newspapers is not at all encouraging of the spirit of brotherhood that the two English-speaking nations are expected to maintain before the world in the celebration of one hundred years of peace. There is a grim comedy in a peace celebration with a nation that openly exhibits its jealous dislike through the medium of its press. Witness, for instance, the attitude of the London *Saturday Review* in May, 1913, which stated editorially that the Japanese dispute could hardly be settled by diplomacy, and predicted that the Philippines would fall into the hands of the Japanese as easily as they fell into the hands of Admiral Dewey, and, further, that Japan would be able to make her temporary command of the Pacific permanent, and to occupy Southern California and Oregon. "And then," said the London exponent of British journalism, "it is Great Britain's duty to stand aside, as she did in the Russo-Japanese war, for Japan will look to us to hold the ring;" or, in other words, to prevent interference with the desired downfall of America. It concludes: "The

United States is working for the supremacy of the Pacific on lines as unfriendly to England as to Japan. Should she fall foul of Japan in the process, it is not for us to help her out to the injury of our ally."

It is only another indication of the "yellow" under the British red. As a matter of fact, boiled down to the very essence, the English have no love for America or Americans beyond their fervent adoration of American dollars, and whenever the English mask occasionally slips out of place, the same old perfidious Albion is disclosed behind, purple with suppressed envy and venom. Nor is this an idle expression of personal opinion, but a statement of fact supported by facts, known and thoroughly comprehended in all the chancellories of Europe. Yet England's only hope today, in case of war against her by a foreign power, lies in the moral if not active backing of the United States, and not only our "holding the ring," but if necessary breaking it! It is a tidy question, as we say in Lunnon, isn't it?

But never mind. There is a fable concerning two Hebrews who lunched at Delmonico's and were afterward bewailing the high prices. "Dot man is a robber. I have to pay seventy-five cents for apple-pie and a cup of coffee!" "Neffe mind, Ikey," said his friend, "Gott has punished dot Delmonico already. I haf two of his silver spoons in mine pocket!" The same divine Providence which tempers the wind to the shorn Hebrew is dispensing retributive justice to England, through the happy mediums of tea and intoxicants. Not content with drinking tea at breakfast, dinner and supper, the entire British nation stops short about four o'clock every afternoon, and, dropping all other business, braces up on a cup of tea! At home or in the busy office, in factory or palace, when the mystic hour arrives everyone reaches for the teapot. To an American business man the spectacle of a tea-tray on an Englishman's office-

desk in the middle of the afternoon is a revelation, and when he learns that not only is the "boss" indulging, but that the bookkeeper and typist are also making tea over the spirit-lamp outside during a temporary stoppage of all office work, the fact becomes a hilarious proposition. Imagine "down-town" New York stopping business every afternoon to drink tea! Shades of Delmonico, the Savarin, Stewart, and the Astor House café! Alas for the dry Martini, the soothing Manhattan, and the high-ball which cheers, whether or not it inebriates. Imagine the "Only William," author of the highest printed authority on cooling beverages, and skilled beyond his fellowmen in artistic combinations of liquid sunshine and ambrosia—imagine William making tea! God forbid.

Yet for all its American popularity the real cocktail is comparatively unknown either in England or in Europe. There are sundry hotels and public resorts which profess to dispense American beverages, and proudly bear aloft the sign of relief yclept "American Bar;" but sign and beverages are alike delusions. Anything mixed in a glass is regarded as a cocktail by the benighted English barmaid, and Heaven pity the deluded partaker. The reason why Englishmen do not take kindly to this American specialty is probably due to its weird English compounding, which includes stirring with what is known as a "swizzle-stick," and serving the dry Martini with a cherry and the Manhattan with an olive, exactly contrary to rule. It is little wonder, therefore, that the Englishman whose interior has been insulted and outraged by one or more of these nightmares, turns in his blindness to plain Scotch, "the whiskey of his forefathers," and to the national beverage—tea. He turns, whatever the reason, and the oceans of smoky Scotch that annually disappear down the capacious British gullet are only approached or equalled by the rivers and seas of both

tea and whiskey that drench the interior recesses of the female population. Both beverages are deleterious to health, but their great-grandfathers, grandfathers and fathers, and all their corresponding female ancestors drank both tea and Scotch, and the custom being an English custom will therefore never be changed, interfered with or improved upon, for being English it is not capable of improvement. The life-saving clause to an Englishman lies in the addition of soda to his Scotch. A half-inch of Scotch whiskey, served in a large glass, then drowned and utterly obliterated by the addition of about seven inches of soda-water, will keep an Englishman occupied for half an hour before it is all absorbed. The spectacle of an American nonchalantly tossing down the Scotch and declining all but a small "chaser" of the soda is appalling to John Bull, forgetful of the fact that the Lord has provided him with only a tea-stomach. Even under such circumstances, however, John managed to spend in Great Britain and Ireland in 1910 a total of over \$780,000,000 for alcoholic liquors, an increase of about \$10,000,000 over the previous year. This increase was due to the increase in price, however, the actual consumption of spirits having been nearly 2,000,000 gallons less than in 1909. The decreased consumption was due entirely to the increased cost under the revised system of taxation, and not to any reform of either appetite or custom.

The consumption of ale and beer in England is something amazing, considering the poor quality of the latter and the competition afforded by tea-shops and coffee-houses. These are temperance places, supplied with newspapers, draughts, cribbage-boards and other mild attractions, and are popular resorts for making appointments with customers by that small class of business men who are without an office or business address. Within the ale and beer houses, commonly known as "pubs," the space outside the bar-

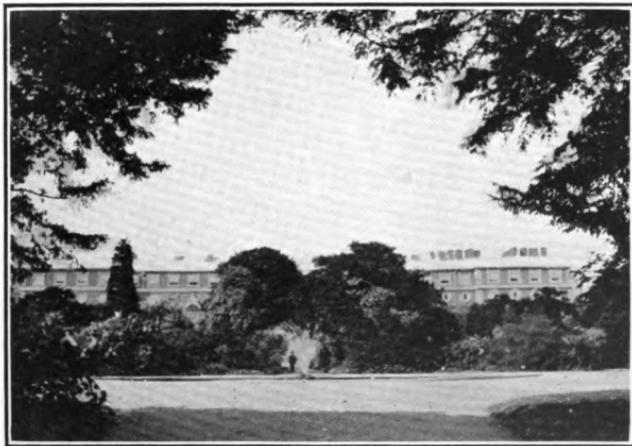
counter is divided by partitions into private slips, patronized by customers of both sexes. The spectacle presented in these places, especially at night, is astounding to anyone not accustomed to seeing women of the middle and lower classes drinking beer or gin in public. The malt liquors are of a common, cheap quality, and not to be compared for a moment with the nutritious German brews of Pilsner and Munschen. From the roof-seats of any passing omnibus, passengers can look directly down and into these brilliantly-lighted drinking-places, and the sight is not an improving one. But with the English working-class beer is practically in the same category as bread and butter, and such resorts flourish abundantly in every city and town, much of the scanty and hard-earned wages of the poorer classes finding its way to the till of the publican, who is often the nabob of the district. I saw in London, one afternoon, a funeral procession entering Kensal Green Cemetery, and was attracted by the expensive splendor of the high-plumed and flower-wreathed hearse, the sombre lace-tasselled trappings and tossing head-plumes of the jet-black horses, and the two following barouches piled with gorgeous satin-ribboned wreaths, crosses, and other floral tributes. When the long procession of carriages had filed within the cemetery gates, I said to a bystander: "What prominent personage is being buried here?" He looked surprised at my ignorance. "Why, it's the son of the publican over 'ere; that's *'is* funeral," he replied. I went away reflecting on that costly display—the money wrung from the poor in the public house neighborhood, and the shabby-genteel funerals common to the publican's customers in comparison with that of the publican's son. The public house will always be a cancer on the English body politic, but to the majority of the poorer class beer will always come before household necessities. "Health, Fame and Fortune will pass away,

