A BATH IN AN ENGLISH TUB

BY GELETT BURGESS

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"Cheerful Americans," etc.

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NEW YORK
A. S. BARNES & COMPANY
1907

A FEW REMARKS

There is nothing in this book that is calculated to anger people. During my visit to England I was seldom angered. I had a good time there and people went out of their way to make me happy, partly because I was an American but largely because I was my own sweet-tempered self. There is no asset so valuable to a traveler as a sweet temper and when I am abroad and have temporarily cast aside home burdens (such as furnaces and lawns) I am as gentle as Jane in the ballad.

The English like us very much—much more than we like them.

To be sure they unknowingly condescend to us but it is perfectly easy for us to condescend in our turn.

One of them once said to me, "Haven't you any great painters?"

"Why there's Sargent; we think a good deal of him."

"But I thought he was an Englishman. He's at the head of our painters. I think he's an Englishman."

"Your thoughts, my dear boy, cannot alter his nationality."

At another time one said, "Why haven't you any great singers?"

"Isn't Patti great enough? She was a child in New York streets when she first began to sing. And are Eames and Nordica to be sneezed at? It is not respectful to sneeze at a lady."

Again the Englishman supposed that all these voices were to be credited to Europe.

I took innocent pleasure in telling them that over a hundred years ago our Benjamin West was president of their Royal Academy, and that we took up Richard Wagner some time before the English did.

I also recommended them to read James Russell Lowell's essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

Still, I think that all nations will condescend to all other nations until Gabriel begin his prefatory notes, so travelers may as well discount that little foible of human nature before starting out.

The articles that go to make up this book came out orginally in the New York *Sun* and I enjoyed reading them exceedingly.

But——

I only read one at a time.

Verbum sap.

If through reading these desultory comments on men and things in England

you are tempted to go there and you yield to temptation, I can only hope that you may have as good a time as I did.

(There's more of my sweet temper; and the beauty of it is that it's perfectly genuine.)

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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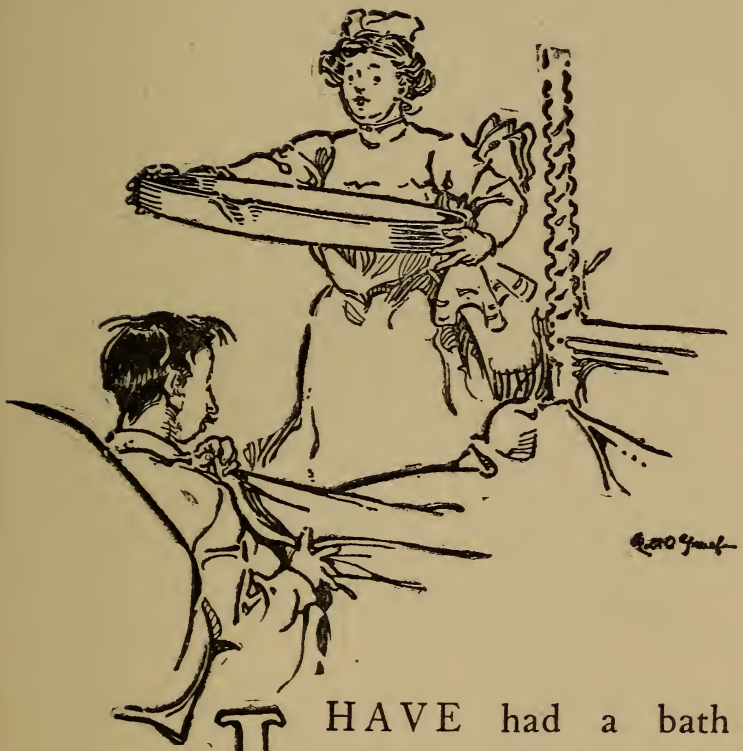


I HAVE had a bath in an English tub and I'm going to tell you all about it. But, first let me make a confession.

I was born in Brooklyn.

You don't often hear a man who is living elsewhere voluntarily confess that he was born in Brooklyn. Those who still live there are case-hardened and make no bones of speaking of childhood's pleasant and exciting hours in Carroll Park; but those who have managed to escape generally try to create the impression that they were born in Manhattan.

Yes, I was born in Brooklyn, and I belonged to that stratum of society that put cleanliness next to godliness and insisted on the Saturday bath. No matter who was visiting us, we children had to bathe every Saturday. We looked down on fortnightly bathers as persons of insufficient culture.

Time went on and someone introduced the custom of daily baths. This to my childish mind seemed to make the need of bathing at all quite superfluous. If one bathed every day one was clean all

the time, and if one was clean all the time why bathe at all?—a logic that did not convince those in authority over me.

But in time I came to like my daily plunge in ice-cold Ridgewood water and felt it to be a luxurious necessity or a necessary luxury.

When I came to England I was invited to spend a week-end in the country in a house three or four hundred years old. And they say that three or four hundred years ago stationary tubs were unknown and "running water" referred to brooks, and was a poetical and not a plumber's term.

At any rate, there was no bathroom and I wondered what I would do for my daily plunge.

Just before retiring I noticed in a corner of my room a large but shallow pan some three feet in diameter and quite round in shape. I wondered what it was for, and finally came to the conclusion

that it had been left in my room on its way to the attic and was probably the dish on which they brought in the roast in the time of Henry VIII. or his grandfather, James I. of sacred memory.

By the way, let me take a side path here to enjoin upon my readers the necessity of an easy familiarity with historical personages. Most people know very little about history and care less; therefore if you speak of bloody Edward VI., who stabbed Charles I. to the heart at the battle of Agincourt, or say that you have been wandering over the battlefield where Henry V. knighted Sir Walter Raleigh for the discovery of Virginia, you at once leap into favor as a writer whose history is a part of himself.

But to get into the tub again.

Next morning I was roused from a refreshing slumber by a knock at my door. I supposed it was the getting-up knock

and sleepily responded "All right," but a woman's voice murmured something.

"What is it?" said I in some alarm. Perhaps the house was on fire.

"Shall I come in?"

With an upward inflection.

I could think of no reason why any one should come in so early in the morning, before the breakfast bell had rung, but I have little moral courage, and feeling quite sure that I was encountering an English custom, I pulled the drapery of my couch about me and said:

"Why—er—yes."

Then she came in—a ruddy-faced, buxom lass whom I recognized as the one who had brought me a siphon of vichy at bedtime the night before.

"Do you wish a barth?" said she pleasantly.

Without thinking I said I did, although I knew there was no "barthroom."

"Shall I fix it for you?"

I must have murmured yes in a dazed sort of way, for she immediately came farther into the room and, going to my towel rack, she picked therefrom a crash towel fully as large as a silence cloth for a large dinner table.

This she spread on the floor while I lay there blushing and watched her.

Then she went to the corner of the room and picked up the big tin pan, and I at once realized that it was an English bathtub. Stupid me! Had I not seen pictures of them in English novels? The maid now stepped out of the room and I began to breathe freely.

But, just as I was preparing to leap from my bed and pour out water in my independent American fashion, she reappeared and I bounded backward into bed and almost "came a narsty fall" out the other side.

This time she brought a tin ewer full of water, which she poured into the tub

until the water was fully an inch deep.

"I guess I'll be able to manage alone now," said I, in a muffled tone from beneath the spread, but she was not yet through, and I began to shake. She was strong enough to have lifted me bodily into the bath, and Japanese influences are at work all over the world these days.

However, all she wanted to do was to get me soap and a couple of towels, and then she left me with the inevitable "Thank you" that well-trained English servants must say when they have done you a service under penalty of losing their self-respect.

And when she went away I felt I was free to disport in the tub. Oh, how I revelled in that inch of water after the maid had gone and I had locked the door.

I dived to the bottom of it, I rolled over and over in it until it was all on me and there was nothing left in the tub.

And then I waited until the water had collected again in the tub and again I dived and came up blowing and sported like a stranded dolphin.

And then I dried myself with a small washcloth, because it seemed wasteful to use a whole towel for such a purpose, and I had achieved my first English "barth."

I have referred to the English "Thank you." It is the most overworked phrase in use. In the first place they don't say "Thank you" as we do in America, with a falling inflection. They throw it up in the air at you with a jerk. "Thang kew" expresses it phonetically, but no letters can express the little jerk of an inflection that they give to the "you." There is not a spark of gratitude in it as it is used by servants and tradespeople.

A maid brings you a cup of tea, and as she hands it to you she says "Thang kew". You meet one in the hall and you say "Good morning. It's a pleasant day," and she says "Thang kew."

I went into a shop on the Strand one day in order to be fleeced. Americans are fair game and, although I talk in a very low tone of voice (on purpose) and avoid saying "caow" and "guess" they spot me for an American at once and proceed to do me.

Massenger says it's because I go without a waistcoat. When it's hot weather in New York I go without a waistcoat (or vest, as I was brought up to call it), and why shouldn't I do it here when it's hot? But I suppose it does betray my nationality almost as much as the wearing of the Stars and Stripes would.

I went into this haberdasher's to buy an outing shirt. The shirt bought, the man said:

"I have some Windsor ties that would interest you."

"I have all I need."

"Thang kew. Carn't I show you some 'angkerchiefs?"

"Not any handkerchiefs to-day."

"Thang kew."

No more emotion in his thanks than a professional ingrate would display. I verily believe that if I had given way to irritation at his reiterated phrase and had said, "I'll push your face in," he would have said, "Thang kew," as he proceeded to show me something else I did not want to buy.

But I want to tell you how easily shocked the good and aged Mrs. Grundy is when a person acts according to his inclinations instead of according to English precedent.

I am a warm-blooded person, and when I tennis or wheel a jacket is a

superfluity. In Connecticut I fling hat and jacket away as soon as I reach the hill country, and no one says a word unless it is a farmer who fears I will get a sunstroke.

But over here, when I clad myself in a becoming outing shirt and started to get my wheel, I met in the hallway the same maid who had prepared my bath, and it was at once her turn to blush. She about-faced and retreated to the servants' hall, and I later learned that she supposed that I did not expect or wish to be seen "so very incompletely dressed," as they say in "Pirates of Penzance."

I was unconscious of any wrongdoing, and I went on my way rejoicing and joined the wheeling party at the barn—a party made up entirely of Englishmen.

One of them knows me very well and he said, "Go back and get dressed."

I turned it off with a laugh and we

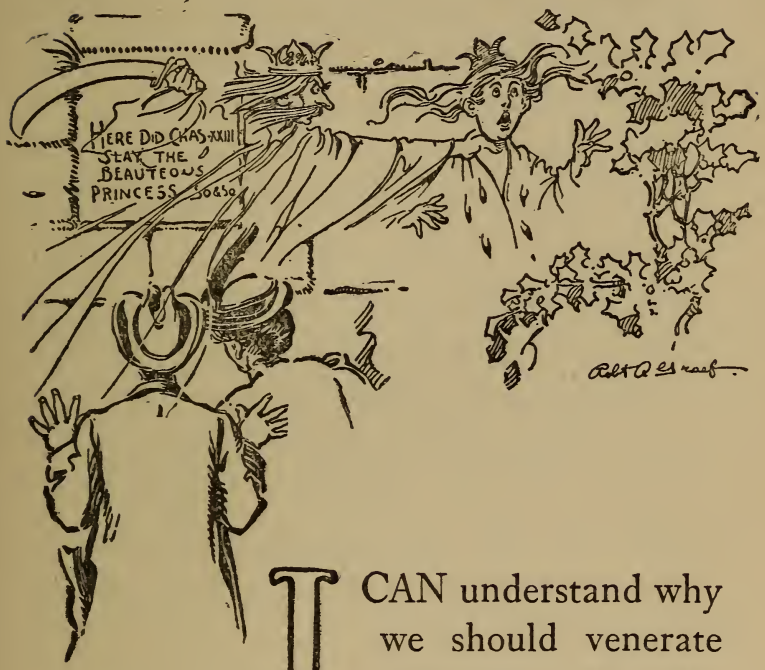
all mounted our wheels, but I noticed that all the men looked shocked—much as they would have looked if they had met their wives in evening dress on the seashore or in bathing costume at a dinner.

