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LITTLE JOURNEYS
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A LITTLE JOURNEY
TO
ENGLAND AND WALES

BY
MARIAN M. GEORGE

FOR INTERMEDIATE AND UPPER
GRADES



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A Little Journey to England.

PART I.

LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

“A snug little island!
A bright little, tight little island!
Search the globe round,
And none can be found
So happy as this little island.”

You and I may not agree with the person who wrote this bit of verse about England, but our English ancestors believed it firmly. To them “Old England” was the most beautiful spot on earth. We can understand why America did not seem an attractive country to them, for they endured much suffering and hardship during the first few years they spent here.

When they left their comfortable homes in England and came to America they found but a wilderness. Much of the time their lives were in danger from unfriendly Indians, and in addition to this they sometimes suffered for lack of food and other necessities, so we cannot wonder at their looking back upon England as a happier place in which to live.

They told their children stories of the pleasant years spent in the old home in England, and these children came to have something of the same affection for the mother country as the parents. The name



JUBILEE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA

and pictured face of England's former queen, Victoria, were very familiar in America throughout her unusually long reign. And though to us no country can be so dear as America, no *foreign* land can be so interesting as England, the home of our ancestors.

When our grandparents came to the place where Chicago now stands, they found but a frog pond. They came west in wagons and it took them weeks to make the trip from the Atlantic Coast.

If these pioneers could be here to-day and take the trip from Chicago to New York on the "Pennsylvania Limited" with us, their eyes would open wide with astonishment at the marvelous changes that have taken place.

They came west in wagons. We are leaving the West in a train that gives the comforts and freedom enjoyed in a home. We are not obliged to remain in one compartment, but have at our disposal a cafe, a dining room, a smoking room, a parlor, bed rooms and a bath. There are also a library and cosy corners for reading and lounging.

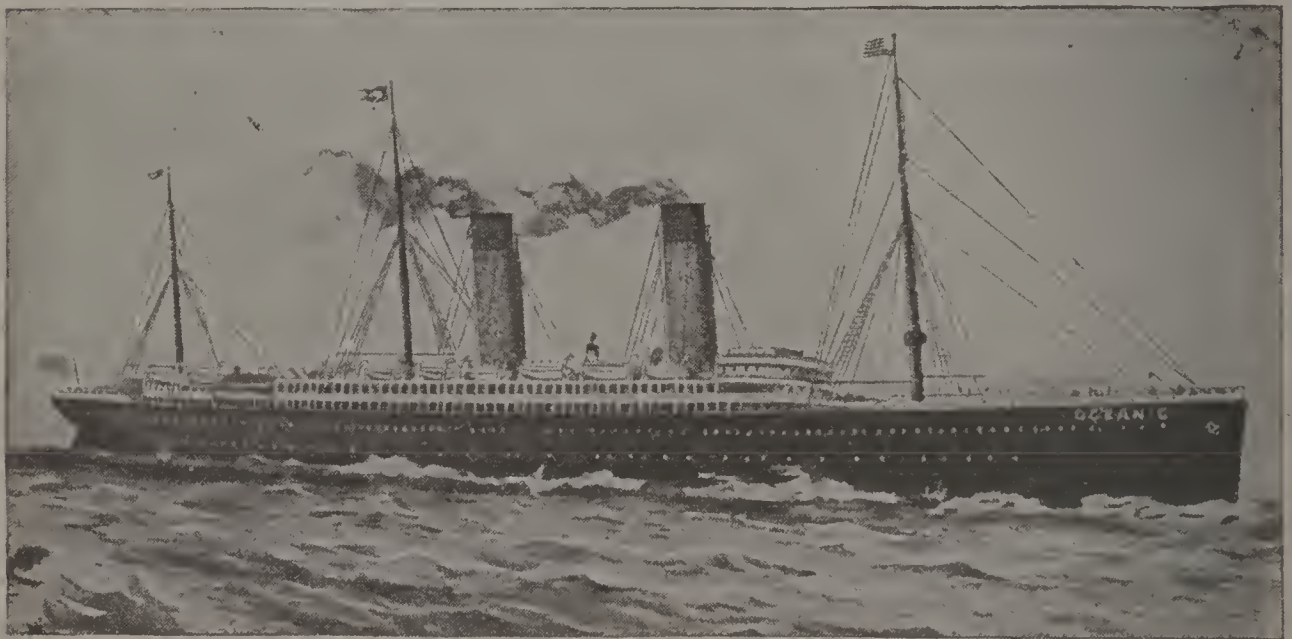
If one wishes to write letters there is a train stenographer and typewriter to call upon, and the mail is collected from the train. What more could the most exacting traveller desire?

There is an observation parlor too, where one may view the scenery through plate glass windows until darkness falls about. Swiftly the train bears us

“Through fertile fields
And pretty vales,
By mountain streams
On guarded rails.

Here pastures green,
There marts of trade,
Or well-kept farms
And woodland shade."

The next evening finds us in New York—a trip that required weeks and even months of travel seventy-five years ago. We can sail from New York in a fast steamer and land on England's shore in six days,—a trip that would also have taken months of time during the life of our great-great-grandparents. What fortunate people we are to live in the twentieth century. We would scarcely know how to get along without the steam cars and steamships.



THE VOYAGE.

New York is not the only point of departure for Europe, but it is the principal one. From this port thirty companies send steamers every week to European ports.

Our steamer lies at the wharf, clean, flagged and giving signs of her readiness to depart by letting off steam.

As the hour for sailing approaches, the wharf swarms with people, of all ages and kinds. Vendors of steamer chairs, flowers, pop-corn and candies, mingle their shouts with those of newsboys, drivers of baggage wagons and coaches; express messengers and telegraph boys hurry through the crowds with notes and gifts of fruit and flowers for departing passengers.

On board the vessel the crowd is even greater than on shore. Across the gang plank and at the end stands a uniformed officer, who directs us to the saloon or parlor. Cabin boys are rushing about with satchels, boxes and trunks.

The decks, dining room and saloon are filled with people. Some of these are passengers and others are friends, come to bid them good bye. Visitors walk about the ship, peering into the state rooms, dining room and other parts of the ship with curious eyes. Many of them have never seen an ocean steamer before.

A bell rings to warn them that it is time to go ashore, and the next minute they hurry down the gang plank while their friends assemble on the upper deck. The great fog horn sounds; the last pieces of baggage are lowered into the hull, the gang planks taken up, the cables shipped and we are off on a three thousand mile voyage.

The wharf with its cheering multitude is left behind and after the last glimpse of the harbor we retire to our state rooms to arrange our belongings.

The call to lunch comes very soon after leaving land and it finds us ready with keen appetites. By

dinner time, however, we have no desire to even look at the dinner table. We feel sure we shall *never* care to eat another meal, and wish we were back on land again. Seasickness has driven many to their state rooms.

The old ship-doctor walks about among the sick passengers and tells them that if they wish to be well at sea, they must laugh and keep out of doors. We take his advice and soon again enjoy the voyage.

The first morning out is a great delight to the fortunate traveler who is not seasick. After a bath, a cup of coffee and a biscuit, one is ready for an early



walk on deck. There are not many out at this time and it is the best part of the day for a promenade.

Breakfast follows the morning walk and this disposed of, every one not prostrated by sea-sickness gathers on deck again. Some wrap themselves in rugs and shawls and stretch out on steamer chairs to remain for the greater part of the day. Here they read, talk, nap, and watch the water.

Others vary the monotony by playing quoits, hopscotch, bean bag, shuffle board, checkers or cards. By and by the band appears and for an hour there is music. Then the deck steward brings cups of coffee or beef tea to those who wish refreshments. Indeed it seems as if one does little else but eat, for five meals are served each day.

The evening is the time for gaiety. The dining room is brilliantly lighted with electric lights and during the evening meal an orchestra plays. After dinner we stroll out on the deck for the fresh breeze that is always blowing.

The nights are beautiful and everyone remains on deck as late as possible to watch the starry skies and phosphorescent sparkle of the light-flooded sea. When the wind blows a stiff breeze the sea rises, and at times the ship seems almost engulfed in the mountain billows. The days are long. The twilight continues so late that at 9 o'clock in the evening it seems not much later than seven at home. Time is kept by bells. We are puzzled at first at the difference between the time shown by our watches and that of the ship, but find that we have gained from fifteen to twenty minutes a day by sailing eastward.

Some mornings are enlivened by a life-boat or fire drill, or a distant view of a passing ship, but the most exciting incident is an encounter with an iceberg. A long way off it appears like the back of a great camel. A closer view reveals a monster mass of ice, over a hundred feet rising out of the water.

A ship officer tells us that the ship sometimes passes a hundred of these fragments of Arctic glaciers in a single ocean trip. We are not alarmed by the iceberg, since it is almost a quarter of a mile away, but we are glad that there is no fog at this particular time. A collision with one of these would probably destroy our vessel.

We never tire of watching the birds that accompany the ship. There are some about the size of sparrows, known as "Mother Cary's Chickens." The sailors believe that certain disaster would come to their vessel if one of these birds were injured, and are careful not to hurt them.

As we near the end of our voyage, large flocks of sea gulls sail about our ship. They are beautiful birds, about as large as crows. At times they settle on the water and ride the waves, and then suddenly arise and dart away, touching the waves with the tips of their wings.

The voyage slips rapidly away, and the coast of Ireland draws nearer and nearer. The next to the last evening the passengers give an entertainment for the benefit of a sailor who was injured during the last voyage made by our ship. Some of the passengers give selections on the piano or violin; others sing, recite or lecture, and a very pleasant evening is passed.

Then comes the last night at sea, when all gather on deck and sing, "Home, Sweet Home." Far away on the horizon flash the lights which sentinel Ireland. In the morning the ship stops at Queenstown for mail and passengers, and then speeds on its way once more for Liverpool, where we land.

The island for which we are bound is one of a group that lies off the northwestern coast of Europe. Great Britain is the largest of the five thousand isles included in the British Isles. The island of Great Britain is divided into England, Wales and Scotland. England is the most important part of this island. It contains London, the capital of the British Empire, and Liverpool, one of the greatest seaports of the world.

We have planned to spend our first month abroad in these two cities, another month in other parts of England and Wales, a third in Scotland and a fourth in Ireland.

LIVERPOOL.

England at last! How glad we are to enter the harbor and feel the solid earth beneath us once more. We have been told that Liverpool is one of the greatest seaports in the world, and are quite ready to believe it when we see its wonderful docks. It is a city of ships.

There are acres of masts and funnels, and the flags of all nations are fluttering over them.

In former days there were few American flags among them, as American shipping companies used English ships. Indeed more than one nation drew

upon Great Britain's vast supply of merchant vessels and steamships to transport goods and passengers, instead of building vessels of their own.

During the European War, however, the situation was somewhat changed. The United States was obliged to build up a large merchant marine to transport war supplies and soldiers. As a result, our country has about seven-tenths as many ships as those belonging to the United Kingdom (Great Britain and Ireland), with a tonnage of about 90 per cent, of the British tonnage.

In spite of this great increase in American shipping, Great Britain is still the leading maritime nation of the world. Ours is primarily a manufacturing and agricultural nation and most of our energies are spent on developing our home markets. England lacks land, but has the seas and a great foreign market.

On the docks of Liverpool may be found sailors and merchant traders from every nation on earth.

There are steamers in the harbor bringing cargoes of beef and grain from the plains of South America, beef and mutton from Australia, sugar, spices and fruits from the East and West Indies, fish and oil from the north, gums, ivory and hundreds of other things from goodness knows where. It is a wonderful sight to look down the Mersey River upon this army of ships coming in with the tide.

Liverpool is built on the eastern shore of the Mersey, a tidal river. The tide rises and falls about fifteen feet, and this has made it necessary to enclose the docks and build a landing stage for the use of passengers from the great ocean steamers.

The docks of Liverpool cover almost 600 acres and have a linear wharfage of 36 miles. They have an immense landing stage, a floating structure, more than 2,400 feet long and 80 feet wide, by means of which passengers pass from ocean-going steamers and river ferry boats to the wharf.

Different docks are used for different purposes. Some are for grain, some for lumber, others for cotton, and so on through a long list. The coal dock has huge hydraulic coaling hoists, handling 300 tons an hour, and the cattle dock has a cold storage warehouse for fresh meat and slaughter houses for the cattle.

Trains of "goods vans" are also there being loaded and unloaded. The English have no freight trains such as ours. The freight is piled into open vans and covered with tarpaulin. The van is a short, four-wheeled wagon, something like a coal car but about a fourth as large.

There are monstrous brick warehouses where goods are stored to be shipped or reshipped to other parts of the world. Liverpool's chief trading port is America. England sends to the United States and to the English colonies for cotton, grains, live stock and tobacco. In return she sends out manufactured articles of wool, cotton and iron. The iron and steel goods are sent to Liverpool from other cities; coal and salt from the south and south-west part of England.

Liverpool seems much like a busy city in the States. There are few ancient landmarks or interesting buildings. The most magnificent structure is St. George's Hall, which is said to contain one of the finest organs in the world. We will not remain to hear it for we

wish to hurry to London. Few travellers remain here long, as there is little to interest them aside from the docks.

But this we have learned: Liverpool is one of the most densely populated cities in the world. It is also one of the largest cotton markets and is the chief emigrant port of Great Britain.

TRAVELING IN ENGLAND.

Before taking the train for London we must find our baggage, which is in the inspection shed. This is a big enclosure on the wharf, with room for hundreds of trunks. Every piece is labeled with the name and destination of its owner; so it is not hard to find ours.

The trunks marked London are put in a place by themselves, while we wait for the custom house inspectors to examine them. The porter unstraps the leather bands and throws the trunks open. The inspector looks at the things and we declare that there is nothing there on which we should pay a duty. Tobacco, spirits and reprints of English books are the forbidden things. The porter then loads our trunks on a truck and takes them to a "goods van" of the waiting train that is to take us to London. No check is given to us. The railroad companies do not issue them. Each passenger must be on hand to pick out his baggage when his journey's end is reached.

The stubby little English railroad carriages do not compare very favorably with our palace cars, but one finds them comfortable. America is a country of great distances, where a journey of four or five days is no uncommon experience. One needs for these long

journeys every convenience and luxury of toilet to make the trip endurable.

But in England the distances are short, the majority of journeys not requiring more than three hours. One is very seldom required to pass a night aboard a train. So you see the necessity for conveniences is not so urgent.

The English people speak of their cars as carriages. The carriages are divided into three sections; first, second and third class. The first class is the most expensive and is occupied by the wealthy. These cars are upholstered in cloth. The second class are not quite so fine, and the third class have brussels covered cushions in place of cloth.

A section has two long seats facing each other, as in our street cars. The windows are at the end of the sections instead of at the side. The section is locked between stations. Our tickets are taken by the guard at the end of the journey, instead of the beginning.

Going to Liverpool, we sit in one of the saloon carriages, in which passengers holding first class tickets are allowed to ride. In the middle of the car is a drawing room provided with reading tables. There is a dressing room at each end of the car, one for gentlemen and one for ladies. If we desire anything we have but to touch one of the many electric bells of the car, and an attendant enters and asks what we wish. There are only two stops between Liverpool and London, a distance of two hundred miles. This will take us over four hours. There is no dining car, so we telegraph ahead to Crewe for lunch. When we arrive at

this place a boy at the station will bring it to us in wicker baskets.

Now we are off and rushing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The railroad track does not cross the streets, but runs below or above them to avoid danger of accidents.

We cannot describe the beauty of the country in England, but it does our eyes good, and we feast them upon it. Through vales and along silver streams, across farms and wooded lands the train flies all too rapidly. We get only glimpses of popped hedges, daisy-starred fields, patches of purple foxglove, ivy-covered walls and cottages. Here and there the spires of a country church or a little village show through the trees.

LONDON.

Here we are in London. The roar and rumble of its busy streets greet us as we step from the cars into the station. What a dreary, lonesome place it is. It is not so large a depot as the one in New York. That is said to be the largest in the world.

Who are these splendid looking men in fine uniforms walking about? Only station and hotel porters! They look important enough to be generals, and we hesitate to ask them to assist us.

The streets of central London are so crowded with traffic that underground railways have been built in that part of the city. These roads run in tunnels forty, fifty and sometimes a hundred feet underground. This is to avoid clashing with the system of sewers, gas and water mains, electric wire conduits and other pipes necessary in a great city.

Wherever stations are built in the business part of the city, subways are built for passengers. Smoke

and bad air in the tunnel is avoided by using electricity to run the trains.

At the station we take motor cabs and in a few minutes are at the end of our journey.

OUR HOTEL.

There are many fine hotels in London, similar to the one you see in this picture, but as these places are more apt to afford style than comfort we decide in favor of a more modest one for our headquarters.

The one selected is in the very

heart of London. Near us is Trafalgar Square, and everything centers about Trafalgar Square. Not far away are the Charing Cross and the Golden Cross



VICTORIA HOTEL, LONDON.

hotels that Dickens has made famous in his stories.

The bedrooms in this place are large, dark and dingy looking. There are four post-beds with curtains, such as our great grand-parents used to own, and furniture so ancient that its proper place would be a curiosity shop.

Our rooms are lighted by candles, for gaslight in most English hotels is only to be found in the halls and public rooms. The candles one uses are charged in the bill, and so many travellers carry candles about with them in their luggage to avoid paying for a new one every night.

We are told we can have breakfast served to us in our rooms, and a servant comes to take our order for this morning meal.

There are many hotels in the States said to be conducted on the "European plan." We have supposed that this meant serving meals after the fashion of the people in Europe. But it doesn't—at least not always. When we order breakfast we find it different from what it is in the States.

We tell the waiter that we want a plain breakfast and he brings us two boiled eggs, a roll as hard as a paving stone, a little marmalade and a pot of coffee. For this we pay two shillings and six pence, or half a crown, which is sixty cents in our money. If we order a regular breakfast we will get ham and eggs, steak or bacon, rolls and coffee. At the bake shops we can buy coffee and rolls in the morning for six or nine pence.

At noon the restaurants are all open, where one can order anything one wishes just as in the States.

Such excellent bacon and mutton we have nowhere in the world. And the marmalade! Surely nothing better was ever made. We wonder why we cannot get any like it at home.

The dinner served between six and eight in the evening is a very formal meal. In the larger hotels it consists of eight courses and one spends an hour and a half to two hours at table at these places. Everyone appears in evening dress, but at the smaller hotels and taverns, tourists may dress as they like.

After dinner we open our map of London and our guide books and plan the next day's sight seeing.

WHAT OUR MAP SHOWS US.

Our map shows us that London lies on both sides of the Thames, and in parts of four counties. Middlesex and Essex are on the north, and Surrey and Kent on the south. The most important and interesting parts of the city are on the north bank of the river, while the part south of the river is devoted to manufacturing and residences.

The north side is divided into the East End and the West End, Temple Bar being the dividing line. This Temple Bar is neither a temple nor a bar. It was at one time an old city landmark or stone which separated the city of London and the city of Westminster. The old bar is now gone, but another has been put in its place.

We have often seen this old bar mentioned in history. It was formerly the custom to close and lock this bar when the sovereign of England approached the city of London. The royal herald approached

and asked for admission. The gates were then unlocked and thrown open, and the keys of the city presented to the queen. Queen Victoria knocked at this old gate during jubilee week in 1897.

To the east of Temple Bar we find the port, the docks, custom house, bank and royal exchange. Further out toward East End are places known as Mile End Road, and Whitechapel, which is the poor district of London.

West of Temple Bar are Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the Queen's Palace, government offices, clubs, museums and picture galleries. There are to be found the parks also, and the homes of the wealthy and aristocratic people of the city.

If we keep these things in mind, it will be easy to make our way about and find what we want.

WHAT OUR GUIDE TELLS US.

When we tell our guide that we have a whole month in which to see London, he tells us that it will give time but for a glimpse. One might spend a lifetime in studying the city, and then know but a small part.

London proper is a city of about 4,500,000 people, occupying an area of 117 acres. With its suburbs, however, it is known as Greater London, and has almost 7,500,000 people, covering 693 square miles. It is the largest city in the world, having almost 2,000,000 people more than Greater New York.

The guide tells us that in London there are more Roman Catholics than in Rome, more Jews than in Palestine, more Scotchmen than in Aberdeen, more



CHEAPSIDE

Welchmen than in Cardiff, more Irishmen than in Belfast.

Greater London now has about 350 miles of street car lines, carrying an average of 700,000,000 passengers annually. For many years the cars were drawn by horses, but now all the horse cars have disappeared and the electric cars prevail.

In the same manner, the lighting of the city has slowly changed from oil and gas to electricity, which is now extensively used on the principal streets, in office buildings, and in private homes.

THE LONDON BUS.

The best way to see London is from the upper deck of a motor omnibus. For many years the omnibuses were drawn by horses and were a familiar sight amid the traffic of London streets. As they were usually painted in gay colors—some red, some green, some orange, etc.—they could be seen for blocks away. The upper deck was somewhat extended over the body of the bus and seats were built upon it to accommodate from sixteen to twenty persons. In front, almost on a level with the upper deck sat the driver. The top of the bus was reached by a winding stairway. The conductor stood on the rear platform and collected fares. The sides of the bus were covered with brightly colored advertising posters.

As motor vehicles increased in popularity, however, motor omnibuses gradually replaced the old type of omnibus. The motor omnibus is larger than the old horse-drawn vehicle, which carried a maximum of thirty-four passengers, while the motor bus accom-

modates a maximum of fifty-four. In contrast to the brilliant colors of the old type, it is almost uniformly painted a chocolate-brown.

Inside the bus are posted signs which read, "Standing room for five only." Incidentally we overhear the regular bus patrons complaining that the buses are almost always overcrowded.

This at once reminds us of the packed cars and buses in the great American cities.

