WHEN I WAS A BOY IN ENGLAND

IVAN G. GRIMSHAW

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WHEN I WAS A BOY IN ENGLAND

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To
MY WIFE,
without whose help it could not
have been written

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When I Was a Boy in England

CHAPTER I

THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN

To most Americans, the mention of England brings to mind two things: London, with its immense population, and Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of William Shakespeare. However, England is much more than that.

England is a land of contrasts. Its climate varies from that of Cornwall, where tropical plants bloom, to that of certain parts of Northern England, where one is chilled even in July. Great contrasts of dialect are shown, so great that a Londoner and a Yorkshireman would

find it difficult to converse intelligently. There is, as well, contrast in industrial methods. In some parts of the country, women who know little of modern methods can be found working at hand looms, while in the manufacturing centers of England there are concerns making use of the most modern machinery. And all this occurs in a country so small that one can never get more than one hundred miles from the sea.

When considering such a land of contrasts, one cannot deal in generalities. What is true of one part of the country is not necessarily true of other parts. Although there is a general air of similarity, there is great variation in the life of the people in each of the forty counties of England.

About midway between London and Edinburgh, on the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway, in the county of Yorkshire, is the little town of Shipley. Here

I was born, and in this town I spent most of my boyhood.

Yorkshire is the largest county in England. Although England is in reality a small country, this one county contains more acres than there are letters in the Bible. The King James version of the Bible is found to have 3,586,489 letters, while Yorkshire contains 3,889,432 acres. The county is divided into three parts: the North Riding, the East Riding, and the West Riding, of which the latter is the largest. The word "Riding" is derived from the Scandinavian word "thrithing," meaning the third part of a shire, or county.

As for Shipley, old records show that the town was established in the year 1086 A. D., only twenty years after the Norman conquest of Great Britain. It is built on the banks of the river Aire, one of the most beautiful rivers of England. The valley through which this river runs has

given name to a breed of dog, the Airedale, with which you are no doubt familiar. Unfortunately, in the vicinity of Shipley, man has robbed the river of much of its natural beauty through pollution of its water used in worsted and iron mills.

On either side of Shipley, on the banks of the Aire, is a little town; Saltaire on the east, and Windhill on the west. The first of these is one of the most famous towns in England, and certainly the most interesting in all the West Riding of Yorkshire.

For a very long time before 1850 many men had sought to make use of the wool of the alpaca, or mountain sheep, of South America. This animal, used in South America for the bearing of burdens, has very long hair, which each year is partly sheared by the natives. Although a kind of cloth had long been made by the native women, no European manu-

facturer had been able to discover a process for using hair of such short fiber.

In the year 1853, Titus Salt, a young man in the woolen business, discovered that by using alpaca for the weft and cotton for the warp, he could produce a kind of cloth which when dyed proved very suitable for the making of garments. During the years previous to his success, his friends had derided him for buying great quantities of alpaca with which to experiment.

At last, having discovered the secret of the preparation of alpaca, he determined to enlarge his plants on the river Aire, about three miles from Bradford. This he did, and in order to provide homes for his workmen he set about building a town near the factories. He called this town Saltaire. As he was as much interested in men as he was in the manufacture of cloth, he determined to make Saltaire a model city, building all the houses and

streets alike. The streets of the town, such as William Henry Street, were in many cases named after the sons and daughters of Titus Salt. Before he died, this city builder was knighted by the king for his contribution to public welfare. Although Sir Titus Salt is now dead, the city of Saltaire is in the main occupied by men who work at Saltaire mills.

The town of Windhill, on the other side of my birthplace, very adequately lived up to its name. It was situated on a high hill, and oftentimes great winds used to sweep across, making it a true " windhill."

Like so many English towns, the name of the town of my birth has been misused until it has lost its original significance. The original name was " Sheep Lay," or the place where drovers taking sheep to market at one of the larger towns could stop at an inn to rest and at the same time have a sheepfold, or " lay," where the sheep could be quartered for the night,

Shipley Market-Place

and be secure from prowlers, human or otherwise.

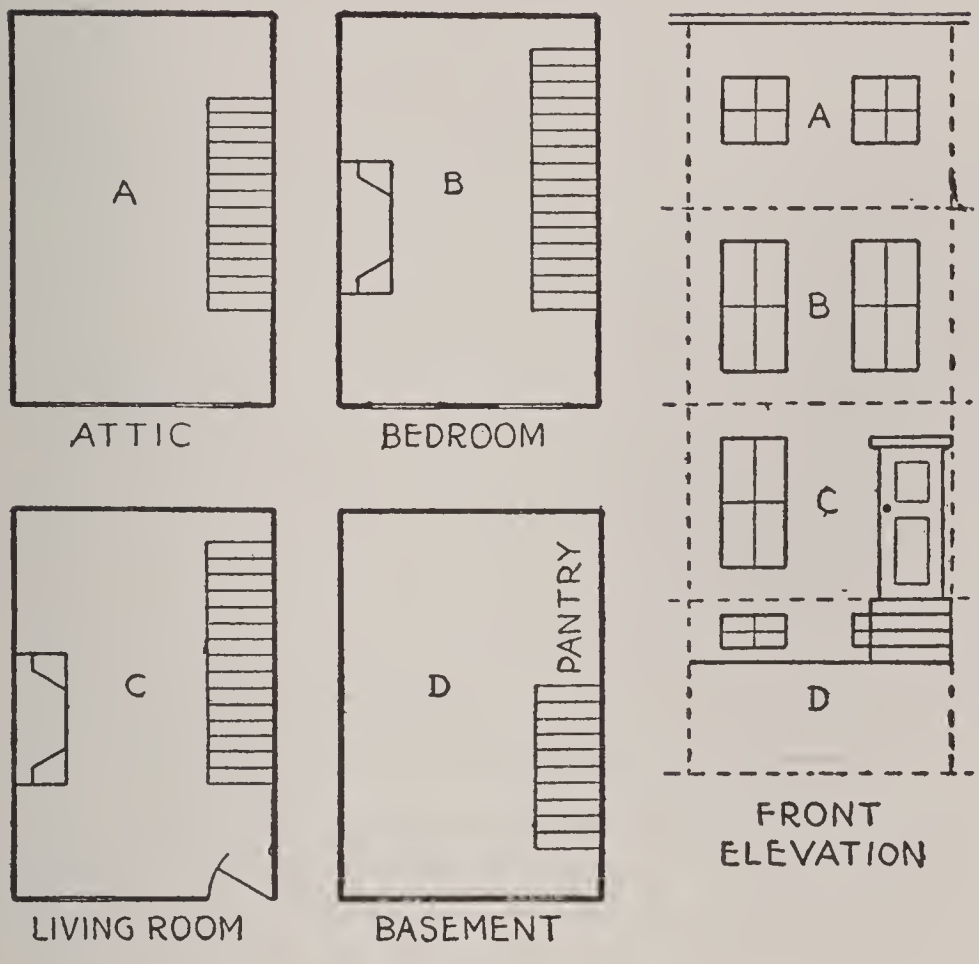
When I grew older, I often saw the three towns' coat of arms, which retained some of the original significance of the names. It displayed a large windmill on top of a hill, representing Windhill. At the base of the hill was a flat area of grass upon which lay a large flock of sheep, representing Shipley. Past this "sheep lay" a river gently flowed, the Aire, representing Saltaire.

I was born April 17, 1900, and since that was the last year of the glorious reign of Queen Victoria, it seems rather appropriate that I should be born at 20 Queen Street.

The interior of 20 Queen Street, except for the furniture, was an exact duplicate of 18 Queen Street or 22 Queen Street. The houses were made of stone and were joined into one solid row, the length of the street. Although there were small

front yards, there were no back yards, for a house on one street joined to the rear of a house on the next.

So that you can get an adequate idea of the interior and exterior of the house in which I was born, I have drawn a plan, as shown. The front door opened to a small vestibule, or hallway. Facing the entryway was a door which led to the stairs. Walking through a small archway, one found himself in the "common room," or living-room of the house. The common room was about twelve feet wide and eighteen feet long, as were all the rooms in the house. If you had been there with me some twenty-five years ago, you would have seen the warm fire glowing on the hearth, casting cheery light upon the large rug lying before it. On one side, you might have noticed the oven where cooking was done, and on a spit over the coals hung a brass kettle, in which water was boiling for tea. This was the



PLAN OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH
THE AUTHOR WAS BORN

combined dining-room, living-room, and kitchen. This arrangement was not the result of poverty, nor, like modern apartments, the result of lack of space. It seemed in many ways an excellent idea, for in this room the family life gathering about the great open fireplace made possible some wonderful evenings in the light of its cheery blaze.

I remember the many times that we sat roasting chestnuts in the dying embers of the fire while Father told us tales of mystery and wonder, tales of ghosts and goblins, elves, and trolls, and other strange creatures. Well I remember how loath I was to leave the warm circle of the fireside to climb with weary steps to bed. My brother, who was several years older than I, was privileged to come to bed much later, and, oh, how relieved I was when he sometimes volunteered to escort me to my cot! How different was the thought of goblins on the candle-lighted

journey up the stairs from what it had been in the light of the fire amid the family circle!