but Thirst remains," saith the Oriental prophet. "Pint of four-'arf and a pot of bitter, miss," echoes the poor man, and the red-cheeked barmaid will draw the amber fluid with the foamy crest as long as the squiffy customer continues to draw from his pocket the necessary coppers. His children may be in want of shoes, or even bread, but the public house attendants exhibit as little concern in that direction as do the vultures of the pawnshops. The English poor are the poorest poor on earth in many respects, yet they pay into the "pubs" the tremendous annual tribute mentioned above, and then cheerfully go hungry. That amount would shoe and clothe all the poor children in Britain, and there is hardly a street in the poorer districts that is not full of these ragged and bare-foot little waifs. In no other civilized country will you find children growing up under such vile conditions,—conditions for which the English public-house is directly responsible.

As previously mentioned, the Fourth of July is always celebrated by Americans living abroad, the Nineteenth of April being next in importance. In London and many prominent Continental cities, the "American colony," as it is called, signalizes the "Glorious Fourth" by a banquet, where the American eagle flaps his joyous wings with the expatriates, temporary and permanent. The Fourth of July is one of those days upon which the English look with disfavor. Except concerning the days made glorious to them by British conquest, they are not a reminiscent people. They do not recollect victories won by the other nations. And it is a noticeable fact that in all the Art Galleries throughout Europe, no nation has placed anywhere anything on public view commemorative of any personal military or naval *defeat*. Everything is a "hurrah for our side." English text-books of modern history omit entirely, or skim very lightly over, our own Revolutionary War, stating



A Bit of Hampton Court Gardens



Hampton Court Palace



merely that the American Colonies were "allowed to set up for themselves." Thousands of English people do not know that such a war ever occurred, nor are the school-children of to-day being very much enlightened. In the fair lexicon of English youth there are no such words as Lexington, Bunker Hill, or Yorktown. But Waterloo is there in Gothic capitals! However, ample reparation is made in American text-books for English omission of pertinent historical facts, so the proper mean is fairly maintained. The shy English idea is excellently expressed in one of the topical music-hall songs, the point of which is in the concluding line:

"I sye, Miss, there's a beetle in the pudding!"  
Says she, "I wish you'd 'old your jaw,  
Now every *hother* customer will want one,  
So what d'ye want to TALK abaht it for?"

There are other forcible illustrations in the same ditty, particularly one referring to a too-talkative child,—a child endowed with neither diplomacy or foresight of consequences, whose curiosity as to the absence of hair on the coco of its avuncular relation results in a "smack in the napper" and Auntie's frantic expostulation:

"Cawn't you see your Uncle doesn't loike it—  
Then what d'ye want to TALK abaht it for?"

The composer of this musical gem missed a golden opportunity. He should have added a verse about George Washington if he desired to see the audience foam over the foot-lights. Some people are awful touchy.

The Englishman is insular in everything pertaining to himself or his island. He lives within his own circumscribed area, large or small as his means permit, and re-

sents any intrusion within his private domain, extending toward the public about the same degree of cordial hospitality that the average farmer displays to an inquisitive polecat. Instead of fences or hedges many suburban estates have solid walls ten feet in height along the roadside, rendering it impossible for passers-by even to view the grounds within. These grounds are always "Strictly Private," and at intervals fairly bristle with warning signs, "No Trespassing Allowed." The deep religious awe with which these signs are regarded by the British public is something amazing to an American accustomed in his own land to the open and generous hospitality evidenced by frequent absence of fence or boundary of any kind between or around suburban residences. The English law of private domain, however, draws a "dead-line" around every man's habitat and grounds, beyond which no one may pass without the owner's permission, on pain of trespass. This is the law that transforms an Englishman's house into his "castle," and to the majority of the English population it is as sacred as the law prohibiting murder. Never in my life have I seen such respect paid to any law as the English people pay to this relic of feudal days,—the law of private domain. The only exceptions to the rule are burglars and Americans.

There is a beautiful Country Club on the bank of the Thames, a few miles out of London, and between the Club grounds and the river is a tow-path, much frequented by visitors to this pretty suburb and affording a charming walk. The river comes nearly to the edge of this tow-path, and at certain times when the tide is unusually high, flows over the path and rises a foot or more against the Club wall, which thus acts as a temporary dam. One afternoon, as I sat enjoying a cigar and an American newspaper on the Club-House veranda, my attention was attracted to a commotion

on the tow-path, where a number of people were running frantically back and forth, apparently in an endeavor to escape from something or somebody. I said to an attendant: "What is the trouble there?"

"It's the 'igh tide, sir, has come hover the pawth, and the people cawn't get out either way."

"Why don't they climb over the Club wall, then; there is no water on this side?" I enquired.

"Climb hover the wall, sir? Gawd save us, they cawn't do that. These are private grounds, sir."

"Private nothing! Here, you come with me and help those people over that wall! By thunder, I never saw such a lot of sheep—standing there in the water, because somebody owns the dry land! Come along, now; hurry up!"

"But the Club Directors, sir; there'll be a hawful row. Those people 'ave no right in the Club grounds, sir."

I walked rapidly across the sloping lawn to the wall that divided the sacred Club grounds from the tow-path. Fifty people, mostly women and children, were helplessly marooned there in water which had already risen nearly to their knees, and yet with only a four-foot wall between them and dry land, never dreaming for a moment of climbing over or even upon it; for that would be a most sacrilegious invasion of an Englishman's private domain!

Several Club members, with ladies, were standing on the Club lawn near the wall, regarding the spectacle with more or less amusement. On the tow-path an empty baby-carriage was floating toward the river tideway—the tears of the mother mingled with the crying of the rescued child. I shouted:

"Why don't you men help those people?"

A fashionable Club member drawled in reply: "Aw, I say, the tide won't rise much higher."

My answer was far from complimentary, but it stung

three or four into offering assistance as I mounted the wall and told the woefully-drenched pleasure-seekers to come into the Club grounds. They all looked very surprised, but several children were immediately lifted to the crest of the wall, and hands extended for women to mount likewise. Most of the men, however, remained standing in the water, manifestly afraid to intrude. Row-boats were now rapidly approaching the spot from a boat-letting establishment farther down the river-bank. And thereupon was afforded a second object-lesson in British manners, for the boatmen charged every one of those drenched and rescued unfortunates all the way from tuppence to sixpence for the service!

There was no subsequent "hawful row" in the Club Directorate over my unprecedented and unlicensed action in admitting so many strange people within the hallowed Club precincts. It certainly was unprecedented, for I learned later that innocent pedestrians were marooned and drenched in exactly the same manner and exactly the same place once or twice every summer by some unusually high tide, and that the occurrence was regarded only as a trifling matter of amusement to the Club members, and of more or less profit to the boatmen, since there was no especial danger and the people were "no class!" I will not dwell upon the frank American opinion which I somewhat freely expressed, both regarding the courtesy apparent on one side of the wall and the abject supineness exhibited on the other—an opinion which was regarded as "most extraordinary" in view of the English law of private domain and the fact that "an Englishman's house is his castle, sir!" I was also privately and impressively informed that if almost any other member of the Club had admitted "all those persons" to the Club premises, the result would have been a prompt request for that member's resignation! The

fact that I not only expressed no repentance, but even intimated that I should do exactly the same thing again, if necessary, was regarded as "very American—most extraordinary and unaccountable." However, not one of those rescued people even said "Thank you," and, principally because of such ingratitude, I will say here, confidentially, that next time I will cheerfully assist in drowning the whole lot.