In fair weather the upper deck seats are always taken first. Here the tourist gets a much better view of the streets than from the windows inside.

There are a number of bus companies, since the roads of London are practically free; and anyone who can afford the expense may run a bus line without applying for a franchise to the London County Council. The big omnibus companies travel the main thoroughfares. The largest is the London General Omnibus Company, which owns the great majority of the motor omnibuses seen on the streets of London.

If we stand on almost any street corner in the business district during the busiest traffic periods, we shall see from 300 to 400 motor omnibuses pass in the course of an hour.

In summer the motor omnibuses run even to the suburbs; and we may travel in them to points thirty miles distant from the center of London.

Another feature of long-distance bus travel is the motor char-a-banc, which we Americans should call a sight-seeing car. In one of these cars we may take a flying trip from the heart of London to places fifty miles distant.

Before the European War, the hansom cab was a common sight on the streets of London, and hansoms were numbered by the thousands. Today they are rarely seen; and horse-drawn four-wheeled conveyances are used only occasionally to carry railway passengers with very bulky luggage. Most travelers we see at railway stations, however, seem to prefer the motor vehicles.

The extent to which motor traffic has replaced the old type in London may be measured by the fact that in 1919, out of about 14,000 hackney vehicles licensed for hire, fewer than 2,000 were horse-drawn. It has been estimated that fully three-fourths of all the street traffic is carried on by motor.

Another form of traffic we shall see in London if we use our eyes—a form far more interesting than any we have yet seen. In 1921, regular communication with the continent of Europe by air was established. Four aeroplanes travel daily to Paris; one travels to Brussels and one to Amsterdam, all starting from the Croydon aerodrome. These air lines connect with continental air lines going to other parts of Europe and even to Africa, by way of Spain. Several hundred passengers are carried weekly by the London line.

LONDON STREETS.

The streets of London are the best paved of any city in the world. They are washed with a fire hose every morning, and yet they are dirty for walking, because of the changeable weather.

Mud and filth are never allowed to accumulate. This refuse is swept from the asphalt streets by nim-

ble-footed boys in white coats. With brush and tray in hand they are constantly darting in and out among the horses and vehicles of the crowded thoroughfares. Most of these boys are from orphans' homes, and other charitable institutions.

At almost every corner, too, there is a crossing sweeper. Sometimes this is a boy or girl, but oftener an old man or woman too feeble to earn a living in any other way. Day after day and year after year they stand at the same posts. The living won in this way is a very scant one, for they are dependent on the pennies and half pennies dropped into their hands by the people who hurry by.

London streets are narrow and crooked and run into each other in a most perplexing way. Where four or five streets converge into one point or circle they call it circus; such as Ludgate Circus, Piccadilly Circus, Oxford Circus, etc.

It is somewhat difficult to make our way about at first, but the policemen are polite and helpful, and cheerfully direct us to where we should go. There are times when even the people who have lived in London all their lives cannot find their way about. This is during the foggy weather. It is then necessary to turn on the electric street lamps for days at a time.

There is one curious thing about London that reminds us of an old saying that "Birds of a feather flock together." People of the same nationality or those of the same profession or trade live in the same streets or district. The French live in one neighborhood, the Germans in another.

Lawyers live at Lincoln's Inn and the Temple; sur-



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

geons and dentists in George and Burlington streets; doctors in Harley street, etc. Then the milkmen live on Milk Street, the men who deal in honey on Honey Street, etc.

Trafalgar Square is the very heart of the city. Every thing starts from there and centers around it. Standing by the Nelson Monument we see the most wonderful sight which London can give us—its crowds of people. One wonders how the city can furnish roofs to cover so many.

There are cabs and buses and hansoms too, vehicles of all kinds and descriptions, three, four and five abreast. The procession is endless and keeps up day and night, or at least a great part of the night.

This square was named for England's great naval hero, Lord Nelson. It is his statue you see on the top of that high column. It was erected to commemorate his victory over the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar Bay off the coast of Spain in 1805. In this battle Nelson was mortally wounded. There are other statues of brave soldiers in the square also, and one of George IV, one of England's former kings. On the northern side of this square is the National Gallery, which contains a fine collection of pictures.

A little south of the square is a statue of King Charles I. This marks a place called Charing Cross. Back of this is a story. Everything in England, you will find, has a story. There is no cross there, but there *was* once upon a time. It was called Charing Cross in honor of Eleanor, the wife of King Edward I. She died in the north of England, and her husband had her body carried to Westminster Abbey.

Every evening during this journey her body rested in the market place of some town. Wherever it rested the king afterward had a beautiful cross erected. The last evening of the journey the bier rested in the village of Charing, which is now a part of London, near Trafalgar Square. So now you know why the name clings to the place even though the cross is gone.



THE STRAND, LONDON.

From Charing Cross we enter the Strand, one of the busiest and most crowded streets of London. On this street are the finest theaters of London, the law courts, and many of the newspaper offices and shops. The street is called Strand because this was the road nearest to the shore or strand of the Thames River.

Passing down the Strand we come to London's Courts, or the Royal Courts of Justice. For centuries this has been the place of England's celebrated school of law. The building is a huge one, nearly 500 feet in length, and contains eleven hundred chambers or apartments, beside the large central hall and nineteen court-rooms. Many lawyers and students of law live in this building, as students live in colleges.

The Strand now runs into Fleet Street, Temple Bar marking the place where the one street ends and the other begins.

Fleet Street is one of the great thoroughfares where most of the daily papers are published. Then come Regent and Oxford Streets, the two dry goods centers, and Cheapside, the most crowded of them all.

The traffic of this street is one of the sights of London. What a hurly-burly and crush of cabs, hansoms, hand carts, wagons, buses and vans in one narrow street. It seems as if all the shops in the world are sending their goods along this old market-way of Cheapside.

Cheapside means market place, but it is now noted for its stores rather than its market place. From this street we notice a number of streets running to left and right, named Poultry street, Wood, Bread and Milk streets; these we are told have been named after the dealers by whom they are occupied.

Leaving Cheapside we ride down Poultry street to see the place where the London people tell us Thomas Hood, the poet, was born. Do you remember what he says about this house?

Milk street is also celebrated as the birth place of

Sir Thomas More, an author and a cardinal. Do you know what it means to be a cardinal? There on Bread street lived the famous John Milton, whose "Paradise Lost" you have seen in your father's library.

So you see that these streets, tho possessing common names, are really quite celebrated and are as apt to be sought out as those having finer sounding titles.



MANSION HOUSE, OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

THE RICHEST SQUARE.

We are now in the part of London called "the city." More business is transacted in this square than in any other section of the world. Near the corner of King William street is the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London. The mayor is a great personage in the eyes of his countrymen, and receives two-thirds as much salary as our president.

Unlike most mayors he rules over but one square mile of this immense city. But this one is the richest mile of territory in all the wide world. It contains the Bank of England, the mint, the stock and produce exchange and London's only cathedral.



BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON.

Suppose we visit some of these important buildings. The Bank of England, the greatest bank in the world, we find to be almost opposite the Mansion House. It is amusing to learn that this celebrated and dignified structure is on Threadneedle street. The bank is a one story building, covering four acres of ground. Its walls are of granite and are very thick. The outer walls have no windows. The rooms receive light from inner courts and skylights.

This famous old bank, which is familiarly known as the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," has two branches in London and nine in the provinces. It is managed by a board of directors, a governor, and a deputy governor, the two latter always being present to direct its affairs.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Across from the Bank is the Royal Exchange. The west front has a porch which is considered the finest thing of the kind in England. It has seventeen large figures in the pediment. These figures represent Commerce or Trade, the Lord Mayor and merchants of different nationalities.

Every day bankers and other wealthy men come here to transact business. The prices fixed by these men on grains, wool and cotton are quickly sent to every part of the world and affect business in America and many other parts of the earth.

In one part of the building are Lloyd's Subscription Rooms. This is the greatest shipping firm in the world. Every man engaged in a large shipping business sends to Lloyd's for shipping news, marine insurance and other shipping business. Boats have to be insured as well as houses, you see. A register is kept here of all the ships. This register tells us about the age, build and seaworthiness of the ship. You see how necessary this would be if a man wished to buy or sell a ship, or insure it.

In front of the Royal Exchange is a fine equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, another English hero. In what way is an equestrian statue different

from other statues? Was Lord Nelson's an equestrian statue? Why not? Did he win his battles on land or sea? There are two other statues near the building, one of George Peabody, an American, and the other of Rowland Hill. The monument was



BLACKFRIAR'S BRIDGE AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

erected to Mr. Hill because he did so much to introduce cheap postage. But why should a statue have been erected on this spot in memory of Mr. Peabody? Can any one tell? Mr. Peabody was the first American to receive the freedom of London. So you see the English people have especially honored him.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

About half a mile west of the Bank is St. Paul's Cathedral. A long way off we can see its lofty dome, surmounted by a golden cross, but it is so surrounded by tall buildings that a view of the whole church is impossible.

All around the church is a street called St. Paul's Churchyard, but the neighboring buildings are so close as to spoil the effect of the cathedral when standing near it.

We pay one shilling to see the sights at St. Paul's, and for two hours roam about the place studying the clock, the library, the whispering gallery and crypt. It is a large and beautiful building, but inside the walls look bare. It has a great bell which strikes the hour, but is never rung except on the death of some member of the royal family, the Lord Mayor or the Bishop of London. There are many statues of English heroes in the church and the tomb of two of England's greatest men, Wellington and Nelson. In the crypt are also the tombs of three famous English painters, Turner, Reynolds and Landseer.

In the vault of the church is the tomb of the man who built the church. His name was Sir Christopher Wren. The church was thirty-five years in building and was finished in 1710. It was paid for chiefly by a tax on coal. Sir Christopher built fifty churches in London, but St. Paul's is the finest of them all.

Not far away is St. Swithins Church, where is kept the London Stone. This stone has for a thousand years been used to mark off distances. All distances in London were measured from this stone. If a man

living in the suburbs of London tells you he lives fifteen miles from the city he means fifteen miles from this stone.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Near the city is the British Museum, which contains a larger collection of books, manuscripts, coins, curiosities, medals and antiquities than any other museum in the world. In one of the rooms one may see the Elgin marbles, brought from Athens, Greece, about a hundred years ago. They consist of statues, reliefs and yards of a frieze. The frieze represents in low relief a procession of men, women and horses, chariots and animals for sacrifice, all going to celebrate the festival of Athena.

These marbles are exquisitely beautiful and are admired by every one who comes to the museum. They are called the Elgin marbles because they were bought by Lord Elgin. He sold them to the English government for half what was paid for them.

The Egyptian room contains the famous Rosetta stone, with its lettering of Greek and Egyptian characters. It was this stone that furnished the information that enabled scholars to read the language of the Egyptians. Inscriptions on old wooden statues and granite columns thousands of years old, and the history of these early days were made clear and plain.

The streets surrounding the museum are quiet and afford homes or lodging places to many students, writers and scholars. It is a favorite neighborhood with them because of the assistance the museum gives them in their work and studies.

THE DOCKS AND THAMES RIVER.

We have learned that London is the first city in commerce in the world, and have not far to look for the reasons for this. One reason is because of its situation. It is built on the Thames river fifty miles from the coast. This river is navigable to London for ships of the largest size. Then too, the city is cen-



PICCADILLY.

trally situated with regard to other lands. It is near to the continent and to trade through the Suez canal or around the Cape of Good Hope.

The Thames river is always crowded with shipping and both shores are bordered by docks, wharves and huge warehouses for all sorts of merchandise and vaults for wines.

The London docks cover 3,000 acres, 704 of which are water. They have 30 miles of wharves. In the period from 1909 to 1921, they were widely extended. An important addition was the great Albert dock.

One sees the same pictures during an hour at the London docks as at the Liverpool docks. So we decide to take a steamer for a ride on the Thames. It will give us an excellent view of the bridges, the fine embankments, the London Tower and the splendid Houses of Parliament.

Of all the famous rivers of the world, the Thames is one of the smallest and most famous. In size it is a mere creek, but its history has more of interest to the English reader or traveler than any other stream.

For centuries kings and queens have lived beside it, going from their court in London to find rest or recreation at some riverside place.

It is one of the greatest pleasure resorts in the world. Every fine day in summer it is thronged with holiday makers in every imaginable kind of craft. There are row-boats, house-boats, punts, steam launches and even gondolas.

The river is spanned by many bridges. Some of these are used by the public and others by the railroads.

There is a tunnel under the river, and underground railways. Not far from the docks, up the river, we come upon the Tower, a grim, dismal old building that was at one time England's state prison.

Let us stop and take a look at the Tower bridge, of which we have read in our guide book. It is said that it took eight years to build this bridge and that it

cost six million dollars and a number of lives. It is different from other bridges we have seen. It has three spans.

The roadway in the central span shows us a space 200 feet long and 50 feet wide. Beneath this roadway is a span 30 feet high, under which small boats can pass.

When large ships come up the river traffic must stop for a time. The roadbed parts in the middle, and each half rises to a vertical position, to allow the ship to pass; this takes but a minute. The foot passengers do not have to wait. They enter an elevator in the bridge tower and are lifted to the high level footway 112 feet above. We should like to visit the tower too, but this will take a long time and must be postponed until another day.

Not far away is London Bridge, but before we stop there we will take a look at Billingsgate, the principal fish market in London. The fish are brought here in boats in great quantities, and sold to both retail and wholesale fish dealers. The busiest hours are at five and six in the morning.

Beyond the fish market is the oldest and most famous of all the bridges of the Thames—London Bridge. The first one was built hundreds of years ago, but that is not the one we see to-day. The present bridge is a magnificent one, 900 ft. long and 54 wide, built of granite. This bridge is said to have cost \$10,000,000. It has lamp posts made from the cannon captured during one of England's wars.

Long ago the heads of traitors were set up on the iron spikes of London Bridge to terrify evil-doers.



RICHMOND PALACE GROUNDS, FROM THE THAMES.

There used to be stores on this bridge too, but as the city grew, more space was needed and they were taken away. To-day, London Bridge is the most crowded place in the city. Thousands of vehicles and hundreds of thousands of people cross it every twenty-four hours.

The embankment above London Bridge has been made a beautiful place. The river is edged with a granite wall eight feet thick and forty feet high extending from Black Friars Bridge to Westminster Bridge. A wide roadway borders the river, and footways, planted with trees. This embankment is known as the Victoria Embankment.

The Westminster bridge we find to be the finest of all the bridges of London. It is eighty-five feet wide, is built of iron and rests on stone piers.

Following up the river we reach the suburbs of London. The Thames is here bordered by pleasant homes with green lawns sloping down to the water's edge. There are many skiffs or boats on the river, where boys and men are practicing for the races which are held every year. Picked teams from all the principal English clubs take part in this Royal Regatta, or rowing carnival, and excited crowds gather to witness the fun.

Suppose we return now and visit the Tower of London.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

London has many towers, but this is the most noted and interesting of all. It is in East London, near St. Catherines Docks. Once a fortress, a royal residence, a court of justice and a prison, it is now but a

government store-house. The building is very old, so old that no one knows exactly when it was begun.

The buildings known as the Tower are surrounded by a battlemented wall and deep moat. At one time this moat was filled with water and the only way to reach the tower was by means of a drawbridge. The high walls and moat were for defence, in case of attack



TOWER OF LONDON.

by enemies. When the bridge was drawn up the attacking party had no way to reach the gates.

There are three entrances, the Iron Gate, the Water Gate, the Traitor's Gate, all from the Thames. Then there is the Lion's Gate, the ordinary entrance on the west side. Traitor's Gate was so called because political prisoners were so often taken to the Tower in this way. Princes and nobles, lords and ladies, and even queens have entered the gates, and many of them never

came out again. If they did they thought themselves very lucky.

We will not go in that way, but by the Lion's Gate, on the west side. The Tower is guarded by quaintly dressed warders, or, as some people call them, "beef-eaters." These men have been soldiers and are now members of a body of men or policemen called Yeomen of the Guard. One of the guards acts as our guide through the tower.

Let us enter by the Lion's Gate. We receive tickets of admission and cross the bridge that spans the moat, pass through the Byward Tower and so reach the inside of this great prison. Inside the battlement wall is another and higher wall, and between the two a space, or court. We are now in this outer court. Both the walls are strengthened by towers and in the central space, or inner court, rises a grand tower.

We come first to the gateway of the Bloody Tower and pass through it to the great inner court. It was so named because some little princes were murdered here by order of the king. There are thirteen towers in all, each having a historical name. Among them are the White Tower, the Bell Tower, the Wakefield Tower, Middle Tower and Brick Tower.

In these prisons and gloomy chambers many noble prisoners have been imprisoned for years, pined away and died. The walls of White Tower are fifteen feet thick. Just imagine such a prison. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned for twelve years. He was sentenced to death, but the king did not dare to have him executed, and so confined him here. It was in this tower he wrote his *History of the World*.

William Penn was also imprisoned in this tower at one time.

On Tower Hill outside the moat stood the scaffold for the execution of prisoners. Within the walls is St. Peter's Chapel, and near it is the burying ground where the noble prisoners were buried.

The most interesting room of all to many is the upper room of the Record Tower, where crown jewels or regalia are kept. There are a number of crowns, Queen Victoria's being the finest. It is set with almost three thousand beautiful diamonds, besides rubies and sapphires. The crown of the Prince of Wales was of gold, and without jewels. There are many other beautiful and costly things, the whole collection being valued at \$15,000,000.

The largest diamond belonging to the British sovereign is called the Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light. Its value is nearly half a million dollars. This jewel is kept at Windsor, but a model of it is shown here with the crown jewels. There are also bracelets, and swords, and crosses, and scepters, and royal spurs, the salt cellar of state, made to imitate the White Tower. These are kept in cases of glass and iron and carefully guarded.

There are two armories, Queen Elizabeth's Armory and the Horse Armory. In the former are swords, lances, halberds, pikes and other ancient arms, as well as instruments of punishment. In the armory are the figures of twenty-two mounted kings and knights in full armor, showing the different styles of armor worn at different times.

Some of the instruments of torture used by the

English people of past centuries are to be seen in one of these towers, and fearful looking instruments they were. First and worst of these was the executioner's axe, with which so many noted prisoners were beheaded. Its first victim was a queen; so you see that members of the royalty were quite as apt to suffer death in this way as others.

Sometimes the branding iron was used for the purpose of burning the figure of a gallows upon a man's face. There is also a revolving iron cage, the barrel for the punishment of bakers who defrauded the people by giving false weight. The stocks and whipping post were also used, and a ducking stool for scolding women.

If we are to believe the stories of olden times, we must believe that there were a great many scolding wives and ill-tempered women, called shrews, among the English. This ducking stool was a long beam of wood balanced on a pivot over a river or pond. It was so arranged that the scold could be dropped into the water and lifted out again before she was drowned. This method of punishment was found to be very unsatisfactory, and an iron bonnet was next used. This was put over the head and mouth and fastened with a padlock.

The stories of the crimes and tragedies of this tower would fill a whole book. Many, or perhaps most of the prisoners confined and executed here were innocent of the crimes of which they were accused. No one was safe from wrongful imprisonment, and perhaps death. The dread of this tower inspired a desire on the part of many to find a refuge, or coun-

try where they might be safe from injustice. So you see that if it had not been for this, our ancestors might not have come to America. We may be indebted to the tower more than we imagine.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The most interesting building in London to many visitors is Westminster Abbey. England's kings and queens for eight hundred years have been crowned

and buried there. It was first designed for the burial place of kings and queens only, but after a time England's great and good men were honored by having their bodies laid to rest beside those of royal blood. Today this building contains the graves of more famous men and women than any other in the whole world.

The building is celebrated for its beauty as well as its age, and to get the best view one should approach it from the front. The walls are dingy and grimy, for the atmosphere is laden with dust and smoke of many factory chimneys.

Inside the building all is hushed and still. A few visitors like ourselves are wandering about, or sitting in the pews reading books. At first we think they are prayer books but a closer view reveals guide books, similar to our own. There is no talking or noise of any kind, tho outside the thick walls the din of the streets is deafening.

Are we disappointed at first? Perhaps, a little. We have expected so much. The walls and floors are dark and worn, but after a time the beauty and magnificence of the place impress us, as they have all others. The vaulted roof, pointed arches, clustered pillars and carved stalls first attract our attention, and we wander about for a long time fascinated by the place.

We visit first the tomb of Edward the Confessor, who founded the Abbey. It is one of the oldest tombs here. His shrine is a most beautiful one.

In the chapel behind the altar where Edward is buried stands the old English Coronation Chair.

Seated in this chair all the sovereigns of England since Edward's day have been crowned. In the seat of the chair is the famous Scone Stone on which the Scottish kings used to be crowned. The Scots believed it to be the stone on which Jacob rested his head in the desert. It was a great blow to the Scottish people when this stone was taken away from them by the English king.

The Jerusalem Chambers are interesting to most people. The tapestries of the walls represent scenes from Jerusalem and the cedar wainscot came from the Holy Land. It is noted as the place where the common version of the Bible was made. It is also the room where the Westminster Assembly of ministers has always met. It is these men who have given us the Confession of Faith and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms.

The most beautiful part of the Abbey is Henry VII's chapel. It is separated from the rest by a flight of stairs and brass gates. The walls are covered with tracery and contain the statues of many saints and martyrs. The tomb of Henry VII is of black marble, elaborately carved, and effigies of the king and queen in gilt bronze, recline upon the tomb.

Two other most interesting tombs in this chapel are those of Queen Elizabeth and her lovely but unlucky sister Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots. Their tombs are much alike.

There are many statues in different parts of the building. One could spend hours in wandering about looking at the busts, figures and monuments of England's famous men, and reading their epitaphs. Some

are erected to great statesmen, others to naval commanders, to soldiers and to the former deans of Westminster.