But we would laugh at an Englishman who did not dare go his own gait in America, particularly when this gait did not restrict the liberty of action of another, and so I went riding under the July sun.

Very shortly my companions began to complain of the heat and to perspire like bread-earners, while I was cool and comfortable. But whoever we met, were they farm laborers, or motor cyclists or tramps, looked shocked when they saw me riding free and easy in a six-shilling figured linen outing shirt, and by the time I reached the end of the run I felt that I was a pariah.

I would rather be a pariah and cool withal than to dwell in the jackets of hotness. Selah.

OF KINGS AND SIGHTSEERS



I CAN understand why we should venerate old masters, but why we should venerate old mistresses passes me. And yet time does sanctify even naughtiness here in good old England.

There have been ladies beloved of Kings of England and hated by the

wives of said Kings, ladies whom, to say the least, you would not think of electing members of the Y. P. S. C. E. or the W. C. T. U. and whom Mrs. Grundy would frown upon if she met them in a drawing-room to-day, ladies of the Nell Gwyn type, to take a mild example.

But Nell Gwyn with her typic sisters lived many years ago. "Ye'rs and ye'rs ago," as an Englishman would say, and time has mellowed her memory so that she has become a mildly titillating historic personage, and as such attracts the curious traveler from other lands.

To me there is something almost humorous in the thought of a deacon and a vestryman from America going on a wheeling pilgrimage to the mansion among the woods where rollicking Charles II. housed the royal favorite and queen of the stage.

Your host says: "Now we might take either one of two rides to-day, both of them of historic interest. We can go to see the seven-hundred-year-old church at Aldworth, with its recumbent statues of the knights and ladies of the De la Beche family and its thousand-year-old yew tree, or we can take a somewhat longer ride to the house of Nell Gwyn of sainted memory."

The vestryman says, "Seems to me we've seen recumbent statues in Westminster——"

"Yes," chips in the deacon, "and the longer the ride the better the exercise. I've always been interested in poor Charles II. Seemed kind of hard he should lose his head."

"Oh, it wasn't Charles II. that lost his head—that is, he only lost it figuratively," says the vestryman, "but I think that it would make an interesting ride."

"Look here," says the host, "I'd

rather show you the old church. There's only a house where Nell Gwyn lived, and I believe it's occupied——"

"Suppose we flip a coin," says the vestryman.

The coin is flipped, with heads for Nell and tails for the knights and ladies, and to the delight of the Americans the choice falls on the house that Charles II. graced with his presence and wherein Nell Gwyn smiled on him.

Time has whitewashed Nell and her sisters. Give Time time enough, or if that is not sufficient give us the right kind of music, and any crime in the Decalogue is rendered interesting, until we find matinee girls at home and abroad revelling in the excesses of dear old demigods.

I heard the other day that an American rented a house for the summer simply because the agent told him that it had been the scene of a murder of a

celebrated king s celebrated mistress. The American thought it would be a good place to which to bring the children. The air was good, it was near the Thames and there is no way of learning history like being on the historic spot.

His children were afraid to go up the back stairs on which the murder had been committed three hundred years before.

Now, the house was palpably not fifty years old, but the agent knew his business. No one undeceived the American, and he and his family felt that they were in a way a part of the reign of Henry VIII., or whatever king it was who flourished in those times.

By the way, some of the most hallowed associations that cluster around the venerable church at Ewelme in Oxfordshire arise from the fact that dear old Henry VIII. courted Anne Boleyn hard by, and they attended service

together, both of them going in for Sunday observances to a large extent.

How pretty the scene. Can we not all imagine it?

Henry breaking away from his retinue on a Sunday morning while the bells of Ewelme are answering those of Wallingford down by the river. A poppy in his buttonhole, he strides across the fields of manglewurzel to the sheltered village and makes his way through winding and narrow lanes, alongside which a fettered brook is babbling, to the seven-gabled house where Anne is boarding for the summer.

Henry rings the bell in the door of the brick wall, half smothered in Virginia creeper, and sweet Anne herself comes to the window.

Henry doffs that historic cap of his and says:

"What say to a little touch of divine service this lovely morning, Anne? By

the way, Anne, do you pronounce your last name Bullen or Bolinn?"

And Anne, all a-flutter at being so addressed by royalty, says:

"Say it as you will, my liege, and if you'll wait until my maid has strung my dimity bodice I'll be right glad to join you in your devotions. What do you think of the weather outlook? Is the glass falling? Shall I need an umbrella?"

"The glass is rising, Anne. It's wonderful weather for England. But I anticipate storms before long."

How prophetic the words!

Then Henry walks back and forth through the attractive village, all unwitting that eventually he is going to kill the pretty woman who is getting ready to go to church with him, and after half an hour or so Anne comes down and joins old Bluebeard, and hand in hand they walk through the

colorful cornfields and are soon at the church porch.

They pass the quintet of bell-ringers who jangle the bells at sight of royalty, and then they sit in the front pew and await the processional. And Henry finds the lesson for the day in his own copy of the King James version of the Bible, and they sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "Lead, Kindly Light" together, and as a bit of a joke the king puts a royal button into the collection pouch when it is passed to him and when service is over and the choir boys have left the chancel the congregation rises until Henry and Anne have passed reverently out.

And they saunter through the fields and admire the Clumps where the Romans used to have an encampment, and then Anne invites him in to Sunday dinner—roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, vegetable marrow and lemon squash.

It's an idyllic picture and makes me wish I'd gone in for writing history. I don't wonder that Americans—the better part of whom were English then—like to go to the little church where that king who was most insistent on marriage of any king attended service in the long ago.

There have been kings who have not confined themselves to the love of any one woman—Charles II. was a little inclined that way—but they have not been of the marrying kind. Good old Henry insisted on the ceremony.

As he said to Cardinal Wolsey on one occasion: "I may not make the best of husbands, Wolsey. There is a certain risk attending my loving of a woman, but no historian can ever arise who can truthfully say that I have not always insisted upon a full ceremony with both Mendelssohn's and the other fellow——"

"You mean Wagner, sire."

"Yes, both the wedding marches. Why, man, is it incumbent on a king to keep up a good custom—and placate Mrs. Grundy. If I had neglected to marry these Annes and Katharines, marriages might fall into disuse in this tight little island. No, while I live, Wolsey, I'll keep you clergy busy earning your fees."

I'm not standing up for Henry. He did have his faults. He killed off far more wives than a self-respecting monarch should, but he upheld marriage to the end.

But, as I said before, time is a very darky for whitewashing. If in New York crowds thronged to see the house where a man or woman was murdered (pictures of the same having appeared in the yellow press with a cross marking the spot), the respectable papers would all say editorially that only morbid or common persons ever care for such

things. They would also say that to read about such things shows a vulgar mind that needs to be fed on sensations. And in the news columns they would have a full account of the murder without the pictures.

But shove the murder back a few centuries, make the murdered man a priest, and the crowd, moved by the holiest of historical feelings—the respectable editor among it—goes to see the place where he fell. And there is a cross to mark the spot, too. And children are encouraged to read the history of the event instead of reading novels.

Yes, half the charm of sightseeing in dear old England lies in the fact that there are so many unworthies buried here and there, unworthies of both sexes, such slathers of murderers and mistresses hallowed in their tombs by kindly time.

How thankful we ought to be, my

dear brethren, that we live in a time when none of the commandments is ever broken. Time won't need to hallow us of the twentieth century. We are hallowed already.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND AMERICANS; ALSO TEA.

A RELIGIOUS observance much indulged in by good Americans in London is a visit to the National Gallery. If you want to renew shipboard acquaintanceships go to the National Gallery and

wait. Just as in New York all people sooner or later pass the Flatiron building, so sooner or later all Americans who have (or have not) a love for art come to the gallery to offer up their admiration before the works of the great masters of all countries (except America).

I met one friend who told me with awe in his voice "There's the Raphael that cost $25,000." At the risk of offending him I hurried away from it without more than glancing at it, as the mention of the price seemed to cheapen it.

I know a painting by Hogarth that I wouldn't swap for the $25,000 Raphael, and I'm no blind admirer of the caricaturist either. It's his delicious "Shrimp Girl," that is painted with a freedom and a joyousness that Raphael would have envied him the possession of.

Because oftentimes when Raphael

was painting for the smart set of his time he painted because he had to, and not because he wanted to, while Hogarth did that "Shrimp Girl" because he couldn't help it. It is so much better than the much bepraised "Rake's Progress" series, which was painted with a purpose.

Please excuse me for foisting my views on you in this scandalous way. What I started to say was that the visiting of the National Gallery is a part (and oftimes the only part left) of the religious observance of traveling Americans.

It's a harmless foible, but it is laughable none the less, because ninety out of a hundred of those who patter glibly about the merits of the landscapes of Constable and "old Crome," and Gainsborough, and who take the noble and sincere art of these men so seriously, would be surprised to learn that when they left the shores of their native

America they were leaving behind them a native landscape art just as noble and sincere and quite as worthy to be taken seriously.

It's a huge joke on the traveling American if he can point out to you (with the aid of the useful Baedeker) the merits that lie in a Constable and is unconscious that George Inness ever existed, or if he raves over the quality of a Crome and never heard of Wyant or gazes, guide-book in hand, at a Wilson and is ignorant of the fact that Homer Martin was an American painter of such superlative parts that he is worthy to hang alongside of Constable and Rousseau and Corot and—and any landscapist who ever handled a brush.

Spreadeagleism is a horrid thing, but recognition of the good things at home should come before adulation abroad.

Am I not right?

Before you go abroad again on a shoe-

wearing haunting of English and Continental galleries, look up your Winslow Homers and your Keiths, and learn to your lasting astonishment that American art is recognized in Europe (in Paris, for instance), and then take off your shoes (and stockings) and go wading in superlatives before the shrine of one of the great and admirable English masters if you wish to.

Remember that we have had, and still have, masters in America, and that it is only a question of time when they will become old masters.

Think of me talking right out in meeting and saying all this. Of course lots of you knew it already, but more of you didn't.

It's not very many months ago that I had the pleasure of introducing the editor of an artistic New York monthly magazine to American art. Didn't know there was such a thing.

Doubtless he'd taken off his shoes and walked softly before the examples of the Barbizon school to be found in so many American galleries, but that there were living and dead Americans who had looked with love and their own eyes on Nature and had painted her with assurance and authority and dignity and sincerity—that was a revelation to him.

The beautiful American woods are full of men like him.

I suppose every writer who has come to England has had his say about the custom of tea drinking, but, after all, there are only a certain number of customs in a country, and with people saying things about them all the time one must either cover old ground or else invent new customs to write about. One readily falls into the tea-drinking habit and I wish that it could be introduced into America. Of course swagger

people drink tea now, but I was thinking more especially of real Americans—and they don't do it.

But here it fills in so many gaps.

The other day I was spending a week-end along with Massenger at the country home a of well-known literary man.

We had a hearty lunch (practically a dinner) at 1 o'clock and then went out to play tennis on a full stomach. Whether this is a widespread English custom or not I don't know, but it's a fact that one generally has a full stomach, if you will pardon my saying so, because the English air gives one a tremendous appetite and English hospitality plies you with food, so to speak.