All of which brings us naturally and easily to consideration of the following news item, carefully and tenderly culled from the columns of an English periodical whose editor was apparently too astounded to even comment on it:

"It is proposed to erect a monument to George Washington in Westminster Abbey, funds to be raised by subscription throughout the British Empire."

The following design for such a memorial is respectfully submitted, in view of certain historic facts:

THREE

Cheers for  
Universal  
Peace, three  
Cheers for  
Concord too.  
Let's grip  
The hands  
Across the  
Sea, let's  
Pledge the  
Genial Amity

Which gives our George  
His due. Where once  
They longed his neck to  
Wring, his praises now  
They loudly sing, and

Soon a marble shaft they'll fling,  
On high for his renown. And on  
This column, pure and white,  
These words, of course, they'll  
Then indite, And sign them with a dove.

In memory of that dear old time,  
When up a tree he made us climb,  
To George of Yorktown, name sublime,  
This shaft we raise, with love.

There is one very curious thing regarding English habits and customs that I do not remember ever having heard of before, or seen mentioned in either the American or Continental press. It is a matter that concerns the people of our fair young Republic only in the same sense that some peculiar characteristic of the ancient Egyptians might con-

cern or interest us, except that in this instance it is a news item that has apparently slipped past most historians, although evidently a very ancient custom in Britain. Whether it was imported by the Romans and grafted itself upon the nation like the Roman walls, ancient viaducts and roads, and other relics of the invasion, none can say. The fact remains that it is a rare and curious custom common to every male in Great Britain who sports a tunic, Roman or plain English, and that it is shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

For this is the song of the shirt—not the Hood variety, with slow music and stitching accompaniment, but just an ordinary everyday shirt-tail that begins where others leave off, and continues indefinitely without apparent use, purpose, or ambition. And this is the way it happened:

While in London I had occasion to order some shirts made, and was duly measured by a haberdasher who spoke slightlyingly of my shape and criticised my fifty-two inch waist measure. This being the natural and manifest envy of a haberdasher weighing about one hundred and ten pounds, and who kept his clothes looped around him by a leather belt, I passed it by, for a haberdasher can neither help being a haberdasher, or possessing yearnings for a change. Even a dog does that. It was after the shirts were sent home that I began to sit up and take notice, and while I was trying on the first one that things began to happen. Aside from the fact that the neck-band was nearly as wide as a cuff, it had a starched bosom that for length and stiffness was like a coffin-lid on end, and I discovered to my amazement that it was about a foot longer behind than in front! That sort of thing being both new and unique, I sat down on the extra material to figure it out. I had never seen a garment of that particular style. My lifelong experience with shirts had taught me that the lower edge, so

to speak, was the same distance from the ground all the way 'round, without any swallow-tail surprise or court-train effects, or other frills. Nor had I ever previously observed such a lavish display of cloth. Being an inside garment, it did not seem that a skirt was necessary—yet there it was. I worked the cuff and coffin-lid off over my head, hung the shirt on the gas-fixture, walked round it several times, and then sat down again to meditate. The more I studied the proposition, the thicker it got. The shirt was an English shirt, made in England, for English wear—that much was easy and plain, and if so, it was manifestly the proper caper for an Englishman. For if it was not the correct thing, an Englishman would know it was not the correct thing, and wouldn't buy it. Neither would it have been mapped out, constructed and offered for sale to a people who never depart from the established customs of their fathers, grandfathers, and other ancestry.

That opened up another branch of the subject. For the English way is the way of tradition, and an English ancestor and what he did, and presumably what he wore and how he wore it, is a sacred and tender subject to every Englishman. Under which theory, it seemed probable that Nelson, Wellington, Guy Fawkes, Cromwell, and other historical British personages, even the nobility, and perchance Royalty itself, past and present, had all been reared to manhood and gone through life hampered, restricted, trussed, trammeled, swathed, and generally "fussed up" like a lot of new-born babes.

I reflected long and carefully, but had to give it up. There was evidently something back of it all besides cotton goods—something international. I resumed the garment, folding up the extra cloth and packing it around me in terraces, and went down town to interview the haberdasher.

His bald head perked up from the depths of a six-inch

cuff that served him as a collar, and his eyes wore the glassy look of anticipation. He rubbed his hands and came forward, scenting trade. I scouted his polite advances, and demanded to know why my London shirt was a foot longer in the back than it was in front, and why they called it a shirt instead of a chemise? He gasped and said, "Fancy that! Don't you Americans pull a shirt forward?" I said, "Which? How? Where? Under?" "Certainly, sir." I said, "Well, no, we don't." Whereupon he remarked, "Fancy that!"

I left him wrestling with his fancy, and went out of my way to get professional advice from one of the best drapers in Bond Street. Draper is the superlative form of haberdasher. He heard my feverish opinion, studied a bit over it, then brightened up and said, "Oh, yessir—all English shirts are cut longer in the back, sir—no reason given, but it always *has* been done, and probably always *will* be done, sir—British custom, y'know." I said mechanically, "God save the King," and came away considerably jarred.

In defiance of custom, I proceeded to have my redingote amputated three inches round the neck and about eight inches round the after-guard skirt-line, thus making it impossible for any drawing forward underneath between behind, or other lightning-change effect. I do not regard a court-train as appropriate without two or three velvetted pages to hold it out in place; but what saddens me most is to find that I have lived half a century to learn that every male English biped is wearing his shirt to-day the way a scared dog wears his tail. And afterward, when I walked down Piccadilly and compared my stately American tread with the lah-de-lah teeter peculiar to the English lord of creation, I rejoiced in my sleeve—for I knew the reason why.

I have often been asked by people who were about leav-

ing for a European trip, or who expected to do so at some more or less future date, what to take with them in the matter of trunks, clothing, and cash. It is always a pleasure to me to exude information like this, and even to have it type-written for people with short memories, but there is a limit. People who act on my information usually blame me if they lose a trunk or get charged for "extra luggage;" and one or two persons have even cabled me for money on the ground that my estimate fell short. Therefore, I resign. It was my original intention to devote several pages to "Hints for Travelers," showing how to evade the dog-law and smuggle Coney Island "hot dogs" into England wholesale, how to travel with excess baggage at one-fourth the legal rate, how to get a Continental sleeping-car apartment entirely to one's-self and even turn out a present occupant if necessary, how to render a pet dog so invisible in a first-class railway compartment that the guard will bring him a glass of water and watch him drink it without ever seeing the dog at all, how to distinguish between "wooden money" and legal tender at any Continental frontier, how to take photographs successfully where detection means fine or imprisonment, how to reply quickly and effectively to an enraged cabby in any language, how to win the affections of anything from a hotel *portier* to the Sphynx, how to break the bank at Monte Carlo, how to avoid buying colored bone necklaces for coral, what to pay for hotel tips, the only antidote for Scotch whisky and sure cure for fog, a "starred" list of the best-natured and most obliging trans-Atlantic pursers, the best side of the ship for a stateroom, the safest seat in a railway train, how to avoid sea-sickness, what to do in case of fire, hydrophobia, shipwreck, or overcharge in a hotel bill, how to quietly murder a Paris guide without detection, when to change your underwear, and what you must *not* say to the Customs officer when you return to New York.