Our own war with England is brought to mind by the sight of the monument to Major Andre. You remember, do you not, that he was hung as a spy in America? But he was a brave soldier and after the Revolution his body was sent back to England with every mark of respect and consideration. It was laid here in the Abbey and this fine monument erected to mark the spot.

Britannia is represented as mourning over his early death. The bas-relief on one side of the tomb represents a British officer carrying a flag of truce and a letter to the tent of Washington with the request of Andre that as a soldier he might be shot, and not hung. The request was not granted, but the sculptor has pictured the death scene as Andre wished it.

General Burgoyne, whose surrender at Saratoga lost America to England, has no monument. He was not buried in the Abbey, but in the North cloister.

In one place we notice a slab which records the fact that the grave beneath was the resting place for a time of the body of George Peabody. On the slab are also carved the words of his early prayer that if God prospered him he would render some memorial service to his fellow-men. Do you know how he kept his word?

POETS' CORNER WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

One chapel in the Abbey is called Poets' Corner. In it are buried many of England's great writers, while others have monuments, busts or tablets. Dickens

and Thackeray are both buried here. There are busts of Shakespeare and Milton and many other poets, but Longfellow is the only foreigner honored by having his bust placed in the Abbey.

A stained-glass window has been placed here in memory of Lowell. Other windows have recently



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

been given to the Abbey in honor of the poet Cowper, and George Herbert, by a wealthy American.

Near by the cathedral is the Westminster School for the choir boys, for both St. Paul's and Westminster have boy choirs. These boys are chosen from hundreds of applicants, and must be between the ages of eight and ten. They are required to remain until they have served their full term, and while members of the

choir they are boarded and receive an excellent high-school education. On one day of each week they are allowed to go to their own playground in the country and have their holidays at Christmas, Easter and midsummer. In some of the boy choirs, the best singers receive a salary.

If we were to come to the Abbey to hear them sing, Sunday afternoon, we would feel ourselves well paid for the trouble. We would find the church crowded with eager listeners, two or three thousand, or even more. Many are glad to stand through a long service for the sake of the eloquent sermon and the beautiful music one is sure to hear.

WESTMINSTER PALACE.

The building next to the Abbey is Westminster Hall, which forms the grand entrance to the new Parliament Buildings. This Hall is very old and has an interesting history. Kings have been crowned in it and grand banquets given. It has been the scene of many famous trials too.

The hall is one of the largest in the world, being 300 feet long and 70 wide. The ceiling is of wood and finely carved. There is also a St. Stephen's Hall, which contains statues of celebrated English statesmen, and a Central Hall which separates the House of Commons from the House of Peers.

The English laws are made by Parliament which consists of two legislative bodies, the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The members of the House of Commons are elected by the people. Westminster Palace contains rooms for the assemblage of these bodies of men.



WESTMINSTER PALACE, HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

The Houses of Parliament are modern buildings. They cover eight acres, contain eleven hundred rooms, one hundred staircases and eleven courts. The buildings are of stone and decorated with five hundred statues.

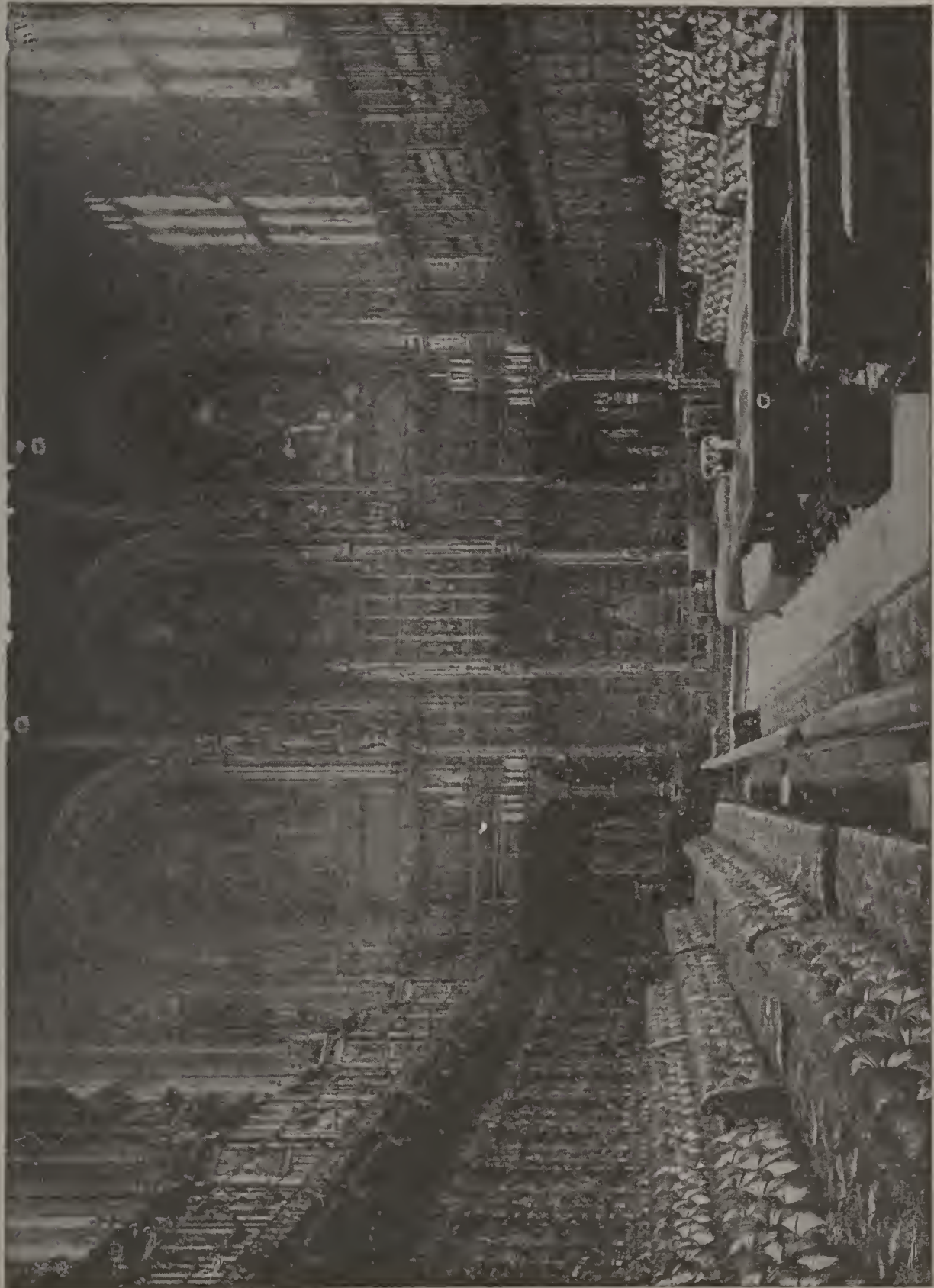
The main building has three towers. At the north end, next to Westminster Bridge, is the clock tower. It is 318 feet high and contains a monster clock. This clock has four dials, and each of these dials measures twenty-three feet across. Another remarkable thing about this clock is that half a day is required to wind it up.

The central tower is smaller and lower than the clock tower. At the other end of the building is the beautiful tower called Victoria Tower. It is 340 feet high and contains the entrance through which the queen passed when she visited Parliament.

Entering the House of Commons, we find it smaller than the House of Representatives at Washington. There is a reason for this. It was thought best to make it small in order that all might hear distinctly. The room looks much like the interior of an old church.

The ceilings, walls and furniture are of dark carved wood. The windows are of stained glass and the room is but dimly lighted. Galleries run around the four sides of the room. One is for newspaper reporters, another is for gentlemen visitors. There is another gallery higher up for ladies. The hall has seats, but no desks.

The House of Peers occupies the southern half of the new part of the Houses of Parliament. The room is handsomely finished in oak, leather and gold. The throne in this room, and in Queen Victoria's time,



SESSION CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

she came here annually to open Parliament and make her speech. The chair of state resembles the "coronation chair." It is ornamented with the national flowers of England, Ireland and Scotland—the rose, shamrock and thistle.

In the central part are seats for the Lords or Peers. When the Queen opened Parliament the members of



PALL MALL, LONDON.

the House of Commons as well as the Peers assembled in this room. We should like to have been here during Gladstone's life and have heard one of his wonderful speeches. He was England's prime minister, and in America as well as in England we hear him spoken of as the "Grand Old Man."

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Royalty, when in London, lives in Buckingham Palace on the Mall, a wide, pleasant street, leading from the government offices and fashionable clubs.



FORMER QUEEN ALEXANDRA •

This palace was one of the early homes of Queen Victoria, and here the late Edward VII was born.

On the first floor are the Throne Room, the Grand Saloon, the Green Drawing-Room, the Ball Room, Picture Gallery and many other rooms. The Queen's Drawing Rooms were held in this building. These affairs were receptions. On drawing-room days this street was thronged with the carriages of the people who came to pay their respects to the queen and other members of the royal family who received with her. Young ladies belonging to the aristocratic families were not considered as having entered society until they were presented to the queen or "at court."

Since the death of Queen Victoria, two queens, the Dowager Queen Alexandra and the present queen, Mary, have entertained in great splendor at the palace.

Queen Victoria spent part of the season at Windsor Castle, at the little town of Windsor, twenty miles from London. We shall take an excursion to Windsor Palace another day.

A WALK IN LONDON.

London is so crowded that there does not appear to be room for the people. There are so many that they are obliged to push each other out of the way in order to get along at all, in the busy streets.

All the men in the streets are dressed in black. There is not a straw hat to be seen or a light felt one, altho it is quite warm.

There is a very good reason for this, however, and we find it out before we have been in London many

days. The air is full of particles of soot, and our faces, light traveling suits and hats are soon changed in color. We are obliged to wash our face and hands



LONDON CHIMNEY SWEEP.

every three or four hours to prevent ourselves becoming as black as the London chimney sweeps.

er and heavier than the people of any other country we have visited. Their faces have more color, the result of their outdoor life.

It is the smoke and soot that makes the houses so black and dingy looking. It does not seem to affect the complexions of the people, however. They have fine, fair, ruddy faces and look healthy and vigorous. The people seem taller and heavier than the people of any other country we have visited. Their faces have more color, the result of their outdoor life.

They are both courteous and kind too, and answer pleasantly and cheerfully our many questions about London. They are proud of their city and quite willing to point out the historic land-marks of the place.

Sunday is a delightful time for a ramble about the old streets and ancient buildings, interesting to all the world because of their histories. At this time one can walk through the streets without being crowded or jostled or run over. It is a quiet day and few people or vehicles are in the streets. The great chimneys have ceased smoking, and the air is free from soot. The sky is blue and clear and without the dust and smoke of other days.

We find many historic places connected with the lives of famous Americans. In the church of St. Savior, the next finest Gothic church in London, John Harvard was christened. Why are we interested in him? Because he founded our oldest university.

At Bears Head Tavern, Irving spent some time. What fascinating pictures of English life he found here and gave to us in his "Sketch Book."

Every Christmas we read it with new delight. If only we might see inside some of these happy homes that look so dingy and uninteresting from the outside, we, too, might carry with us pleasant memories of the home life of these people.

We have heard it said that if one were to follow Dickens as he shows us London in his books, he would see almost the whole of the city. We cannot do that, for many of the buildings he has mentioned have been torn down or removed.

But we can find the "Old Curiosity Shop," which is still used as a place of business.



"OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

CHARLES DICKENS.

Charles Dickens was one of the world's greatest story tellers, and many people think that he did more to better the condition of the poor people of England and to bring wrongs to light than all the statesmen Great Britain ever sent to Parliament. He was a great teacher, for he taught the whole world lessons of the value of kindness, of generosity and of unselfishness.

Would you like to know how he was able to do this? It was not because he was favored in any way by good luck. He was a sickly little fellow, and did not go to school or mingle with the other boys much

in their lively games. His mother taught him how to read, and amused him during his years of ill-health by telling him stories.

When Charles Dickens was about nine years old, his father lost his money and was thrown into prison because he could not pay his debts. In those days it was a crime for a man not to pay his debts, and if he failed to do so, he was promptly put into a debtors' prison.

These were troubled days for the family, and Charles was obliged to go to work in a London blacking manufactory to earn a little money. He hated this work, for while in the factory he was thrown with low, rough, dishonest companions, who bullied and tormented him. He had hoped to be able to become famous as a scholar, yet here were all his plans spoiled.

There were many other children around him, however, who were as unfortunate and miserable as he, and his sympathy for these other lonely, oppressed children was so great that he tried to be brave in order to help them. He sang songs and told funny stories, which he acted out in a ridiculous way, in order to amuse and cheer up his friends.

He spent his evenings and every spare minute he could find in the reading room of the British Museum, which we have lately visited. After a time the father had money left to him, and then Charles was able to go to school. He grew well and strong, and was at last able to have the books he loved so much.

After a time he entered a lawyer's office and studied shorthand. He worked so faithfully at this

that he soon became very proficient, and was offered a position as reporter on a newspaper. When engaged in this work he met all classes of people and had good opportunities to study the lives of the poor people about him.

When about twenty-one, he wrote his first story and sent it to a magazine. When it was printed he was delighted beyond measure, and immediately wrote others. They were not at all like the stories published in the books and magazines at that time, and became popular almost at once.

At the age of twenty-five he had published two volumes of his sketches, and had begun the book which made him famous. This book was "Pickwick Papers." Near our hotel is the inn where Mr. Pickwick had his quarrel with the cabman.

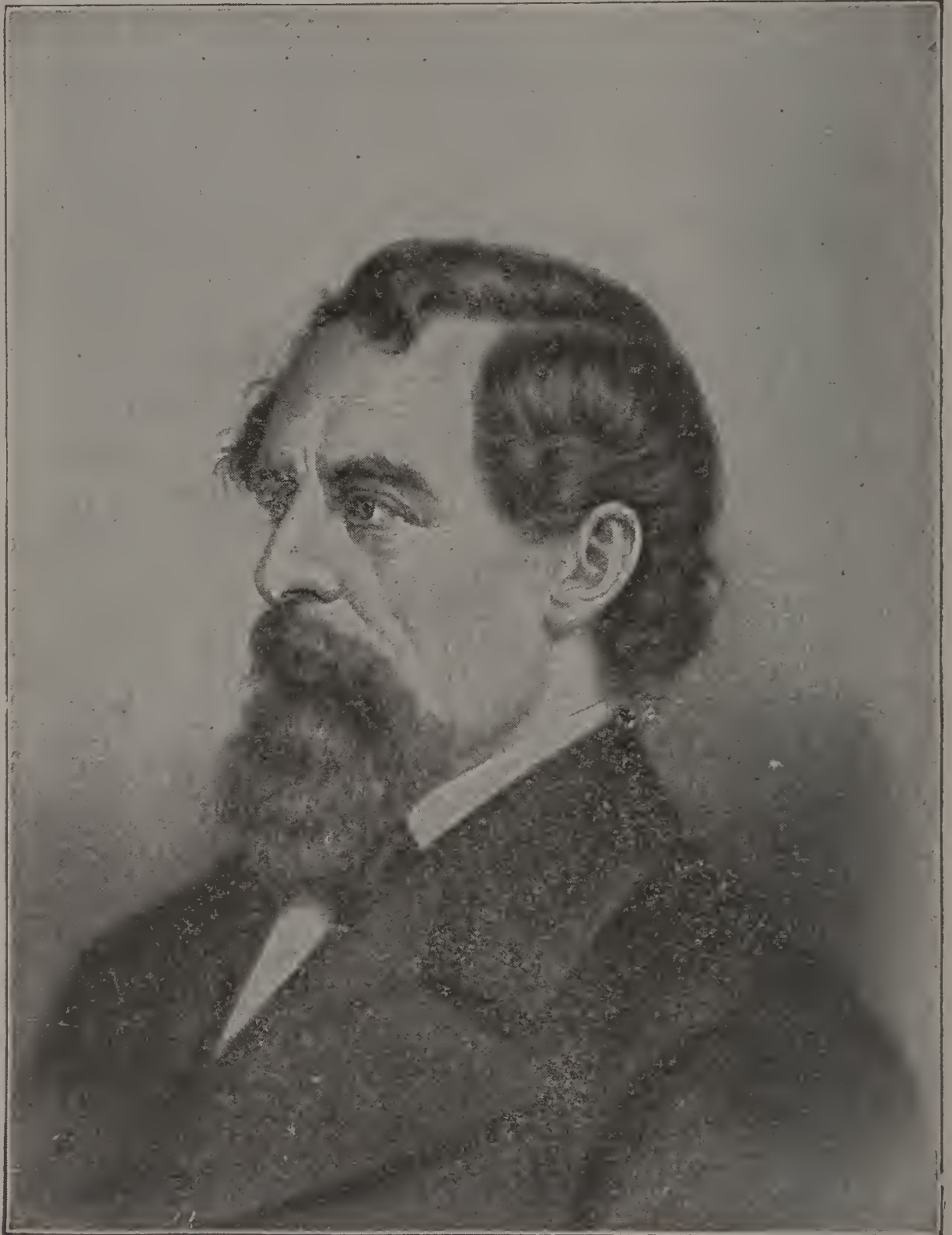
In Dickens' next book he tells the story of a poor orphan, Oliver Twist, who like himself had been thrown among scenes of misery and want. He remembered his factory days, and the children who were cruelly treated. He had wished to do something to relieve the children who were ill-treated, and now he saw an opportunity to do so.

So he wrote this story and others to attract attention to these evils, which he wished people to see, to know and correct.

Then he wrote Nicholas Nickleby, and what an uproar it did bring about! The Squeers of this story was so very much like several English schoolmasters that they thought he had written the story about them, and sued him for slander. Do you know what that means?

After this came the sad story of "Little Nell," and

the "Old Curiosity Shop," and so many others I can not name them here. In the book which is most pop-



CHARLES DICKENS.

ular of all, "David Copperfield," we find the story of his own life. In "Little Dorrit" he tells of the debt-

ors' prison. This too is a picture from the memory of Dickens' own childhood, as he used to visit his father when confined there.

With a master hand he has painted the home life of the English people, whether humble or great. Among the best of these are his Christmas stories. Dickens loved the ancient customs and especially the Christmas festival. No one who has ever read his Christmas Carol will ever forget Tiny Tim, and old Ebenezer Scrooge. It leaves one wishing to live and do more for others. It is full of good will and sympathy for the poor, as Dickens himself was.

He never forgot his own sad life, and tried to keep sorrow from other little ones. When Dickens died his body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Many school children came, each bearing a flower, until the grave was nearly filled with blossoms.

THE EAST END.

Now let us visit the East End, where live so many of the poor and wretched whose sad lives Dickens has pictured for us and whose wrongs he helped to right.

In this part of London we find the streets narrow, dark and dirty. The buildings are so high that the sunshine rarely finds its way into these homes, and the air is foul with bad odors arising from the unclean surroundings. The wretched tenement houses that hold London's poor are here crowded together. What a dismal picture they make!

These houses are divided up into small rooms, into which whole families are often crowded. In this one room they must live, eat and sleep.

There are no yards or trees or playgrounds for the children. They must play in the streets or the gutters. There are no wide pleasant porches where the tired workmen and their families may gather in the evening. On the doorsteps of these cheerless places lounge many idle, half-drunken men and women.

Whitechapel is the home of the evil-doer, the thief and outcast, as well as the poor, and to walk in some streets in this part of London even by day is to place one's life in danger. Drink has brought many to this neighborhood, who, in days of prosperity, lived in the West End.

Dirty, ragged children swarm about some of the open windows. At others pale, haggard women sit sewing. They are making garments for the shops or factories and are obliged to toil early and late in order to earn enough to buy the poorest kind of food. Day after day, month after month, they spend in this way, without a breath of fresh, pure air, or a glimpse of the beautiful country just a few miles beyond.

Do you wonder that the people who live here commit crimes? Do you think that it would be easy to be good, living in such a place? No wonder that Dickens' heart ached for them.

We are glad, very glad, to get away from all this misery back to a more pleasant part of London. If we turn our steps to the part of the city south of the river we shall find factories and residences. North of the river and city proper are the districts where the middle class live—the tradesmen and prosperous working people.

Now let us look at the West End. It is as differ-

ent from the East End as day is different from night. There are no smoky factories there. The air is fresh and free from smoke, the streets wide, clean and attractive. There are parks too, where the people may sit, walk, ride or drive.

The houses that line the streets are palaces or stately dwellings of brick and stone, and in them live London's lords and ladies, and the wealthy and fortunate.

LONDON PARKS.

No city in the world has so many fine parks, pleasure grounds and "green" squares as London. A walk through these shows the love that the English people have for trees and flowers and green things growing. Some of the parks belong to the Crown, and are controlled by His Majesty's commissioner and cared for by men who wear the royal livery. Among these are Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Regent's Park, Greenwich Park, Kew Gardens.

Others belong to the people, or at least such as are fortunate enough to live near them. Parks are intended for the poor as well as the rich, but many of them seldom see or use them. The most of the parks are in the West End and are too far removed from the homes of the poor. The East End has one tiny park of three acres that was formerly a church yard. It has been made attractive with fountains, ferneries and flowers, and a delightful resting place for many who could never go to the other parks. Victoria Park is also a heaven of beauty to tens of thousands of children and toiling fathers and mothers.

St. James and Green Parks are in the midst of the city, near the West End. Near St. James Park are St. James Street and Piccadilly—famous for their club houses. These are the favorite resorts for men of wealth and fashion. Much of their time is spent there, and some of them know no other homes.

There are many other clubs in various parts of London, where workmen may congregate and spend their evenings. Indeed it is said that in no other city in the world will one find so many.

Regent's Park is a magnificent place for games of all kinds. On Sunday the people gather there in large numbers for divine worship, and these open air services and the music are very attractive.