We were all tennis enthusiasts and we played strenuously for some time, flying around the court quite as if we didn't remember when Lincoln was shot and had no recollection of the Reconstruction period. English air makes one feel young.

While we were preparing to change sides the thought occurred to me that a glass of lemonade, or even ice-water, would be refreshing. As if in answer to my thought a bell rang from somewhere in the house, and mine host said with gusto:

"Ah, it's tea time."

Down went the rackets, on went the jackets, and we all went into the dining-room we had left so short a time before and sat down to tea and bread and butter, and I accounted for my liking it from the fact that 260 years ago my ancestors were English.

Tea over we went back to our game much refreshed and did not eat a hearty meal again until 7, and then—how hungry we were and how much there was to eat! But that is a digression.

Another day I ran up to Oxford, or else I ran down—this question of up and down is very perplexing; you see a man

riding down hill on a motorcycle and you learn that he is running up to London.

Anyway I went to Oxford with Massenger, and, under the guidance of a don whom Massenger had once met in Connecticut, we saw the beauties of the place (see Baedeker). A first folio Shakespeare, formerly owned by one David Garrick, was rather impressive, and I think that's not in Baedeker. It is so refreshing to come across something that the omniscient Baedeker has missed.

Another old thing that impressed me was the grass on the lawns. I understand that some of the blades date back to the time of Alfred the Great, and I can well believe it. They look old and sere.

Massenger says they haven't had rain for a month, and that is why the grass looks antique.

But to go back to tea.

After we had made an end of sight-

seeing we started for the station, intending to take the 4:30.

"We'll have time for tea on the way down there," said the don.

Massenger snorted, but it seems that dons don't understand the meaning of a snort, and we soon found ourselves in a quaint and dark little pocket of a parlor in which were bound volumes of *Fun*. (English fun, which is sometimes a rather superior article. Make up your mind for yourself about it and don't rely on Smith's say so.)

"Are you sure we'll have time?" said Massenger after the don had ordered tea and buttered bread.

"We'll have ample time, and anyway it's time for tea," said the don.

That settled it. The train might come and go, but it was time for tea, and the laws of the Medes and Persians had a habit of altering not, like the leopard's spots.

Speaking of spots, this certainly was a most inviting one, and when the tea and the daintily-buttered bread came they were very tempting, and so the don and I drank our tea. I regret to say that at the last moment Massenger had balked and had ordered a lemon squash instead.

I believe he thought it would be a cross between a lemon pie and a squash pie, but it was merely the English for lemonade. Massenger has a good deal to learn.

We lingered so long over our tea that when the don looked at his watch he said:

"Lord bless me, we'll have to take a cab."

Not five blocks away from the station and we'd have to take a cab! And England is a nation of walkers!

However, it was not for me to say anything; so we took a cab for two shillings —in New York I have ridden fourteen

miles on the elevated for five cents—and in a very short time we had missed our train and had settled with the cabman and had got somewhat heated sprinting from one ticket wicket to another to get tickets for our wheels, which we had left in the luggage room thinking we wouldn't need them in the colleges.

"My word, that's too bad," said the don. "When does the next train go?"

He asked this of a guard and learned that we had half an hour to wait.

"Oh, that's very nice. We'll have another cup of tea and cool off."

And, do you know, I was glad we'd missed the train, for just then a boy came along trundling a tea barrow, (to give it a name,) and we sat there on the platform and had more tea and thin slices of buttered bread, and forgot that we had been worried at missing the train, although every true American does hate to miss a

train, even when they are running on a two-minute headway.

Now, if they would only have little tea booths on Wall Street or State Street, and, say at a quarter to 3, when stock brokers are most excited, they all adjourned for tea and filled the street with friendly little groups of perspiring and gray-templed men, they would go back to the closing exercises much relieved in body and mind, and there would be fewer breakdowns.

But be sure to cut your slices thin and use plenty of butter.

Why, even a shorn lamb would go uptown easier in his mind if the wolf who sheared him blew him off to tea.

And the spectacle of a bull and a bear drinking tea amicably together would be a godsend to the Seeing New Yorkers.

ON BLUFFING

I RAN down a bit of unconscious humor in the London *Tribune* the other day. Their book-reviewer had come across "an American book" and had evidently read it, and was moved to show his knowledge of American geography.

In the first place he headed his review "A New Jersey Romance." Naturally, the American in London supposed that the book would treat of life in Rahway or Metuchen or some other town in New Jersey, and he began to read the review with interest.

"In her new novel Miss Margery Williams takes us back once more to the people of New Jersey. The scene is laid in a small New England port and the reader is never far from the sound of the sea."

Think of New Jersey being a part of New England!

"Miss Williams knows New Jersey well."

Not so the reviewer. If there is an Eastern State that isn't a bit like New England it is New Jersey.

He goes on to say that "Miss Williams excels in the quality of 'atmosphere,' and the descriptions of the New

Jersey lanes and fields are among the best she has yet given us."

What is this New England port that has strayed away like so many New Englanders and settled in New Jersey? The reviewer calls it "Port Gabriel," but that doesn't help one much.

I spoke of this error to an English friend, and he said:

"Oh, you know over here New England means all the East."

That was worse yet, because your New Englander and your descendant of New Englanders is rather proud of the fact that New England contains but six rather small States. Ask a New Englander in New Jersey if he is a "Jerseyman" and he will hasten to tell you that he was born in Massachusetts or whatever one of the proud half-dozen he did come from. On the other hand, if you ask a Jerseyman in New England if he is a native New Englander he will be in

no haste to correct your mistake.

Still the London reviewer knew as much about American geographical divisions as most of us know of English ones. The average New York reviewer is perfectly capable of saying of an English book:

"This idyllic little story has to do with Yorkshire folk and their lives amid the wild scenery of their Devon downs and Derbyshire glades, and the quaint descriptions of the Cornwall coast washed by the North Sea remind one of similar descriptions of the same coast by that master hand Charles Dickens. The curious Lancashire dialect is well handled and the story of the lives of these Yorkshire miners, lineal descendants, it may be, of Ham and Peggoty and Little Em'ly, holds one in willing thrall and makes one long to wander at will over the fair Essex meadows and the Berks seacoast."

We're always astounded and amused that the other man doesn't know the thing we know, but we are apt to think it of little moment that we don't know the thing the other man knows.

Not to know a thing and yet to make a bluff of exact knowledge—sometimes leads to success and sometimes to laughter.

Last winter when I was covering some of the 15,000 miles that Jerome K. Jerome and I travelled in America—where I re-learned geography every day, by the way—we were one day passing over a desert on a Southern Pacific train, and some one said that one could see a mirage from the train windows when the atmospheric conditions were favorable. Jerome was a little sceptical about this, so I turned to a colored porter and said:

"Did you ever see a mirage?"

"Oh, yes, sah," came the answer as

quick as utterance could make it.

"What's it like?"

"Lak a li'l' wolf, sah."

There was absolute ignorance palming itself off as knowledge. Napoleon would have promoted that porter and made an engineer of him at once, and he would in all probability have run our train on alien roads with a calm assumption that he must be right that would have given rise to no end of adventures.

Up in South Dakota there was another man who always had an answer ready.

He was a clerk in the hotel at which we were forced to stop (because the other one was worse yet), and just before we went to the theatre to "deliver the goods" I said to him:

"Are the accoustics in the theatre good?"

"Oh, yes, considering the size of the town."

I've often wondered just what he

meant. A few minutes later I changed the form of my question and said: "Is it easy to make oneself heard in the theatre?"

"Very easy, indeed," said he, not knowing that he had already given one answer to my question.

No, the English reviewer was quite right. He made a bluff at accurate knowledge of American geographical boundaries and no doubt impressed many untraveled Englishmen with the extent and variety of his attainments in a difficult field.

Look at the American elevated guard. No one pretends to believe that he knows what he is saying. He says "Frank'n sh Ch'm'n'x" or "P'r'pl's C'n'x" and people look out for the signs and get out as nearly right as they can.

Over here it is quite different.

You are going, let us say, from Paddington station to Wallingford. By

great good luck you strike the right platform to begin with. All around you shrill whistles are shrieking until you long for the deep-toned chord whistles of American locomotives.

You approach a guard and say, "Where do you change for Wallingford?"

"Ch'inge at Didcot."

This upsets you, because the friend in whom you trusted told you a name that sounded so like Chelsea that you immediately thought of Thomas Carlyle.

You wait until the guard isn't looking and then you go to an older and more important-looking guard and ask him the same question.

"Ch'inge at Cholsey."

Ah, Cholsey—that's the word that sounded like Chelsea.

Still the first one said "Ch'inge at Didcot." You are tortured by doubts and you go to a porter who is trying to

trundle a barrow-load of trunks up the platform without cutting any one's foot off—with bare and fright-producing success—and you plop out at him the same question. He stops so suddenly that a trunk falls off his load and smashes a valise.

"I think you ch'inge at Didcot, sir."

There you have it. Those men have Didcot on the brain.

You can't appeal to a dignified conductor when he comes through the train to take your ticket, because in the first place he can't come through the train, the carriages being of the old compartment type, and in the second place there is no conductor, and anyway you have to hold on to your ticket until you are in the station, right or wrong, at which you elect to alight.

The train backs in, you take your seat, the guard, a different one, slams the door and you ask him through the

open sash the same old question and get for answer, "Ch'inge at Cholslee," a variation in pronunciation that further puzzles you.

You appeal to your fellow-passengers, but those that aren't Americans are Londoners out for a bank holiday, and what your Londoner doesn't know of "the provinces" it would take a Macaulay to teach him.

You watch out for the names of the stations. One seems to be Cadbury and another somebody's pills and another Peter's Choc——

Oh, it's only advertisements.

You seem so shut in that you know you'll never know when you get to your destination. At last you come to a stop, and then the engine shrieks and then shrieks again, this time further off, and at last you see it with your train behind it rushing around a curve in the distance. And you are left in the station in the

coach to which you blindly rushed.

Is it Didcot? No; it's Beecham's ——. No, it's Tilehurst.

Here's a pretty how-de-do! And you were to be met at Wallingford by your host's dogcart.

The Americans in the carriage swarm out and try to obtain information, but the Englishmen sit quietly with a patient faith in the system that is noble, and in a half hour or so another train backs in to the station and picks you up and you wonder at the carelessness of railroad officials in letting you lie on an exposed track in that way with expresses passing every few minutes.

Still you're not much better off now that you're moving, for you don't know yet where you are to change and you've let one train slip by without effort to stop it.

Ah, you are approaching a station and your quick eye notes the name of Didcot among the advertisements.

You have now approached a crisis in the ailment. On obtaining right answers to your questions depends the successful issue out of all your troubles.

A new guard comes by.

"Do I change here for Wallingford?"

"No, ch'inge at Cholsey."

As your friend in whom you trusted said in the first place.

What a pity you didn't take the right car and go on to Cholsey with the rest of your train.

At Cholsey you take good care to change, and there is a dear little train puffing and squealing in its anxiety to take you to Wallingford.

You prepare to excuse yourself for having let the train in which you left London get away without you, and you deplore the stupidity on your part that has kept your friend waiting over a train for you.

Five minutes or so and you are in

quaint old Wallingford, with its thatched cottages and red-tiled roofs, and there is your friend just driving his dogcart into the station yard.

A minute later and it's:

"Ah, glad to see you, old chap. Afraid you might make a mistake, bank holiday time. It's a bit confusing. But you made it like an old hand."