I find it best, after mature deliberation, to cut this all out, saw wood and say nothing. This, I am aware, will be a severe jolt and disappointment to a good many people who are expecting to acquire valuable points from this book of mine, but their loss is my gain, and there will be no boomerangs in this instance. Some day in the dim, misty, purple future I may write another book, "Echoes From the Confessional," "Shudders of Crime," or some such thing, containing all these professional tips and perhaps some others still more shady, but that is another story. Besides, I expect to go abroad again some day, and what people over there don't know about me now won't hurt anyone then. It is a wise decision. Run along little girl, and play.

Incidentally, we have a dog—Maltese and Pomeranian mixture, with pure white coat of softest curly fleece, and a perfectly lovely pedigree. His father was crossed by a French Napier, or in other words that was the special brand of motor car that ran over him. This dog is named "Bobs," after England's celebrated little fighter, Lord Roberts. We never quite understood why they called him "Bobs," for he is not a war-dog at all, though full of pluck and very cheeky in his remarks to other and much larger dogs. He resembles the toy dogs one sees mounted on four wheels, and is frequently referred to in the street as a "dear little lamb," the North Country pronunciation of lamb. "Bobs" will die for his country, say his prayers, sit up and beg, ferret out a lump of sugar in your pocket, dance a waltz, do a balancing act on your outstretched arm, and almost anything else but talk. He travels on a dog-ticket at one-half the price of a third-class fare, and never gives himself away when traveling in first-class railway carriages, or street-cars, where dogs are not allowed. He knows accurately the difference between a lump of sugar and a railway conductor, and will only come out for the former. He is worshipped by all the

servants in hotels, who load him to the muzzle with sugar and cake, necessitating subsequent tribulation and castor oil. His disposition is the most charming that I ever knew a dog to possess, and The Only Girl is positive that he is the reincarnation of some sweet-natured baby-lamb that perished before it was old enough to swear. Wherever we travel "Bobs" goes also—all railway and hotel dog-regulations giving way before his triumphal march. Only once has he ever been torn away from the Only Girl and relegated to the lower deck with other animals, and even then his sentence was commuted to sleeping with "Cooky," the ship's cook, who stuffed him full of goodies and the next day openly pronounced him far superior in manners, education, family descent and several other respects to the pie-faced, cross-eyed slob ("Cooky's description of the Purser, not mine) who had banished him below. I will add parenthetically that "Bobs" traveled with us for five years over England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy, crossed the Mediterranean and Atlantic Ocean, and is now a resident of the United States, a locality which he apparently prefers to all Europe, thereby showing evidence of good judgment and a proper reasoning ability.

Listen, careless reader of these rambling pages, have you ever in your life—now, think seriously and don't answer until you are sure—eaten "Bubble and Squeak?" It is an everyday English dish, composed of cabbage, potato, and a little meat, chopped, mixed and warmed up, and derives its poetic name from the bubbling and squeaking and general noisy protest it makes while sputtering in the pan. We had it one day during lunch in the Club dining-room at Richmond, and when she heard the name the Only Girl laughed a rippling laugh that caused most of the people there to wonder "what ailed the Americans." We returned them a Roland for their Oliver, however, by giving the

steward the recipe for "Heavenly Hash," which is simply cold beets and potatoes chopped fine, warmed up, with a slice of bacon, and served hot with salt and butter. It is a very appetizing dish. You will never tire of it, morning, noon and night, and will eat until you are torn away from the table. "Heavenly Hash" was served at the Club one day as a special dish, and, as usual, jumped into instant favor. In deference to the feelings of the dinner-guests, since the English are fearfully literal and abominate the word hash and all that it implies, the delicacy appeared on the menu as "Broken Hearts," so christened for its lovely beet-red color. The dish made a second hit when the manager announced that it was "Miss Hills' specialty." He referred to the dish and not the name, but everyone roared, and he wisely let it go as an original witticism of his own, deceiving nobody, however, but himself and the Only Girl, who thought it a perfectly wonderful flash of English intellect. And so it would have been.

Speaking of intellect, here is the recipe for one of the most delicious English desserts that it is possible to imagine. It is the direct road to any man's heart, and well deserves its reputation as one of the most popular of English "institutions." By adding a blend of chopped figs and prunes to the interior decoration, it is made considerably richer. They call it "Trifle"—"just a trifle," as they say:

Take two sponge cakes, one day old. Slice each and spread a thick layer of strawberry jam. Put one cake on the other and pour over them a wineglass and a half of whiskey, sherry or brandy. Then pour over this a pint of thick hot cornstarch custard, flavored with vanilla. Let it stand over night. Just before serving, spread over the whole a whipped cream effect composed of two gills of cream, two teaspoonfuls of fine white sugar, and vanilla flavoring, with two or three drops of cochineal added to give it a pink color.

This is the famous English "Trifle," and in the light of past remembrance it has been something of an effort for me to calmly write these directions and restrain my newly aroused appetite for this dish of the Olympian Gods.

Yet although England boasts this food ambrosial, nowhere within her borders have I ever been able to find a proper American strawberry shortcake. I do not mean the soaked and spongy atrocity usually presented under that seductive title, but the real thing—the real "shortcake," made like a big, hot yeast-powder biscuit, broken apart (not cut) and buttered, then spread thick with cool, ripe strawberries, the hot upper lid laid over this, and covered with another layer of cool, ripe strawberries. Serve with vanilla cold sauce (sugar, butter and egg beaten together), which will melt into the delicious strata of cake and strawberry below, and—there you are! It is a breakfast dish of high degree, and you will require nothing else. Always will remain the tender, lingering and ever-delicious memory of that luscious feast. There are two hotels in London that now serve strawberry shortcake, *a la Americaine*, in the strawberry season. I gave them the recipe, and the fame thereof has crowned those hostellries with much enduring high repute and exceeding profit from Americans and English both. Some day I will tell them how to make a respectable apple pie, and also how to engineer a proper broiled live lobster.

A ride out into the London suburbs in April is a joy unalloyed to anyone who loves Nature and the flowers. From a front seat on the roof of a motor-bus or tram-car the view is one of ever-changing interest, with long-drawn breaths of a fresh country air that is as different from the London atmosphere as wine is different from warm water. All around London are charming country roads, bordered by vine-covered houses and lawns, and banked on either side with elm or chestnut trees, masses of lilac, white and purple,

sweet "May" or hawthorn, great bushes of a blue flower that I have never seen anywhere else, whole trees of hanging yellow laburnum, and frequently a piazza, porch, or arbor resplendent in a wealth of beautiful heliotrope-colored wisteria. Flowers everywhere—always flowers, of all sorts and kinds, in gardens, windows, and overrunning even the walls and hedges. England in its spring dress is simply a floral garden that must be seen to be appreciated or even comprehended. Such sweet fragrance in the atmosphere, such a constant serenade of birds—birds are everywhere, robins, thrushes, blackbirds, and all manner of English songsters, in gardens, trees and hedges, quite unafraid of man. It is almost a capital crime to kill a song-bird in England. I read in a suburban paper of the arrest of an Italian for shooting half a dozen robins. He was sentenced to seven months' imprisonment! You may strike a woman in England, and if she is your wife you may beat her black and blue for a five-shilling fine; but touch a song-bird, and up you go! How I would like to be an English magistrate for awhile, and give a wife-beater the whipping-post first and about five years' imprisonment afterward, with more of the whip added every month. I would include a few lashes for the bird-killer as well. And for punishment to those guilty of cruelty to children and animals I would have a special prison where exactly the same cruelties practiced on their helpless victims should be meted out to them in daily doses, and if possible with the identical instruments of torture. Indeed, to my mind there is no nobler or more deserving charity than the institutions maintained for the protection of these helpless little children and our domestic animals. In Italy, on the other hand, you will never hear the song of birds, or see even a sea-gull flying overhead in the harbors, unless perchance the gull is a stranger. Birds are not wanted in Italy, be-