Now let us turn our attention to the attic. To reach the top floor, we went up a flight of stairs to the bedroom, and then climbed still another flight to the attic. Here was a finished room which was used as a bedroom for us children. Two small windows on the street side of the house supplied the room with light.

The second-floor bedroom was the same size as the one in the attic, but had two large windows. A large fireplace stood in the center of one wall. There was no wall paper, for it was the custom in English homes to have the walls and ceilings "whitewashed," or painted a marvelous white to reflect all the daylight possible.

The front yard of each home on the street was enclosed by a stone wall on two sides. On the street side was an ash midden, a large stone receptacle in which the

ashes from the two fireplaces were kept. This was emptied regularly week after week by men employed by the town for that purpose. For the convenience of the citizens, this was generally done at night, and so the men engaged in it came to be known as " night soil " men.

The coal for the fireplaces was stored in the cellar, and here as boys we always kept our " progging," or fuel, for the Fifth of November, of which I shall tell you more later.

The use of open fireplaces in which a great amount of wood was burned caused much soot. Thus it was occasionally necessary to have the chimney cleaned. There were some people who sought to clean it by releasing a pigeon up the chimney, and some tried to burn out the soot. However, since any person caught burning out a chimney was liable to arrest and a heavy fine, most people sought the aid of the " sweep."

I found the sweep one of the most interesting characters of my boyhood. Due to the type of work which was demanded of him, he found it impossible to keep his face from becoming black, and many of the sweeps could easily have passed for African negroes. The sweep carried a circular brush about four feet long, around the handle of which were a number of other handles used to lengthen the handle of the brush proper. As the sweep walked down the street with this bundle over his shoulder, it looked not unlike the bundle carried by the Roman lictors, except that the center of the bundle was surmounted by a circular brush rather than an axe. (If you will look upon the back of a late American dime, you can see a picture of the lictor's bundle.)

What a great day it was when the sweep came! How I used to beg that the sweeping be done on Saturday, when I could stay home from school. When the

sweep performed his operation on the chimney, he began by thrusting the circular brush up the chimney to sweep with a circular motion. As soon as he had swept to the full extent of the four-foot handle, he added an extension about four feet long and repeated the process. The extension of the handle was continued until a joyful shout from his assistant or from the boys of the neighborhood proclaimed that it was "out at the top." This being accomplished, the sweep brought his brush down again, disjointing it on the way. Suffice it to say, there had to be a great deal of care exercised to keep the soot from filling the house. Even the most generous precautions were sometimes of little avail. But who would exchange the joys of an open fireplace the year around for freedom from a little soot?

Bowling Hall, an Ancestral Home near Shipley

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL DAYS

When I was only three years of age I was sent to school, as it was customary to begin the work very early. I was enrolled in the Infant School, which was the equivalent of the American kindergarten. There we were kept busy for several years, formal training beginning with Standard One, the equivalent of the American first grade.

The head of the Infant School was Miss Jessup, a rather tall, dignified woman of middle age. She had a lovely voice and gentle manners. I most vividly remember that she always carried in her hand a little wooden clapper very much the shape of a pair of pliers. When she pressed the handle, a spring was released which clapped

against a piece of wood with a resounding click. This instrument was used whenever she wished to call the school to attention, or for assistance in marking the cadence when we were marching.

Although gentle of disposition, she knew how to deal with children who were disobedient or did not like to attend school. I remember one little friend of mine who, refusing to go to school, registered his disapproval by having a tantrum. In spite of his kicking and screaming, his father carried him to school and turned him over to the care of Miss Jessup. At lunch time he came home quite his happy self, and after lunch returned to school without a murmur. It was several days before his mother learned the secret. When questioned as to what Miss Jessup had done or said to him, he replied, " Miss Jessup said that if I had to be carried to school again she would make me wear petticoats."

Only one piece of our " busy work " do I remember. After folding circular pieces of paper many times, we puffed them out by blowing on them. A great many of these were fastened together to make bright-colored balls which we hung in our homes for decoration.

Like all normal children, we did many strange things. One youngster in one of my classes always sat with his blouse over the back of the seat. One day the teacher came by his seat, and as she was passing out paper, she dropped a sheet on the floor. The boy tried to pick it up for her, but found that because of his blouse he could not reach it. The teacher did not attempt to scold him. She merely remarked, " Boys do such funny things." The boy blushed deeply, much to the amusement of the other pupils.

Another boy one day stood on his chair to watch what the teacher was doing as she stood with her back to the class, look-

ing for something in her desk. Turning before he was aware of it, she saw him. In punishment, he was compelled to continue to stand on his chair. What fun it was for the rest of the class!

With entrance into Standard One, school began in earnest. Here was the dividing line between boys and girls. From this time on, I was in the Boys' School; the girls were taught in a separate building. I believe that the system in use in America is better than that of the English schools, for I feel that boys and girls ought to be together when young, to prepare them to meet life's problems together when they have become men and women.

Our playground was a large space in back of the school enclosed by a very high wall. It was paved completely with macadam, and down the center of it was a long line of small white stones. This was the line for Inspection. When the class

bell rang, we lined up on that line arranged according to our standard (grade), or "form," in school. In front of each group was a teacher. After we had toed the line, he carefully looked at our shoes to see that they were shined. He then had us present our hands for inspection, to be sure that they were clean. Many were the attempts to shine shoes on the back of stockings, or to present the cleaner hand, sometimes with success; but there was generally a group from each form sent to the washroom to make themselves presentable before coming to class.

Entrance into the Boys' School brought us into intimate contact with corporal punishment. The teachers, or masters, had three weapons: rulers, canes, and cardboards. It was a boyhood story that a horsehair laid across the palm of the hand would split the master's cane, but I never heard of one's being split. The ruler was most often used for "knuck-

ling" a boy caught writing with his left hand, or grasping the pen so that the knuckle of the forefinger protruded in what the master called "the camel's hump." "Knuckling" was a severe pummeling of the knuckles of the offending hand by the master's ruler. The cardboard was a kind of cane, made about eighteen inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter in the form of a tube. I knew of only one school in which this was used.

The head master of the school which I attended was Mr. Morrell. He was a man short of stature, but great of heart. He always knew all his boys, and greeted each one with a cheery word whenever he met him. When he died a few years ago, he was mourned by every schoolboy in the town.

Our studies were for the most part confined to the fundamentals, or Three R's: Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic. We

had no opportunity to indulge in manual training and various activities as do students to-day.

Two subjects in which we received a thorough training, even in the lower grades, were Shakespearean recitations and English history. I can well remember that my brother, when in only the Fourth Standard, faultlessly repeated Portia's Speech on Mercy from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

You may also be interested in our method of learning the names of the English kings. We did this by the means of poetry. The poem was as follows:

"First, William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John.
After Henry the Third, Edwards one, two, and three,
After Richard the Second, three Henrys we see.

Two Edwards precede the third Richard, then press
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then James, king of Scotland, Charles First, whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell another Charles, too.
After him we have James, who relinquished the throne
To William and Mary, then William alone.
Till Anne, the four Georges, fourth William all gone,
Victoria then reigned, and now Edward her son."

Just before time for promotion, the Inspector came to visit the school. This was always a day looked forward to with a mixed feeling of fear and curiosity. On that day special care was taken to have faces and hands as clean as possible. New suits were often in evidence, for one wanted to make a good appearance before the Inspector.

I remember the Inspector very dis-

tinctly, as I saw him a great many times during my school years. He was an old man with a long beard. How wise he seemed to us as children, and how seldom were we able to make the impression we had hoped for! It seemed that the reaction of the Inspector was always the same, a querulous, doubting glance, a whispered word to the teacher, and the pupil was requested to sit down. How glad we were when this worthy completed his inspection!

Friday was the red-letter day of the week, for on Friday afternoons we had a general assembly of the whole school for the purpose of singing, reciting, and presenting entertainments. At this time, we sang our school songs, and many of the patriotic songs of the nation, always closing with the National Anthem, "God Save the King."

School hours were practically the same as in America. In the summer we had a

long vacation, three weeks, which seems very short when compared with the American vacation of ten weeks or so. I remember with what delight I received the report that in America schoolchildren were free for three whole months each year, including Christmas and Easter vacations. Such a miracle seemed impossible. At Christmas, we had about a week's vacation, and at Easter, several days. There were a few other scattered days of vacation.

As I have said before, we did not have the opportunities offered to children in American schools of to-day. Nevertheless, our schools helped to prepare us for useful living, and our school days, taken all in all, were happy ones.

CHAPTER III

RELIGIOUS LIFE

"When mothers of Salem,
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples turned them back,
And bade them depart.
But Jesus saw them, ere they fled,
And quickly turned and kindly said:
'Suffer the children to come unto Me,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

THIS famous hymn, sung in the piping staccato voices of children, provides me with my earliest recollection of English religious life. This song we sang as children in a little Methodist Sunday School.