And then you learn that you were on what is called a slip car and that it was all right to be dropped at Cadbury—I I should say Bovril, oh, Tilehurst, I mean, and that you came through quite as it was intended by the English system that you should. And no one has been insolent to you.

That counts in the long run. And it seemed a very long run to Wallingford, owing to your uncertainty and the proximity of the advertisements to the station names.

ON SLUMMING

ONE hot day last week I felt that I had been cheerful long enough in the pleasant English sunshine and the peaceful orderliness of English country life.

I wanted a change. I wanted to be treated to a horrid sensation. I wanted to see one of the saddest, most vice-haunted, sodden, foul, pestilential, dark, dismal, dreadful human hives in Chris-

tendom; a place which, famous already, had been made more famous by the exploits of one Jack the Ripper; a place where laughter is unknown and where no gleam of sunlight ever penetrates. In a word I wanted to see Whitechapel —the East End.

And so I left the hedge-bounded, poppy-bedecked fields and sheep-besprinkled meadows of the English countryside and went up to London.

My guides were two English writers whose names, etc., etc.

One was of the sad-faced type, the other was rubicund and jolly.

At the last moment we decided not to incite the fury of the mob by wearing silk hats and frock coats. Instead we wore clothing of innocuous and unfashionable cut, and taking our lives in our hands we set forth from the neighborhood of the Hotel Cecil in the Strand in a bus.

As the afternoon was to be a long one,

one of my friends suggested that we should not confine ourselves to any one neighborhood, but take a walk through London streets wherever his fancy—and he is a man of delicate fancy—might lead him to go. We consented, and after riding for half an hour or so we dismounted and found ourselves in a quarter where the respectable poor live.

I noticed that the respectable poor looked much like thousands of New Yorkers whom I have seen; in fact, I could hardly believe that I was not in New York. But the streets were much cleaner than similar quarters would be in New York, and there was comparatively little odor of an unpleasant nature.

We walked through narrow alleys and encountered David Warfield after David Warfield—long-bearded, sallow-faced American citizens with the am-

bition and the determination to become rich. I asked my friends if these were really Londoners and they assured me that they were—of the lineage of David, an earlier David than Warfield.

Little children played in the gutters and were happy. The summer sun, the genial London sun, illuminated the narrow streets and housewife said to housewife in the pleasant New York or Yiddish tongue that it was a long time between rains.

I felt that it would be a good thing if the people who live in that vile Whitechapel could come to this place to live; all seemed so quiet and respectable.

One of my companions asked me if I would like to see how they made London citizens out of Jewish children, and upon my saying I would, he took us to a school nearby in which we heard the cheerful hum of many youthful voices.

A pleasant-faced, rosy-cheeked gentile, the principal of the school, who looked as if he spent his days in the open fields, greeted us cordially and on our asking to see the newest arrivals he took us into one of the primary departments.

Here were assembled some fifty Hebrew boys from seven to ten years old. Nearly every one had keen, alert, bright eyes and some were cherubic enough to have sat as models for angels.

"All boys who were not born in England will come forward," said the principal.

Eight or ten little chaps rose and came forward quite fearlessly. It looked to me as if there were no terrorism in that school. I did wish they might have such institutions for the poor little East End children.

"Where were you born?" asked the principal of one boy.

"In Russia."

"How long have you been in England?"

"One year."

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes, sir."

Several of them had been born in Africa, and yet to my American eyes they showed no evidence of negro blood. And then I realized that Africa is a large place, and it turned out that these were the sons of English Jews who had settled in South Africa but who had left it on account of the Boer War.

Most of these children were almost as happy-looking as the average Christian child, and yet the advantages of Christianity are denied them as they are Orthodox Jews.

In another room we met a little Hebrew thirteen years of age who wrote a most legible hand and expressed him-

self (in compositions on "How I Spent My Vacation") in good, clear English with here and there a foreign idiom. He looked like a poet in embryo, this Hebrew lad, with dreamy eyes and seriously-happy face, and he had spent his vacation by taking walks through Westminster Abbey—where he must have come across the statue of a brilliant Israelite named Disraeli—and by visits to the National Gallery, and he showed an interested acquaintance with the works of dead and gone British authors. And he had been out of Russia only eleven months!

I thought it was a rather better fate than being butchered to make a Russian holiday.

I winked at sundry Hebrew lads and they winked back quite as if the joy of life were in them. Oh! thought I, if they could only introduce something like this to the poor, submerged millions

of the East End! We also visited the Church of St. Columbia, in which is a mortuary for the use of those who, living in cramped quarters, have no place in which to lay their dead until the time of interment. And they told me that the poor could hardly ever be induced to give up their loved ones.

But I was beginning to get tired of this respectable slumming. One can get worse than this in New York. I resolved to suggest the East End as soon as I could do it, although my guides seemed to be enjoying themselves in showing me the houses of the lower middle classes.

At last we came to a dreadfully commonplace street, the sort of place where you'd feel you could safely leave your little son, aged five, for an hour or two.

"Oh, say," said I, "please don't give me any more of these Sunday-school

streets. I want to see carnage and murder and rapine. I've got to write a letter to America depicting the horror of Whitechapel. I'll willingly risk my life in going through some of the murderous streets, but another half-hour of this Philadelphia neatness and quiet will affect my nerves."

And then I learned that things are seldom what they seem.

"This is considered the toughest street in London," said one of my friends, whose books on cockney life have made him an authority on the subject. "When Barrie took Maarten Maartens through this street some years ago they had a detective in advance and a detective behind them who told them to be as cautious as a Scotchman and a Dutchman could."

"Well, but aren't there just as dangerous streets as this in the awful East End, in Whitechapel?" asked I.

They both looked at me in astonishment.

"What's the use of trying to entertain you?" said one, "we've been in the East End ever since we alighted. We've been in Whitechapel, in the East End, all this warm afternoon and here you are asking for something worse. Your palate is out of order."

"But," said I, "the streets are cleaner than those on the East Side in New York."

"That's the lookout of the New York Street Cleaning Department. It doesn't concern London," said one.

"But the children look happy."

"That's owing to the mercy of God," said my other friend.

"And it looks as if they were being cared for," I continued.

"You think that because you're an irrepressible optimist. We've taken you through the saddest part of the British

Kingdom and you say that it is better than similar places in New York. Where's your patriotism, man ?"

"But we've not been in danger of assault," said I, ignoring his slur. "I've not seen a black look or heard an angry word, or even an oath, this afternoon."

"Because we've minded our own business. You go through here in evening clothes and pull your overcoat about you every time you pass a man and you may be ripe for the mortuary at St. Columba's in a few hours."

"Well, but Jack London came over here and saw it, and he pictured it as a hell on earth."

"Jack London would be able to find a 'Hell's Kitchen' in heaven because he has a trained scent for that sort of thing, but you must remember that he dug up every dreadful story he could sniff out and dumped them all in one locality. The most dreadful place on

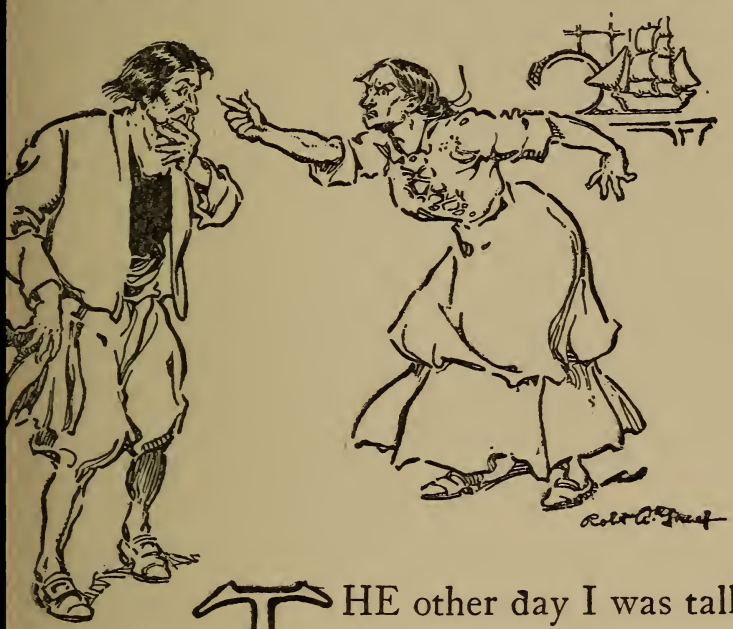
the face of the earth is in Jack London's book. Probably if you wrote a book about the East End there'd be a rush of emigrants to it from all parts of the earth. Something between your optimism and his pessimism would be the right thing."

I couldn't help feeling disappointed (the sensational part of me) that I had witnessed no murders, not even a wife-beating or eye-blacking, and if I had not afterward substantiated the fact that I had really been in Whitechapel I would have had a suspicion that my friends, being humorists, had been stringing me.

It begins to look as if sightseers were going to have all the festering sores of civilization removed, and we'll have to look to our imaginative literary men for our Whitechapels of the future.

Perhaps it is better for the East Ender and the East Sider, but it is going to make it very tame for slummers.

SEQUEL TO A FAMOUS BALLAD



THE other day I was talking with a member of one of those Browning societies that will persist in reading meanings into his poetry that he never intended to put there.

In the course of our amicable conversation I said that Browning had no more business than Byron had to write

doggerel, and that he ought to have taken too keen a pride in his craft to ruin what might have been a fine handling of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" subject.

Of course he gasped and of course he asked me to admire the clever rhymes, and naturally I told him that the rhymes were the ruination of it, that a clever writer of burlesque verse like W. S. Gilbert with his irreproachable ear could have given him valuable points. I asked him what excuse there was for a man with any ear making "Mile hence" rhyme with "silence" or "sun shone" with "luncheon."

Then he said it was only a child's story.

"So much the worse. One should be most careful of his rhymes when writing for innocent children, who may have been brought up on Whittier, that good but earless poet."

Many people take the "Pied Piper"

to be the entrance to Browning and they turn around in the porch and depart from his work forever—depart from the man who wrote "Caliban on Setebos," "Childe Harold to the Dark Tower Came," and "Andrea del Sarto," to say nothing of the spirited and quite inimitable ballad of "Hervé Riel."

Even we who are not Browning students remember "Hervé Riel" that used to be recited at commencements by the boy who had not chosen "Henry of Navarre" or "Lady Clare."

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

Well begun, it so continues to the end,

one of the finest ballads in the English language.

It tells how the French fleet under Damfreville, pursued by the English, comes to a place like our own Hell Gate and is like to be caught in a trap and blown up by the enemy's guns.

The local pilots come aboard and quickly decide that it is quite impossible to guide such unwieldy vessels through the rocky, treacherous channel.

"In a strait" in every sense of the word, Damfreville decides that it is better to run the ships ashore and blow them up than allow them to become the prizes of the hated English.

He is about to give the word when:

* * * up stood * * * out stepped * * * in struck
* * * a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting pilot, he—Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.

Hervé Riel offers in his simple

French (rendered into nobly simple English by Browning, who must have enjoyed his morning's work while he wrote at white heat):

"Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this Formidable clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage
I know well,
Right to Solidor past Greve,
And there lay them safe and sound:
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life, here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

What he has promised he well performs:

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that
grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past.
All are harbored to the last.
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—
sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late!

Now is Hervé Riel's golden hour. He is the hero of the day, and what he asks

for that can he have from his grateful compatriots.

What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then Damfreville, emotional Frenchman that he is, says finely:

"You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! Or my name's not Damfreville."

And what does the simple-hearted Breton sailor do? He bursts out laughing through his rough beard. *He* wants no reward for doing what (later) England expected every man to do—according to Nelson:

"Since 'tis ask and have I may;
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got—nothing more.