This park contains the Zoological Gardens, and that accounts perhaps for the troops of children with their nurses or teachers that we see there. The famous "Jumbo," that Mr. Barnum brought to this country, lived in this park before it was brought to America.

Many tourists come to the celebrated Kew Gardens for their botanical collections. Here are mammoth green houses and gardens, green lawns and forests. It makes one think of fairyland, and is a quiet, peaceful spot in which to rest or study.

Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens together make the largest park in London. It is frequented by the wealthy and aristocratic people of the city. This park contains an ornamental lake called the Serpentine, and a wide street called Rotten Row. This road is used only by those on horseback, and from twelve to two o'clock one may see fashionable ladies and gentlemen on high-bred, spirited horses, horsemen in jockey costume, and children on Shetland ponies, pacing up and down.



BOTTON ROW, HYDE PARK, LONDON.

The Row is bordered on each side by a walk and this is thronged by people who come to watch the riders. Under the trees are chairs which one may rent for a penny apiece. We are glad to rest awhile in the shade, and watch the crowd of riders and walkers. Between the hours of four and six the crowd drifts to another part of the park, where the fashionable people come later to drive. The wide, shady avenues are then filled with luxuriously appointed automobiles. The ladies in these automobiles are elegantly dressed and many beautiful faces are seen among them.

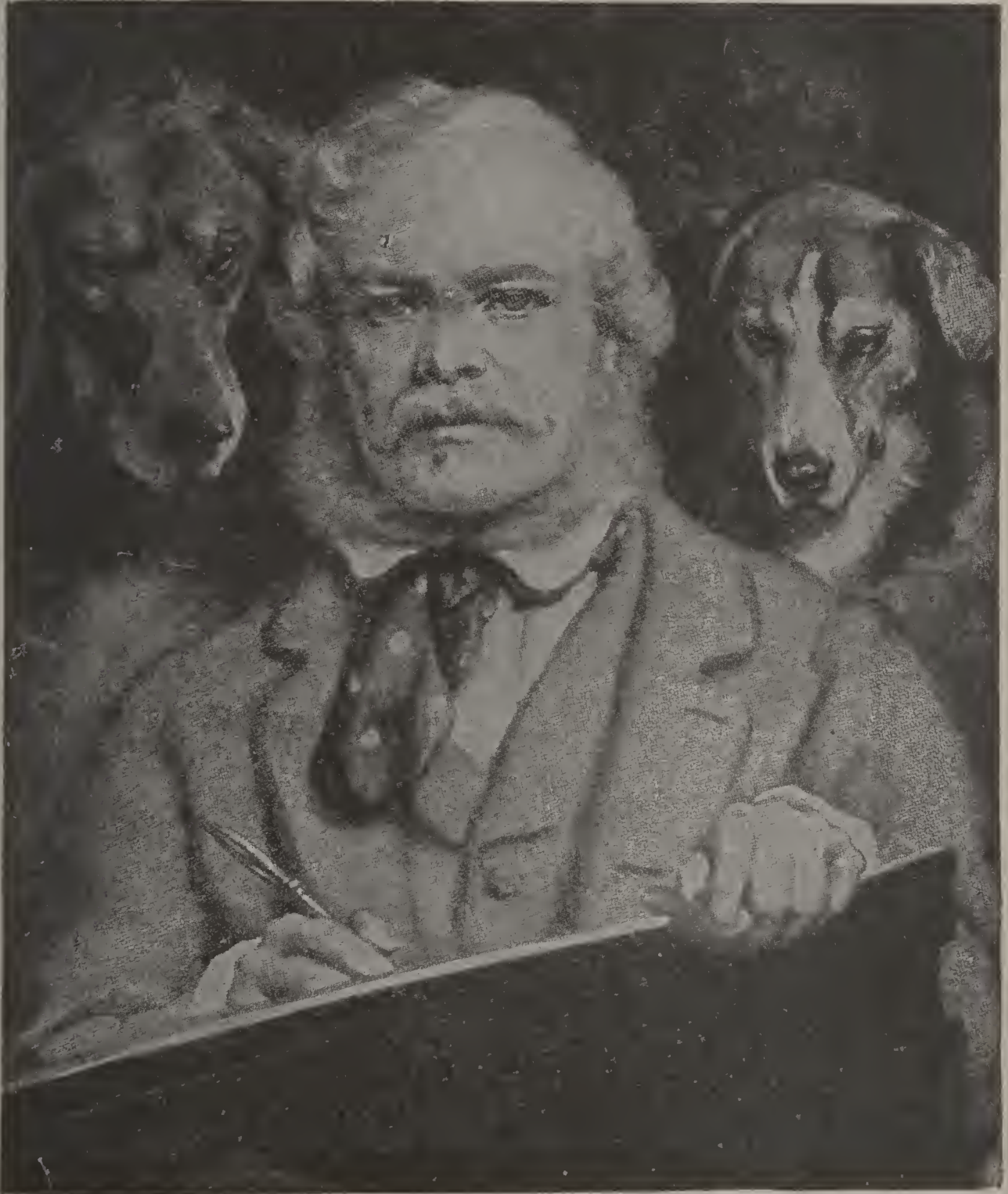
Kensington Gardens are separated from the Park by the Serpentine Lake. It is a lovely place, far more beautiful than the park, and not so noisy and crowded. On the western side is Kensington palace, the place where Queen Victoria was born, and lived until a young woman.

South of the palace we find Albert Memorial, erected in memory of the Queen's husband, Prince Albert. This is one of the finest monuments that has ever been erected, and it ought to be, for it cost \$600,000. Near it is Albert Hall, which is also a memorial to Prince Albert. This great amphitheater seats nearly 10,000, and contains one of the largest organs in the world.

Not far away is the Kensington museum, where one might remain for hours. There are many fine paintings, and among those we note are several by Landseer, whose tomb we saw in St. Paul's Cathedral. Would you like to know something of this London boy, who loved animals and painted dogs as no other artist has done?

Edwin Landseer drew pictures as soon as he was able

to walk, and at five years of age could sketch a dog as well as most grown-up people. He liked better than anything else to watch the dogs at play with the children. One morning when strolling about he saw a



LANDSEER AND HIS DOGS.

beautiful St. Bernard dog. He wished to sketch the splendid fellow, so he followed him home. The sketch

made of this dog is said to be the finest representation of a dog ever made.

His father often took him to the Zoological Gardens to see the animals, and while there he drew horses, donkeys, sheep, lions and tigers. He drew pictures of pointers, mastiffs, spaniels and bull-dogs, and gave to each the right expression. He found by studying, working and playing with them that dogs of one breed may be very different in temper and disposition. Poor people who owned dogs or other pets that they prized very highly were interested in these animal pictures. They could not afford to buy a painting but they could spare a few shillings for an engraving. So Edwin Landseer's father began to engrave the pictures of his son's dogs. So many people bought them that Edwin's father and brothers soon devoted all their time to making these engravings.

By and by rich people came and wanted Edwin to paint portraits of their dogs, so he opened a studio, where the principal sitters were dogs. He loved horses as well as dogs but had not had so good an opportunity to study them. He now began to paint them too. Rich people liked to have their portraits with a favorite dog or horse. Queen Victoria herself came to his studio to have him paint her picture on horseback, and a portrait of her husband, Prince Albert, as well.

He was the first artist to be received by the Queen as a friend, and was invited to her palace many times.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

There is one excursion that few London visitors fail to make—that is to Windsor, the chosen resi-

dence of English kings for many centuries. It was the royal home of Queen Victoria for three score years, and is now the residence of King George V. Windsor Castle is situated in the little town of Windsor, about twenty-one miles from London.

The train will take us to Windsor station in less than a half hour. The Castle is the most interesting and imposing of all the great houses that overlook the Thames. It is not a beautiful building, but its fine situation, its huge, picturesque, ivy-covered walls and towers make it a magnificent one.

The Castle is more than eight centuries old, and has always belonged to the crown, but there have been times when it was not used as a royal residence. It was begun by King William, and at that time was intended as a fortress. But each succeeding sovereign has added to it until it has become the most important royal state palace of England. Queen Victoria lived here during the winter and at times while Parliament was in session, but the autumn and summer were spent elsewhere.

The grounds around the castle make a beautiful park of over 1,800 acres. Everything that can be done by human hands to make a perfect landscape has been done by the gardeners of Windsor. There are forests and avenues of grand old trees, some of them known to be over 1,000 years old. There are an artificial lake, statues and lodges half hidden with foliage and covered with ivy.

The Castle consists principally of two courts—the lower or western court and upper or eastern court. Each of these is surrounded by buildings, with the Great



WINDSOR CASTLE, SOUTH FRONT.

Round Tower between them. This tower is built on a high eminence and rises 80 feet from the ground. It is the oldest part of the Palace. From the top of the tower we have a beautiful view of the country around about Windsor. Before us lies the valley of the Thames. In and out winds the river like a silver thread. On its calm waters boats are idly drifting or darting back and forth. Across the river rise the gray walls and towers of Eton.

In the East End are the State Apartments, the Audience Chamber, the Presence Chamber, the Guard Chamber, the Grand Reception room, the Throne room and Picture rooms. The royal Audience Chamber is hung with French tapestry whereon artists with skillful fingers have told the Bible story of Esther and Mordecai. In the Guard Chamber are suits of old armor, and busts of English heroes. The Rubens room is filled with pictures by that artist, and the Van Dyck room contains portraits by that master.

The Albert Chapel is a memorial by the Queen Victoria to her husband, Albert. This is one of the most beautiful rooms in the world. Its ceilings are of mosaics and its floor and walls of richly colored marbles and precious stones. At one end of the room is a marble figure of the Prince. The walls are decorated with scenes from the lives of Joseph, Daniel and the Saviour. The windows are decorated with scenes from the life of the Prince. Beneath this chapel lie the bodies of two of England's kings. The remains of Prince Albert lie in a mausoleum in the park.

From Albert Chapel we are taken to St. George's Chapel, where many English kings are buried. This



THRONE ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE.

was built as a meeting place for the Knights of the Garter, and here each knight still has his stall and hangs his banner. It was in this chapel that the marriage of the King Edward took place. Jennie Lind sang one of the songs at the ceremony. A poem has been written about it by Tennyson, and a grand picture of the ceremony painted by a celebrated artist.

King Edward, the seventh king of that name, came to the throne of the British Empire in 1901 and at the time of his death in 1910 was ruling over a total population of almost 380,000,000. The oldest son of

Queen Victoria, he had been known as the Prince of Wales during her lifetime. His wife, the beautiful Queen Alexandra, was almost as much loved by the people as England's former Queen.



KING EDWARD VII.

Edward had five brothers and sisters,—the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Princess Christian, the Marchioness of Lorne, and the Princess

Beatrice. The number of Queen Victoria's descendants now runs well into the hundreds. Among them have been princes, princesses, a former empress, and many of the lesser nobility.

King George V. has ruled Great Britain since the death of his father, King Edward VII. He and Queen Mary are beloved by their own people and are very popular even in foreign countries. Their son Edward is now Prince of Wales. He is a fine young fellow with every evidence of ability to take his father's place when the time comes.

As King George was the second son of former King Edward and Queen Alexandra, he was not born the heir to the throne. So he devoted his attention to the British navy, applying himself so diligently to naval tactics that in his young manhood he was known as the "Sailor Prince." He served on several men-of-war and was successively made sub-lieutenant, lieutenant, captain, rear-admiral, and vice-admiral.

In 1892, he became heir to the throne by the death of his brother, Albert Edward, Duke of Clarence. But as his father was still Prince of Wales, he was created Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney. In 1901 when his father came to the throne, he became Prince of Wales—a title which he exchanged for that of king, at the death of Edward VII. in 1910. Six children were born to King George and Queen Mary—five sons and one daughter.

EDUCATION.

We are interested of course in knowing how the children of English royalty and of the English nobility

are being educated, but we wish also to know something of the education of other London children. Some of them we have seen have received the greater part of their education in the streets while selling flowers and newspapers, blacking boots, running errands and sweeping crossings.



LONDON FLOWER BOY.

But what about the others who have parents and friends to care for them? We find that all children between the ages of five and thirteen must attend some kind of a school. The churches support more than one-half the schools and the government the rest. This is very different from our own system, where the government supports nine tenths of the schools.

The pupils in the government or public schools do not come from all sorts of families as in the states. Families that can afford to pay for their children's education send them to private schools. The public

or free schools, as they are called, are looked upon as charity schools. The children who attend them come from the families of poor laboring men.

The girls as well as the boys who attend these free schools must earn their own living as servants, or in the factories, when their school days are over. They must learn how to live comfortably on small incomes at home.

For this reason house-keeping classes were introduced into the public schools. In these the girls are taught how to cook, wash, iron, clean house, take care of sick people and babies, do marketing and keep accounts. At the time these housekeeping classes were established, it was necessary to build additions to all the schoolhouses in the city in order to secure space for the work.

There are a number of noted endowment schools which prepare boys for college. Four of these are at Eton, Rugby, Harrow and Winchester. These are boarding schools with from four hundred to one thousand pupils. A high degree of scholarship is required at Winchester, and to this school are sent the children of clergymen, professional men and the upper classes. Many wealthy people send their children to Eton, where the pupils are not required to study so hard. But many noted men have received part of their education there.

In these schools much attention is paid to developing character and to the physical growth. Fights are a common occurrence in schools, but there is rarely any ill-feeling over them. The boys fight to determine which is the stronger physically. The favor-

ite game is cricket, which gives them plenty of exercise. The object of their games seems to be a good time, rather than the winning.

Before leaving England, we shall visit two of its great universities, Oxford and Cambridge.

THE LONDON SEASON.

The pleasantest time to be in London is the season between Easter and the middle of August. When Parliament closes the season is over, and the fashionable people of London leave the city and go to their country homes, to the seaside, the island resorts or travel on the continent.

You have seen how some of the society people amuse themselves. They ride or walk in the morning; drive in the afternoon; spend their evenings at the club or at dinners, parties, balls, concerts and the theatre.

Then there are special events which attract all classes of Londoners. These are the cricket matches between Eton and Harrow, the Derby race and the boat races or Royal Regatta. The boat races are held near the town of Henley on the Thames. You remember that our ride on the Thames took us near this place.

The cricket matches take place at Eton, beside the Thames. Eton is across the river from Windsor, and is one of the oldest public schools of England. Many of the boys who attend school there are sons of noblemen and wealthy Englishmen and so it is the fashion for not only their families, but for great crowds, to attend the cricket matches between this

school and its rivals. The majority of those attending are not much interested in either side. The carriage drive and the day in the country are pleasant, however, and it gives them an outing.

The greatest event of the year is the Derby race. Members of the royal family usually attend this, and many of London's great men and women. Numbers who do not care for the races go merely to see England's lords and ladies, and other important spectators, who appear in places reserved for them.

All of the fashionable ladies have costumes especially prepared for this occasion, and the stands and carriages that border the race course present very gay pictures. The finest and most beautiful horses in England are to be seen at these races. The race horses are the fleetest the world can afford. The leaders are known far and wide, for they have been made known to the people through their pictures and newspaper descriptions.

But these races mean much more than amusement to some of those who attend, for they are made the occasion of betting. Many men stake their last dollar upon the horse they feel confident will win, and while some win others lose all they have.

Now, let us say good-bye to London with its fog and smoke, and go out into the beautiful country around about the city. There are many pleasant excursions to be made into the suburbs. Then, too, we must see something of English country life and of the people and places in other parts of England. This will take us another month, and these trips will make the next of our little journeys.

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AROUND ABOUT LONDON.

We have seen many of the wonders of London, its busy, crowded streets and something of the work that is being carried on in both London and Liverpool. But we have seen little of the home life of the English people. For this we will go to the country.

When the London season is over, everyone who can afford to do so leaves town. Some go to their country homes, others to Brighton, or the Isle of Wight, or to some seaside or country resort, for a rest or change. Let us go, too.

There is so much yet to be seen that we are tempted to linger awhile longer in this fascinating old London Town. There are so many excursions we might make into the suburbs, if time would but permit. There is the great Crystal Palace, where everyone goes who wishes to study the products and industries of the world. It is a huge building of glass and iron standing in the midst of forests and parks.

Then there are Richmond and Hampton Courts, Kew Gardens, Epping Forest and High Beech. Tourists are sure to visit these places. It is said that a quarter of million persons visit Hampton Court every year. The palace at this place is the largest royal palace in Great

Britain, containing 1,000 rooms. Many years ago it was used as a royal residence, but most of it is now occupied by royal pensioners of the Crown. The people who go there are attracted by the fine picture galleries and the beautiful grounds.

Greenwich is a pleasant place, too, a little over four miles from London Bridge. Greenwich Park is a favorite resort of Londoners on Sundays and holidays. In the center of this park is the famous Greenwich Royal Observatory. It is at this place that the correct time for the whole of England is settled every day. From this place it is telegraphed to other important towns and cities.

BRIGHTON.

If we look on the map we shall find, as we do, that Brighton is on the sea and directly south of London. It is the most popular of all the seaside resorts in the British Isles. Thousands of visitors and tourists go there every year. It is not a pretty place, but the air is clear and bracing, and the bathing fine.

The most attractive place in the town is the beach. Crowds are walking up and down in the sun listening to the music or bathing in the cool sea. Children with bare legs are wading in the water or playing in the sand. There are numberless people driving about in carriages, and houses stretching along the shore. Everyone seems bent upon amusement. A man comes to us and asks us to buy some shells; another, fruit; and the third, papers. A gipsy wants us to have our fortune told, and a sailor begs us to let him take us out for a sail in his boat. There is a Punch

and Judy show, too; but all these things we have had elsewhere and so we decide to visit the Aquarium.

This is a place where all kinds of curious fish are kept. What a huge tank! These certainly can not be fishes—they look like plants. But they are fishes—anemones, that live on the rocks in the sea and make the bottom of the ocean look like a beautiful flower-garden. And there are dolphins, too; and porpoises and seals and sea-lions and mackerel and herrings and shrimps—and ever so many more, whose names we do not know.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

“Of all the southern isles, she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great’st in Britain’s grace.”

The Isle of Wight is the one spot in England where “skies are blue and bright” always, and “harsh winds never come.” Its air is soft and pleasant, and thousands of English people go there every year for rest and health and recreation.

To reach this little paradise we must take a steamer, but the channel that divides the island from the main-land is less than half a dozen miles.

It was in Norris Castle on this island that Queen Victoria passed many of her happy childhood days, and later she selected this isle as her winter home. In 1840 she purchased an old manor house called “Osborne House” and made it her home for several months each year, for sixty years. It was in this house she passed her last days.

Osborne House is in the midst of a lovely park, sloping down to the beach, and well worth a visit, but the Castle of Carisbrooke is a more interesting build-

ing. To reach it we go through the heart of the island. On either side of the road are blossoming fields with green hedges. Here and there are farm houses, or tiny ivy-covered cottages with thatched roofs, and gardens gorgeous with flowers.



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Carisbrooke is one of the most famous old castles in England. It stands on a hill overlooking the town of Carisbrooke, where it has stood for twenty centuries. If its walls could speak, what wonderful stories they might tell!

Kings have lived within these walls. They are so strongly built that it is thought to have been a Brit-

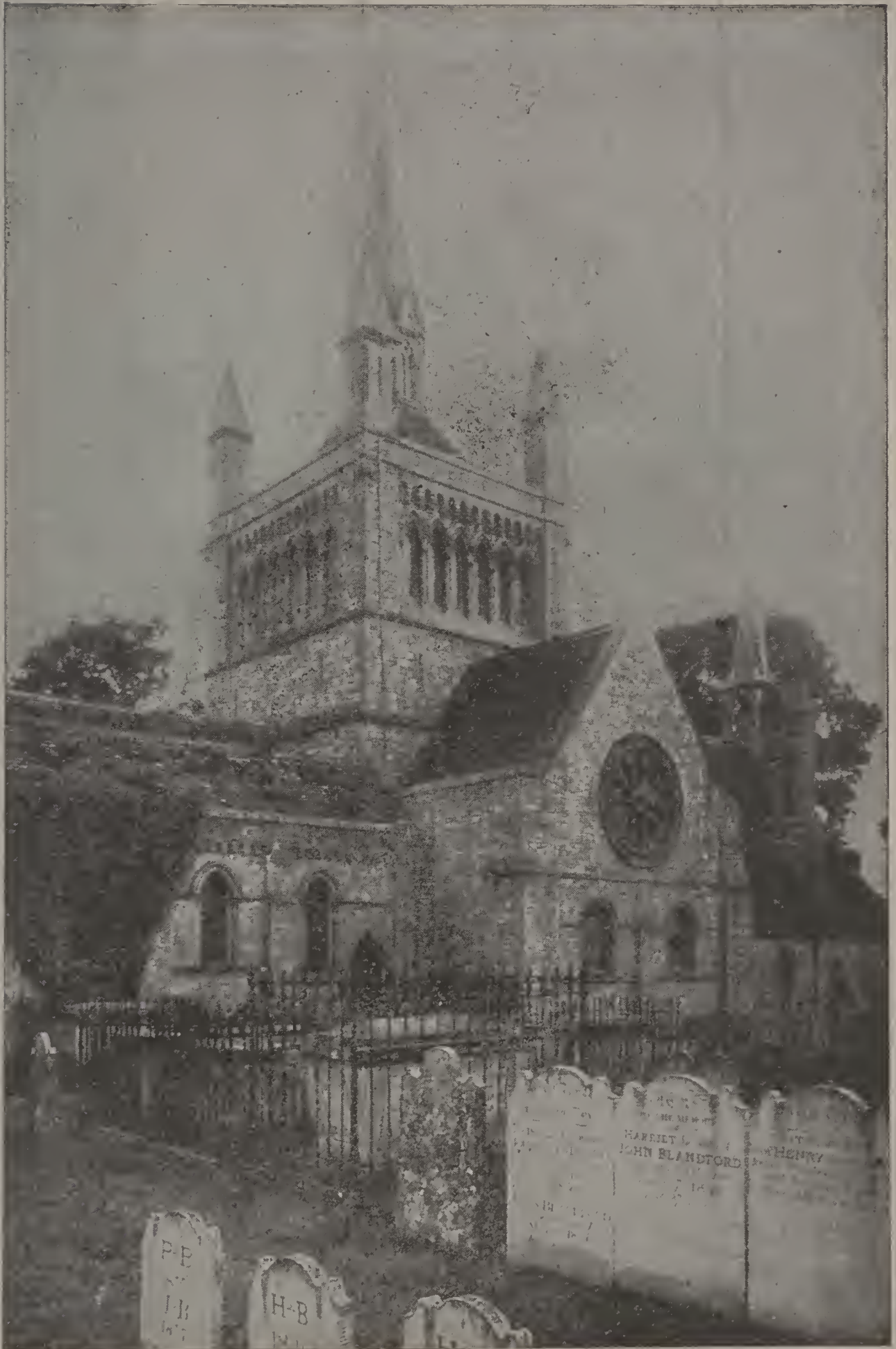
ish camp long ago. It has been used as a fort, too. The outer wall was added to it for this purpose. The castle is surrounded by a moat and over this the draw-bridge hung. The moat was kept full of water in olden times, and watchmen in the towers were constantly on the lookout for enemies. When the enemy appeared, the bridge was drawn up and there was no way to reach the gate, except to swim across.