Our Sunday School was very much like an American Sunday School, with the exception that it was held both Sunday morning and Sunday afternoon. My

remembrance of our meetings is rather vague, with the exception that I know that they were enjoyable, and that no pressure had to be brought to bear to get us to go to both sessions. We were all given books at the end of the year for perfect attendance, and this may have acted as a spur to our interest. The books given were all ones of real worth, and some of them still have an honored place in my library.

On Whit-Monday, which came seven weeks after Easter, we had the Annual Sunday School Treat, or picnic. The first event of the day was the gathering of all the Sunday Schools in the village market-place to hear the various choirs from the village churches. This was a type of contest, each choir having rehearsed special selections with the hope of winning the decision. It may seem strange in this land of Prohibition that the prize was given by the owner of the Sun Hotel,

A Whit-Monday Choir Contest

which place was in reality a public house, or saloon.

After the choir contest, we all went to our respective churches for "buns and tea." The buns provided were large oval cakes, made very similar to currant bread. Each boy and girl was asked to bring his own "pot," or mug, for the occasion. When these were placed in a row on a shelf in the Sunday School room, they made a rather unique display. Pots of every size and description were in evidence, some of them in a state of abject dilapidation. I remember one lad whose pot was broken on the way to the treat. Great was his distress until some kind soul provided him with one to take its place. Following our "bun and tea," we went to a large field not far from the church, and spent the rest of the day in contests and games.

Before telling you of our regular chapel services, let me tell you of our Band of

Hope. England, as you know, is a country where the liquor traffic goes on like any other business. Although this is the case, there were many people working for Temperance. One of the most effective agencies was the Band of Hope, finding expression in work in many churches. These bands were made up of the young people of the Sunday School, who were organized to learn of the evils of alcohol, and to find ways and means of doing away with the liquor traffic. Meetings were held each week at which programs were presented, consisting of recitations, musical numbers, plays, debates, and orations. All these dealt with the general topic of Temperance. Even the songs which we sang concerned Temperance. Here is a very interesting one which will show the general type used:

"Joe Perkin was a white man,
And boasted he was free.
But greater slave, o'er land and wave,

No black man e'er could be.
For the drunkard's chain was round him,
Every night he went on spree.
Well, I do declare, they were shouting there,
'Three cheers for the brave and free.'
Singing: 'Rule Britannia, Britannia Rules
the Waves.
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.'"

To a group of American boys of the present generation, such meetings would not make much appeal. In these days of the graded Sunday School, our twice-a-day service might not seem enticing. However, we found these services both interesting and instructive.

In England, the place of worship which one attends on Sunday is a church or a chapel, depending upon whether one belongs to the established church, the Church of England, or is a member of one of the non-conformist groups: the Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, etc.

Since my parents were members of the

Methodist communion, I always attended chapel on Sunday. The main architectural difference between the American church and the English chapel is in the pulpit. The English preacher's pulpit is high above the heads of his congregation, and to enter the pulpit, the minister must go up a flight of steps. A curious incident is told concerning this.

A certain minister, by the name of Peter McKenzie, once preached in the chapel which I attended. As he was rather eccentric, his discourse tended to be of that kind. One day he was preaching on " The Road to Heaven." In illustrating his subject he said, " Getting to heaven is very difficult. One must proceed step by step, even as I had to do to get into this pulpit. Backsliding, on the other hand, is very easy. It's as easy as this." So saying, he opened the pulpit door, stepped out, straddled the bannister of the pulpit stairs, and slid to the bottom.

When I was a boy we had electric lights, hymn books, and many modern conveniences in our chapel; but before the advent of hymn books for use by the congregation, it was customary for the minister to read out two lines of the hymn, which were then sung by the congregation. After this, he read out two lines more, which were also sung by the congregation. This continued until the whole song had been sung.

My grandfather told me many interesting stories of these early days when lighting had to be with candles. Here is one of his stories. One evening, in one of the chapels of his day, the minister was reading the lesson by means of a candle held by his assistant. In the midst of the reading it became necessary for the candle to be snuffed, that is, to have the end of the wick cut off so that it would burn more brightly. The minister gave this instruction to his assistant during his

reading, producing the following effect: "And Moses said unto Aaron, 'Snuff that candle, Bill.'"

In the early days of Methodism there had been a shortage of ordained ministers. There were in fact more churches than ministers. In order to meet this need, John Wesley had made use of "lay," or unordained ministers. A circuit generally consisted of four churches where three lay ministers and an ordained minister in turn served the congregation. In this way, each of the four churches was able to have a sermon by an ordained minister every four weeks. Thus the lay ministers were not so burdened in the preparation of sermons, for one sermon could be preached at each of the four churches. In my boyhood, some of the churches of the town were still served by lay ministers most of the time. The people of the town facetiously called them "local dicks," or local ministers. How-

ever, most of them, although they were unordained, were earnest men, consecrated to their task.

The minister of the church which I attended was ordained and had spent more than thirty years as a missionary in China. He was true to his name, for Rev. Sylvester Whitehead had the finest silver-grey hair that I have ever seen. Although he was quite old, he loved and was loved by every child in his congregation. How I thrilled when he put his hands upon my head and gave me his blessing!

I was only a boy at the time, but there was one of his talks which I shall never forget. He was speaking of his return to England from China after more than thirty years in the service of the Master. He told of many weeks of weary journeying through foreign waters toward the homeland. One morning, when he came on deck, he saw the white cliffs of Albion (England) just discernible on the hori-

zon, as the land which he had not seen for more than thirty years was becoming visible. As he watched, a great feeling of intense joy and satisfaction swept over him. The lines of Scott came to his mind:

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> '*This is my own, my native land!*'
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
> As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
> From wandering on a foreign strand?"

When the minister closed his recital of this great event, a common feeling of sympathy seemed to sweep through the audience and rest in benediction upon those present.

Of all the services of the chapel, there was one which appealed to me more than any other. This was the Love Feast. Perhaps my liking was inherited from my paternal grandfather, who had always been much interested in such occasions, often having arisen at four o'clock in the

morning to walk to one held ten miles or more from his home.

The Love Feast was in reality a sunrise prayer meeting. It consisted of the singing of hymns, the offering of prayers, and the reading of Scripture. There was also the offering of testimonies by various of the people present, testimonies of God's goodness and His care for those who sought to serve Him. The service ended with a communion. A large common cup of tea was passed "from hand to hand, and lip to lip." Wafers were also used, so that like the disciples of old, the followers of the Master commemorated His life "in the breaking of bread, and in prayers."

Early in October each year the chapel had its Harvest Home Festival. To this service, members brought all kinds of fruits, vegetables, and grains, in commemoration of the successful completion of the harvest. These were placed upon

the altar and the mourners' bench, and the church was further decorated with palms and other greens.

All the hymns of the day such as, "We Plough the Fields and Scatter the Good Seed o'er All the Earth," dealt with harvest, thus celebrating God's goodness in giving bountiful crops. The prayers and sermon of the day were given over to remembrance of His goodness and mercy. As one looked at the altar laden with evidences of a bountiful harvest, how appropriate seemed the words of the old Psalm as they were intoned by the minister:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness
thereof;
The world and they that dwell therein."

The religious life of any people must find means of expression. Each nation, or group, has its own way of acknowledging the presence of the Divine. "They who seek, shall truly find Him."

CHAPTER IV

MY ANIMAL FRIENDS

It has often been said that every boy should have a dog. In that respect my boyhood was very successful, for I always had a dog as a companion. I possessed in addition a great many other pets, some of them rather strange, as I now see it.

Living in the Aire valley as we did, a great many Airedale dogs were in evidence. As I have said, the Airedale is a product of the Aire valley, close to the town in which I was born. The forerunners of the breed were known as Bingley terriers. The actual source of the breed is unknown, but some suggestion of its origin can be found in the use to which it has been put. As the streams of the Aire valley were full of

otters, the dog needed to catch them was the otter hound, a dog that was not afraid, and that could swim with ease. But there were rabbits to be caught, badgers to be hunted, rats which had to be disposed of in rat-killing contests; and in order to do this efficiently a new type of dog was required.

To meet this demand, the Airedale was bred from the otter hound, a big, wire-coated dog of the bloodhound type, generally black-and-tan in color. To this were bred many varieties of dogs of the terrier type, such as the Fox, Welsh, Old English, and Dandy Dinmont. Just how this produced the Airedale, no one knows. The otter hound contributed the size and the love of water, while the terrier blood made him a real hunter and fighter.

The Airedale's wiry coat sheds water very readily, and his smooth undercoat acts as a vest in cold weather. He can swim in the river, scramble out, shake

An Airedale Terrier

himself, roll over, and be dry! Then, too, his coat is an efficient armor when he goes through brush and brier.