It's a splendid poem and well wipes out the memory of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," with its bastard rhymes, but almost every one has wondered that Damfreville was so literal. Why did he take the innocent pilot at his word? Why did he not throw in a purse? Browning himself received a hundred guineas for the poem and he sent every penny of it to the relief of starving Frenchmen ('twas just after the siege of Paris).

But Damfreville gave the pilot "a day off."

And who knows what happened when the light-hearted, brave fellow came to the door that gave entrance to the one whom he called "the Belle Aurore"?

Lofty-minded men do not always have lofty-minded wives. We all remember Socrates and his wife, who, even as Lot's wife has stood for all time as one of the salts of the earth, stands for eternity as one of the scolds of the earth.

At first the Belle Aurore was desperately glad to see Hervé. She allowed him to fold her in his arms and then she escaped, that she might be enfolded again, and she kissed him, French fashion, first on one cheek and then on the other (how Biblical French customs are!) though I'll wager that he, being a sailor, kissed her square on the mouth.

But soon she began to question him.

I wish I might put her questions in as spirited verse as that of Browning, but it would take more time—and one or two other factors—than I have this morning, and, besides, people would be sure to be prejudiced in his favor as against me.

First she questioned him for news from the seat of war. Then she asked him how it was that battle business was so slack that he could come all the way down to see her.

Glowing with innocent pride, now that he was telling of it, although hitherto it

had seemed the only thing for anyone to do who had his knowledge of shoals and eddies and tides, Hervé Riel tells his wife that he has saved the French fleet. His eyes shine—they moisten a bit; these French are an emotional lot—and word for word he tells her what the great Damfreville said. Actually the Admiral of the whole fleet said to him, plain Hervé Riel, coast pilot:

"You have saved the King his ships. You must name your own reward."

The Belle Aurore begins to breathe hard at this. She glances around the miserable cottage and thinks of the handsome villa of my lady "la comtesse." She can compass all those fine airs herself, give her time. And some money shall go to the poor. And a candle seven feet tall will she give to Our Lady. Ah, what a brave, lucky husband! How she will queen it over those Videaus, who give themselves such airs

because their father found buried treasure in the new world.

"Quick, what did you choose, my dear Hervé, title and money or only the money?"

He hesitates and she divines that he did not choose a title.

"Perhaps it is better so," says she, her soft arms around his neck. "We are simple folk. But show me the purse. And where are we to live?"

Poor Hervé's jaw drops. He had not foreseen this. Why did he not wait to ask her if she wanted anything besides glory?

He stammers. He attempts to laugh. He fetches a huge sigh and begins to stroke her head.

She receives an inkling of the truth from all this.

Her arms drop from his neck and she stands up to him, her eyes flashing.

"Do you mean to say, you Hervé Riel,

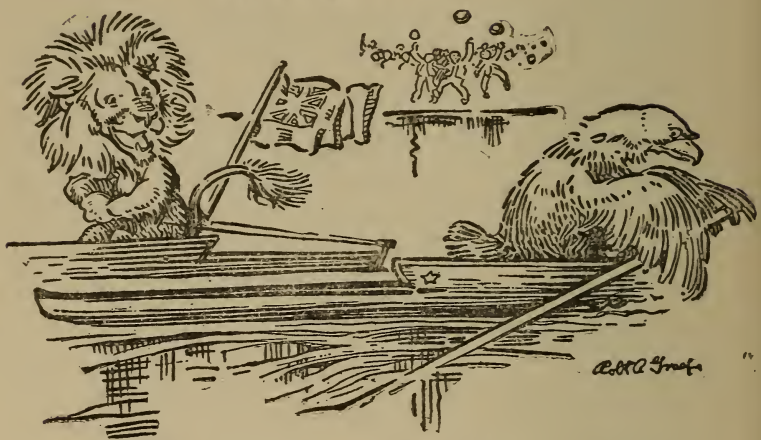
you poor good-for-nothing, ne'er-do-well of a pilot, that you have asked for neither title nor purse ?"

He shrugs his shoulders and throws out his hands.

"What could I think of better than the sight of you, my dear, my Belle Aurore ? As I live, all that I wished for was leave for a good, whole holiday with you."

And then the storm burst!

"AN ENGLISH CROWD UNDER DEFEAT."



I DETERMINED to go to see the Cambridge-Harvard boat race on the Thames for two reasons—it would bring me into contact with some of my fellow-countrymen, and it would give me a chance to see how Englishmen bore themselves under defeat.

It was one of the hundred days of loveliness that England has had bestowed upon her this summer by the

clerk of the weather, and as I took my way down to ugly Hammersmith Bridge I could not help thinking how lucky the Americans were in having such a day in which to polish off their redoubtable adversaries.

Friendly eyes looked on me and on all Americans present, even the noisy ones. England was perfectly willing to have us win. All she asked for was a close race.

The course lay from Putney Bridge to Mortlake, a distance of four miles, and two hours before the race a large and cheerful crowd made up of English and Americans was walking along the tow-path in search of points of vantage from which to view the struggle.

Cockney venders were selling their idea of crimson. In justice to them I must say that they are all color blind, for from brown to pink every hue could be seen with never a touch of crimson.

"'Ere's yer 'Ar*vard* colors! Pick 'em out."

But no American could do so. Luckily I had got my bit of crimson elsewhere.

From just above Hammersmith Bridge for a mile the embankment was lined with vociferous men who dealt in strangely named drinks and edibles.

There was a beverage that went by the name of sarsaparilla wine. It was yellow and was sweetened by the addition of sugar if desired. Your Englishman has a contempt for sweets that is being gradually overborne. Some years ago he would have taken his sarsaparilla wine dry.

"Maizypop" had a strangely familiarly unfamiliar sound, and I bought a package to see what it was like. Popped maize or popcorn it proved to be. As corn is the generic name for all grain in England, popcorn would not be understood of the masses, so the beautiful

word "maizypop" is coined and the article sells.

Booth after booth was filled with racks containing cocoanuts in place of "coons'" heads. If you hit the "cokernut" with a ball provided for the purpose it became your property.

I longed to try my luck, but I did not know what I should do with half a dozen cocoanuts, so I refrained.

There were those who had paid good prices in advance for seats from which to view the race, but I was there to view the crowd as well, and as long as I was near at hand when the Harvard crew won I did not much care where I was.

But I fell in with two pleasant fellow-countrymen, strangers, and we listened to the blandishments of a witty costermonger whose little donkey cart was part of a procession of carts and wagons drawn up at the top of the embankment, and for a shilling and sixpence we ob-

tained elevated seats that commanded a view of a mile of the river. A better place we could not have asked for or obtained at ten times the price.

I made up my mind to sink all feelings of pride in my rowing compatriots when they should come, and simply give myself up to a calm contemplation of the Englishmen about me.

It was a good-natured crowd, as good-natured as a New York one out for a holiday and not trying to get to Brooklyn by way of the Bridge.

My neighbor in the next cart, an Englishman, told me that he hoped it would be a close race, and I echoed his hope. I really did not want to see Cambridge trailing along a half-mile after our boys. There is no excitement in such a race. And I told him that next to seeing Harvard win I'd be best pleased to see Cambridge win.

"But there are only two crews, you

know," said he, and my little joke lay in the bottom of the cart, demolished.

A party of Harvard men, in a barouche went by and spotted my two companions and me for Americans, and gave us a cheer that caused the quiet English people to look amazed. But they smiled indulgently. It was only a little pre-enthusiasm.

My unknown friends were from the West, and they, like myself, had come to see how an English crowd would bear itself in defeat.

We were all sure that the English would bear themselves like true sports and we all established very friendly relations with the Britons about us in the hour and a half that elapsed before the dropping of a flag on Barnes Bridge told us that the race had begun.

Now was my chance to watch the English and see whether they were the phlegmatic people they are reputed to be.

Could they bear to be wiped off of the river by a little university only 270 years old that day? Wouldn't they make a scene? For myself I was going to be the calm, self-possessed, disinterested spectator of an international event.

The course, ably policed by the Thames Conservancy, had been cleared some time before, and but six or seven launches were to be allowed to follow the rowers.

We stood up in the donkey cart, the crowds in the street craned their necks, people in an unfinished building leaned from the windows and the mob on the river bank risked being pushed into the historic but damp stream—and the race was on.

I fixed my eyes on the bend of the river, where the shells would shortly appear, until I remembered that I was not there to look at the boats, but to note

the behavior of an English crowd under defeat.

Thus reminded of them I turned my head and watched them until my eyes happened to fall on the river again and refused to budge from that bend beyond which two world-watched crews were putting their six weeks of training into the work of rowing a great race. The thought came that at that very moment people in America, in India, in Australia, in Canada, in South Africa were anxiously awaiting news of the event that was now unfolding itself on the river before me.

But it did not seem a bit real. I seemed to be in a theatre with my eyes riveted on the first public view of the biograph or kinetoscope. The crowd around me was not a real crowd but only the wonderful moving picture of a crowd. I myself was real, but the shining water, the waving flags, the silent people were

all parts of a picture of a scene, not the scene itself.

And then I heard a queer noise like the sound of the wind in distant trees before the storm breaks. It came from beyond that fascinating bend in the river. What was it?

It was the sound of cheering. My compatriots were cheering American cheers. It must be that.

One of the Westerners had a field glass and suddenly he said, "Here they come!"

And then I saw two moving shuttles in the water far away and the cheering came nearer and nearer and increased in volume and proportion. One of the shuttles was ahead, and I knew it was Harvard and fell to cheering myself. I forgot for the moment all about the English around me. My one desire was do the best American cheering that my lungs and throat could compass.

I was subconscious that everybody around me was cheering and my heart warmed to the English under defeat.

Suddenly, like a blow between the eyes, I heard one of the Westerners say, "Cambridge leads."

I borrowed his glass and looking through it I noticed, just as one notices a bad symptom in the disease of a loved one, that the blades of the oars in the lead were a light blue and my heart sank. Had our boys come 3,000 miles for nothing? No, they had come 3,000 miles to make a good fight with redoubtable antagonists and they were making it.

But still it did not seem like a real thing, the cheers or the sight of the tiny shells in that water so far away. And the speed they were making, both crews, was out of all proportion to the size of the river. Why the tugs and steamers that followed were going at a tremendous

and noisy pace and yet they did not gain on those two quiet crews. It all seemed like a dream.

The shouting and the tumult died not. It increased in power and the Cambridge men swept inevitably past with the Harvard men, doomed from the first stroke to defeat, rowing tremendously two lengths behind—only two lengths in a fast four-mile race—and my throat gave me notice that it was being overworked and that anyway cheering would do no good now.

And then the rival crews grew smaller, and smaller, and smaller and finally disappeared around another bend in the river, and a few minutes later pandemonium reigned among the phlegmatic English. And on the flagstaff in the middle of Barnes Bridge two flags were flying, the lower one being a familiar white "H" on a crimson field, but the flag at the top, being light blue, in token

that English Cambridge had defeated American Cambridge.

And now the Englishman next to me turned and grasped my hand in a good, warm, hearty handclasp and said:

"Never mind, my boy. It was a good race. Better luck next time."

And I thanked him, hardly knowing what I said, and bade good-bye to my new-found friends and jumped from the cart, actually as sorry as if I had been a Harvard man or especially interested in athletics—or had money on the race.

I continued to wear the Harvard colors—in memory of the defeated—and more than once an Englishman stepped up to me and said words of right good sport. One said: "Never mind, bring 'em over next year and let's 'ave another try," quite as if I could bring it about.