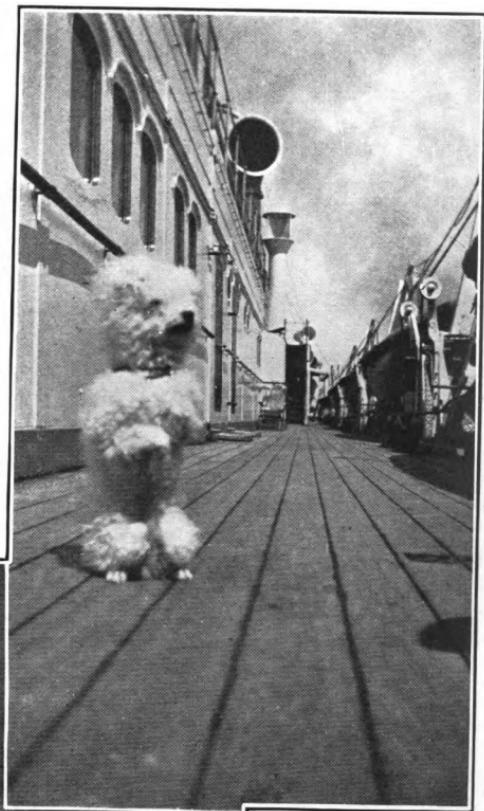
cause they injure the grapes on the vines. They are accordingly shot on sight. Every Italian has his grape vineyard, even if it be a patch no larger than his shirt, and from these grapes comes his vintage of Italian wine. What, then, is the bird or its song to the Italian in comparison with a few quarts of chianti? It is only in other countries that destroyers of song-birds are legally dealt with and taught wholesome lessons.

But we are wandering from the subject. Come with me again to the South Coast and the Isle of Wight—the English Riviera, where the sun shines in winter, all the prospect pleases, and only man is vile. England indeed, without its people, would be an Eden. John Bull at close view, and generally on close acquaintance also, is not altogether a pleasing subject, although there are some notable exceptions; but his island is one of the beauty spots of the globe for six months in the year.

The South Coast is a charming mixture of seashore and lovely countryside. Oh, the harvest fields and cool orchards, the thatched cottages, the Hampshire pigs in the great barn-yards, the bee-hives and poultry, the great square hayricks with thatched roofs of straw, the odd-shaped carts and strange dialect of the country-folk. What more delightful than to ride through such a garden-land, stopping at a wayside farm for a glass of milk with a fresh-laid egg whipped into it, chatting with the pleasant-faced dwellers, and tarrying at some pretty, vine-covered inn along the way for lunch! This is "Dickens' country"—he was born at Portsmouth, you know—and it is all just exactly as described in his immortal "Pickwick" chapters—the old inns and courtyards, where a prototype of Sam Weller directs your steps to the "coffee-room" for lunch—the same old inn, same old joint or roast of beef or mutton, same great round loaves of bread, with foaming ale and snowy Stilton



The Dog Watch



Monarch of All  
He Surveyed



cheese, and always a red-faced and jolly "John Bull" host to attend to your pleasure and comfort. English inns will always be a dream of joy to me, not only because of the delightful environment and quaint ways of service, but because there are no such thick chops and juicy tenderloins (*cyclept filets*) anywhere else on earth, no such great joints of beef, no such musty ale or 'arf and 'arf. At some inns the entire joint is wheeled up to you on a small table, and after you are served the white-aproned waiter wheels the joint along to the next table. The English nation doesn't know much about broiled lobsters, soft-shelled crabs and cocktails, but they certainly strike a good average on some other things, even if the best "roast beef of Hold Heng-land" *does* come all the way from Chicago!

Next in point of interest to the inns are the old abbeys and ruined chapels that still rear their shattered and broken walls in mute testimony of other days. In England the word "old" means anywhere from a thousand years upward, and the age of some of these wonderful relics of past centuries is something amazing to a modern appreciative globe-trotter. In some of them the pulpit was built high up on the inside wall instead of at one end of the church as nowadays, the church having also been commonly used as a refectory by the monks in those happy days of long ago, and there on his lofty perch the preacher, or "reader," was wont to discourse to his bewhiskered or shaven brethren while they ate. All this is very curious to an observing mind, for it would seem that to a community that had more time than anything else, time would apparently be of no object, yet here is a careful and studied combination of dinner and sermon that appears not only an unnecessary economy, but a probable nuisance and affliction to those at dinner. I wonder if he was ever invited to "come off his perch," or his bald pate furnished a target for hard-boiled eggs. I hope

so, for any man who does all the talking at a dinner-table, whether he is up on a wall-bracket or at the table itself, is a proper candidate for anything from eggs to a shotgun.

Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight are synonymous terms, for although separated by seven miles of Solent, each is dependent on the other. Everybody goes to the Isle of Wight, both in summer and winter, for it is almost the only spot in all England where there is sunshine in the winter season. In summer it is a Garden of Eden, and at all times of the year a great resort for what the English call "invalids." From all the pretty woodland drives over and about the island you catch cool glimpses of the blue sea around, viewed through the most exquisite vistas of trees and flowers.

Many places on this lovely isle are famous. Here is Cowes, where the great English yacht races take place annually and the German Emperor sends his royal racer to compete with England's yachts. Near by is Osborne, the favorite residence of Queen Victoria in other days. All over the island are scattered charming bits of historic or pastoral interest—castles, abbeys, the famous Shanklin "Cheyne," and at the outer tip of the sea-kissed cliffs are the "Needles"—the outlying and dangerous rocky ledge that, like all of Britain's coast, has its tragic stories of gale and sea, shattered ships and drowning men.

There is a dear little village called Sea View on the Isle of Wight. In summertime it is crowded with pleasure-seekers and bathing parties from the mainland opposite. There are no four-wheeled bathhouses at Sea View, as at Margate, Brighton and other South Coast resorts. The bathhouses at Sea View are just little tents, hardly large enough to turn round in, and with frightfully insecure canvas sides. I was over-persuaded to join a bathing party there one day. I say "over" advisedly, for it must have

been that, or I should never have gone in at all. People with a generous waist-line like mine should avoid sea-bathing. But the day was warm, the sandy beach and smooth sea inviting, lots of people were splashing about and having a good time—well, the proposition looked to me like “a bit of all right,” as we say in Lunnon, and I proceeded to my tent, carrying on my arm a towel and what was alleged to be a bathing suit. After I got myself inside the tent, there was no room left for even a fly, and no space to undress, as I discovered after nearly falling through a side-wall into the next tent, occupied by two thin women and a very indignant little girl. I “pairsevered,” however, like the Scotchman who tried to acquire a taste for Irish whiskey in the absence of Scotch, and succeeded at last in getting out of my every-day regalia. Then I examined the bathing suit. It had apparently been made for a small boy, although it certainly possessed considerable stretching power. Still it was not my imperial size, and there seemed to be a scantiness about the way it was chopped off at the extremities. I pulled and hauled and perspired and puffed until finally, after a mighty stretching, I managed to crowd into it, feeling like an apple-dumpling and fully as hot. The suit seemed all right, but was if anything a little noisy in its color-scheme, consisting of a pink and yellow horizontally-striped single piece that made me resemble a “strawberry and vanilla mixed” as I teetered bashfully over the sandy beach. My appearance on the scene created marked interest—everybody had a fit, or rather everybody noticed that I had a fit, and a tight one.