The part of this castle that stands higher than the others is called a keep. In the center of the keep is a well three hundred feet deep. In the court-yard is another, two hundred feet deep. The water from this well is drawn up by means of a wheel and a donkey. The people in this castle did not mean to suffer from water famine, you see, in case they were besieged by their enemies. But the castle is in ruins now and its enemies gone, ages ago.

Near the village is the old Whiffingham church, but we only stop for a glimpse, for we want to reach Faringford—which was the poet Tennyson's home for years. The house is not beautiful; but it is in a quiet, peaceful spot, "far from the noise and smoke of town." This was the home where most of his poems were written. But crowds of visitors sought out Tennyson, in this home hidden away in the pine woods, and left him so little time that he was at last obliged to go away from this place, to get time for his work.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Why should people wish to see and talk to this man? Because he was one of England's greatest poets. Alfred Tennyson was born in the little town of Somersby,



WHIFFINGHAM CHURCH, CARISBROOKE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

in a beautiful valley in the northern part of England. When he and his brother Charles were children together they were fond of acting out old-time stories of England. True stories they were, too, and as wonderful and fascinating to the English boys today as to the little Tennyson boys many years ago. For they were of brave knights defending a castle, or their king; or

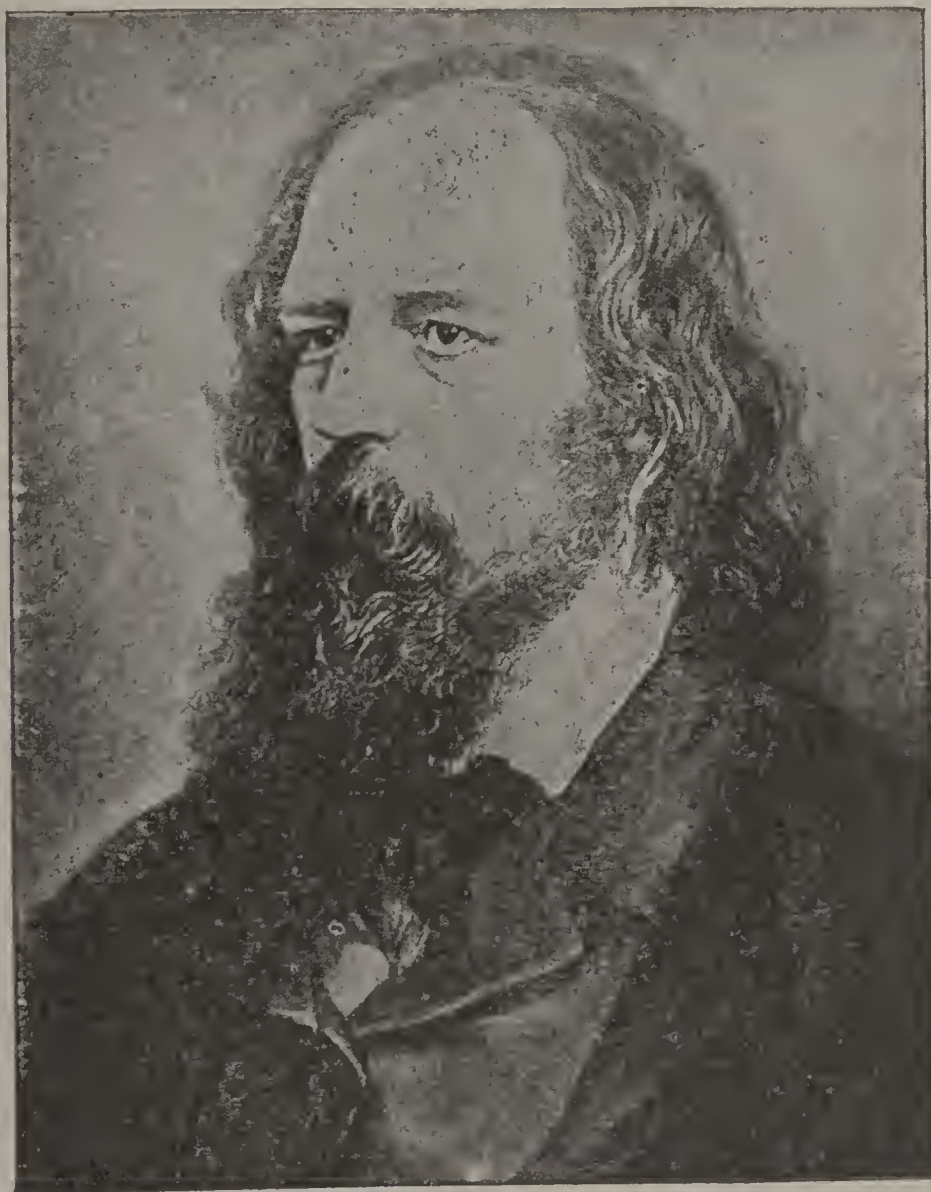


TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

rescuing some person in distress. They made castles of stones and dug moats or little ditches about them. They carried water and filled the moat. Then one boy would don a kind of armor, and with his spear make a fierce attack upon the castle while the other defended it.

And when Alfred grew up he wrote beautiful poems about the brave deeds of these old English knights and their kings, for he had read them and thought them all out so many times that he knew them by heart.

Alfred's home was not far from the sea, and in the summer the family went to a little town on the sea-shore called Marblethorpe. It was while there that Alfred began to write his poems. He explored the coast carefully and studied the dunes and dykes, the



ALFRED TENNYSON.

salt marsh, the shells and stones, and after a time he put into verse the thoughts that came to him about these things. Among these verses are "The Brook," "The Seashell," and "Break, Break, Break." His later poems are full of pictures of English scenes and

homes, and no modern poet has equaled him as a word-painter. His poems are full of high and noble ideals and are as true as they are beautiful.

As a man he was rich, honored, and sought after by people all over England; but he liked best to remain quietly with his family, and his pen was never idle. Mr. Tennyson had three homes in different parts of England, and beautiful homes they were. But the one in the South of England he loved the best of all, for its windows looked out on his much-beloved sea.

Charles Dickens was one of his friends and was very fond of reading his poems; and so was the Queen, for she made Tennyson Poet Laureate. This is considered a great honor. A Poet Laureate is a court poet for great occasions. The office is kept for life.

When he died he was buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. One thing Tennyson has said which should never be forgotten:—

“Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

ENGLISH HOMES.

“The stately homes of England
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

* * * * *

The cottage homes of England!
 By thousands on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
 And round the hamlet fanes;
 Through the glowing orchards forth they peep
 Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there the lowly sleep
 As the bird beneath the eaves.

Felicia Hemans.

Let us return to the mainland and visit some of the fair country homes of England. English people love the country and, where they are wealthy or can afford to, live there the greater part of the year. The home of the well-to-do Englishman is usually from six to twenty miles from town. It is built on a terrace or set in the midst of well-kept lawns and parks.

But we want also to see England's ruined castles, its stately ancestral halls, its beautiful old manor houses, and the cottages of the peasants, far removed from the city. To do this we must drive through the country, and for a long coaching trip we find the drag the most comfortable and convenient conveyance. It is a long, high-wheeled carriage, something like our Tallyho coach. From its top one can see much more than from an ordinary carriage.

Nothing could be more lovely than the country in England. We do not wonder that the people prefer to live here.

The road is bordered by rows of stately trees; the roadsides are as neat as a lawn. The vine-covered, thatched cottages are set back in gardens gay with old-fashioned posies. The walks and hedges are trim, the fields without weeds, the barns, sheds and

granaries well built, and every home is carefully fenced or walled about.

As we drive gaily along the smooth, fine country



A COTTAGE HOME.

road, one beautiful picture after another passes before our eyes.

“The green lanes, the thatched cottages, the mead-

ows brightened with wild flowers, the little churches covered with dark-green ivy, the gables festooned with roses, the foot-paths that wind across wild heaths and lonesome fields, the narrow, shining rivers brimful to their banks and crossed here and there with gray and moss-grown bridges, the stately elms with low-hanging branches drooping over a turf of emerald velvet, the sheep and deer that rest in shady places, the pretty children who cluster round the porches of their cleanly, cozy homes and peep at the wayfarer—these are some of the everyday joys of rural England.”

In every part of the country one sees flocks of sheep—on the moors and hills, in the valleys, and always on the farms. The farmers often confine them in hurdles, a basket-work fencing woven from split hazel. These fences are light and easily moved; and as soon as the sheep have eaten the grass from one field, the fences and sheep are moved to another.

The country is cut up into a sort of checker-board by hedges—solid banks of green. The fields are of every size and shape, and each field has its particular name. Every farm has its name, too—a name it has borne for hundreds of years perhaps. These fields and farms and estates remain in the possession of the same family for generations, being handed down from the father to the oldest son.

It is a very difficult matter to buy a farm or estate on this account. The Englishman is very unwilling to part with his ancestral home. The honor of the family demands that it be kept and passed to the next who bears the name and takes the place of the head of the family.

Much of the land outside of the city belongs to the estates of the nobility. Do you know what is meant by this term? It means members of the royal family or persons who have inherited titles from their ancestors, or had titles given them by their sovereign.



A COUNTRY LANE.

Sometimes titles and lands are conferred upon people for some service rendered the country or its sovereign. In this way much of the land in England has come into the possession of its princes, dukes, lords, barons, and wealthy squires.

These estates contain hundreds, even thousands, of acres, and to them we must go if we wish to see the old castles, halls and manor houses that are England's pride.

Many of these homes are in ruins, but their owners will not have them rebuilt or changed in any way. They reverence and value them because of their histories, and because they have been their family homes for generations.

Often, when it is impossible to live in these places, the owners keep the grounds in good condition and throw them open to the public. For the events and people connected with these old places have come to be a part of the history of England, and they are of interest to the whole world as well as to the owner.

We pass shepherds with dogs at their heels, watching their flocks in the meadows; farm laborers carrying their hoes or hooks for hedge trimming, and workmen with baskets of tools. They are going to their day's work. There are carters, too, in white blouses, walking beside tandem teams; and farmers, or gardeners going to market.

A splendid carriage dashes by, with a distinguished looking old gentleman seated within. He is some country squire, perhaps, returning from the city.

It may be that the land lying along this very roadside is a part of his estate. A sudden turn in the road takes him from our view, but a minute more brings us also to the bend and to our eyes the very thing we have been wishing to see—one of England's "ancestral halls,"—a stately and grand old castle.

THE CASTLE.

A castle is the name of the principal residence of a nobleman, when it is also a fortress. In olden times they were compelled to build such strongholds to protect themselves from their enemies. There was little law but might.

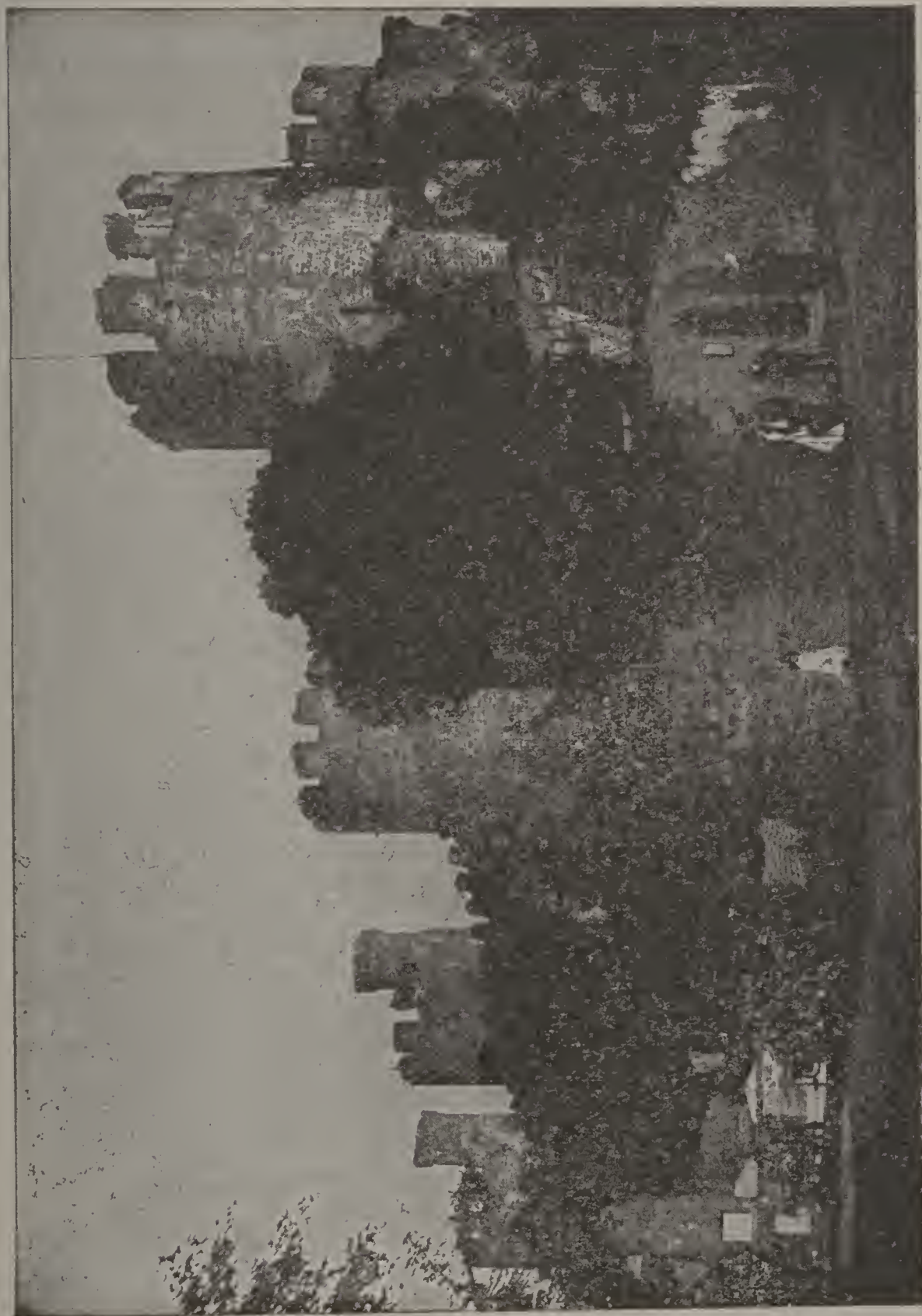
England for many centuries was the scene of constant warfare. The people were often obliged to defend themselves from the attacks of different nations that wished to conquer them.

In their castles the chiefs of clans would gather their own people, their family, soldiers, servants and all who looked to them as their head. The castles were usually built upon islands or high places, that could be easily defended. They had thick walls of stone and were surrounded by deep, broad ditches, or moats, filled with water. Underneath the castles were dungeons for prisoners.

In the center of the castle was a great hall, where the owner could entertain a large company of his friends. At the end of this hall was a place raised higher than the rest of the floor, called the dais, where the chief stood. Near him, at meals, were seated persons of the highest rank, while lower down were those of less importance.

Will *this* castle be like those others of which we have read so often? Perhaps this place has not been the scene of any fierce battles. It is at the top of a hill, but there is no deep moat about it.

The castle before us has many towers and turrets, and its gray stone walls are half covered with the beautiful ivy which one sees everywhere in England, and of which



THE CASTLE,

Dickens wrote. The building must cover almost half an acre, and is big enough for a dozen families, and large ones at that. If we might spend just one day there! Perhaps we might be allowed to drive through the grounds.

The castle and grounds are surrounded by a high stone wall, green in places with moss and ivy. There is a great stone gateway, with massive iron gates. Just inside is the lodge-house, also of stone and covered with climbing roses and ivy. The gate-keeper comes out and admits his master's carriage. Through the gates we see a broad, graveled driveway and a lawn as smooth as velvet. Sturdy oaks and sweeping elms lend their shade to the park about the house. Some of these magnificent trees are more than four hundred years old.

The old gate-keeper answers our questions politely and grants our request. His master is very kind to visitors, he tells us, and often allows them to drive through his grounds. Sometimes he is allowed to take visitors through the castle, too, but that is when his master and the family are away. Part of the season the owner must spend in London, for he is a member of the House of Lords. But he is at home now and the house is full of guests. There are forty of these, and others expected, for a hunting party.

Part of the castle is too old to be used. Its walls are crumbling to pieces. When the family is gone, most of the rooms now open are closed, and only the servants' quarters used. Yes, it is a pleasant place to stay. No place in the world is so dear to the gate-keeper. He was born there the same year as his Lordship.

They played together as boys, for his father had been the gardener on the place, and his grandfather as well.

His Lordship was fond of him and kind to his children. He had sent them to school and paid for their education. When the gate keeper is too old to work he will be provided for. His father had been remembered in the former master's will, and this one, he was sure, would not forget him. He had tried to be faithful. Many of the other servants had been at the castle all their lives, and so had their fathers and mothers before them. They were as fond and proud of the place as if it were their own,—and no wonder!

The lawns are dotted with flowerbeds of many shapes, and on the grounds are a great flower garden, a market garden, conservatories, graperies, and orchards. There are stables full of fine horses, and kennels for the hunting dogs. Many acres of the estate near the house have been reserved for parks—deer and hunting parks.

These parks or game preserves are cared for and guarded by gamekeepers. No one but the master and his friends is ever allowed to hunt or shoot there. If a hunter from the city, or one of the country men should venture to shoot even a partridge, he would be arrested by the gamekeepers and imprisoned by the squire.

It must seem very hard for the poor people living near to be obliged to suffer hunger at times, with these great parks full of deer and rabbit, grouse, and birds of all kinds, before their very eyes. It seems a pity, too, for so much land to be lying idle when so many poor people in the neighborhood have not even

a garden patch. These poor laboring people think so, also. They think the land should be put to a better use than to provide amusement for a few weeks each year for one rich man.

But the noble lord who owns all these acres cares very little what they think. The land is his, and he means to do what he pleases with it. His hunting grounds are his particular pride, and hunting and shooting his favorite pastime. He entertains a great many of his friends during the hunting season, and this is the gayest time of the year for the people at the great house.

There are big dinners and balls, and garden and hunting parties for the "gentry," and entertainments for the servants.

One of the most exciting events of the year in the country is the fox hunt. This is attended by gentlemen and ladies from many parts of the country. They meet at some central place near the castle, accompanied by their hounds. The holes of the foxes have all been closed; and so there is no place for a fox to go and nothing else to do, when released or raised, but to run for his life.

The men and hounds follow quickly after, jumping ditches, walls, gates, hedges, and turning aside for nothing in the way. It is reckless sport, for many of the riders are thrown and killed every year in the wild effort to reach the fox first. It seems rather cruel sport, also, for the harmless fox has no way of defending himself from his enemies.

But there is a part of this estate we have not seen—the farm lands. We take leave of the kind old gate-

keeper, and follow the road which will lead to the home of a farmer who lives near, and also to a village a little farther on. •

THE FARMER.

The great estates and farms of Great Britain are not tilled by the owners. They rent the land to farmers, who employ laborers to do the work. The farmer is the most important tenant of the nobleman,



OLD ENGLISH FARM HOUSE.

or the wealthy country squire. But this farmer does not lead the life of the farmer in America. He never thinks of milking or going out into the fields to plow or reap his harvest.

All this is left to his laborers. He gives orders to his workmen, and acts as a manager only. The

chief farmer of this big estate is a fine-looking man-tall, broad-chested and pleasant-faced. He always wears his leathern riding-gaiters, for he is in the saddle much of the time, riding back and forth between the farms or to town.

His home is a very comfortable one. He takes time to read the morning papers before breakfast, and after breakfast has morning prayers, for he is a devout churchman. The servants are called in for prayers, but the children are not there. They are away at boarding-school near town, and only come home for the holidays.

The homes of the English are very attractive from the outside, and the yards and gardens and lawns are beautifully kept; but the houses are not so cheerful and sunny as ours, nor so comfortable. The windows have small panes of glass, and are set in such thick stone walls that little sunshine comes through. They lack the conveniences, too, to which one is accustomed in the United States.

Come into this house with me. The hall looks bare and rather dark, but the drawing rooms are lighter and very pleasant. The room is crowded with chairs, lounges, tables, cabinets and other pieces of furniture, leaving little room for one to walk about. There is not a rocking chair in the room, and the furniture is dark and rather stiff. But there are flowers, ferns and palms all about, and these brighten the room and make it look home-like.