And, as part of the good-natured English crowd, I made my slow way

back along the towpath to Hammersmith Bridge, listening to the remarks that were made, I decided that I quite knew how the English would have acted had Harvard won the race.

And I felt that the bonds between England and America had been strengthened by the four-mile struggle on the silver waters of the Thames.

OUR WAY AND THE BRITISH

AS NEAR as I can make out, we think the English very insular and opinionated because they will not admit that our ways are vastly preferable to their own and our nation a tremendous advance on England.

AN ENGLISH TUB

Most of us who live in or near New York are perfectly willing to admit that New York represents the quintessence of civilization; that if a man has the good fortune to be born in New York there is no need for him to travel because he never will find anything to compare with Manhattan—not Brooklyn or The Bronx or Richmond, mind you, but just Manhattan—that the West has been hopelessly distanced and is still inhabited by a woolly race, and every morning he looks down with new contempt on all foreigners and provincials and thanks the Lord that he is not as insular and opinionated as the Englishman always is.

But he has only to travel to find out that in the West they travel more comfortably than we do in the East; that they get more for their money in their train travel than do we, and that, as they travel more, their ideas are broader and less provincial than ours.

Any open-minded man is bound to admit, once he has traveled in England, that he can do so more comfortably for less money than he can do it anywhere in the States—as they still persist in calling our country.

Let me show by two examples and thus settle the question forever:

We will suppose there are two young men of moderate means, the one a New Yorker who cannot afford Pullman cars, the other a Londoner who always travels third class.

The New Yorker wishes to take a little trip of a hundred miles out into the country. What happens?

The night before his contemplated departure he hunts up an expressman, who perhaps has an office a mile or two away from the young man's house. I want to be perfectly fair in this statement. He tells the expressman to call next morning for his trunk and to carry it to the Grand

Central Station. This the expressman agrees to do for fifty cents.

Next morning the expressman is very late in coming, and the young man frets and fumes for fear he has been forgotten. However, he reflects on how much better the express system of New York is than any English system could be, and it is a great comfort to him. At last the expressman comes and the trunk is borne away, and the young man follows on a surface-car, because a cab is out of the question on account of the expense.

What is the inevitable result? There is a blockade on the road, and the young man again frets and fumes until he realizes how much worse it must be in England—and then he gets out and runs, arriving at the station hot and breathless.

After buying a ticket that costs him two and a half cents a mile he rushes to the baggage-room, a long two blocks

away in the great building, that he may check his trunk and thus relieve his mind of all thought of it. Has it come? Oh, no, it has not come. Will it come soon? The baggageman knows as little as he cares.

He frets and fumes until it happens to come into his mind that he has read that in England they have no checking system, and pity for the benighted Englishman chokes every other emotion and he is enabled to wait calmly until five minutes before train time, when the trunk comes, is almost demolished before his eyes by the careless expressman and upon his giving the baggage man a quarter tip he is assured that the bit of baggage will go out by his train and arrive with him.

He puts the check into his pocket and sprinting to the train gets the only seat left beside a garlicky Italian who has been drinking instead of bathing.

Just in front of him is a screaming and

dirty baby who in the intervals between her paroxysms calls him papa, and behind him is a small boy who is questioning his mother incessantly on subjects in which our traveler is not interested.

Arrived at last at his destination, hot and dusty and cross and cindery, where is the trunk that was checked through? 'Way down in the Grand Central Station, far, far away.

They took the tip and gave the check, but they didn't run the trunk out. "It will do on the next train" is what they think down there.

Our friend is visiting people who are a little up in the world, just a little up in the world, and they have come for him and his trunk that contains his dress suit, but it will be the next morning before he gets it, and he will need his dress suit just as soon as it is time to dress for dinner.

There let us leave him. We are not concerned with his further troubles.

Let us now follow the experience of our young Londoner who is going away for a week-end.

Does he spend the evening before his departure hunting up an expressman? No, because they don't have expressmen in London.

You can go to the "luggage in advance" man and have your trunk forwarded, but it will never occur to our English friend to do that. He goes to the theatre and whiles away his evening and next morning he chips his egg calmly and eats his bacon with zest and swallows his coffee leisurely at 8 o'clock, having made up his mind to take the St. Pancras train at 9 o'clock to a place a hundred miles out.

Breakfast over, he goes to the front door of his lodging house and hails one of the boys who are always passing

houses in London. Him he sends to the nearest standing to get a hansom cab.

The tip to the boy is a penny, and he executes his commission with promptness, and soon from the railings of the little park departs a London cabby and rattles up to the house of the young man in no time, his horse clicking off the distance at a rate of speed he is prepared to keep up by the hour if necessary.

"Is it a trunk, sir?"

"Yes, please get me box and drive me to St. Pancras."

"Very good, sir."

The trunk is placed on the top of the hansom in two shakes of a very young lamb's tail, and the Londoner enters the hansom and is driven rapidly and by short cuts known only to drivers to St. Pancras.

There a porter will buy the young man's ticket, for which he pays two cents a mile, will place his trunk in the

luggage van, having marked it for its destination, and will possibly find the young man a smoking compartment to himself in the fine, new corridor (aisled) train. And his tip for all this will be "thruppence," or at most sixpence. His journey to the station in the hansom costs but a matter of sixty cents, including the trunk.

He has perhaps tipped the driver sixpence for carrying his trunk downstairs, and he has been absolutely at his ease all the time.

He is now in a third-class smoking carriage with a comfortable seat in which he can loll back and look out of the window. There will be no squawling baby near him, for babies are not allowed in smoking carriages, or perhaps, I should say, that if they come, they do so at their own risk.

It may be that a woman will come in, one who loves to see men smoking, but

the chances are that if travel is light he will have the compartment to himself and can sleep or smoke or look at the scenery to his heart's content. Every few minutes the guard will request the pleasure of gazing once more at his ticket, but that is a favor that is soon granted, and who would grudge a guard one of his few pleasures ?

Up in the luggage van, just ahead, or perhaps just behind, the young man's trunk is safely traveling, and when he arrives at the station and finds his friends there to meet him a porter will convey the trunk to the carriage for a tuppence tip.

No worry, no delay, no Italian, no baby, no checking system.

Suppose I were in Buffalo and wished to go to Boston for a visit, eventually taking the steamer at New York for London. We will say that I have a large trunk that I wish to send to

the steamer's hold from Buffalo.

I can send it by express without me at something under $2, or if it is more, all the better. I am willing to admit it will probably go through all right.

But if I am in London and wish to go to Edinburgh on my way to Glasgow, whence I expect to sail to New York, and I wish to send my trunk to the steamer's hold, what do I do?

I paste a label on it, show my ticket to Edinburgh, and they send my trunk to Glasgow for sixpence, with a penny tip to the porter, and give me a receipt for it.

In Chicago I leave four trunks in the station for two nights while I make a little detour with my suit case. On my taking them up again I have to pay twenty-five cents apiece per night for each trunk, or $2.

In London I do the same thing, and it costs me just eightpence. As swindlers the English have much to learn.

Mind you, I am no Anglomaniac. I see many ways in which the Englishman could be brought nearer to our high standard of kindliness and courtesy and political purity, but in the matter of making travel easy we are not in it, as I have shown so conclusively that it will be useless for any one to attempt to controvert me.

I am an open-minded, unprejudiced American, and what I say goes.

TOO MUCH SHAKESPEARIANA

I WANT to make a confession. I hate sightseeing. I'm never in the mood for it.

Sightseeing is the thing above all things that I'd like to do if I really cared for it. It is so stimulating to the imagination to stand before the tomb of a departed worthy of whom you

heard for the first time the day before yesterday and reflect that five hundred years ago he stood on that very spot and walked about, using his legs just the same as you, of whom no one ever heard, use yours. At any rate it seems as if it ought to be stimulating to visit these haunts and resting places of departed great ones, but as a matter of fact it is not.

Just when you are feeling absolutely ravenous and see a most enticing inn covered with green ivy and yellow thatch, you learn that you must forego luncheon and push on just because the tomb of the wicked Duke of Portchester is five miles up hill with the north wind in your face and something the matter with your bicycle and you no mechanic.

It is good to be alive in foreign lands, it is good to be alive anywhere, for the matter of that, but sightseeing as sightseeing, is the last thing a sightseer ought

to attempt. Let the sights come unexpected like.

Admire the ruin, through a loophole of which you see the young moon, and next day when you learn that the name of the ruin is Levin Castle on Loch Levin from which Mary Queen of Scots escaped weeks and weeks and weeks ago you are bound to get a belated thrill, but go to see that ruin awheel, pushing your wheel up unclimable hills, and you'll wish that Mary had never attempted to leave the gloomy old hole when you finally reach it—with no moon in sight.

Last week I ran across Massenger and we decided to do Stratford-on-Avon, where the man who wrote the plays that Bacon couldn't have written if you'd bribed him to do it, and wouldn't have written if he'd possessed the ability (despising players as he did), lived and died—and was born.

Of course I refer to Shakespeare in spite of the convolutions of my English.

It was a matter of fifty-five miles by wheel to Stratford from Wallingford, and we set out with light hearts, because I had read somewhere that that is the proper way to begin a journey. Now, as a matter of fact, Wallingford itself is full of the hallowedest kind of memories.

Why, they don't ring the curfew until 9 o'clock instead of 8, because when William the Conqueror landed there the first man he saw in the little crowd drawn up to welcome the genial Norman was an old school-fellow of his.

"What time do they ring the curfew, me old college chum?" said William in his debonaire way.

"At 8, your Destroyership," said the man, who happened to be the Mayor of Wallingford.

"Hereafter let it be 9 until clocks do no more run."

And as clocks are still running the Wallingfordizens may play out in the street until all honest persons are supposed to have gone home.

But, although I had made Wallingford my headquarters for some time, I had purposely refrained from going to the spot where all these footfalls fell because it is so much pleasanter to play tennis in this century than to dwell on the acts of the mighty in times that are pretty well gone forever as near as I can make out.

But here we were going to visit the tomb of the real William the Conqueror, whose "Winter's Tale," with Ellen Terry as *Hermione*, was filling Beerbohm Tree's theatre every night, and causing honest Englishmen to laugh as hard as if they had never heard from their American cousins that there is no such thing as English humor and that Englishmen can't see a joke.

Where was I ?

Oh, about seventeen miles on our way to Stratford, with the north wind in our faces, but our hearts still light. You see the countryside in Oxfordshire is so beautiful that a fellow can't help feeling lighthearted, even going to visit a tomb.

We passed quickly through Oxford, and so escaped seeing any of the show colleges. I've seen so many imitations of Oxford in American college towns that the real thing—well, we scorched through Oxford.

(I feel that I will be set down as a Philistine if I don't stop long enough to say that some weeks before we had done Samuel Johnson's room and desk and the window out of which he threw the shoes; also, Sir Joshua Reynolds's sepia window (that was painted by some one else) and the Magdalen cloisters, and Worcester Gardens where, by the way, we saw a don who was fishing in the winding stream pull out a tench that weighed a

full two pounds and which he said at the time weighed a good three. I dare say his fellow-dons heard it was four and a half.)

It will be realized that having seen Oxford with all the proper emotions we weren't going to see it again just for fun. So we pressed on and the north wind continued to blow in a way to make even free wheeling something of an effort. When night fell we had done forty-eight miles and were tired out and Stratford ten miles away.

"What if we should die in the night," said Massenger, "without having seen Shakespeare's tomb?"

It was a depressing possibility, for now that I couldn't lay my hands on it I wanted to see it.

But, having in mind what the poet had said about tired nature's sweet restorer, we resolved to try its virtue and put up in a hostelry that had been bedding and

mealing people for five or six hundred years.