One must give credit to the Airedale for his abilities. People from one end of the world to the other have learned of and will attest his sterling qualities. The Airedale is not afraid of anything from a rat to a lion; yet, in spite of this, he is gentle enough to take care of a baby. You will find Airedales living comfortably in tropic jungles or in igloos in arctic wastes. No dog is less disposed to begin a fight, and no dog is more ready to stick it out to the end.

Most of the dog companions of my youth, however, were of a very different breed from the Airedale. They came from Scotland and were known as Scottish Terriers, or "Die Hards." These little dogs are generally black in color, very short in their legs, and blocky throughout. They have a wonderfully

sharp expression in their small, dark eyes, emphasized by the little ears, pointed at the top, which stand erect.

The first one I had was Glenny. She was born in Bradford, just a few miles from Shipley, and no boy ever had a better companion. When I was about five years old, we had to move to another town for a time, and so it was thought best to sell Glenny. She went to a new owner, and to the surprise of every one soon became a prize dog, winning blue ribbons at various kennel shows.

It was Glenny, I believe, that gave me the greatest thrill of my boyhood. A year or so after we had sold her, we returned to my birthplace to live. One day I went to Bradford with my father. As we were walking along one of the main streets of the city, we were startled to see a great group of people standing before a shop window. When we arrived at the place, it proved to be a stationer's store, where

we saw the people were admiring an oil painting. The painting was a splendid picture of two Scottish terriers—Jenny Adair and Glenny Adair—the second of the combination being the dog of my baby days. How thrilled I was, and what a story I had to relate to my chums when I was back in Shipley.

The two dogs continued to be blue-ribbon prize winners. The last I heard of them was that they had arrived in New York for a showing in the United States.

My second terrier chum was Flora, who came directly from Aberdeen, Scotland. How well I remember her arrival! I had been looking forward for days to the time when she should come. Upon the arrival of her box, however, my feeling of joy was dimmed with sadness, for we found that through some error in nailing the box, one of the nails had been driven through Flora's ear. Imagine the misery of an overnight journey in a small box

with a nail through the ear! By good treatment the ear was soon cured, with the result that Flora was a happy and healthy pup. She remained in our home for a good many years. Many were the happy hours we spent together.

When Flora was quite old, I received as a present a small rough-haired fox terrier which I named "Towrow." While he had a great deal of "pep" and enthusiasm, which Flora could no longer show, he merely shared a placed with her in my affections.

I must tell you of Towrow's first introduction to a rat. Some neighbors who had trapped two rats alive wanted to get rid of them. We decided to let the dogs do the killing. At the end of the street on which we lived was what we called a wood-yard, but which was in reality an abandoned quarry. There we went with the dogs to stage our rat-killing expedition. Upon arriving, we showed one of

A Scottish Terrier

the rats in the trap to the dogs, before my father opened the door, allowing the rat to escape. The rat did not have an opportunity to make much use of his new-found freedom, for Flora soon grabbed him in her teeth and Mister Rat was no more. During all this episode Towrow had stood by in an attitude of extreme amazement. Because he had never seen a rat before, he did not seem to realize what was going on. My father was somewhat disgusted that a terrier should have so gone back on his breeding.

But Towrow speedily rose to the occasion. When the second trap was opened and the rat escaped, Flora had no opportunity even to see it. Towrow had snatched up the rat in his teeth and killed it before Flora knew what was happening. Towrow, the terrier, had proved true to all his terrier tradition.

Apart from my various dogs, the pets which I prized the most were my doves.

These birds, which I had for several years, were almost pure white. Their cage was fastened above the door on the inside of the house. At times, this afforded us a great deal of amusement. Whenever the door opened, the birds cooed. To those of us who were accustomed to it, this was nothing uncommon, but it caused merriment when visitors came. I can still remember the startled callers, who, when the door was opened, heard that strange coo which they so little expected.

One night after we had gone to bed, we were much startled to hear a shriek from the dovecote. Upon investigating, my father found that the female dove was dead. Suffice it to say that I did not sleep much more that night. In the morning, my father left for work, saying that he would bury the dove in the wood-yard when he returned in the evening.

However, I had other plans. My dove was to have a funeral. Since I was de-

termined to bury my pet with all honors, I drafted my brother to assist, and determined that my chums should act as paid mourners. From my mother I obtained a large match box, which was to be the coffin of my pet. This was placed on a small stretcher which I had made, and which was carried by my chums. I went ahead of the procession as chief mourner. Then came the bier, with its bearers. Behind the bier walked my brother as next of kin to the chief mourner, and behind him came another group of my chums, acting as the paid mourners. Here I should tell you something of paid mourners.

The old English custom to have paid mourners at every funeral was still in vogue in my childhood. These men were hired to walk behind the hearse with their heads downcast, expressing the feeling of sorrow evident in the hearts of those close of kin to the departed. They were sup-

posed to keep their eyes down during the whole procession to the cemetery, never lifting them on the pain of losing their pay. In some instances this occasioned queer mistakes. I know of one funeral where the hearse made a sudden turn in traffic, going in a new direction while the paid mourners continued straight on, following a rough sand-wagon.

But to return to the dove funeral. When we arrived at the wood-yard I had the body put in a grave already prepared by one of my playmates. When the grave had been filled, we placed above it a head-stone made of slate. On it we wrote with chalk as follows:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
VICTORIA
a pet dove,
Born—January 21, 1904.
Died—June 16, 1906.
May she truly rest in Peace

It may have been a rather strange funeral, but my pet was thus buried in all seriousness, for her loss meant much to me. My sorrow was not to end there, as Victor, the male dove, never showed signs of vigor after the death of his mate. His days were spent in sighing for the one departed. It was not many days until he, too, died and had to be buried in a grave beside his mate.

Next among my pets were my guinea pigs that I greatly admired. These I had while we lived at Idle, a town a few miles from Shipley. We kept a pair of them in a kind of shed which was not far from the house.

When we first owned them, my father had much fun at the expense of my credulity. He told me that guinea pigs were very delicate animals and must be handled with care, for he said, "If you pick up a guinea pig by its tail, its eyes will drop out." Of course, I found that hard to

believe, but after a long time I finally came to the realization that, like the far-famed Manx cats, guinea pigs have no tails at all.

There was a very good reason why I did not have the guinea pigs very long. If you have read Ellis Parker Butler's amusing story, "Pigs is Pigs," you will understand without my telling you. We had a pair when we bought them, but before very long we did not know how many pairs we had. The increase in guinea pigs was so rapid that I had to forego ownership.

Other pets that I enjoyed were tiny fish which we caught in the river. I always had a jar of fish when the opportunity afforded. My brother, on the other hand, specialized in caterpillars and butterflies, both of our hobbies adding much to the distress of our mother. So you see, "Boys will be boys," no matter under what flag they live.

CHAPTER V

OUR GAMES AND SPORTS

ENGLAND'S national game of cricket has the same appeal for British youth that baseball has for boys in America.

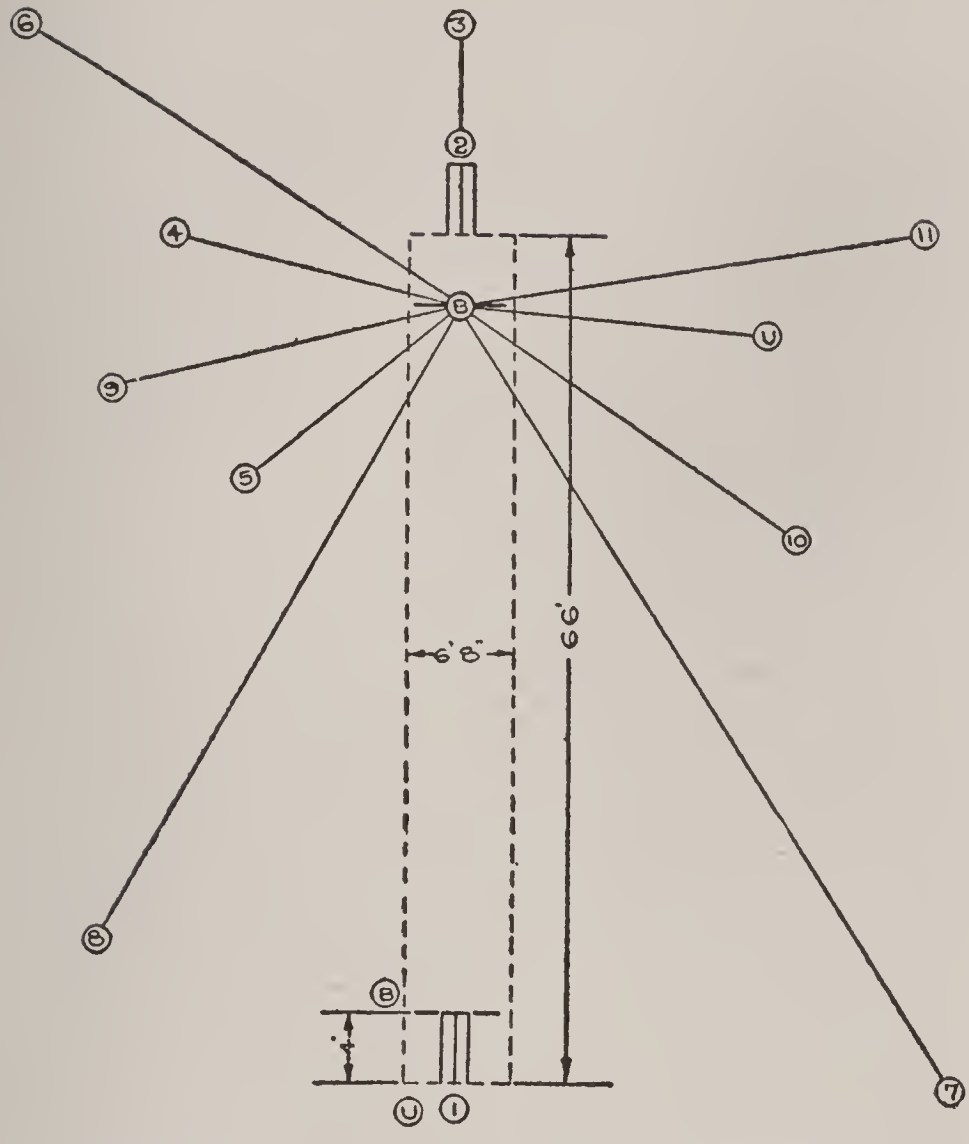
The game, which is played by two teams of eleven men each, takes place on a level field. The bat used is flat in shape, is about four inches wide, and about as long as a baseball bat. The ball is about the size of a baseball, but is much harder. No gloves are worn by the players, with the exception of the wicket keepers.