The dining-room also we find furnished with dark, heavy furniture, and this room too is dark. House-keeping in England is very different from house-keep-

ing in America. Come into the kitchen and see for yourself. What a dingy place! The windows are very small and the walls are blackened with smoke. Instead of a smooth wooden floor, painted or oiled, there is one of blocks of stone, with cracks between the stones.

There is no stove; but, instead, a "Kitchner." This is an iron arrangement built into a brick fire-place. It extends into the room but a few inches. In the middle of the kitchner is a small, open grate in which a fire of soft coal is burning. On one side of the grate is a small iron tank to hold hot water, and on the other, an oven. Sometimes there is no tank for hot water, and then the water must be heated in the teakettle on the grate. The oven holds a joint of meat. When a fowl or joint of meat is to be roasted, it is hung by a chain before the fire and turned and basted until it is cooked through. Sometimes, usually on Sunday, the meat is sent to the public bakery and brought home at noon. Sometimes the cake and tarts are also sent there to be baked. The pots containing the vegetables are hung over the fire on cranes.

The ovens are very small to bake bread. So the mistress usually buys her bread of the baker. Very good bread it is, too, and cheap. Every day the baker's wagon comes to the door and leaves a number of loaves. This furnishes the reason for the great number of baker shops one sees in the cities and towns. In many of these shops nothing is sold but bread and flour; in others, cake and biscuit may also be bought.

Coal is commonly used in the open fires in the kitch-

ners, and everything in the room is soon covered with soot unless it is cleaned very often.

The mistress of this home does not try to do as many things as the mistress of a similar home in America. She keeps more servants, because servants are not paid as high wages in England. There is less work in English homes, too. The bread and cake are made by the baker, and the laundry work and dressmaking done outside the home.

Each servant has his or her particular work and is rarely called upon to do extra work without extra pay.

The kitchen is presided over by a rosy-cheeked maid, with a snowy cap. She is preparing the dinner and tells us that this is not a difficult task in England. English people are not so fond of soups, salads, hot breads and desserts as we. They like good roast beef, mutton, and vegetables, and their dinners are simple affairs. For breakfast they like tea, toast, eggs, bacon and marmalade.

When we tell this little maid that it appears to us the English people are always eating, she says, "No; the English do not eat more than the people of America; but they eat oftener."

She says that six meals a day are served in this house, and in many others, and that four are taken by rich and poor alike. A cup of tea is served in bed; then come breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, and late supper before bed time.

All English people are fond of tea, and every afternoon, between four and five o'clock, tea is served to the family and friends, or neighbors who happen in for a chat. If one drops in at a cafe or tea-room at this

hour in the afternoon, it is almost impossible to find a seat. Sometimes one is obliged to visit three or four places before room can be found at a table.

The rooms are crowded with shoppers, tourists, business men and their employees—all drinking tea. How odd it would seem to us if the men at home left their places of business in the afternoon to drink tea! But we wish that some of the English people would come to the States and teach the people in our restaurants and lunch rooms how to make dainty bread-and-butter sandwiches, and pound cake.

THE COUNTRY VILLAGE.

On one corner of the estate, and not far from the castle, is a village. At one time it consisted of the laborers and servants on the place, but others have come to make their homes there, and the village now numbers a thousand souls. They are almost all tenants of the lord at the castle.

The village has one long street, with a few two-story houses of brick and stone; but most of the buildings are cottages with roofs of red brick, tile or straw thatch. In the large houses live the steward of the estate, the doctor, and the shopkeepers. There are a market place, also a town hall and a church; and last, but not least, an inn.

Sometimes the cottages are crowded closely together, and are built directly on the street without even room for a path. Sometimes there is a flower garden in front, separated from the street by a stone wall or hedge. There are flowers in the windows and vines trained over the doors and walls.

These cottages are pictures of neatness. The yards are kept clean from litter, and wherever there is room, trees, bushes, plants and flowers are growing. One thing about this village we notice is that many of the cottages display something for sale. Numbers of the men in the village are mechanics or farm laborers, and their incomes are small. The wife and children help by keeping a few articles of various kinds for sale. The



A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

stock is always very small—just a few candies or cakes, bread, vegetables, writing materials, school supplies, etc.

For amusement the people have football and cricket matches, band concerts and festivals on the “recreation ground” of the village. They have flower-shows and bazaars in the town hall, for the benefit of the church; annual agricultural product shows; monthly cattle, sheep and horse fairs, and the weekly market-day.

It is at the fairs that the country people best enjoy themselves. There are athletic sports, with prizes given by the Lord of the castle, the squire or the farmer.

The villagers enter heartily into the contests in jumping, throwing, wrestling, sack and wheelbarrow races. There are greased pigs to be caught, and a greased pole to be climbed for prizes hung at the top.

THE VILLAGE INN.

The village inn is a big solid-looking stone building. Its vine-covered walls, gables and dormer windows, and its dainty white curtains, give it a very homelike look. It has a great doorway that leads to an inner court. On either side of the court are the bar and the coffee rooms, and at the far end the stables.

The waiting hostler takes us to the barmaid, who meets us with a pretty courtesy, and leads us to the chambermaid. She takes us up a dark old oak stairway, through a dark hall, and to a pleasant room, where we are to pass the night. There is a cheerful grate fire, a tall old "grandfather's" clock in the corner, easy chairs, and writing materials upon the table.

There is a four-post bed with heavy curtains, and a perfect mountain of a feather bed. What a comfortable place it is. How well we shall sleep after our long ride. We may have our meals served in our rooms or in the public coffee room, and we decide to have our supper in our room.

Breakfast is taken in the coffee room; but we are the only guests, and see no one but the servants. Where is the landlady all this time, and the landlord? Perhaps he is in the tap or bar-room. This is the

place where villagers drop in for their glass of beer or toddy. It is a plain, bare room, with high-backed settles and deal tables. At the end is a counter, presided over by the rosy-cheeked barmaid. But the landlady is not here. She is in the bar parlor. Only a few favored customers are admitted to this place. This room has a fire in the open grate, a table furnished with writing materials and the morning papers, easy chairs, a rug on the floor, and some bright pictures on the wall. Here, before the fire, the squire and his steward and the farmers are gathered, talking about the crops and sipping ale.

THE LABORER.

In some of the houses of this village of a thousand, the people are packed together almost as closely as in the crowded parts of London. Two or three families often occupy a cottage that would be considered too small for one family in America. In this place and in some others, the farm laborers and other workmen have no vegetable gardens at home, so they rent a plot of land near the village from the squire. This plot is divided into equal-sized strips with paths between, and each laborer has a strip, and pays his share of the rent. In the summer evenings they gather out here, with their wives and children and tend their gardens. They hoe, and weed, and visit together, finding this, perhaps, the pleasantest part of their day's work.

These laborers are very poor and depend on their daily wages for food; but they can usually find employment throughout the year, as work on the farms in England does not stop in winter as in some other countries.

In the poorer parts of England a laborer receives ten or twelve shillings a week, but in better districts twice that amount. Work begins at six o'clock in the morning and ends at five in the evening. The English laborer eats oftener than the laborer in the States. At eight, work is stopped half an hour for breakfast; at ten, it is stopped again for lunch; and at



PLOWING WITH OXEN.

noon an hour is taken for dinner and rest. At five, supper is eaten, and just before bedtime another lunch.

The food of the laborer and his family is poor and coarse. Meat is eaten but once or twice a week. The cottages are small and apt to be over-crowded, for the families are large. There are often but two sleeping rooms for a family of eight or ten. It is impossible

for many of the laborers to support their families on their weekly wages. They and their wives and children often do extra, or as they call it "task work," to earn extra money to keep them out of the poor-house.

During the busy season the men work early and late. On some of the farms, mowing machines are used; and on others the mowing is done by gangs of men with scythes. These gangs go from farm to farm, and carry their lunches with them. In their lunch baskets are bread and cheese, and beer or ale is added to this at meal time.

Sometimes the farmer for whom they work sends them their ale.

In September, when the grain is nearly all reaped and the hay harvested, the hop picking begins. The hay and grain fields look bare and brown, or have just been plowed. In the corners of the fields are new ricks with tidy roofs of fresh thatch.

Over in the hop fields are men, women and children pulling the hops off vines and putting them into great baskets. The poles are taken down as needed, that the hops may be easily reached.

Sometimes the women go out in the fields to help the men, and so we find them in the hop gardens, the wheat and hay fields. In the hop fields the vines are fastened to the poles so that they will climb and not run along the ground. Rushes are used to tie the vines, and these are carried in a long bag fastened to the waist.

Hop picking is looked upon as a kind of holiday, and the people come from far and near to the hop regions in September. It is pleasant, healthy work,

and tongues are as nimble as fingers, in the merry groups in the fields. The children work and play by turns, while the grandmothers tend the babies that tumble about on the ground near the hop pickers.

Many who live a number of miles from the fields come in great farm wagons. They bring their



WOMEN WORKING IN THE FIELDS.

bedding and food, and come prepared to stay till the hop-picking season is over. They sleep out of doors or in barns or sheds.

But all do not come in wagons. Many come by train from London. At the station we see a crowd of rough-looking people, heavily laden with their bags, baskets and household goods, all bent on securing work in the hop fields.

Would you like to see how the hops are dried? Let us stop a minute at this hop kiln. Smoke is issuing from its chimney and a door at one end is open, so one may be able to learn how the hops are dried. How dark it is inside! There are men feeding fires with charcoal and brimstone, and the air is heavy with fumes. It would soon choke one in this place. Let us get outside in the fresh air again.

In some fields we sometimes see four horses used by the ploughman because the soil is so heavy. A boy walks along beside the horses to urge them on, and constantly shouts at them. At one place a laborer is ploughing with bullocks, but we are told these are seldom used now. The steam plow is used now as in the States, and the steam thresher is a familiar sight. Sometimes these engines come steaming along the roads of the country or villages, but our horses have become accustomed to them and do not seem to mind them.

The laboring men of Great Britain have made notable efforts to improve their condition. Even the agricultural laborers are organized. In the cities and towns the workmen are so strongly organized that they are recognized as a political power. In 1899 the General Federation of Trade Unions was organized, and twenty-two years later it had 1,500,000 members.

The unions make their power felt through their Trade Union Congress, to which unions may send one delegate for every 5,000 members. They also have a parliamentary committee of sixteen members, elected from the various unions to look after the interests of the working classes in parliamentary matters. In

short Labor has a political party of its own, which always has representatives in Parliament.

Great Britain has an elaborate system of caring for its poor. Besides its many poor law infirmaries, general workhouses, and institutions for poor children, it provides national health insurance for all workers between the ages of sixteen and seventy earning less than about \$750 a year. There are also old-age pensions for poor people more than seventy years old.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

The English people are not so easy to become acquainted with as the people of many other nations. They are not always agreeable traveling companions and do not talk much to those they do not know. But in their own homes we find them to be the most delightful people we have met in all our journeys.

The better class of English people are the most intelligent and refined of any nation. This is not true, though, of the middle and lower classes. But most of the English are honest, truthful, peaceable and law-abiding. They are a religious people and devoted to their church. The Episcopal Church is the established church of England. On Sunday all the shops, stores, and places of business and amusement are closed. The streets on this day are almost deserted.

The English are fond of outdoor exercise and open-air sports and games. Perhaps it is due to their habit of exercising so much in the open air that they have such good health and fine figures. Where a family is not well-to-do, and it is necessary for the men to live close to their work in the cities, outings at the seaside

or in the country are provided and planned for as carefully as food and clothes.

The country people know little of the cities; most of them live out their lives in or near the villages where they were born.

In fact, the average Englishman hates change. His shoes are made on the same wooden block and in the same fashion as his father's and his grandfather's, and he is quite satisfied. His general attitude seems to be, "What was good enough for my father is good enough for me."

For this reason, the English manner of living has not changed much in the last century. In general, heated bedrooms are considered unhealthful. Drawing rooms and dining rooms are equipped with fireplaces, one to each room and each just large enough to hold a scuttle full of soft coal. Americans would find themselves shivering, even in their outdoor wraps, in rooms which their British hosts would term "stuffy." Modern improvements in heating, however, and even American radiators have slowly found their way into many English homes. Such ancient historic buildings as Windsor Castle and Warwick Castle enjoy the blessings of steam heat. Open plumbing, modern bathtubs, and electric lighting have also made considerable headway, especially in London homes.

By nature, the Englishman is exceedingly reserved. So carefully are his emotions repressed that people of other nations often make the mistake of thinking him without feeling or sympathy. He practices good manners, is rarely inquisitive, and has a strong tendency to mind his own business.

ENGLISH CHILDREN.

There are no children in the world so carefully educated and cared for as the English children. In some ways we find their home and school life much like our own; in other ways quite different. The English children are not allowed to do as they like, as are many American children. They are respectful and obedient to their parents and teachers, and do not expect to have their own way.

During their baby days they are kept in the nursery in charge of a nurse. They are not allowed to romp and run about the whole house, and do not take their meals with the older members of the family, but with the nurse or governess in the nursery. Their table is provided with good, plain food, but with none of the luxuries, not even where the family is very wealthy. Until the boys are sent away to boarding school, and the girls are big girls, they have only this plain food. They have their daily cold bath and out-of-doors exercise and games, under the watchful care of a nurse or governess.

Study lasts but a few hours each day, but their lessons are not all from books. The nurse and the governess must see that correct habits are formed and give lessons in manners and deportment. The boys remain with the governess until the age of eight or ten, and are then sent to a boarding school or day school. The girls remain with the governess until they are seventeen, or attend a private day school and receive lessons from tutors or masters.

These children see very little of other children, and are seldom allowed to play with them. The governess

is their constant companion. She chooses their reading and accompanies them in their out-of-door walks and games.

But there are many children who are not so well cared for. There are thousands of children in Great



A LABORER'S FAMILY.

Britain who must work for their living, in mines or in factories, or in the streets or fields. They have few holidays or games, no toys or books, and the poorest and coarsest of food.

Others have much to do at home, because the mother as well as the father must work to help sup-

port the family. The little girls in these poor families learn early to mind the baby, wash, mend, cook, go to market and care for the home. These children attend the board schools, and have lessons in housekeeping.

The best places to see the English children are the parks. The paths and benches, the shady nooks and grass are home to them. They are there early and late. Most of them are with nurses and governesses, mothers or older sisters. Some walk primly up and down the walks; others romp and visit to their hearts' content.

The parks are the only playgrounds that some of these children possess.

Their homes are small. Sometimes the kitchen is the only living room, and if the children stay indoors they are in the way. So they come to the parks. Many of them go without hats or bonnets, but none go barefoot. Some of the lassies wear white bonnets with frills about their faces and remind us of daisies. But neither boys nor girls care much for a covering for the head or face, for the sun does not scorch the face as in America.

The summer dress of a child in skirts has no sleeves, and on a chilly day the arms are very apt to look red or purple. The knees are also bare, for the stockings come up only a couple of inches above the shoe tops. Rubbers are seldom worn, as their shoes have very thick soles. What clumsy shoes! Great heavy affairs, with the bottoms all studded over with big projecting nails. But they wear well and keep the feet dry.

The boys and girls do not play their games together, except when very young. The boys seem to like the

rougher, more violent games and the girls the quiet ones. But neither boys nor girls are quarrelsome while at their play.

Cricket is the national and favorite game of the English boy, just as baseball is with the boys of the States. It is the ambition of every English boy to become a clever cricketer, and if allowed he will keep at it all day. This game is played in the streets, the fields, parks or wherever room can be found.

The girls are as fond of their skipping ropes as the boys are of cricket. They play many ring games, such as drop-the-hankerchief, thump-back, and orange-and-lemon. In this last the girls form in two long opposing lines and have a tug of war.

The holidays are Christmas, May-day, and the Fifth of November. May-day means more to the children of the villages than to those in London, however. In the villages groups or processions of children parade the streets, carrying sticks with flowers tied on the ends. They sing songs before the houses and in return receive pennies from the listeners.

The money received is spent for candy or cakes. In the villages, out-side of London, fetes are held, and at these fairs are merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, swings and wandering gypsies, and vendors with all kinds of wonderful things to sell.

The fifth of November is "Guy Fawkes Day." This is the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Guy Fawkes and some of his friends meant to blow up the king and parliament. But the plot was discovered and the king and members of parliament saved from a terrible death. For a time the fifth of November

was observed by thanksgiving services in the church, but the day is now celebrated by children more than grown people.

In some towns the day is celebrated by processions, bonfires and sham battles.

Christmas is celebrated in much the same way as in our own country. The churches are made bright with evergreens and holly berries; the Christmas tree is hung with presents in the schoolroom of the home; Christmas carols are sung.

ENGLAND TO-DAY.

England does not seem a very important country when one looks at the map and compares it with other countries. It is but 400 miles long, and 360 miles wide; yet it is the richest kingdom in the world.

Scotland and Ireland were once separate kingdoms, but are now united to England and Wales under the title of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This is the home country of the British Empire, but is only a small part of it.

Great Britain is a great mother country. It has so many children that all cannot be fed and cared for at home. Many of them therefore go to other countries, where colonies are formed. The population of the United Kingdom is 47,000,000, and of England and Wales about 38,000,000. So you see it is necessary for some of these people to go elsewhere for homes. It would be hard to find a corner of the earth where the British have not settled.

The British colonies are protected by Great Britain, and some of them have become parts of the British

Empire. This now extends over more than 11,000,000 square miles, and numbers 441,000,000 people. The principal colonial possessions are Gibraltar, Heligoland, the Channel Islands, Malta and Cypress in Europe. In North America are the Dominion of Canada and the West India Islands. In South America are British Guiana and the Falkland Islands. There are Australia, New Zealand and the Fiji Islands, and in Africa are the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Gambia, St. Helena, Ascension, the Cape Colony, Natal, the British South Africa and Mauritius. In Asia are India, Hong Kong, British Burmah, Ceylon, Labuan, Aden, the Straits Settlement, and Andaman and Nicobar Islands.

Australia and Cape Colony are self-governing colonies, and others are a part of the British Empire. But though widely separated from the mother country by lands and seas, these colonies and distant parts of the Empire are united by telegraph. There are lines reaching to India and to Australia, as well as to America.

The army of England consists of over a million men, and as English soldiers are said to be among the best and bravest in the world, England is well able to defend herself. All of these men are not stationed in England, but in different parts of the Empire. Some are at home, others in the colonies, and in India.

England has the largest and strongest navy in the world. She needs many war ships, because her possessions are scattered through so many parts of the earth.

If we could but visit each of these British posses-

sions or colonies, what wonderful things might we not see! But we will content ourselves for the present year with a short visit in England and Wales, and a month each in Scotland and Ireland.

NORTHERN ENGLAND.

We have seen England's two most important cities, its favorite summer resorts, and something of the life of the people in both city and country. Now let us visit some of the places made famous by English history or literature. We will begin at the far north and travel southward, stopping wherever there is a place of especial interest or beauty.

We find England on the north separated from Scotland by the Cheviot Hills. South of the hills there are high, dreary, wild moorlands, with little vegetation excepting grass and heather, which the Scotch people love so much. Farther south are plains and valleys, quarries and mines of coal and iron. These mining districts are manufacturing centers, and here are many of England's largest and busiest cities.

Northumberland is a busy mining district, whose chief city is Newcastle. Look at the mouth of the River Tyne. What a fine harbor! See the hundreds of vessels coming and going. Those from foreign lands are laden with provisions. Those going out are carrying coal. The castle, from which the city was named, still stands, and part of it is used for a museum for the war relics found in the neighborhood. South of this county lies Durham, another county rich in coal.

Near the coast of this part of England, are the

Farne Islands. On one of these islands is a light-house, and it was here that Grace Darling lived. Her father was the light-house keeper. You have heard



A MARKET PLACE.

of this brave girl who saved the lives of so many shipwrecked soldiers, I am sure. When she died many of the leading men of England followed her to the grave.

A monument was raised to her memory, too, and she will always be remembered as one of the bravest women in England.

Not far away is another island called "Holy Isle." It was used as a refuge by persecuted priests in olden times. Sir Walter Scott has told us about it in a poem called "Marmion."

The counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, in the Northwestern part of England, are especially noted for their beautiful lakes and mountains. The largest lake, Windermere, does not seem very large to us. It is but little over ten miles long, and the highest mountain, Scafell, is less than 3,000 feet in height, yet the country is attractive to every traveler.

One reason for this is that three of England's most celebrated poets made this lake country their home, and the subject of many of their poems. These men were Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. Wordsworth lived at Rydal, and at Grasmere where he is buried. Almost his entire life of eighty years was passed in this lovely lake county, and many of his poems have been written about it. He believed that too much had been written of heroes and knights, and so he wrote of the simple, honest people among whom he lived, and the beautiful things in nature—the flowers, fields, forests, the brooks and birds.

East of Westmoreland, and south of Durham, lies Yorkshire, one of the largest counties of England. Along the coast are quaint little fishing villages and towns used as health resorts by the weary workers in the manufacturing districts to the southwest. The cliffs are of chalk, which have been worn into many queer forms by the waves.

In this county are the York Wolds, beneath which lies a peculiar kind of stone. It is soft and easily worked with the chisel when it is first quarried, but with exposure to the air grows hard and flinty.



YORK CATHEDRAL.

In the center of Yorkshire we find the old city of York, and York Cathedral, which is one of the grandest gothic buildings in the world. England is noted for its beautiful cathedrals, but it has only two archbishoprics—York and Canterbury.

The cathedral rises from a lovely landscape. The country round about is dotted with castles and monasteries. The building has a grand front and three stately towers. The choir and ceilings are carved wood, and its windows are richly stained glass. It has an east window, which is one of the largest in the world.

There are many other cathedrals of which we have read—Ely, considered the most beautiful, and Salisbury, which has the loftiest spire in all England; and Lincoln and Exeter. How we wish we might see each, but time will not permit.