I will draw a curtain over that promenade, and would have been more than glad to draw one at the time. They told me afterwards that all public business stopped, and the feverish interest of bathers and onlookers alike was focussed on my curves and dimples. I got into the water

without attracting any more attention than a fire alarm might, and sorely did I yearn for a live rat to chuck into that crowd of tittering women. I had to wade out nearly half a mile to get under water, the beach being almost a level floor and sloping very gradually seaward. There I concealed my blushing form from the rude gaze of the multitude, and began to formulate plans for getting back to that tent unobserved. This, I found, was going to be difficult, for the people on the beach were gradually concentrating at one place, evidently anticipating the arrival of Royalty or something even more attractive, and I observed with some solicitude that the particular point of concentration was where I would eventually have to leave the water! About that time I was also confronted with the awful certainty that when I made my hurried dive into the deeper water something serious had happened to my—well, something had happened! I could go out of the water all right, but I couldn't possibly go up to the tent, unless I went up on my back.

I had already remained in the water a longer time than is customary for bathers, and the assembled throng on shore was apparently becoming impatient. Tenderly I examined my raiment, hoping against hope that the fracture might be held together while I did a fifty-yard dash between the shore line and my tent. My friends were some distance down the beach, waving, beckoning hands to me and splashing bravely. I splashed also, and rejoiced to see a row-boat putting out from the beach in my direction. Whether it was a police boat or not it meant rescue for me, and I splashed and sank and rose again and waved for the boatman to get busy. When he got to me, I immediately climbed inside the boat, my disappearance being greeted with a delighted yell from the crowd and a horrified grin from the boatman.

Once more we draw that convenient curtain while I assume the extra pair of trousers that did duty for the merry boatman in stormy weather. It was mighty stormy weather for *me*, certainly, but I really enjoyed the trip from the boat to the bath-house after that. I felt safe in those oil-skins, and the happy smiles of a few thousand strangers, balked of their prey, didn't worry me at all. My worry began a few moments later, when safe in the enfolding arms of my bath-tent, I tried to get the bathing-suit off. It wouldn't budge—it simply stuck closer than any brother ever did, and refused positively to be separated from me by either force or persuasion. After nearly upsetting the tent several times, and making remarks that caused the adjacent tents to be vacated and the flaps pulled down, I finally took my knife, cut the bathing-suit wide open, and breathed freely for the first time that afternoon. I was sorry after I had cut it, for I found that I could probably have crept out of it backwards; but I was glad to get out at any price. I paid the bath-house proprietor for the damage, although he said it was a shame to take the money, and I donated the bathing-suit to an Old Ladies' Home nearby, where it was eventually made up into bed-quilts.

The Isle of Wight is full of pretty nooks and byways, with fair woodland and a smiling landscape, and is altogether as lovely a bit of green earth as one would find in England. It is all "up and down hill," however, and high cliffs mark its southern and western borders. There is also a railroad, so-called because it possesses what are alleged to be railroad tracks, upon which stray back and forth at sundry intervals strings of boxes upon wheels, which halt with evident relief at half a dozen way-stations and start off again with creaking and painful efforts calculated to keep passengers in a healthy shudder. If you miss a train, you have ample time to look the island fairly well over in a foot-

ramble before there is another, and only the angels and the Isle of Wight natives know what happens on that railroad in the winter!

I have referred to the Shanklin "Cheyne" by name—just a touch in passing. It deserves more, for Shanklin is perhaps the prettiest and quaintest village on the island. I will not attempt to describe it in detail. Picture white chalk cliffs, a hundred and fifty feet high, with the entire front terraced to the top by lines of lovely villas, stone cottages, and trees that grow there in apparent defiance of wind and weather. A zig-zag road leads from the sea-front, and after winding back and forth across the face of the cliff your carriage will eventually emerge at the top, whence you have access to the interior of the island. At the foot of the cliffs is a long Pier (always spelt with a capital) extending out into the water, and upon this are pretty pagodas, "shelters," and small places of amusement. Here also is the bathing-beach, hard and smooth as a floor, with long lines of four-wheeled bathing-machines, while backed up against the cliff behind is a broad, paved promenade and roadway. A large elevator, or "lift," takes you to the top of the cliff for a penny, where there is another promenade and a view over sea and shore that is simply indescribable.

Half a mile up the beach is the famous "Cheyne" (Saxon word, meaning a cleft), which is only a gorge, or ravine, but the most beautiful one that can be imagined. The entrance from the beach is three hundred feet wide, but the gorge narrows gradually until at the farther end it is only a few feet across, and one can hardly squeeze out through the gate! A broad, winding path ascends gradually to this exit, marked at intervals with rustic bridges where it crosses from side to side. From these bridges you may look down at the rocky sides covered with green lichens, and even into the trees growing directly beneath you, or you

may trace the path upward and onward through the cool green vistas above. No sunshine penetrates the "Cheyne," save here and there a touch of gold to accentuate the delicate shade. Along the bottom flows a stream of water that falls from the cliff summit in a long cascade and goes splashing its way down among the trees and rocks until it finally emerges on the beach far down below. You can rest on one of the many rustic seats along the path, and if you love the cooling shade of trees, the song of birds, and a wildly luxuriant growth of vines and flowers, you will find your rustic little retreat beyond compare.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
    There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
    By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

These lines are not mine. I quote them partly because this appears an excellent place to drop them into, and partly because I couldn't get them out of my mind all that afternoon.

At the upper exit of the path we rested some time on a rustic bench and then squeezed through the gate into a quaint old village street bordered by thatched-roofed cottages, with front gardens luxuriant in old-fashioned flowers. It was a scene fair to the eye, appropriately crowned by a rustic, vine-covered little hostelry at the lower end, called the "Crab Inn," which appeared to me at that moment far more like a life-saving station, and where I was much refreshed and comforted after my toilsome "pilgrim's progress" upward from the beach.

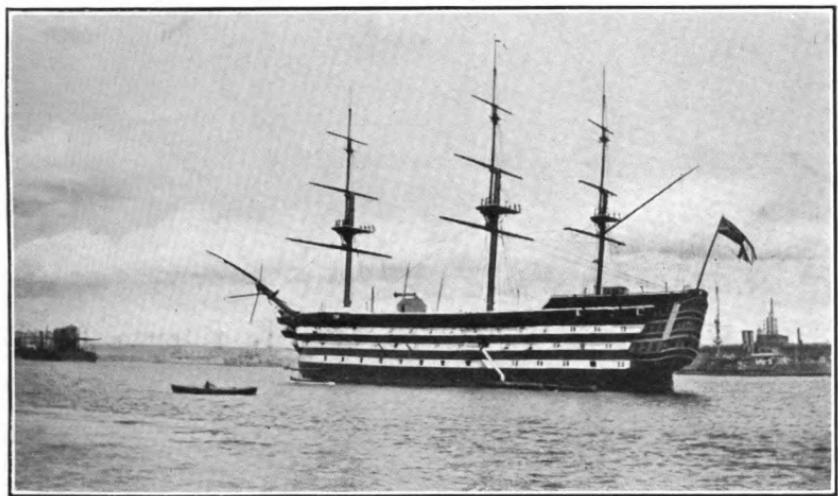
Subsequent to my pleasure in the pathless woods, and my rapture over that thoroughly English inn and its musty ale, I sat in the shade and reflected upon Man and his ulti-

mate finish, and also upon Life, both in the abstract and concrete. The end of my meditation came with the end of my cigar, and even as I threw the one into the honeysuckles at the veranda-edge, so here I throw the other into the drift-wood of these reminiscences:

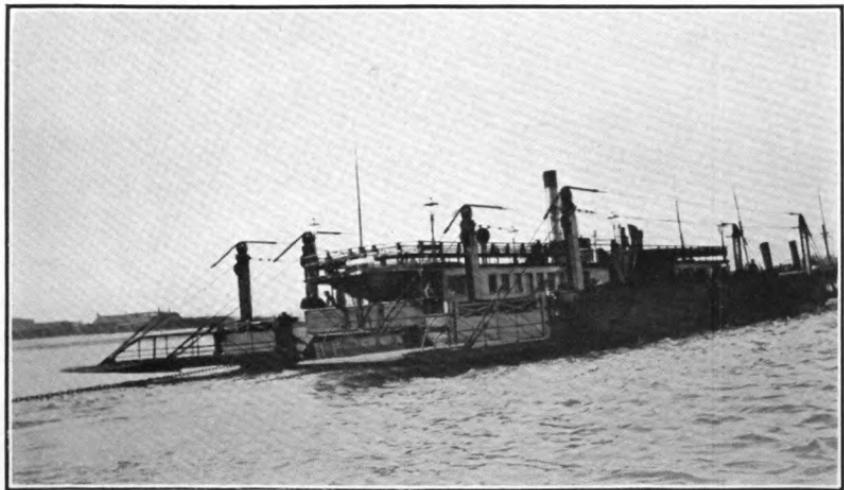
What is Man? A button,  
That by a single thread  
Is fastened to the coat of Chance,  
A transitory circumstance  
That dangles—and is dead.

What is Life? A flicker  
As from some passing star.  
A little flame that dimly glows,  
Till Fate draws in her breath and blows—  
And dammit, there you are!

A trifle of seven miles sail across the Solent, past the Spithead anchorage of the British war-ships, brings one to Portsmouth—England's great naval base and stronghold, alleged to be absolutely "impregnable" to assault by a foreign foe. This theory always has a ring very similar to the theory of modern "fire-proof" buildings. On the day when either a sufficient foe or a sufficient fire arrives, the result in each case is likely to be a melancholy one. The harbor defenses of Portsmouth are backed and reinforced by some formidable earth-works and forts on the hill-crests behind the city, and a hostile fleet in the Solent would undoubtedly meet with a warm reception. But behind the high cliffs of the Isle of Wight, directly opposite Portsmouth, is a protected anchorage where a hostile fleet of mortar-boats, guarded by outlying cruisers, could apparently lie at ease and with impunity drop shot and shell into city, harbor defences, and hill-forts alike. Vicksburg was thus reduced



Nelson's Flagship "Victory," Portsmouth



Chain Ferry-Boat, Portsmouth



in our own Civil War, until finally forced to surrender to General Butler and Admiral Farragut, commanding respectively the Union land forces and fleet. I do not regard Portsmouth as "impregnable." I may be wrong, but so it appears to my possibly impaired vision. Nevertheless, I am not going to worry about it, for the English War Office may have something up its sleeve that we know nothing about, wherewith to surprise an enemy undertaking that very thing. They may be able to drop the Isle of Wight under water for awhile, and so gain an uninterrupted gun-range, or possibly they might surrender before an enemy had an opportunity to test the mortar idea. Either would be in the nature of a surprise, but it is useless to speculate. Only a man who can tell accurately which way a grasshopper will jump can fathom the mind of an Englishman.

Portsmouth possesses many objects of interest, including Charles Dickens' birthplace, now used as a "Dickens Museum"—the house where the "Juke of Buckingham (as every Englishman calls it) was assassinated—the Dock-Yard, into which, as already shown, no Americans or other "aliens" are admitted—the old sally-port under which Nelson passed when he boarded the "Victory" just before the Battle of Trafalgar, and the "Victory" herself, anchored peacefully in the harbor side by side with the Dreadnaughts of today, the Mecca of Englishmen and tourists alike.

This ancient frigate was Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar. We wandered over her historic decks, lined on either side with curious old cannon, and descended into the small "cockpit" where the great naval hero died—saw the old-fashioned lantern hanging from the beam overhead just as it hung in that sad hour for England, and gazed upon the brass-lettered plate fixed in the deck—"Here died Lord Nelson," etc. We inspected the furniture in the officers' quarters within the high, old-fashioned stern, and looked

out of the slanting square windows in the great Admiral's own private room—viewed the relics in glass cases on the gun-deck, climbed away up the lofty "poop" deck at the stern—and there performed the customary miracle of temporarily destroying the eyesight of our guide by allowing him to inspect a silver 'arf crown while I took a lovely snap-shot of the deck away forward to the tip-end of the jib-boom. A camera is "taboo" on the "Victory," though why this should be so on a ship that has been fitted with new decks, new masts, and pretty much everything else new except her ribs and the cock-pit, is a conundrum that only an Englishman can answer.

Incidentally, there was an American college youth in our "Victory" party who did not appear at all impressed with either the venerable ship herself or the fervid explanations of our guide. I said to him, "Nelson was a great fighter—a great hero." He looked at me a moment, then said, "Say, our Dewey could have scared him blue!"

Thousands of post-cards are sold on the "Victory," bearing the famous flag-signal, and the translation, "England Expects Every Man To Do His Duty," or rather what was supposed to be the translation. According to the English press, which never seems to recognize a boomerang by sight, there has been a terrible mistake and the British public has been worshipping the wrong signal—the correct translation being, "Hurry up, America." But a little thing like that will make no difference to the nation—all the world may laugh, but they will go right along and sell off all the remaining post-cards before printing a new lot. In England a penny means a penny, and for twelve of them you can get anything from postage-stamps to sitting half a minute on the throne. Of course, the throne must be vacant at the time.

The ferry-boat that travels back and forth across the inner harbor is a veritable curiosity. Instead of proceeding

like any other steam water-craft, it drags itself along on two enormous chains attached to either shore, the chains sagging to the bottom when not in use. During the passage, these dripping links are lifted from the water in front, passing through the ferry-boat itself, and disappearing into the water behind, the process being attended by a racket simply deafening. As the boat can only travel on this limited "chain-cable" route, every other craft is obliged either to turn out for it or wait while it creaks and rumbles and clanks its hideous way across, carrying the heavy chain-loops along with it. People half a mile away from the ferry can tell when the boat is coming by the awful din that smites the shuddering air, and the contrasting silence while the one and only boat is getting its breath at a terminus is like a Sabbath in the country. They call this ferry the "Floating Bridge," a title which is both absurd and misleading. "Floating Boiler-Factory" would be a far more appropriate name, although certain other names applied to it locally and profanely are perhaps as expressive. The inner harbor is full of war-ships and torpedo-boats, but they all politely extend to this ferry-boat the right of way and allow ample time for her chains to settle back into the muddy bottom.

After Sunday service the beauty and chivalry of civil life, known as "sassiety," adjourns mournfully to the "Ladies' Mile," a wide concrete "promenade" across the Common and said to be a mile in length. Here the regular Sabbath "Church Parade" takes place after every morning service, the ladies doing the peacock strut and smiling pityingly at each other's raiment. The awful and majestic dignity of the dowagers and the labored sternness and rigidity of the monocled male elect, were in happy contrast to the joyous relief of the rosy-faced younger fry and myself. A crowd of congenial critics filled the camp-chairs at either side (rented for a penny each), and were in turn recognized, openly criti-

cized and pitied by the passing throng. This "Church Parade" is a holy custom in all parts of England. After a whole hour of prayer and ritual, it is apparently a vast relief to parade a bit and slam everybody else's fit and style. Anyway, they all do it, and if there is not "Church Parade" in Heaven lots of these people are going to be disappointed, and will probably find the place uncongenial.