The main part of the playing is done on a crease between two wickets. This crease is twenty-two yards long and six feet, eight inches wide. The wicket consists of round sticks, three of which are set about four inches apart in a straight line, with

a bail across the top. There is a wicket located at each end of the crease. The men of the defending team are placed somewhat as shown in the following diagram.

There is a bowler, or pitcher, as well as a batter, at each end. When one bowler is bowling, the other is inactive, just as when one batter is up, the other is inactive, except for being ready to run. The bowler bowls six balls, which is considered an *over*. After this, the other bowler bowls an over. The ball is thrown, not direct, as in baseball, but so as to strike the ground just ahead of the batsman. When a ball is hit to a safe distance, or when it is missed by the wicket keeper, or a fielder, the batters exchange places, passing one another on the crease. This constitutes a run.

A batter may be put out in any of the following ways: (1) bail displaced by a fair ball, (2) bail displaced while batter



CRICKET FIELD AND ARRANGEMENT OF PLAYERS

DOTTED LINES REPRESENT CREASE. WICKETS ARE AT EACH END WITH BAIL ON TOP. B-BATSMEN; U-UMPIRES; 1-BOWLER; 2-WICKET KEEPER; 3-LONG STOP; 4-SHORT SLIP; 5-POINT; 6-LONG SLIP; 7-LONG ON; 8-LONG OFF; 9-COVERPOINT; 10-MID-WICKET ON; 11-LEG.

is out of crease, that is, knocked off (stumped) by wicket keeper while runner is making for wicket, but just too late, (3) batsman guilty of placing leg before wicket to prevent bail being knocked off, (4) caught out, and (5) violating various other rules which need not be enumerated here.

An inning consists of putting out ten men, the eleventh man being declared "not out." Great scores are run up, some scores being as high as one hundred runs for one player, in professional games.

Another sport, participated in by grown-ups, in which they were imitated by the boys, was "soccer." In association soccer football, the game was played by eleven men, with a ball about the size of an American basket-ball. The uniforms of the players consisted of jersey sweaters and short pants, very much like gym pants, but very different, in their lack of extensive padding, from those used

by the players in the American form of Rugby.

The main idea of the game was to dribble the ball up the field by the means of kicking it with the foot or bumping it with the head until within range of the goal post, where it would be possible to kick goal. The only one allowed to touch the ball with the hands was the goal keeper, or a player putting the ball into play after it had been outside.

When we played the game as boys, we experienced some difficulty in getting a regulation ball. These were very expensive, and proud indeed was the group that could boast of ownership of one. In lieu of a ball, we used the inflated bladder of a pig. This was casually referred to as a "blether." Its original purpose was to hold lard as it was sold in the butcher shops. When used for this purpose, the bladder was thoroughly cleaned, and then lard was poured in while hot. Such a

bladder, empty of lard, and inflated by husky lungs, made a fair substitute for a regulation ball.

It is uncertain just when or where football originated, but legend has it that during the Danish invasion of England about 982 A. D., the citizens of Chester captured a Dane, and, after beheading him, kicked his head about for sport.

Whether this be true or not, the origin of Rugby, another of our games, is known. On the wall of the athletic field of Rugby School, a stone tablet preserves the name of the lad who originated that form of football. The inscription reads:

"This stone commemorates the exploit of William Webb Ellis, who, with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time, first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game. A. D. 1823."

This will be interesting to all American

boys, due to the fact that from it developed the great American college game. We, as boys, played it with little realization of what it had meant to American college life.

One of our Sunday sports was " tramping " over the moors. This is the English equivalent of an American " hike." We did not have far to go to come to extensive moorland, as Yorkshire is famous for its moors, some of which were much in evidence in the vicinity of Shipley. One which I remember well was Baildon Moor. To reach the top of it was a stiff climb, and many times I had to gasp for breath a good deal before finally gaining the summit.

On the way to Baildon Moor we passed Fiddler Green. This was a great open space, rich in green grass. It received its name from the fact that it had once been a dancing-green, on which young men and women dressed in the costumes of the

Victorian era had disported themselves to the tune of the fiddle.

What fun it was to tramp across the moors. In every direction one could see the blooming heather blowing in the wind, and suggesting the waves of a great and mysterious ocean.

Some of our boyish games will seem queer to you; some of them will seem perhaps a trifle silly, but we enjoyed them very much, as they gave us many happy hours. For most of our games, we had to make the equipment. This, of course, added to our enjoyment.

One such game was "Piggy." The piggy was made by cutting off a piece of broom-handle about six inches long. This was then whittled to a point at each end. The piggy was then placed on a line in the street, and after being struck on one end so as to lift it into the air, it was struck again so as to send it as far as the strength of the player could make it go.

The bat was then put down on the line and the opposing player allowed to throw the piggy from its resting-place in an attempt to hit the stick. If he was successful, it was then his turn to strike the piggy.

If the thrower was unsuccessful, the piggy had to be batted again from where it landed the first time. This was kept up until the opposing player was able to hit the bat. Each time the length of the strike was measured by the use of the bat, "so many strokes," while each time the opposition failed, the number of strokes was allowed to count for his opponent. The player first receiving a total of one thousand strokes was declared winner of the game.

Certain of our games were played according to season. Just how the season was determined, not one of us could have told. At certain times we seemed simultaneously to begin playing them.

One such game was "taws," or marbles. Our game was essentially the same as that played in America. However, marbles were very cheap. A halfpenny spent in marbles would purchase a capful.

Another game was football cards. These were heart-shaped cards, about three inches across. On each one of them appeared the picture of a professional football player. A package of about a dozen could be purchased for a halfpenny. The youngster who at the end of the year had a complete set of cards showing the members of the winning team received a football jersey. The football card season began late in the football season, so that the cards of the various leading teams were of value. The game was played by a player putting down a card of a leading team. The player who from a distance of about ten feet could cover that card with a card which he threw became owner of the more valuable card. The other

player, of course, added to his store of cards. At the end of the season, some players would have as many as two thousand cards.

Buttons, as well as marbles, were of great value to us. They were gained and lost in a game called "Buttony-Ball." A circle about six inches in diameter was drawn with chalk near to a wall. In this each player placed six buttons. The idea of the game was to bounce the ball in the circle, up against the wall, and catch it on the bounce, having knocked as many buttons out of the circle as possible. As soon as a player missed the ball, he was out, but entitled to all the buttons which he had knocked out. The buttons of each player were again brought up to the required number, and the game went on. Needless to say, this game was sometimes a help to our mothers and sometimes a hindrance, depending upon whether we were gaining or losing buttons.

One piece of play equipment which every boy possessed was a "bowl," or hoop. These were simply pieces of bar iron about three-eighths inches in diameter made into a circle by welding the ends together. The "hook," or driver, was another piece of the same iron, which was bent around the hoop so that it could not be removed. This was done so that the hoop could be stopped in case one came to a sudden obstruction. Once in a while the hoop broke at the weld and we were then instructed by some kind elder to "Go to the blacksmith's shop and have him put it on his 'stiddy' (anvil)." This done, our hoop was soon welded and as good as ever.

Two very quiet diversions are worthy of mention: Stolwerk albums, and cork-wool.

The Stolwerk Chocolate Company gave with each bar of chocolate the picture of an animal or bird. For fifty coupons,

a large album, having place for about three hundred of these cards, could be obtained. Among the schoolboys it was a great delight to exchange duplicates of the cards to see who could first fill his album. It was a game both interesting and instructive, for many of us learned as much natural history before school as we did during the sessions.