Forty-eight miles in a north wind gives a fellow a light stomach, even if his heart has become somewhat heavy, and we did justice to our simple but toothsome repast served by a pleasing maid and retired to sleep the sleep of absolutely good men. Oh, if men would only try absolute goodness as a cure for insomnia.

Next morning we rose betimes—betimes is just the word to use in speaking of such a relic of bygone times as was our inn—and once more facing the north wind we continued our journey to the place that once "echoed to the footsteps" of "The Bard of Avon," to quote from two writers whose names I forget.

Ere that the sun in russet mantle clad had paced one twenty-fourth part of his appointed round we had covered the last

ten miles of our pilgrimage and were come to Stratford.

I will own that when I suddenly came on the bridge that had supported the growing weight of Shakespeare, boy, youth and man, I did feel as if I were in a sacred place, for both Massenger and myself are real fond of Shakespeare, and if they proved he never existed we'd feel very sorry, because he has wormed his way into our hearts with his plays and poems.

As we looked over the parapets of the bridge we saw beyond the waters of the Avon the church wherein his bones have been disturbed (in spite of the curse) at least once, and we fell to thinking on Marie Corelli, who lives in Stratford just as much as Shakespeare ever did.

We didn't take things in the right order at all. We first visited his tomb and read the curse that some illiterate friend of his wrote for its embellishment.

I wonder if the Baconians claim that quatrain for Bacon.

The beautiful old church has some of the most painfully ugly stained glass windows that it ever befell my American eyes, used to Tiffany and La Farge's work, to look upon. Why not smash the glass and give old John an order? If they were there in Shakespeare's time they must have hurt his sense of color.

They haven't the merit of being funny, either, as are the carvings on the miserreres in the choir. Massenger said these last were hardly what would have been considered proper in the Second Congregational Church in his town, but they were certainly humorous, and many a choir boy must have whiled away his time through a droning service by inspecting them surreptitiously.

One of them represented a man with a large sausage in his mouth. Alongside of him was a hungry face whose eye

looked longingly at the Coney Island food, while a third head bore a lolling tongue that was fairly watering to get at the sausage.

American admirers of Shakespeare have put up a memorial window, the work of contemporary Englishmen and quite the best window in the church. They had two opportunities, however, which they carefully missed; they might have given their order to an American firm, seeing it was to be a window, a form of art in which we excel, and they might have had the figures on it represent *Pistol* and *Bottom* and *Sir John Falstaff* and *Iago* and *Richard III.* Instead of that they put upon it our first Bishop, Seabury of Connecticut, and the Pilgrim Fathers and various other people that Shakespeare never heard of.

I wonder, though, if some of those Pilgrim Fathers—before they were fathers—didn't run off to the theatre some

nights and see Shakespeare's plays at the old Globe, with perhaps Shakespeare playing the *Ghost*. I like to think that the Pilgrims were linked with William in some such way. Afterward they put his plays out of their heads, but from time to time on the rockbound coast lines would come into their heads, and their hard old mouths would smile at the humor of the master craftsman.

There is no doubt that Shakespeare has been longer in the church since his death than he ever was in life, but if he ever did go there in the flesh he must have enjoyed the humor of the various rude carvings and shuddered at the colors in the windows.

We saw a good deal of Shakespeare in the Memorial Building, and a surprisingly large number of bad paintings, including one by an American portrait painter who shall be nameless—but he ought not to have shown his canvas to

his janitor, let alone sending it to Stratford. They tell me he is successful among the disgustingly rich, and I can well believe it. Such a plentiful lack of imagination and such a generous use of expensive paint must make it's appeal among the *nouveaux*.

We did not meet Marie Corelli. The loss was—no, I'm willing to say the loss was ours.

She has already supplanted Shakespeare in the affections of a large class of readers, and she deserves her success. Personally, I like Shakespeare better, and so does Massenger, but it's all a matter of taste.

But much as we like Shakespeare we did get awfully sick of him in such large doses of Shakespeariana that he never heard of and that had nothing to do with him personally. How sick to death of the very name of Shakespeare must be the permanent dwellers in Stratford.

They cannot go outside their doors without being asked to direct some American to the place where Shakespeare lived or died or was married, or where he poached or crept unwillingly to school to absorb little Latin and less Greek.

For our parts when we thought we had seen all there was to see of the haunts of Shakespeare, and had grown sick and tired and hungry, and were looking up a place in which to have cakes and ale; Massenger slapped his leg and said: "We haven't seen his blamed old birthplace."

I felt like kicking Massenger, but it was a fact and it would not speak well for our love of literature if we returned to America without having seen the house that was the first great link between England and America. So we mounted our wheels and asked a resident the way, and he told us tiredly and re-

sentfully, and soon we came to the place in which William first saw light—and a dark place it is.

There we found more portraits of him as dissimilar to each other as his signatures are. And we heard more facts concerning him and felt that we ought to have proper emotions concerning him. But we just couldn't. I didn't care a rap what Ben Jonson said about his "native woodnotes wild." I was hungry.

We looked at the first folio, which looked exactly like every other first folio I ever saw, and I first began to see them out in Minneapolis and I've seen 'em in Oxford and in pretty nearly every place that boasts a library. What an edition they must have printed and how folks must have taken care of them.

But now I looked crossly at the folio and wished that Bacon had written the

play. For no one would ever have gone crazy over Bacon's birthplace, he not being the sort of man to inspire the personal affection that Shakespeare inspires until you have the huge dose of him they give you in Stratford.

We refused to even look in at the room where they weaned him, and with one hasty glance at the garden made up of all the flowers the great nature lover mentions in his plays (and a most pretty idea it is), we hastened to an inn where we felt like eating every edible the great lover of eating mentions in his plays, but didn't. We did eat abundantly, however, and over our cigars we thought of the days when we had loved Shakespeare unhampered by any visions of the town of his birth. And then we departed!

We had gone five miles toward beautiful and picturesque Warwick when

Massenger slapped his leg again and said, "We've forgotten something."

I thought of my overcoat; but no, it was on the handle-bar.

"We've forgotten to see Anne Hathaway's cottage and New Place, where he lived when he had retired."

I flung my cap in the air. Hurrah! I could still imagine what New Place was like, and would not have to be disappointed by a niggardly reality. As for Anne Hathaway's cottage, I never liked the way she treated Shakespeare, and I would not pay her the compliment of looking at a cottage that may not have been hers after all.

Fill your minds with pictures of Stratford and read the amiable fellow's plays, but don't go to see his haunts and homes unless you are insatiable sightseers.

How he must laugh at the spectacle of leg-weary Americans who never read a

play of his and who think "Richelieu" the best play of his they ever saw acted (ignoring poor Bulwer's claims completely), poring over his memorabilia and going into raptures over the hideous windows and reading Marie Corelli harder than ever when they return to America! It is to laugh pleasantly!

"CROKY" VERSUS MOTORING

OF the two sports I prefer motoring to croquet. One day in England, the weather being very chilly, I wished to do something athletic in order to keep myself warm. My wheel had a puncture that baffled me—oh, those English flints!—and the tennis court of my host was being used by four brilliant players whose storage

batteries of enthusiasm were warranted to last till dark.

In my extremity I turned to croquet, and asked a young man who knew the game whether he would try a round with me just to warm my blood.

Now, in the days of Reconstruction in the South, when Germany was whipping France, I used to play croquet—with the accent on the "kay"—up in New England and we used to run through nine wickets or arches and back again, hitting two stakes and sometimes adding to the excitement of the game by making a cage of the middle wicket by topping it with another wicket set at right angles to it.

It was a game calculated to bring out all that was irritable in a human being, and I fancy that it must have been as easy as pie to play it, for people of all ages from seven to seventy accused each other of cheating and Roquet-croqueted from

dawn till dark on village greens, park lawns and city back yards.

But croquet as she was played in the '70s and croquet as she is played in England to-day—croquet with the accent on the "cro"—are two different things, and as a stimulator of the circulation of the blood I am afraid that I cannot say much for the English game.

I took my mallet, a short-handled, wide-headed one of greater weight than the old kind, and I took my ball, stained blue all over, and my opponent took his red ball and his mallet and we made our way to the carpet of velvet, or, to speak strictly, the lawn, where I found six wickets, called hoops, with the accent on the "hoo," and two stakes which were called sticks. Anything to be different. Why didn't they call the mallets hammers?

The hoops were so ridiculously narrow that I fancied it would need strength to force a ball through.

The day was raw and I was chilly and anxious to begin, but my opponent courteously took first play in order to give me a chance to play on him, and with a skill worthy of all admiration he sent his ball through the first hoop and got into good position to play the second next turn.

That was my first inkling that it was a slow game. It was three by my watch and the wind was blowing raw.

It being my turn to play I placed my ball in the proper position and let drive and missed the wicket—hoop, I mean, with an inaccuracy heaven-born.

My turn had ended and my opponent now hit me, and after deliberating with knitted eyebrows as to what to do with me he sent me to the uttermost parts of the lawn, and shivering I went after my ball and then watched him make the second arch.

I now came back—by his advice—and got into pretty good position for going

through my arch. He told me that I ought to go through easily if he did not put me out of commission.

He now put on a pair of gloves, as his hands were cold, and after mentally going through all the possible strokes he could make he decided to tear me away from my present comfortable position in front of the first arch, and as I stood there shivering under the bleak September sky he hit my ball and knocked it the length of the lawn and then went through hoop number three and got into position for number four.

With a feeling that I would never give up trying to win, no matter what happened, I sent my ball back across the lawn and by good luck I got into such position that a tap would win me the passage of the arch.

But my opponent was also playing to win and he knocked me out of position and then sent me to the limit in a new

direction. He then made two hoops, planning each stroke with a deliberation that sent chills up my already cool spine.

I would have jumped and shouted but that would have been too cowboyish and undignified for my friend, who was extra English, so I refrained. The rooks were cawing coldly and blackish clouds swept across the gray sky and the wind in the yew trees made a Novemberish sound.

I glanced at the four men who were having a battle royal of tennis. How warm and happy they looked! They were doing something, while I had not even begun to get ready to commence to do anything.

I looked at my watch. I had been half an hour trying for a chance to enter the game. I shivered and my opponent told me that he must make the six arches —hoops—twice before the game was at an end.

Once more I tried for position and this

time did not get it, but that very fact left me untouched by my opponent, who gave ten minutes' chess thought to the problems on the lawn and then missed a hoop.

This encouraged me. Now I would go through. I took careful aim and hit the ball softly and did no more than get into position to go through next time.

But there was never to be a next time for me. I hadn't begun to play and I didn't begin to play at all.

We were on that chilly lawn for two solid hours and in that time my opponent made every hoop and rested from his labors when he had hit the stick, and the last stroke I made I just missed that first hoop by six inches. I think that with practice I could have made it.

Chilled to the marrow, I reverently laid my mallet away in its box forever, while my friend assured me that I would make a good player because I was not

too cock-sure, as so many beginners were. He said like so many beginners were, because that's considered good English—in England.

But "croky" is not for me. I took a brisk walk to avert a chill, and when my blood was once more circulating the cawing of the rooks sounded friendly and the dull skies gave promise of merry sunshine on the morrow.

And I then and there resolved that nothing should ever tempt me to stand outside a hoop knocking in vain for an entrance.

To take up a more cheerful topic.

Why is it that when we are in Rome we do as the Romans do? Why will I play tennis on Sunday in England when I refuse to do it in New Jersey for fear of what my neighbors will say? Why is it that when I return from England I do not acknowledge that I did play tennis on Sunday in England?

Take also the matter of motor-speeding.