I have an Irish friend in New York, a prosperous man of business, who injects his adored nationality into everything about him. The name on his office-door is painted in emerald green, the office-boy is a diminutive, red-headed Mick with two ready fists and a lovely brogue, and the office interior is a color scheme in olive and Nile. I shall never forget the St. Patricks Day that I draped his chandelier with orange ribbon and he tore down the fixture, ribbon and all, in one grand outburst of appreciation. Well, when my friend learned one day that I was about leaving for England on a business matter, he wept on my neck and entreated me to bring him back something from Ireland—a memento of some kind, bog-wood cane, shillelagh, or "anything that was the real thing." I promised, and five minutes later had forgotten all about it. Such is the occasional mystic working of my mental equipment.

After completing my business in London, I left for New York on a Liverpool liner, and next morning we stopped at Queenstown for passengers and the final English mails. It happened that these were about four hours late, and it occurred to John and myself that this Providential delay afforded an excellent opportunity for going ashore and investigating the reason why Irish grass is the greenest in the world. The Captain was dubious about losing us, but finally consented, the Purser said, "Mind, we sail at noon, old chap," and a long line of passengers peered over the rail and showered advice about getting left, taking wooden money, avoiding the police, and other mossy subjects.

We were enthusiastically welcomed ashore by a shirt-sleeved "jarvey," who led us to the jaunting-car of our dreams—a side-seated affair drawn by a rough-haired, vicious little pony that got two kicks at the driver before we started and made a grand upper-cut for him with a hind-foot afterwards. Owing to the frailty of the car, John occupied one entire side-seat and I the other—back to back and facing outward. After the pony had galloped over most of the map of Ireland and we had forgotten all about the emerald grass in the joy of our "jarvey's" exuberant conversation, we suddenly recollected the Governors of two prominent States in the glorious Republic beyond the sea, and at once instructed the driver to stop at the nearest life-saving station. He was profuse in his grief and mortification, "Sure, yer Honors, we're siven miles from any 'pub."

This was awful. John, ever resourceful, said, "Well, cut out the 'pub and drive to the brewery." The driver was cautious, and looked embarrassed. "Begorra, maybe 'tis excise yer Honors are; I dunno?"

Two minutes later he was so thoroughly convinced that we had no interest in King's Officers or Royal Excise Laws that the pony was trotting briskly up a lane at the end of which stood a typical little Irish cabin, with one door and a window, and a rear-sloping roof that you could step on and walk right up to the sod-chimney. The driver stepped off his perch, dodged the pony's off-hoof, and rapped on the little green door. The pony nibbled grass, and John coughed a very expressive, dry cough. Then the miracle happened.

The door opened, and framed in the portal stood the fairest dream of a girl that ever rejoiced an artist's eye or enraptured a true believer. She was the pure Irish type, with black eyes, cream and roses complexion, the whitest of teeth and reddest of lips, and hair falling to her waist. There she stood, bare-footed, and clothed in apparently a

single garment that was as ragged as she was Royal. The "jarvey" said something in choice Gaelic, whereat she laughed and flashed a glance at the two perishing invalids in the car, then disappeared in the cabin. We sat entranced—no, not paralyzed, just entranced.

She appeared again, holding a broken tea-cup and a black bottle. The driver personated Hebe, and after one taste I passed the cup shudderingly on to John. He was suffering from thirst more than I was, and besides that I needed all the time there was to study the beauties of Irish nature. I handed the driver half a crown—tuppence for the "mountain-dew" and twenty-eight for the dream in the doorway, and the second smile that she flashed back irradiated the landscape roundabout and even made the pony look up and appreciate. Then John started something.

He said, "Driver, tell that peach I'll give her half a crown for a kiss. Here, catch it."

The "jarvey" translated into Irish, the girl laughed aloud and nodded, and next moment she was standing on the wheel-hub, with one arm round *my* neck, and I was receiving something warm and nice that legally belonged to John! Then she ran back to the door-way.

At that celestial moment, nine little pigs came round the corner of the cabin, with mamma trailing. I came out of a trance and remembered my promise to Patsy in New York, to bring him back "the real thing." An Irish pig would be ideal.

"Hi, driver, catch that little pig—the cream one with the black patch over his eye—grab it quick!" The pigs ran squealing in six different directions, but the driver won out and delivered the little chap to me safely. Oh, my sainted great-grandmother, how that small bunch did squeal! He had surplus voice enough for an elephant. John snapped a rubber-band round his jaws (the pig's, not his own!), the shrieks of profanity subsided into mumblings that were

muffled but none the less fervent, and once more we could hear each other speak. I threw another half crown toward the door-way, received another hundred-dollar glimpse of white teeth and laughing eyes, and the pony trotted down the lane.

Well, we drove back to Queenstown, everybody silent but the pig. John was sore over the kiss, I was sore over the parting, and the driver had put away a whole cup-full of that raw "mountain-dew" and was communing anxiously to himself and pushing the pony onward. When we finally reached the ship, the pig was listed as an extra passenger in care of someone "down cellar," as John called it, and shortly thereafter we sailed from Queenstown. But it is fair to add that both John and myself were very late for lunch that day, partly because the green grass of Ireland could still be seen beyond the ship's foamy wake, and partly because a certain vision enclosed in ragged raiment could *not*.

The pig? That is another story. Some day I will relate how the little fellow, washed to a cream pink and resplendent in green sash and ribbons, was publicly presented to Patsy at the Club; how forty hilarious members in a dozen carriages escorted the pig around New York; how at each halting-place the pig was asked his opinion of the only city on earth and responded (after removal of his gag) with joyous shrieks that echoed for blocks and blocks; how, after being introduced to many more or less prominent residents and sundry police officials, the pig was somewhere lost, mislaid, abducted, enticed, or stolen—and how his loyal escort returned over the route with threats of violence and offers of gold, but found no trace, and how Patsy's grief knew neither comfort or consolation for many a black day thereafter, as was evinced by the crape on his office door. I will tell that story some day, but not now. The memory of our loss is still too fresh after many years.

I have little more to say of Albion, although there is much that could both enjoyably and consistently be added. Here on the delightful English Riviera appears my golden opportunity to tiptoe lightly away from the sleepy reader and vanish—pen, extra manuscript, and all. But gradually, not too precipitately. Let the reader get soundly asleep before I improve the opportunity and the open door.

Shall we go to Bournemouth—the “City of Pines by the Sea?” Here is the Atlantic City of England, fashion’s favored week-end resort from the heat and dust of London. The wonderful beach, the magnificent promenade along the shore, and the charming “Undercliff Drive,” are all something to be remembered. Or will you go to Brighton, another fashionable resort only an hour away from London, to which the late King Edward was wont to motor down for a quiet day or two afar from cares of state? Eastbourne and Hastings also offer you with open hands their delightful hospitality. The South Coast is always charming at every season of the year, and in addition to its own attractions possesses one mighty and crowning superiority to all the rest of England, for it is that portion of the island that is nearest the Continent, and therefore when you are bored you can step across the Channel, and in a few hours be contentedly luxuriating in any one of a hundred Continental resorts like Scheveningen, Ostende, Boulonge-sur-Mer, Dieppe, Cherbourg—all the way from Holland to Normandy, with wooden shoes, Flemish lace-caps, odd costumes, pretty faces, strange-sounding speech, and all that the name Continental implies. Nor will you regret the temporary separation from John Bull and his island, for all things have their compensation—fancy that!

THE END.



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