Corkwool would, I fear, appear sissified to American boys. Four nails were driven into the top of a spool. A piece of wool was put down through the hole in the spool and then wrapped once around each one of the nails. Upon wrapping it the second time, the under thread was looped over the upper one. This was continued progressively from nail to nail. The wool used was varicolored, so that the knitting came out in bright hues. When we had many yards of it, our mothers sewed it together to make pads on which to set the teapot or

other hot dishes. Our reward came, I think, in being able to boast of " the longest string of corkwool in the neighborhood."

The desire for play is a characteristic common to all children. In both rich and poor, it seeks to find expression. The play of the English child is quite different from that of his American cousin, but though the games used are so different, the ends served are the same.

CHAPTER VI

BEGGARS, BALLAD SINGERS, AND BALLOONS

Every English village or town seemed to be supplied with quaint characters, and the town where I spent my youth was no exception. There were three whom I remember very distinctly.

The first of these was Black Harry. He lived in a small shack on the bank of the Leeds and Liverpool canal. His ancestry no one knew. His entrance into the community had not been noted.

He received his name from the fact that he was always black from coal dust. He made his living by gathering coal from the canal and selling it to the poorer people of the town who were unable to buy in large quantities. His source of supply was that which fell from the passing canal

boats. Black Harry kept a very vicious and noisy dog that people said helped him in his business. As the boats passed his hut, the dog barked at the members of the crew. They in turn threw lumps of coal to silence him, thus adding to his master's store.

Black Harry's equipment for business consisted of a large box, fastened about six inches from the ground on four wheels. Early in the morning, he pushed his box-cart to the side of the canal, where he sat down in it. With the aid of a long iron rake he began to scrape the bottom of the canal for coal. Having entirely cleared one part of the canal of coal, he moved on to another, and so worked until he had filled his box.

One day as he was intent upon his task, a group of street urchins slipped up behind him and pushed Harry, cart, rake, and all into the canal. The canal was not very deep and he soon scrambled out, but

this ducking taught him to keep a wary eye upon the urchins who frequented the canal for their sport.

Again, there was "Old Star-Gazer." He had once been a great Shakespearean scholar. For some reason or other, when under the influence of liquor he became a harmless yet hopeless individual, obsessed with the idea that the whole world was interested in his recitations of Shakespeare's masterpieces. Often at night he frightened women and girls by dropping down in front of them and beginning to recite *Macbeth, Hamlet,* or *King Lear.* However, to us boys it was a great delight to come suddenly upon him as he was in the midst of one of his "recitals." We studied many of Shakespeare's plays in school, yet they never had the same appeal as "Old Star-Gazer's" recitations.

Another quaint character was "Tatterpillar." He was a lad of about nineteen or so whose mind had never fully devel-

oped. His home was in one of the poorer parts of the town. He passed most of his time wandering around the village market-place. I never knew his real name, but in our family circle he was always referred to as "Tatterpillar." Once when I was very young my brother had given some caterpillars from his collection to this lad, which had much pleased the poor fellow. From that time on, he always accosted my father with the same question, "Ha yor Ewich (Eric) dot any tatterpillar?" I suppose he made such an impression upon me because of his innate childlikeness which so contrasted with his manly body.

Whenever it was "tide," or fair, time, there were always many tinkers and ballad singers to be seen. Gypsies were always in abundance at tides, and since tinkers are generally part gypsy, they often traveled along. The real work of a tinker was to mend pots and pans, but

many English tinkers also mended umbrellas or did other jobs to earn a living. Some who were musical turned their talents to good account and became ballad singers, or musical beggars.

There were many beside tinkers who took up ballad singing. Most of these people had very poor voices and were generally rather obscure and worthless characters, although now and again an individual with a fine voice and an ear for music would be heard. As a general rule, the singers were interested only in obtaining a living by easy means, but now and again one of them would take up ballad singing for some other reason.

My mother often told me of one famous ballad at one time used by the singers. Sir Roger Tichborne was an English nobleman who supposedly had been lost at sea. He left a vast estate to which no direct heir could be found. Finally a man appeared who maintained that he was Sir

Roger in person. However, the authorities were not satisfied and awaited further evidence. To acquaint the public with this great news, the ballad singers sang a song throughout the length and breadth of the land. Here is the first verse:

> "Sir Roger Tichborne is my name,
> And all the people say the same.
> Those who think I was lost at sea,
> Are much surprised to find it's me."

The tinkers who were musical beggars used very unusual means of obtaining money. Their chief stock in trade was the production of music on queer instruments. Two of these I remember well. One man had made a flageolet, or fife, by hollowing out a walking-stick, while another used the spout of a watering-can for a similar purpose.

The former is evidently an old trick with tinkers, for we read that the tinker,

John Bunyan, writer of *Pilgrim's Progress,* had a similar instrument when in Bedford gaol. He made a fife out of one of the legs of his three-legged stool, and when he heard the gaoler coming he slipped it back in place. The gaoler, seeking the source of the disturbance, was much annoyed to find Bunyan sitting innocently on his three-legged stool, evidently in deep meditation.

Of all the strange characters of my boyhood, there was one who never lost his power to attract, amaze, amuse, and mystify. This was the individual who called himself "The One-Man Band," and whom we saw only about once a year. I have since learned that in certain parts of Italy there are many of his clan. The One-Man Band was a man of the tinker type who played six instruments at once. Undoubtedly the quality of music which he produced was very inferior, but to me as a boy it seemed very wonderful.

His instrumentation was as follows. On his head he wore a kind of brass helmet, from the center of which protruded a piece of brass about a foot long. At intervals, other pieces branched off very much like twigs on a tree branch. On the end of each of these twigs was a small bell. As the "band" played, he shook his head, causing all the bells to tinkle.

Around his neck was a wire harness which held a mouth organ to his mouth. This harness was much needed, since the hands of the One-Man Band were busy elsewhere in many ways, as I will soon show.

On his back he carried a medium-sized bass drum. On top of the drum was a cymbal, the upper part of which was fastened to a hinged lever. To this lever a chain was hooked, which went through the body of the drum and was fastened to his heel, so that the cymbal could be clanged whenever he pulled the chain with his foot.

The drumsticks were fastened one to each of his elbows.

With his hands he played a concertina. This is an instrument somewhat similar in mechanism to the accordion. It is different in shape, however, being much smaller, with the ends octagonal in shape rather than rectangular.

With this instrumentation, the " band " played. As the concertina moved out, the drum received a resounding thump, the cymbals, motivated by the foot, crashed together, accompanied by the tinkling of the bells and the jolly screech of the mouth organ. After the concert, the One-Man Band sent his assistant around from door to door asking for contributions. After we had followed the " band " for several streets to the limits prescribed by our parents, we sadly turned back knowing that we should not see that one of our Seven Wonders for another year.

Once in a while in the midst of our

play we heard a sound which temporarily put an end to our games. This was the stirring call of the Rag Man's horn. What a great feature he was in our lives! What a thrill his coming brought! All the toys and good things which we received at Christmas could not compare with the simple things which he presented.

As soon as his call was heard, we scattered to our homes and besought Mother to do her best in providing rags to exchange for treasures. There were three types of reward. For a small number of rags, a flag made from a square of wall paper fastened upon a stick was the payment; for a larger number, a toy balloon; and for a great many rags, a bar or so of candy. As it was before the day of pure-food laws and the inspection of food manufactories, the quality of the candy was much to be questioned, and so my mother always duly instructed me that a balloon was to be the limit of my indulgence.

Although most times I received a balloon, I have vivid recollections of the receipt of one paper flag. This time, since the man came when the bag of discarded clothing was somewhat low, I received a paper flag. To my mind, however, it was not a square of wall paper fastened to a piece of lath. It was a banner of wondrous beauty, to be carried in triumph. As I ran toward my home waving it before me, my little Scotch terrier, Flora, anxious to enter into the spirit of the game, jumped up, and, sinking her teeth into the paper, tore the flag in two. I came home a defeated warrior. However, due to my father's ability with paper and glue, I was soon once more happily waving it aloft.

The toy balloons which we received were not of a very high-quality rubber; they had to be treated with a great deal of care if they were to survive. The ones I received generally lasted about half a

day. In our home we had a sofa made with a horsehair cover from which points of hair protruded in places, since it was an heirloom. Here my balloons generally came to destruction, for no balloon could survive the penetrating qualities of horsehair. After a tearful farewell, I was ready to resume play with my fellows, while impatiently awaiting the return of the gatherer of cast-off garments.

CHAPTER VII

GUY FAWKES DAY

When I was a boy in England, we knew very little of the meaning of the Fourth of July, which in America is celebrated as Independence Day. We did, however, have a great day of celebration for a somewhat similar purpose. Our "firecracker day" was the Fifth of November, when we celebrated Guy Fawkes Day. But Guy Fawkes was not a hero, for he it was who in 1605 attempted to destroy the English Parliament by the use of many barrels of gunpowder.