At home I have always been one of the mouth-frothers at the unconscionable speeding of our motors. Every time one has passed my house at the rate of thirty miles an hour or more I have asked whoever happened to be near me:

"What are we coming to? Do we own the roads or do a privileged few own them? Shall we offer up our children to these juggernauts, meekly submitting to express train service on suburban streets, or shall we appeal to our legislators to put an end to any speed above ten miles an hour"?

And my neighbors have always answered me in like spirit; also frothing, and have assured me that no children of theirs should willingly be offered up to this Moloch of the twentieth century.

And then we have retired to our lawn-

mowing or our leaf raking and the froth has dried on our lips.

We look on Scotland as a land of rigid morality and potent whiskey. We do not think of it as a law-breaking country. We have allowed ourselves to be lectured by Bobbie Burns and Thomas Carlyle and we look to Scotland for examples of high living.

But how travel broadens the mind and removes the blinders from the eyes!

When I reached Scotland I fell a victim to the charms of law-breaking.

It came about in this way:

Knowing my host to be a Freekirker and a law-abiding man, when he asked me if I would mote, I beamed.

I thought that a little ten miles an hour would be good for the liver and would enable me to see more of Scotland than I could see from a hansom or even the top of a double-decker.

What happened to the simple Jersey-

man—not born there, you understand—who was in the habit of frothing at the mouth at sight of speeding motors?

Why almost at the moment of stepping into the dark green machine the lust for speed was born in me and I longed to see what my host could do in the little matter of Scotch law-breaking.

I was afraid that he didn't have it.

I mean the lust for speed.

But he did, thank fortune. Not immoderately, but stimulatingly.

Oh, how I frothed at the mouth when I saw the poor fools in villages who would persist in getting in our way! Why didn't they leave the road free to us? We ran a risk of puncturing our tires on them, for your Scotchman is apt to be sharp-visaged.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, I dare say a hundred miles an hour we went. What mattered anything but the eating of space?

I roared with joy. I dared people to come out and be run over. We always did the job so quickly that most of them didn't know what had happened. The wind fanned my cheeks so vibratingly that it played tunes in my hair.

We passed law-abiding people going along at a foolish fifteen miles an hour—creeping like snails escaping from Philadelphians—and we jeered at them. What's the use of riding in a motor if you've got to observe laws?

Once a man who was going only about forty miles an hour wouldn't get out of our way and we tumbled him over a cliff and went on our way without looking back.

I, who all my life, had gone out of my way to find laws that I might keep them, was now enticing my host to break every law he could think of.

The Highlands dashed past us, peak succeeding unto peak, and we had no

sooner maimed a drove of sheep than we were tossing Highland cattle of the Rosa Bonheur type over stone fences.

Oh, it was glorious, and when it was all over and we had—so my host told me—covered three hundred or less miles in three hours or less, I felt exultant, I felt like David when he slew his 10,000—although we had not done anything like that. I had defied the law in Scotland and I didn't care who knew it.

But now that I am home again am I one of the speeders? No. I do not own an automobile, and I expect to sit on my piazza and froth at the mouth as of yore when these unconscionable speed fiends pass my house above the limit set down in Jersey law.

I have had my middle-aged fling and I am now a law-abiding citizen once more. But I shall not soon forget the way we tore around village corners and hurled chickens into second-story windows or

sent beldams scurrying into picturesque alleys, or whipped wheels off of cheaply-constructed motors.

It was splendid because it was so lawless, and I was not in my native land. But I don't see how my host dared do it. He lived there.

ENGLAND HEATS UP

I AM one of those abnormally normal persons who keep their houses at just the right temperature through fall and winter. By just the right temperature I mean from 68 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

Of course, there are occasions when I forget the furnace and then the mercury

drops to 50 degrees, and sometimes my children stoke it playfully and then it mounts to 80 degrees, but as a general thing my house is so comfortable (to me) that my American friends shiver when they come to see me, and my English friends ask me if I won't please open a window or two.

Running my house with such sweet reasonableness it will readily be realized that I am in Tophet whenever I call on any of my neighbors, all of whom own blast furnaces run at rush order heat. And when I go to New York City it is like going to——.

I want to stop right here to say that New York offices ought to have tropical plants growing in them just to show the effete equator what plant life can do if it is properly heated.

On trains and in offices and in the homes of my friends and acquaintances and enemies here in this country that

gave me birth, I wander around with my beak open and my wings extended like a hen in July. My blood rushe citedly through my head like a law-defying motor-car, and I daily wonder that death by heat prostration does not decimate the winter dwellers in American buildings.

If it were not for the look of the thing I would strip to my undershirt like a man in a casting shop. But the proprieties are ever before me and I pant—in coat and vest. No wonder men die of pneumonia each year who never died before. How anyone escapes I don't know.

They tell of a business man in a New York fur—I mean office, who had not led the sort of life that leads one to the pearly gates, and when he died he went to the place that used to be spelled with a dash when I was a boy.

He had been gone scarcely a day when

his wife received a postal from him dated:

CHAUDVILLE, GEHENNA,
July the Hotth.

DEAR MARIA: Send me my winter clothes. It's chilly. BILLY.

Things being as they are in New York and the rest of America, that is, the American people being under pledge to the coal barons to burn three times as much coal as they need and pretend that they like the consequent heat, it struck me that when I went to England I would find the temperature of their houses in the early autumn just the thing that would appeal to me.

"These English are sensible in their ways," said I. "They not only have raised comfortable traveling to the dignity of a science, but they know how to make abnormally normal people comfortable in the chill days of early October.

"I will spend the winter in England,"

said I enthusiastically, "and not only be comfortable in private houses, but in London offices as well, for the Englishman is one of whom coal is not a master, but coals are his servant."

So after the unusual heat of last summer in England I stayed on into the fall and visited several persons who made me welcome in the hearty English fashion and bade me do as I pleased, when I pleased, with what I pleased.

One day in October, having gone up into Warwickshire to spend a little time with congenial ones, the mercury began to fall and the glass, like Jill, came tumbling after.

In England the glass is always doing something. We in America seldom bother with a barometer, and if we have one ten to one we don't know how to read it, but your Englishman is lonesome if he hasn't a glass somewhere near at hand which he can consult, and when

you meet him in the morning and he gives you the inevitable and vigorous hand-shake he says:

"The glass is rising. We'll be able to play tennis without umbrellas to-day."

Or "the glass is falling. I suppose you'll be getting out your galoshes."

Englishmen scorn overshoes. They wear shoes so thick that even an English rain gives up trying to penetrate the soles, so where's the need of rubbers?

The glass fell and so did the mercury until the sky was full of great windy, cold clouds and the air bit shrewdly.

"Ah," said I, thinking for the nonce that I was at home, "I must start the furnace going to-night."

When I returned from the walk I took each morning I said to my host:

"Getting cold. Going to light your furnace?"

He lowered his head and looked at me sort of horizontally.

"In the first place," said he, "it's too early in the season on October 5 to start a furnace, and in the second place, furnaces don't grow in this part of the country. I doubt if even the Earl of Warwick has one. You're not cold, are you?"

I, fresh from my invigorating walk, was not cold, but I wanted to be beforehand; it's a heaven-born attribute of mine.

"To-morrow's likely to be very chilly," said I.

And the next day was indeed chilly, damp and chilly, penetratingly damp and chilly, goosefleshly chilly and dankly damp.

The house is a stone one, of course—and when I woke up the next morning and looked at the glass I saw that it had fallen so low as to be positively disgraceful. Gusts of rain spattered on the pane and the mercury registered 40 degrees.

The wind blew autumn leaves all over the place as much as to say: "Aren't the trees foolish? In the summer when it's hot they're fully clothed, but in winter they're naked."

It was a thought that had often occurred to me in my poetic moments, so I agreed with the wind, and jumping out of bed I went to the bureau to get out my winter underclothes.

I had left them in New Jersey.

This was vexing, but I put on three suits of summer ones and a sweater, and then I went down to the morning room to warm my hands at the open fire.

But the fire hadn't opened yet.

The front door, however, was wide open and dear old Boreas was playing "The North Wind Doth Blow," with variations, through the hall and the rest of the house.

I'm warm-blooded, but when it's down to forty I want a fire, even if the

name of the month happens to be August. And if it's up to 80 in January I give my furnace a holiday and dress like the Queen of the May.

But when my host came in from a stroll in the rain and saw my bulgy appearance, he said: "You look like a trussed chicken. What's the matter?"

Just then my teeth began to chatter, and I said as I shook hands with him—if you don't shake hands with your host every morning in England he thinks you don't care for him any more:

"Dud-dud-dud-don't you think a hearth fuf-fuf-fire would look well? Brrhh!"

He burst into a genial laugh.

"A hearth fire in October! What's the man thinking of?"

"Just to take the chill off the house. I'm used to a furnace at home, you know."

"Yes, that's just the trouble with you

Americans; you overheat your houses."

And I am considered a cold-air crank by my neighbors.

However, being hospitality itself, he ordered the maid to start a fire in the morning-room, and when it was blazing with the fury of a box of safety matches he opened the windows, and all the members of the family when they came down to shake hands all round said:

"Oh, dear, how sweltering! What did you start a fire in October for? Do you want to make us tender, father?"

"It's a little American custom I'm imitating," said paterfamilias with a good-tempered smile at me, and I felt like Gulliver among the Bobdignagians.

It wasn't long before it began to get damp in spite of the false alarm on the hearth and I ventured to shut one of the windows, but my host said paternally:

"My dear boy, if you're going to spend the winter in England you've got to get used to sane methods. You overheat your houses in America to such an extent that I wonder your children have any stamina at all."

"I know," said I, "that most people do, but I've always prided myself on being an exception. I never let the temperature rise above 70 degrees if I can help it."

"Frightful!" said he, explosively. "Absolutely frightful, man! You lay yourself open to be the prey of every germ that flies, walks or creeps. Sixty degrees is ample if you're sitting still and 55 degrees if you're moving."

I went and looked at the thermometer. It was 54 degrees. So I began to go through the military setting-up exercises.

He was pleased.

"That's it. Struggle against your effeminate desire for warmth. Why, if

you're chilly here in October what would you be in December ?"

"Kind of morguish, I guess," said I.

I went up to my room and found a couple more suits of underclothes and put them on—under. Then I put on my overcoat, and the breakfast bell ringing I went down to breakfast and had a warm meal.

After breakfast I sat in the morning-room and the fire snapped jeeringly at me, as if to say, "What are our flames among such winds ?" and I said, "Not much."

Pretty soon my host went out for his morning walk, rubberless and umbrella-less and the rain drizzling down in a way to kill the gate receipts at a dog fight, and as soon as he had gone out the fire went out. Eye servant! It was actually ashamed to burn in an English house as early as October.

And the worst of it was that those

English people looked and felt warm. And I've always prided myself on my good circulation.

All day long fresh and damp air poured through the house and sang "stone walls do not a prison make" and I wished I had been born in England so that I might have appreciated my benefits. But before nightfall I began to long for the dead, dry heat of a New York business office.

Sunday morning everybody overslept except myself. I was wakened by a person sneezing and found that it was I. The glass was still falling and the mercury was oversleeping to such an extent that it hadn't risen for two days.

"Dear man," said I, when I met my host and shook hands with him, "you have been so kind to me that I will never forget it while life lasts. English hospitality is the thing that made the invention of the word necessary, but I do not wish

to lie forever in an English churchyard and have the rooks tell me I froze to death. Lead me to a steamer that is going to America that I may live the foolish life to which my ancestry condemns me. I would fain warm myself before I die."

And now I wander around in New York offices with my beak open and my wings extended, already forgetting that I was cold in England.

THE END.