In the western part of Yorkshire are wild, bleak, swampy moorlands. The hills are high and in some places barren, in others covered with heather, gorse and moss. There are few houses or signs of life of any kind. Even the birds seem to have forsaken the place.

South of Yorkshire the land along the coast is low, flat and marshy. It is known as the fen district. It is not a pleasant country in which to travel, and we will not stop there.

MANUFACTURING CITIES.

England is a land of large towns and great manufacturing factories. So large is its population that it is said the crops raised on its farms each year would not feed the inhabitants three months. What do the people do then for their food? They must import it from other countries, and in order to give employment to the people that will provide them with the means to buy food and other necessities England has become a manufacturing nation. If the people lack material they send

out ships to the countries that produce it and buy it. They carry it back to England, make it up into useful articles and sell them back to the countries that furnished the raw material.

A few hours' ride southward from the Lake District brings us to a group of manufacturing towns. We can not visit all, but will find out what each is celebrated for and visit as many as we can. There are Leeds and Bradford, noted for the manufacture of woolen goods. Much of the broadcloth we use in the States may come from the towns in the west of Yorkshire. Leeds is also noted for porcelain china; Sheffield for cutlery; Birmingham for plated ware; Manchester, Wigan, and Preston for cotton.

Sheffield is set in the midst of this moorland country. About it are hills and valleys, and beautiful streams, yet the city itself is one of the ugliest places in the world. The streets are narrow and dirty. The air is filled with steam and smoke, and the rattle and thump of machinery fill one's ears on every hand.

Yet this disagreeable town contributes much to the comfort of the people everywhere. It sends out rails with which to build our railroads, it makes the plates which encase our steamers, it makes the scythes with which we cut our grain, the knives and forks and spoons on our tables, and perhaps the scissors and pocket knives that we have with us.

We wish to see cotton spinning and calico printing, and so visit Manchester, for this city alone has a hundred cotton mills. It is the third city in size in England, having a population of 741,000. It is connected with Liverpool by a huge canal, which really makes it a sea-

port town. This canal is thirty-six miles long, one hundred and twenty feet wide and twenty feet deep. Ships laden with cotton from our own shores, come through this canal and unload their cargoes almost at the doors of Manchester's great mills.



A MARKET WOMAN.

The most interesting place in the city is the Exchange, an immense building where the buyers and sellers of cotton meet on certain days. Crowds of people from many parts of the country are present on these market days and the Exchange is a lively scene.

North of Manchester is the city of Preston, another cotton manufacturing town. It was at this place that

the inventor of the spinning-jinny, Richard Arkwright, was born.

North of Birmingham we enter a belt of England called the Black Country, because there is so much black smoke and dust from the great manufacture of



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

iron. Tall chimneys and furnaces are everywhere, with their clouds of smoke and flames. At night it seems as if we were in the midst of a number of volcanoes. The country is covered with a network of railways and mines, and the roar and rumble of machinery is heard in every busy town.

Birmingham is the fourth city of England in size, containing 919,000 inhabitants. It is one of the bus-

iest cities in the world. Almost every thing under the sun is manufactured here; and it is sometimes called the toyshop of Europe. The Gillott pen we use is made here, and guns, nails, screws, pins, watch chains, jewelry of all kinds, pencil cases, buttons, glass beads, sewing machines, bicycles, tools of many kinds and almost every kind of metallic ware.

Birmingham has a fine town hall that contains a magnificent pipe organ. Every third year a grand musical festival is held, and musical people from all over England attend the concerts.

Had we but time we would visit Witney, where blankets are made; Kidderminster, to see carpets woven; Spitalfields and Macclesfield, for silks; Barnsby for linen, Coventry for watches and ribbons, Hamilton for lace, and Nottingham for lace, stockings, boots and shoes.

THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

We are now in the great county of Warwickshire, sometimes called the Garden of England. It is a quiet, peaceful farm country, with fertile fields, perfect roads and cosy vine-covered cottage homes. The town of Kenilworth itself interests us little. It is the castle, a mile beyond, we wish to see.

The ruins of this castle are probably the grandest in England. This stately old building covers several acres, and is enclosed by lofty walls fifteen feet thick. These walls are strengthened by massive crumbling towers, now partly covered with ivy. One part is called the Normon Keep, and was at one time three or four stories high. There are broken arches, uncased windows, a great banquet hall with fallen stones,

and great kitchens where the feasts were prepared for the noble occupants and their guests.

The castle is very old, but some parts more so than others. As the place passed from one owner to another, additions were made.



WARWICK CASTLE.

This castle was a favorite resort of kings and queens in the olden times. During the reign of Edward I, a grand tournament was held here, in which a hundred knights, with their ladies, were in attendance. Sir Walter Scott has told us all about it in his story of Kenilworth.

The situation of the castle adds much to its beauty. It is elevated above the surrounding country, and sur-

rounded with sloping meadows, shady groves and pasture lands.

Five miles from Kenilworth, on the bank of the Avon River, is another famous place, Warwick castle. From the bridge of the river we have a fine view of the castle. It is a fine old place, containing relics of the past which are of interest to every student of English history. Some of these relics are kept in a room in the gateway. Among others are the shield, sword, breast-plate and helmet of the former owner, Guy of Warwick.

In some of the rooms are paintings, busts, vases and rare old pieces of furniture that we should like to examine carefully, but the guide rushes us through and leads us at last to Guy's Tower for a view of the surrounding neighborhood.

STRATFORD.

About eight miles away is the old town of Stratford, sacred to the memory of England's greatest poet, William Shakespeare. Stratford-on-Avon is a sleepy little place, with pleasant and quaint old houses, with flowers on the window-sills or porches, and vines and climbing roses over the walls.

By the river bank stands the church where the poet is buried. It is in a grove of ancient elms, and surrounded by the graves of those who died three hundred years ago. It is a beautiful little building, and Shakespeare loved it. He asked to be buried beneath its chapel, and his wish was respected. In the floor of the chancel we find the plain marble slab that marks his resting place. Upon the slab are cut these words :

“ Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear,
 To digg the dust enclosed heare;
 Blest be he that spares these stones,
 And cursed be he that moves my bones.”

Above this tablet in a niche in the wall of the chancel is a marble bust of the poet, which is thought to have been a likeness. Farther down the river bank stands Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and Library, which was opened with a grand festival on the 315th anniversary of the poet's birth, April 23, 1879.

The town has also a beautiful memorial drinking fountain, which was given by an American, George W. Childs.

The house where the poet was born is in the center of the town, and not far from the church. It is a low wooden house, built in the old English fashion, with oak timbers filled in with plaster or clay. Inside the house the timbers are black with age, and the rough walls are covered with the names of visitors. Among these are the names of Dickens and Tennyson.

Some of the rooms on the second floor are used as a museum, where are gathered a few Shakespeare relics. His portrait is shown, and his chair and desk and a few other articles. The house is cared for by a keeper, who was placed in charge by the English government.

Nowhere in England is the country so lovely as that part along the Thames, through which we are now going. Every vine-clad cottage is a picture, every hedge and lane a thing of beauty.

We are almost at Oxford. What grand old buildings are these looming up before us? They are col-

leges, for Oxford is a college town. Young men come here to live after they have left school and stay for three or four years to finish their education.

Oxford University consists of a large number of separate colleges united under one head. There



OXFORD, ENGLAND.

are twenty-three of these independent colleges. The president of this University is always a nobleman, who holds this position for life. Lectures are given by professors, as in our own colleges, but many of the students are assisted in their studies by private tutors. There are many vacations in college life, but studies often go on just the same away from college, with the aid of these tutors.

We can see many of the students walking about with queer-looking caps on their heads and little black gowns over their shoulders. Let us enter the gate and walk about the gardens a while.

The buildings are some of them over 600 years old, and they look it. The stone shows the effect of the weather. But inside, the rooms are very comfortable. There are easy chairs and sofas, and flowers in the windows. In the dining room are long tables, where all the men dine. The walls have many pictures.

Where are the men? Some of them are under the trees smoking and drinking. Others are playing lawn tennis and cricket, and others are practicing races on the river. This is the chapel where prayers are said every night and morning. The students must attend whether they wish to or not, and a porter stands at the door before services to check their names off, as they enter.

Who are those men dressed in white flannels? They have just come from the station in large wagonettes drawn by four horses. They are cricketers come to the college grounds to play a match.

Now let us go down to the river to see the college races. How gay the river is! See the yachts cruising up and down with their white sails flying. There are flat-bottomed boats too, called punts. In them are men lying at full length on cushions, and with books in their hands. How comfortable they look! These punts are pushed along by a man with a pole in his hand.

There are barges by the side of the river, too. They belong to the colleges, and inside them are easy chairs and couches and books. — What a pleasant place to

rest! There are big boats called tubs, that cannot upset easily, and slim boats shooting rapidly through the water. There are nine men in each of the boats, called the College Eights. They are going to race. There is a crowd of college men on the bank on their way up the river, too. They are going to watch the races.

A gun is fired; that is the signal, and the boats are off. The men on the bank cheer the men of their own college crew, and urge them on to do their best. The Englishmen at this college spend a great deal of time boating and at other out-of-door sports, but they do much studying, also. There are examinations to pass, and they are anxious to carry off honors. If a student fails a certain number of times he cannot compete for honors again.

Many of the great men of England have been educated in this university, and England is very proud of the place. Oxford is thought by many people to be one of the most beautiful little cities in the world. It has both old-fashioned and modern buildings, stately halls and libraries, chapels with spires and pinnacles like cathedrals, ivy-covered walls and towers, lovely garden lawns and walks shaded by grand old trees.

Cambridge is another university town, with almost as many colleges as Oxford, which are quite as noted.

CANTERBURY.

To see the most interesting of all England's cathedrals, we must go to the county of Kent in the southeastern part of England. In the old city of Canterbury, on the site occupied hundreds of years ago by the first church, now stands a magnificent cathedral.

Cathedral means a church built in the form of a Greek or Latin cross, and containing a bishop's seat or throne.

The arch-bishop of Canterbury is the head of the English church, and ranks next to royalty. He is the first peer of the land, and he alone has authority to crown the monarchs of England, though the ceremony is performed in Westminster Abbey in London. His London residence is Lambeth Palace on the Thames, not far from the Parliament House.



CANTERBURY.

SOUTHERN ENGLAND.

In the southern part of England is the great Plain of Salisbury, with pleasant, prosperous farms and fertile fields. Long years ago this plain was the scene of many a fierce battle between the Britains and their enemies, and hosts of warriors lie buried here.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

At Stonehenge we find the ruins of an open temple, built by the ancient Britons for use in Druid worship. It consists at present of three concentric circles of huge granite boulders. Some of these are twenty feet high, and weigh from twelve to seventy tons. These were connected by enormous flat stones, too large to have been lifted by human hands. It seems as if these ancient people must have had machinery, but no one knows.

South of the Island of Wight, across the channel and near the coast of France, lies a group of islands called the Channel Islands. The largest of these are the Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney and Sark. Where have you heard these names before? They sound very familiar. Who has not heard of Jersey and Alderney cows?

These islands are noted for their fine cattle, choice fruits and flowers, for their delightful winter climate and picturesque scenery.

England's two great naval ports are Portsmouth and Plymouth. In Portsmouth harbor 1,000 ships can be at anchor at the same time. It is a strongly



PLYMOUTH HARBOR.

fortified town, and the principal naval station of England. Its streets are full of soldiers, and in its harbors are many modern warships.

The dress of the English soldiers at the forts seems rather odd to us. They wear little caps stuck on the side of the head, and their clothes are very tight.

The port of Plymouth is also on the southern coast of England. It was from this harbor that the Mayflower started to make its journey to America. It was for this town that the first Plymouth in the States was named. There is little to see but the arsenals, dockyards, warships and forts.

Fourteen miles to the south is the Eddystone lighthouse, whose light can be seen many miles out at sea.

CORNWALL.

Cornwall is a little county in the western end of England, including Land's End. It is a bleak, bare, hilly country, with a wild, rugged coast. But the riches of the country lie underground, for Cornwall furnishes nine-tenths of all the tin and one-half of all the copper produced by the whole British Isles. It is a splendid place to collect specimens of ores, for one can find all sorts of rocks, such as granite, porphyry, hornblend, mica-slate, serpentine, as well as tin and copper.

The best tin mines are on the south side of Cornwall, and we can visit one of these mines that is open to the day-light, and see the men and horses moving about at work. Near Cape Cornwall is a copper mine that extends under the sea. Veins of copper run along the cliffs into the sea, and are hidden in the water, but a tram-road has been built down a precipice and the mine is entered by ladders until below the sea level. The salt water oozes through the ceiling and the ocean roars over the heads of the miners as they work.

We notice many buildings deserted and in ruins, and

are told that some of the mines have been closed because mining has ceased to be profitable. The miners have many of them gone to America to the copper mines in Colorado, Nevada and Michigan.

There are many brave and noble people among the rough fisherfolk of Cornwall. Many a sailor has been saved from an ocean grave by their kindness. They often risk their own lives to rescue others from danger, and think nothing of it.

At the extreme end of Cornwall is a little island called St. Michael's Mount. It rises straight up from the water to a height of two hundred feet. One can reach it from the mainland by a natural rocky causeway, one-half a mile long. This causeway is under water except at low tide, three hours every day. On the top is a very old castle, said to have been the home of hermits long ago.

From Land's End we go out to the Scilly Islands. There are a great many of these, but only five of them are inhabited. The people who live here call themselves Scillonians, but other people call them "Scilly Folk." The climate of the islands is mild, and the rocks enclose many fertile little valleys which are used for flower farms. Here flowers of all kinds are cultivated during the winter—jonquils, daffodills, crocuses, nacissuses—and sent to London and other large cities, where they find a ready market.

How quickly time flies! Our month is almost over and we have not yet seen Wales.

A Little Journey to Wales

Wales, though one of our nearest neighbors across the sea, is not visited by travelers so often as other parts of Great Britain, and the people who have visited it have told us so little about the country that we are very anxious to see it.

It is not a large country, having but a fourth the area of the state of Ohio. Its greatest length from north to south is only 140 miles, while its width in places is but 40 miles, a distance a railway train will cover in an hour.

Wales is a very old country and will well repay us for the time we shall spend journeying through it, for it is most interesting to both the student and the tourist. Though so small, and connected so closely with England and Scotland, it has a people and a language as different from those of the other portions of Great Britain as the people and the language of Mexico are from our own.

At one time Wales was a land of warriors. Before gunpowder was known, their weapons were the lance and the bow, in the use of which they were very expert.

They were being attacked continually by the people of different countries who wished to subdue them, but they were very brave and always ready to defend themselves. They did not then have farms and culti-

vate the land as now, but they had flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which gave them food.

The people of Wales have always kept much to themselves, and have been very jealous to preserve the purity of their language, and their customs of life. Thus they have kept themselves as a distinct race from the English people.

Because they were thus able to defend their land, and keep themselves separate from others, they were called "Welsh," which means "strangers." But the Welsh have always called themselves "Cymri," which is a word of their own language and means "native to the soil."

Wales was through many centuries the scene of constant warfare, which was always a heroic struggle to maintain freedom against the attacks of different powerful nations. We shall find everywhere the remains of encampments, fortresses, castles and fortified mansions, telling where their battles were fought long ago.

Wales is the south-west portion of the island of Great Britain; it is bounded on the north by the Irish Sea, and by the estuary of the River Dee; west by St. George's Channel; south by the Bristol Channel, and east by counties of England.

The estuary of a river is its mouth, where the current of the river, flowing out, meets and mingles with the inflowing tide of the sea.

CHESTER.

Six miles from the border line that separates Wales from England, is the town of Chester. It is situated on the river Dee,—the very river the old song tells us about.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.

This is the place from which most travellers start to visit Wales, and it is a very good place to come, for it is more like a Welsh than an English city. It has a



OLD CHESTER, WALES.

population of 40,000 people, and so many of them are Welsh that some people imagine when here they are already in Wales.

The city is surrounded by a wall seven or eight feet thick, and on the top is a walk where people go to

promenade and get a view of the country. This wall is very, very old. No one knows just who built it, but it is thought to have been built by the Romans who invaded England centuries ago. What wonderful workers and warriors those old Romans were! But they found their match when they met the sturdy Welshmen, and they probably felt the need of stone walls to protect them from the attacks of these patriots.

What queer old houses! And the sidewalks! There are none like them in the world. They are built on the roofs of the houses, and covered with galleries to protect the promenaders from the rain. The only inconvenient thing about these walks is that one has to go down and up again at each cross street.

Leaving Chester we cross the river and follow its banks for a time. When the tide is in it looks like a very noble river, but when the tide is out it shrinks to a tiny creek. It does not seem to be used much now for purposes of navigation, though it was once more important than the Mersey, the great river that carries the shipping of Liverpool.

The train bears us swiftly through the country, past towns and villages, into the hills. What a beautiful country! Look at the tall mountains just ahead. We are approaching the Snowdon Range, the great mountain range of Wales. The mountain is pierced by a tunnel, through which our train carries us.

The highest peak in this range is also called Snowdon. It means a snowy height. It is the highest mountain in either England or Wales, rising 3,770 feet above the sea.

The top of this mountain is not more than six or seven yards in diameter and is surrounded by a wall. People often go up to the top for a view of the country, or to see the sun rise. From this point one can see much of North Wales, of the sea, and nearly fifty lakes, or "tarns," as the Welsh people call them. On



SNOWDON.

the rocky hill sides ponies, sheep and goats are grazing. What lively animals these goats are! They jump from one crag to another as no other animal could. The Welsh people are very fond of goats, and often make pets of them.

What dear little ponies, with shaggy coats and long manes. We shall soon want some of them for a ride through the mountains. They are surer footed than any human being, and they know every road and path for miles around.

This is the most mountainous district that we shall see in North Wales, but there are also extensive moors. These moors are tracts of waste land whose soil is too poor to repay cultivation. They are usually covered with patches of heath (or heather, as it is also called), and are sometimes wet and marshy. Peat bogs, too, are found on these moors.

Let us stop to take a closer look at the heather, which is a useful plant, if it does grow in waste places. Here is a clump of it we can examine. It is a low-growing shrub, with very small evergreen leaves. It is in bloom, and its clusters of pink flowers are very lovely.

The heather is used for brooms, for thatching the roofs of the humbler homes, for beds for the poor, and for fuel. We shall see few more beautiful sights than this field of heather in bloom.

Now we come to Holywell Station, where we will stop long enough to visit the picturesque ruin of Basingwerk Abbey, which is close by.

Some famous dikes are near. Watt's Dike ends at the coast near Basingwerk, while Offa's Dike runs southward as far as the mouth of the Wye River—that is almost to the southern part of Wales.

These dikes are embankments, such as we may see along the rivers in various parts of the United States, where they have been built to protect low lands from



CONWAY CASTLE—THE BRIDGE ENTRANCE.

the river's overflow. With us they are called levees.

Further on we come to Conway, an ancient fortified town. Here stands Conway Castle, a magnificent fortress, now the most beautiful ruin in Wales.

This castle was built by King Edward I to hold the Welsh in check. The walls of this castle are twelve and fifteen feet in thickness, and strengthened by eight massive circular towers. Here, at least, we may wander about without guides to urge us on. We may linger in the courts, the towers, the battlements, the stairways, the banqueting hall and the chambers as long as we wish. The roof of the beautiful banqueting room is gone, but there are still the wide fireplaces with their rich carvings. What fine feasts King Edward and his nobles must have had in this great old hall.

The wall about the town is $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length, 12 feet thick and fortified with towers and battlements.

Conway River has been celebrated from earliest times for its pearl fisheries. The pearls, which are sometimes very valuable, are found in the shell of the pearl mussel.

Near Llandudno is the vast rocky promontory called Great Ormes Head, and the smaller one called Little Ormes Head. The former is now a place for recreation. The cliffs are hollowed out by the sea and abound with seabirds.

The scenery in rural Wales is always picturesque, and often grand and beautiful. Here and there are rounded hills, cultivated to the top, but there is much land that is of little use for agriculture. There are few ploughed fields, as in England, for the Welsh do

not grow much corn. But in the cultivated parts good crops of grain and vegetables are grown.

The hills are occupied by small mountain sheep, and Welsh ponies and cattle. There are old farm houses, in which generations of the same family have dwelt, and pleasant stone cottages mantled with ivy and surrounded by roses. Here and there are stately mansions and ruins of castles and strongholds.

What a clattering noise! What can it be? We are near the town of Bangor, which has slate quarries that keep 25,000 men busy. Look across at that mountain-side and you will see a quarry. The Penrhyn slate quarries are the largest in the world and quarry about 300 tons of slate every day. Most of the slate roofs of Great Britain come from Wales.

A closer view of the quarry shows it to be about 1,000 feet deep. It looks like a huge amphitheater. It is interesting to watch the men at work in the quarry. Some are blasting, and some are splitting and dressing the slate. Only a small part of the slate is quarried. There are four kinds of slate, red, blue, green and gray,—all found in this quarry. We buy some little objects carved in slate to take home as souvenirs, and then visit the Castle. At Penrhyn Castle lives Lord Penrhyn, who owns the quarries. It is a magnificent place with a park seven miles in circumference. The park is surrounded by a high slate fence, to keep out intruders.

Bangor is one of the oldest cities of Wales. It has a fine cathedral and the University or College of North Wales; but the thing that interests us most in this neighborhood are the two magnificent bridges crossing

Menai Strait and connecting the mainland with the island of Anglesey.

The Menai Strait is the piece of water running between the island and the coast. See the wonderful bridge that goes across! It is the longest bridge in Great Britain, and is so high that large ships can pass



MENAI STRAIT SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

under it without lowering their masts. It is made of thousands of pieces of iron and will carry the heaviest trains. This bridge, called Britannia, cost over half a million dollars and was five years in being built.