This is how it came about: In 1603, James VI, King of Scotland, fell heir to the throne of England. There were those in England who were very disappointed and angry because they did not obtain the

expected recognition from the new king. They plotted to kill the king and the chief men of the country by destroying Parliament during session.

As the cellars underneath the Houses of Parliament were rented to merchants for the storage of goods, it was quite easy for the plotters to rent one of them. This they did, and then placed thirty-six barrels of gunpowder there in storage. They also carried in a great deal of wood. This fuel used to hide the barrels was, no doubt, also intended to increase the blaze when the Houses of Parliament were set on fire. What was contained in the barrels, no one thought to ask; no one paid much attention to their storage.

All members of the band of plotters were bound by an oath never to talk of it. This must have been quite a severe test of their patience, as the plot went on for almost a year and a half, the plotters meeting secretly at night.

When everything was in readiness, Guy Fawkes was chosen to perform the most dangerous and difficult part. It was his task to set fire to the barreled gunpowder. He hoped to escape when he had accomplished his task, but should he be caught, he was willing to die for the cause. The Fifth of November was chosen for the completion of the plans, as Parliament would then be opened by the King in the presence of all the members.

Like many other well-laid plans, however, failure came when success seemed most certain. Francis Tresham, a gentleman who had joined the plotters, had a friend in Parliament who was not in sympathy with the king. In an attempt to save his friend's life, Tresham sent a letter in a disguised hand warning him not to go to Parliament. Tresham's friend was so distressed by the letter that he took it to Lord Salisbury, who in turn took it to the King.

About midnight, on the fourth of November, the day before Parliament's meeting, the cellars under the Houses were searched by officers of the King. With hushed voices, and drawn swords, they searched the cellars by the aid of dim lanterns. All seemed well for a time, until in a far corner a dim light was seen, and near it they discovered the dark figure and pale face of Guy Fawkes.

Fawkes at first tried to escape, and later, to defend himself, but he was soon overpowered by the King's men, who took him prisoner. In his pockets were the materials for firing the barrels of gunpowder. He could not deny his guilt; he realized that he would have to die.

He was taken to the Tower of London, where he was cruelly tortured in an attempt to make him tell the names of the other plotters. This he refused to do, and shortly afterwards, with another chief conspirator, he was put to death.

The common people of England were overjoyed at the discovery of the plot. Bells rang, bonfires blazed, songs were sung, and the day was declared a national holiday.

I have told you this story so that you can understand why the day meant so much to us as boys. In our public schools the afternoon before the great event was always given over to a repetition of the story of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot which so nearly succeeded.

However, with us boys, preparations for the celebration of the great holiday began many months before the Fifth of November. Every street must have its "Plot Fire" on Guy Fawkes Day. To do this, all the boys of the street gathered together to go "progging." Where the term originated, I do not know, but it means the gathering of wood for plot bonfires.

The scarcity of wood in England made

it necessary for us to begin early. Most of the wooded land near the city was owned by rich men who used it for fox hunting, or to lease out to tenant farmers. A great deal of this property was protected from our invasion by "No Admittance," or "No Trespassing" signs. Occasionally we came upon a caretaker who would let us gather firewood while he kept a watchful eye for the approach of the owner.

How diligently we worked, and how little wood we got, as I see it now. When I first came to America and saw great waste-lands full of rotting tree trunks, or again in the cities when I saw huge wooden boxes burned as rubbish, I sighed as I thought of the amount of "progging" labor that would have been saved us had we lived in a land where wood was so plentiful.

Sometimes after weeks and weeks of diligent labor, tragedy befell us. One

time the boys in our street had piled all the " progging " in the leader's coal cellar. Since we had been especially fortunate that year, we gloatingly looked forward to one of the best fires in town. When the day arrived, however, our joy was turned to sorrow, for we found that the leader's mother, during a temporary shortage of coal, had used our " progging " for the family fire.

The energy which we expended in the hoarding of wood had its counterpart in our diligent saving of money for firecrackers, or " fireworks," as we called them. No one had at that time legislated a " safe and sane Fifth of November." We gloried in our fireworks.

At last Guy Fawkes Day arrived. School was forgotten, and because of our great anticipation of bonfires at night, " time passed by on leaden feet." Immediately after supper, our group gathered together to complete preparations for our

bonfire. If possible, we procured an old clothes-basket, and mounting it upon one of our homemade two-wheel carts we began the round of the houses in our street, asking for kindling, or "chips." Arriving at a house we rang the bell, and when some one answered the door we made known our request in chorus, as follows:

"Please to remember the Fifth of November,
The terrible treason and plot.
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.
Gunpowder treason should never be forgot,
As long as old England stands on the spot!"

It was seldom that the door was closed without our request being granted. We generally received a generous contribution of chips. Once in a rare while we were given some coal, and then, indeed, we "went on our way rejoicing."

Another type of contribution which we hailed with great delight was often forthcoming. This was a gift of "Plot Tof-

fee." Do not confuse this with American taffy. Toffee is a sticky candy, made principally of sugar and " treacle," a kind of molasses very similar to American sorghum. I still enjoy toffee as my father makes it to-day, but it never has the same ambrosial sweetness which Plot Toffee had to my youthful appetite.

After we had made our rounds and gathered what chips and coal were to be had, we carried our spoils to the site of our bonfire in the middle of the street. We then added to it the branches and tiny twigs that were the result of many after-school " progging " expeditions. By this time it was dark. The fire was quickly laid, and soon we had a roaring blaze to celebrate the capture of Guy Fawkes and the saving of England's Parliament. Thus we spent the evening around the fire, lighting our precious fireworks from the flames, and right well celebrating Guy Fawkes Day.

The crowning event of the night's festivities was the burning of Guy Fawkes in effigy. I am sure that if the dapper seventeenth-century Guy Fawkes could have seen some of the representations of himself, he would have died of mortification. Old clothes were stuffed with straw, a hat was placed on top, and fireworks were thrust into all the pockets. The fireworks were then lighted and the effigy was put on the bright red embers of the bonfire. Amidst the banging of fireworks, the flames set in blaze the tinder-like straw, and Guy Fawkes once again suffered death at the hands of descendants of loyal subjects of King James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England.

After the destruction of Fawkes, the boys joined hands and, marching round the dying embers of the plot fire, sang patriotic songs of Great Britain. Thus another Guy Fawkes Day passed into history.

CHAPTER VIII

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS

The Britisher's love for Christmas has been recorded in song and story. It is the holiday of holidays, a time of great rejoicing, and a time of thanksgiving for the good things which have been received. To English schoolboys, it means among other things a week's vacation from school, and to the millworker, release from tasks for an almost equal length of time. The week from Christmas to New Year's Day is given over to joviality and genuine fun.

In my boyhood, preparations really began about six weeks before Christmas with the selection of the materials for the Christmas cakes, puddings, and pies. The choosing of a family Christmas card was

also an important event. Tradesmen placed signs in their shops, indicative of the coming season. I remember that in the barber shops for several weeks before Christmas signs could be seen reading as follows:

> "Christmas comes but once a year,
> And when it comes it brings good cheer.
> And when your heart is filled with joy,
> Please, don't forget the barber's boy."

The barber's boy was the barber's apprentice, whose duty it was to lather the customer preparatory to his being shaved by the barber.

With the arrival of Christmas Eve the celebration began in earnest. Jolly old Saint Nicholas, the "Kris Kringle" of German children, and the "Santa Claus" of Americans, comes to their English cousins in the form of Father Christmas. The same requirements for his favor are laid down as in America: good behavior

at home, good grades at school, and a general spirit of helpfulness.

English homes seldom had Christmas trees. The greater part of our Christmas celebration centered in the chapel, where a large Christmas tree was provided by the Sunday School. At home, stockings were hung. This also was a great event. We always had several open fireplaces, providing a splendid place for the entrance of Father Christmas. Upon going to bed, we hung our stockings, or rather Mother's, so as to receive as many goodies as possible.

For the older members of the family, Christmas Eve meant carol singing. The various church choirs gathered together for that purpose. Led by a man with a lantern, they fared forth to sing at the homes of various members of the congregation, especially homes where there were sick people, or shut-ins. They began their rounds about midnight, and generally

completed them just as dawn came. When they sang before a home where the people were waiting up for them, the members of the choir were usually invited in to partake of Christmas cake and cheese, as they warmed themselves before the open fire. As the pride of every homemaker's heart was her Christmas cake, she was bent upon having every one taste it. Sometimes, the choir singers had more than their fill of "spice cake and cheese" long before dawn arrived.