Crossing to Anglesey we come to Holyhead, the market town of North Wales, and an important point in Anglesey. Holyhead is on an island which is con-

nected with the mainland by a huge embankment three quarters of a mile in length. (This is the termination of the great railroads from London and Chester, and the most convenient point from which to depart for Ireland.)

There is a great pier, nearly 1,000 feet in length,



CAERNARVON CASTLE, WALES

upon which is a marble arch, that was erected in honor of the visit of King George IV. in 1821. On South Stack, a lonely rock three miles west, is a lighthouse, which has a powerful light, 212 feet above high water mark. If we wish, we may go up and inspect its great lamps, for there are twenty-one in all, with

powerful reflectors, which at night throw out their light to guide the ships safely into port.

The promontory of the Head is an immense precipice, which affords shelter for innumerable seabirds, such as gulls, cormorants, herons and razor-bills. On the highest crag is the home of the peregrine falcon, the bird so greatly esteemed when falconry was the fashionable sport of the nobles.

Journeying on we come to Caernarvon, an old, old town situated on the Menai Strait. Its Castle is regarded as the finest in the kingdom and was designed by the architect of Conway Castle. This was also built by Edward the First, and it was here that the first Prince of Wales was born. The oldest son of Great Britain's ruling monarch is still called the Prince of Wales.

Leaving Caernarvon we find our surroundings changed almost at once. Great, bleak hills rise about us. The green hedges give place to stone walls. The pastures are wild and rocky. From the town of Danberis we drive through the famous pass of Danberis. For miles we are shut in by the great bare mountains, with just space for the roadway.

Merioneth has much of the most beautiful scenery of Wales. Its lofty mountains contain deep, dark dells. Rich foliage covers its crags. There are wide sea views; and rivers, lakes and waterfalls add to the attraction. In the higher altitudes the climate is bleak, while in the lower lands myrtle grows in the open air.

Near Dolgelly, the most important town in Merioneth, are many celebrated waterfalls. The most magnificent one of all is a narrow stream rushing down a rugged



DANBERIS PASS, WALES.

slope, at least 150 feet in descent. Large fragments of rock scattered about at the bottom of the fall give a look of wild desolation to the scene.

At Milford Haven, in Pembrokeshire, we find one of Great Britain's finest harbors. To the eye it has the appearance of an immense lake, and is so land-



BETTWYS-Y-COED (SWALLOW FALLS), WALES.

locked, or enclosed by jutting points of land, as to be secure from winds and tempests. This is important, for Pembroke, while having a climate that is warm and mild, is exposed to severe gales.

Flowers, fruit and vegetables are produced earlier here than in most other parts of the United Kingdom. The homes of the farmers are comfortable and are generally built of stone, but the cottages of the peasants are mostly huts built of a clay and straw compound called "clon."

A WELSH HOME.

Let us stop for awhile at this farmer's home. How pretty it is! The roof is thatched and the lattice windows filled with flowers. Climbing roses and vines almost cover the walls. Behind the house is an orchard of apple and pear trees.

Inside the rooms are neat, clean and attractive. White curtains are at the windows; and a cheerful fire blazes upon the hearth, for the day is chilly. On either side of this fire-place is an old oaken settee. Against the wall is a dresser, on which are displayed some curious pieces of old china. Not a speck of dust or dirt can be seen anywhere—not even in the kitchen grate.

A man and a woman seated in the room rise as we enter. The man is tall and strong; he wears a white coat of coarse cloth (frieze), corduroy breeches coming to the knee, gray woolen stockings, and stout shoes. His wife wears a long, blue, woolen gown, crimson petticoat and white apron, broad shoes with buckles, and a kind of round hat.

When the Welsh people meet each other their greetings are peculiar, and to us would appear tedious. "How is thy heart?" they ask. Then "How are the good wife at home, the children and the rest of the family?"

These country people are always hospitable. A stranger may travel amongst them without any expense for food or lodging. Their fare may be coarse, but it is wholesome, consisting of bread or oatmeal, with milk, butter, cheese, and potatoes; also with fish if they are near streams or the seashore. In winter they have bacon, dry salted beef, mutton, and smoked venison.

The farmers' wives are thrifty and saving. Families are large. Ten or twelve children is the usual number among the farmers' families. Most of the women are strong, and are great workers and walkers.

Even among the wealthy farmers the wives look after the dairy, and make the butter and cheese. They entertain a great deal if they live near a city,



A WELSH HOME.

and a meal in one of these homes will long be remembered, for the women are famous cooks.

The women of Wales engage in almost all occupations that are open to men. They are commonly to be seen at work in the fields, and are employed as porters, ticket sellers, station keepers, and in banks and offices. They enjoy outdoor labor, and do not consider it beneath them. They may be seen in groups in the fields, singing and laughing at their work.

The Welshmen are hard workers; many of them

find their employment in the mines and quarries, where the toil is most severe and the hours of labor long. Their holidays they spend smoking their pipes



OLD WELSH COSTUMES.

in their cabins, or walking about the fields and roads near by. Though hospitable, they practice close

economy, and are shrewd and crafty in their dealings.

In the west of Wales, at Glamorgan, there are numbers of women who get their living by selling cockles. They go about their daily rounds crying, "Cockles, fresh cockles, fine cockles! Will you buy my fresh cockles?" These cockles are much in demand in Welsh market places.

Very picturesque figures these cockle women are. They often wear short dresses of red and black flannel, which are turned up in front and pinned close in under the waist at the back. Flannel aprons protect the dresses. Snowy kerchiefs are worn about the throat, and sometimes neat white caps under the Welsh hats. Little shawls are worn over the shoulders.

In the west part of Wales we see the old Welsh costumes, which the people in other parts of Wales have laid aside. Here the women still wear tall beaver hats with broad brims that look somewhat like the stove-pipe hats worn by men years ago. These women wear short gray or red flannel skirts, black or red dresses, long pointed bodices hooked in front, and flannel aprons. Kerchief and cap complete the costume.

WELSH MARRIAGES.

A marriage among the Welsh is surrounded by many curious customs which have survived from old times. On the occasion of the marriage, a "bidder" goes from house to house inviting guests to the wedding. The ceremony always takes place on a Saturday, but the guests assemble on Friday with their presents. On Saturday ten to twenty of the groom's

friends who are best mounted, go to demand the bride. She is placed on a horse behind her father, who rides off as fast as he can. He is soon overtaken, however, and the bride brought back. Presents continue to be received on Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday they are sold. Sometimes quite an amount is received from the sale, perhaps two hundred or three hundred dollars, which is quite a help to the young country couple.

FAIRS.

Wales is said to be the greatest country in the world for fairs. We begin to think this is true, for wherever we go we find the people holding out-of-door fairs of some sort.

We are going now to attend one of these gatherings just a little way down the street of this country town. The country roads and streets are filled with people all bound for the fair. There are many farmers, some of the tradespeople of the town, and servants of the well-to-do people who own country places near by. Donkey carts go past laden with cherries, hazel nuts and other good things to tempt the buyer at the fair.

On the grounds we find tents for the sale of food, fruits and drinks. Peddlers walk about with various articles for sale. Here is one with canes or walking sticks. He carries them in a deep old willow basket, shaped like a section of stovepipe.

Among the things to amuse the people we see a big image like a great jumping-jack: it is six feet high, with a "pudding" in its stomach, and bells on its head. The "pudding" is of cloth with some soft

stuffing, and by striking this you test your strength. When you hit it a straight blow the bells ring, thus showing your force and skill.

There are other strength testers, games of chance, etc. There is a shooting gallery, attended by a big, good-natured girl.

Out-of-door fairs of various sorts are held all over Wales at all seasons of the year. These gatherings had, as their original purpose, the bringing together of the people for the purpose of selling and buying the produce of the country. Many of them now are wholly for pleasure and for racing.

Before large towns existed, all sorts of goods and necessaries of life, which can now be bought in shops, were sold at these fairs; and everybody went to them.

Among the different sorts of fairs are the horse shows, flower shows, Christmas shows, fat cattle shows, poultry shows, etc.; while other gatherings bear such unique names as Warm Fair, Winter Fair, Midsummer Fair, Martinmas Fair, October Fair, April Fair, Dish Fair, Pear Fair—a list without end.

Llangellen Fair is one held principally for purposes of barter. It is held in a little square in the town, half way across which extends a row of carts filled with pigs. Near by stand the owners, men and women, dickering with the buyers. The pigs are small, and the buyers carry them away in their arms, while the porkers squeal.

Cattle are sold at this fair, also; and a curious custom is that each bargain is concluded with a slap of the hand between buyer and seller.

The Hiring Fair is a peculiar institution, to which

come serving men and maidens in vast number, and farmers in search of toilers for the coming year.

We cannot pause at every point of interest, for, if we did, we should hardly make any progress at all. Yet there are some points it will not do to miss, and one of these is Llanfyllin, where a market is held every Thurs-



A WELSH GIRL CROSSING A FORD.

day. Here also are held six annual fairs, the chief purpose of which is to bring in the celebrated Welsh ponies, called Merlins, for sale. On these days the usually quiet town is transformed into a very busy place. Early in the morning the farmers and breeders of ponies from the country all about may be seen on every road leading into Llanfyllin, each one with a large or small herd of the ponies.

In the town the streets are soon thronged, the lively little animals being the center of attraction. Buyers come from a distance, and bargaining, buying and selling go on at a lively rate.

A local fair worth visiting is the Cattle Fair in the old town of Carmarthen. This place was once the capital of Wales, for centuries the seat of kings and the home of the Welsh Parliament. It is now a dull agricultural town, and its streets are busy only on great market and fair days. At this fair no language but Welsh is heard—the hawkers cry their wares in Welsh, and all bartering is conducted in that language.

MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

The Welsh people are extremely fond of music. Singing seems as natural to them as to the birds. The mother sings to her babe in the cradle; the children sing on their way to school; the workmen in the fields sing to their horses, and the milk-maid sings to the cows.

There is singing at the feasts, fairs and festivals, at churches and at funerals. The people seem especially fond of war songs and we often hear "The March of the Men of Harlech."

The Welsh people hold every year a National Song Congress. This is for the purpose of encouraging music, Welsh literature, the making of songs similar to those sung by the old Bards, to maintain the Welsh language and customs, and to promote patriotism.

The bards were professional poets and singers, whose occupation was to compose and sing verses in honor of the heroic deeds of princes and brave men. It was through them that much of the history of the early

times was preserved, as their songs and verses, though not written, were taught by parents to children from one generation to another, and so kept from being forgotten.

This festival is called the *Eisteddfod*. Every little town has also its *Eisteddfod* conducted in the same manner as the great festival.

When a National festival is held the trains bring in thousands of people from the towns and country round about. Before noon the place is crowded with people and vehicles. In this crowd are noblemen and peasants, fashionable city people and plain country folk; clergymen and priests, Druids and Bards, and musicians without number.

There are celebrated harpists and great choirs, some of them numbering five hundred voices. The persons representing the Druids and Bards conduct a ceremony similar to that conducted hundreds of years ago when the Druids and Bards were real people.

All the Welsh people love poetry, and many compose and recite it. At the festival of the *Eisteddfod*, prizes and medals are given to the successful contestants for original poems, stories and songs, for choral and solo singing, for singing with the harp, and to the best performers on the harp or stringed or wind instruments.

The highest object of a Welsh Bard's ambition is to be the winner at these festivals and to receive the reward, which is to be seated in a silver chair. This ceremony is imposing and is performed with sound of trumpets.

The people value education very highly and make

great sacrifices in order to educate their families. The population of Wales is more than 2,200,000, yet they have four colleges and many schools.

CARDIFF.

Cardiff, at the mouth of the River Taff, is the metropolis of Wales, and the second most important seaport town in the country. It has a population of 200,000. The docks of Cardiff are famed the world over. They were built by the Marquis of Bute, and cost over five million dollars. At the docks, which are walled about with stone piers, are found great ocean steamers from every land. More steamers land here than at London, and the place is of so much importance that the United States sent a consul to the port.

We find the streets broad and clean. The houses, instead of being numbered, are given pretty names, by which they are always known. In the country the same plan is followed. More than fifty churches may be counted here, and we find that in them only the Welsh language is spoken.

Cardiff is the center of England's greatest coal and iron region. It has the largest coal-shipping trade in the world, and exports large quantities of iron, and manufactures from the southern part of Wales. The New South Wales University at this place has over 3,000 students.

Another city of importance in the southern part of Wales is Swansea, a busy place of over 100,000 inhabitants, at the mouth of the Tarve. It is the chief center of the tin-plate trade of England, and is one of the most important copper-smelting centers in the

world. The copper is not found in this part of Wales, but is brought from Cornwall and from foreign countries to be manufactured here, because of the abundance and cheapness of fuel.

Our last visit will be to the town of St. David's, where we see St. David's Cathedral, the finest and most interesting church in Wales. Perhaps you wonder who Saint David was or is. He is the patron saint of Wales. A patron saint is one who is a special protector of a country, place or community.

This man, who was a prince, devoted his life to good deeds and to teaching the people the Christian religion. The people of Wales have never forgotten him, and every year on the third of March religious exercises are held in the magnificent cathedral that bears his name. The place is now in ruins, yet so beautiful is it that in all England there is no finer church.

RELIGION.

The people of Wales are very religious, and they have shown their devotion to their church by erecting many fine chapels throughout the country.

A hundred years ago it was a very unusual thing to see a copy of the Bible in the home of a poor family in Wales. You will be interested, I think, to know how it happens that the Bible is found in every home to-day, because it came through the efforts of a poor little peasant Welsh girl.

This child's name was Mary Jones. She had been taught something of the Bible in one of the schools, and was very anxious to study it. A farmer who lived two miles from her home gave her permission to

read his copy. Every week after this for six years Mary walked, in all kinds of weather, to the home of this man to read this Bible. She began at the same time to save up her pennies to buy a book for herself. Think of saving your pennies so long as that for a book! At last she had enough, and walked fifty miles to make her purchase.

The minister of whom she bought the book told the story to the members of a tract society, and suggested the need of a society that would furnish Bibles to people who were too poor to buy. The people were much touched by the story, and the result was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has since caused the Bible to be printed in every language and circulated all over the world.

And now good-bye to England and Wales, for our month is ended, and we must be on our way to Scotland.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas!
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep;
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England;
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.

Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

SEAFARERS.

The traders that hail from the Clyde,
 And the whalers that sail from Dundee,
 Put forth in their season on top of the tide
 To gather the grist of the sea,
 To ply in the lanes of the sea.

By fairway and channel and sound,
 By shoal and deep water they go,
 Guessing the course by the feel of the ground,
 Or chasing the drift of the floe—
 Nor'west, in the track of the floe.

And we steer them to harbor afar,
 At hazard we win them abroad,
 When the coral is furrowed by keels on the bar,
 And the sea-floor is swept by the Lord,
 The anchorage dredged by the Lord.

And what of the cargo ye bring,
 For the venture ye bore over seas?
 What of the treasure ye put forth to wring
 From the chances of billow and breeze?
 In spite of the billow and breeze.

Oh, we carry the keys of the earth,
 And the password of Empire we bear
 Wherever the beaches held promise of worth,
 We 'stablished your sovereignty there;
 We planted our flag over there.

PERCIVAL GIBBON, *in the London Spectator.*

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

CHARLES MACKAY.



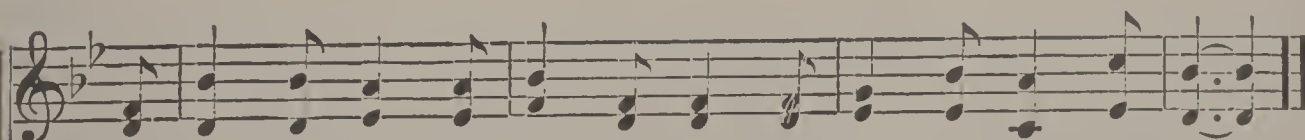
1. There dwelt a mill - er, hale and bold, Be - side the riv - er Dee;
2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be;
3. The mill - er smiled and doffed his cap: "I earn my bread," quoth he;
4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while, "Farewell! and hap - py be;



He wrought and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he;
For could my heart be light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee.
'I love my wife, I love my friend, I love my chil - dren three.
But say no more, if thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee;



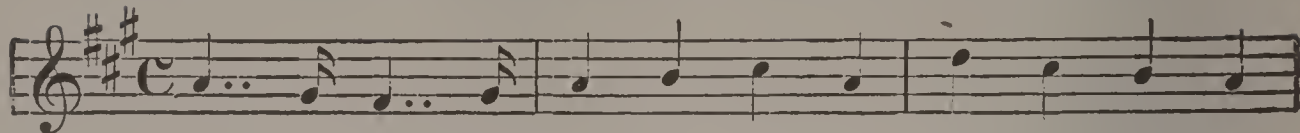
And this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be,
And tell me now what makes thee sing With voice so loud and free,
I owe no debt I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee
Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy mill my kingdom's fee!



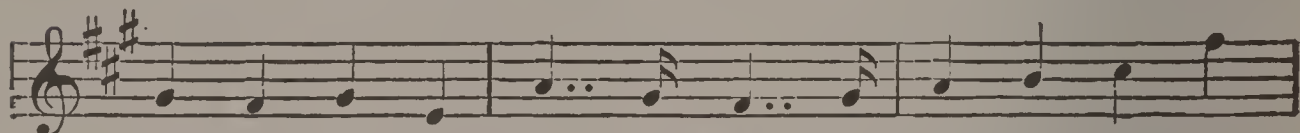
"I `en - vy no one—no, not I! And no one en - vies me!"
While I am sad, tho' I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"
That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"
Such men as thou are England's boast, O mill - er of the Dee!"



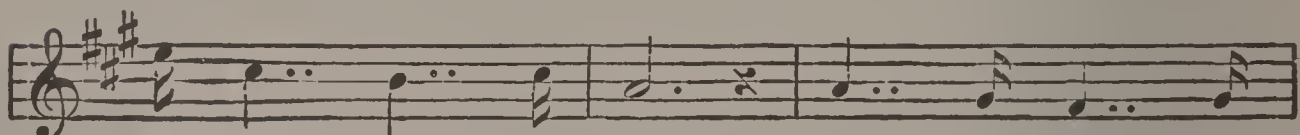
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.



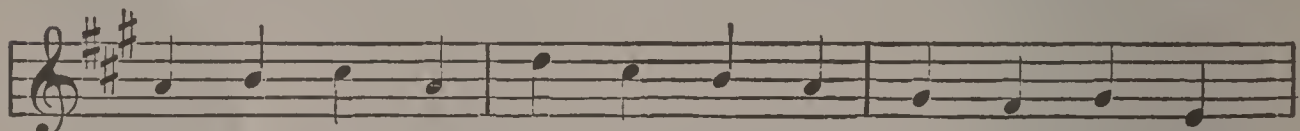
1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like
2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row Flash with spear and



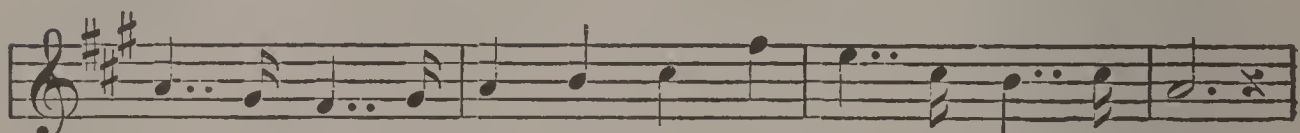
rush - ing bil - low, Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low
flight of ar - row, Who would think of death or sor - row?



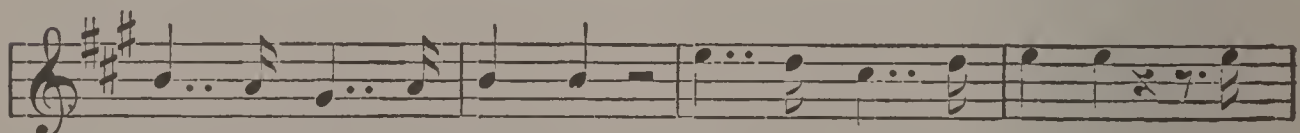
Bat - tle's dis - tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of
Death is glo - ry now! Hurl the reel - ing



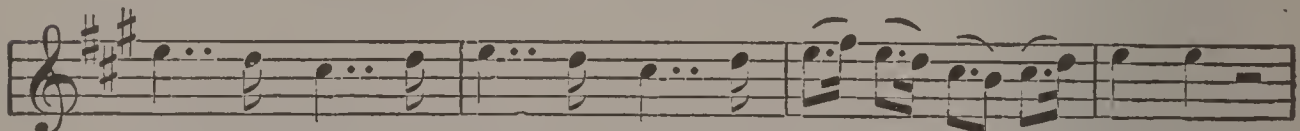
Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men, Sax - on bow - men;
horse - man o - ver, Let the earth dead foe - men cov - er!



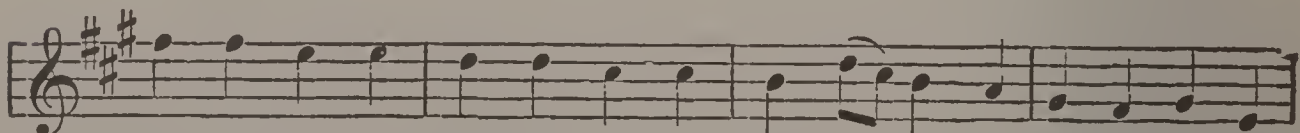
Be they knights, or hinds, or yoe - men, They shall bite the ground!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er, Trem - bles on a blow!



Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Strands of life are riv - en; Blow for blow is giv - en In



plac - id sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!



Onward! 'tis our country needs us; He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Men of Harlech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry!



Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Freedom! God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Freedom! God, and Right!

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