Traveling in the dark as they did, some amusing and semi-tragic incidents occasionally took place. There was one such misfortune which was often related. A certain choir was making its rounds on Christmas Eve. They were particularly fortunate in having some musicians with them. One was playing the violin, another, the bass viol, and the third one, the clarinet. On their rounds they halted before a certain house to sing a number of

carols. When they had finished, they were invited in by the people of the house. In the darkness, the owner of the viol had placed its peg in a hole in the pavement. Not realizing this, he lifted it a little distance and began to move toward the door. The grip of the peg in the pavement was just sufficient to trip him. He fell against the viol, which fell to earth with its owner crashing down upon it. Suffice it to say, the choir had to do the rest of their singing without the services of the viol.

For us children, the coming of dawn meant the investigation of Christmas stockings. We always found our stockings well filled, with many other gifts piled before the open fireplace. If there was an orange in the toe of the stocking, it was a sign that Father Christmas had been especially well pleased. When the stocking contained a lemon, it was evidence that there was room for improvement in the owner's behavior.

Early on Christmas morning the street urchins had their opportunity. In groups, or singly, they went from door to door, and, having flung the door wide open, repeated the following verse:

"We wish you a Merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year.
A pocket full of money,
And a cellar full of beer.
A big fat pig that will last you all year.
(Please, will you give us a Christmas box?)"

That the rhyme is very old can be seen by the line about the pig, which harks back to the time when people slaughtered their own animals. A "Christmas box" was originally a box of goodies, but it now refers to a gift of money, fruit, or cake. Some people turned a deaf ear to the appeal of the urchins, but most people contributed generously from their stores of good things.

Church services were always held on Christmas morning. Very early in the

morning the bells of the churches rang a welcome to the glad day. Many sets of chimes could be heard playing, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Christians Awake," and other appropriate tunes. At the services, the religious aspects of the day were emphasized, and Christianity stressed as the way of life.

Early in the afternoon came Christmas dinner, the meal much looked forward to by the younger members of the family. What goodies were in store! What surprises it held!

For the first course there was goose. What a picture that goose made as he was carried in on the platter, with his legs sticking in the air! Every one wanted a leg! The delicious dressing, or "stuffing," which came from the depths of his cavernous body was of itself something long to be remembered. Add to that potatoes, peas, sauce, and rich gravy, and you have a meal fit for a king.

Another dish not to be forgotten was roast beef. Roast beef is heralded as the Englishman's favorite meat. Some saw in the decline of the use of roast beef the downfall of England. A song expressing this was "The Roast Beef of Old England."

"When mighty roast beef was an Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good,
Oh! the Roast Beef of Old England, and
Oh! for Old England's Roast Beef.

"When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the Throne
Such slip-slops as coffee and tea were not known,
The world was in terror ere she should frown,
Oh! the Roast Beef of Old England, and
Oh! for Old England's Roast Beef."

To every English mother, the success

of her Christmas dinner was measured by the pudding. If the pudding broke, or was not of highest quality, Christmas dinner was for her a failure. Just how that delightful piece of culinary art was made would be impossible for me to describe. However, when completed, it came to the Christmas dinner table as a large brown ball, about the size of a man's head, dotted here and there with currants and raisins, and surmounted with a sprig of holly. In some homes, the pudding was set in a dish of brandy, which, being highly volatile, was lighted as the pudding was brought in, thus surrounding it with a flame of fire.

For a dressing, or sauce, a sweet mixture of flour, milk, and water was used. It looked very much like the paste used to put advertisements on billboards. For this reason, in my boyhood, it was always facetiously referred to as a " dash of Sheldon's," Sheldon's being a famous outdoor

advertising concern. The final course was delicious mince pie with "spice cake and cheese." It would seem that such a meal as this would have filled the most capacious youngsters. Nevertheless, we managed to save room for candy, fruit, and chestnuts. The chestnuts we roasted in the open fireplace.

On Christmas night we all journeyed to the chapel, where an entertainment for the whole family was provided in the Sunday-School rooms. For the grown-ups, there was a minstrel show or some like amusement provided by the young men and women of the chapel. For the children, there was the sand-pile. Here each youngster was provided with a small shovel and allowed to dig in the sand (powdered cork) until he found a prize package, which was then his very own.

The highly decorated Sunday-School rooms were dominated by a great Christmas tree which stood in the center of the

room, its branches seeming ready to break from the load of presents they held. Before going home, each child in the room was provided with another present from the tree.

Thus we celebrated Christmas much in the fashion that it had been celebrated for many centuries before the coming of the Machine Age.

CHAPTER IX

THE PEACE EGG PLAYERS

New Year's Eve marked the arrival of the Peace Egg Players. Where they received their name, I do not know. They were a group of masqueraders who went throughout the town giving a kind of play to "sweep out the old and sweep in the New Year." They had wooden swords, old kitchen pans for helmets, and old costumes which they had gathered together.

The play was generally given in the home of some one well acquainted with the players. Neighbors and friends were invited in to see it. Sometimes there were so many spectators that the actors were somewhat crowded, especially in the duel scene. I know that you would be inter-

ested in witnessing such a playlet as this, so I will try to reproduce it as nearly as possible.

The first lines were spoken by the Reader of the Prologue. He was generally dressed as a jester of medieval times. On his head was a cap with bells, and in his hand was a mock scepter. He spoke as follows:

"This is Christmas, the time of good cheer,
We have come to act a little of our Merry Christmas here.
We are the merry actors that travel the street;
We are the merry actors that fight for our meat;
We are the merry actors that show pleasant play;
Enter, Saint George, thou champion, and clear the way."

Here Saint George entered. He was dressed to represent the noble soldier who, according to English history, destroyed a dragon. In his hand he carried a sword,

ever ready to meet his enemies. His lines upon entering were:

"I am Saint George, who from old England sprung,
My famous name throughout the world has rung.
Many bloody deeds and wonders have I made known,
And brought many false tyrants down from their throne.

"I followed a fair lady to a Giant's gate,
Confined in a dungeon to meet her fate,
When, lo, a Giant almost struck me dead,
But by my valor I struck off his head.
I've searched the world all round and round,
But a man to equal me, I've never found."

At this juncture Slasher entered to accept the challenge thrown down by Saint George. Slasher, who was dressed in much the same costume as Saint George, carried a wooden sword in his hand and wore a mock helmet on his head. He answered Saint George's challenge thus:

"I am a valiant soldier, and Slasher is my name;
Now with my trusty sword, I hope to win more fame;
And for to fight with me, I see thou art not able,
For with my trusty broadsword, I soon will thee disable."

To this the valiant Saint George made haughty answer:

"Disable? Disable? It lies not in thy power,
And with my sturdy sword, I soon will thee devour.
So stand back, Slasher, and let no more be said,
For if I raise my sword, I'm sure to break thy head."

But Slasher was not to be so easily cowed, and he replied, saying:

"How canst thou break my head?
My head is made of iron,
My body made of steel.
My hands and feet of knuckle-bone,
I'll challenge thee to feel."

Then, with a great clashing of swords, with the muttering of threats, and amid the cheers of the spectators, the challenger and the challenged fought a "duel unto death." Finally, after a fatal thrust by Saint George, his opponent, Slasher, fell supposedly mortally wounded. As he lay thus in pain, he cried:

"A doctor, a doctor, ten pounds for a doctor!
A doctor, a doctor, ten pounds for a doctor!"

In response to his repeated cries, the doctor finally appeared. He was a queer old man, with a white beard. He was very short in stature, and his shoulders were much stooped from age. In his hand he carried a large satchel, which when opened revealed an array of potions and pills. As he entered he said:

"Did I not hear the cries of one in great distress,
Quickly have I come, and my pills assure success."

To this Slasher replied:

"Canst thou cure me of this great blight?
What hast thou in thy case to set my frame
aright?"

To his plaintive questioning the doctor replied:

"I have glasses for blind bumblebees,
Crutches for lame ducks,
Plasters for broken-backed mice.
I cured Sir Henry of a hangnail,
Almost five yards long,
Sure enough I can cure this poor man.
Take a little out of my bottle,
Let it run down thy throttle,
If thou art not quite slain,
Rise, Jack, and fight again."

From his capacious bag, the doctor brought forth a glass into which he poured several powders, and a mysterious red liquid. This he carefully administered to the seemingly dying Slasher. As soon as Slasher had drunk the liquid, his face lighted up; his manner altered. But

alas, there was soon a sudden change. For once the magic potion failed, and in a moment Slasher breathed his last. Here the play ended, with the triumphant Saint George receiving the plaudits of the crowd.

Although this was the end of the play proper, there always followed another very important part, that is, very important at least to the players. This was the entrance of Little Devil Doubt. This person was generally a boy about twelve years old made up to look like a demon, or a small edition of Satan. He wore a red-devil costume, with long horns on his forehead and a long pointed tail hanging at the back of his body. In his hands he generally carried a pair of coal tongs. (Because of this usage, coal tongs were always laughingly referred to as "Little Devil Doubts.") He also carried a small broom. As this character entered, he spoke as follows:

"Here comes I, Little Devil Doubt,
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all out.
Money I want, and money I crave,
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all to the grave."

After repeating this speech several times, Little Devil Doubt put down his tongs and broom. Taking off his hat he passed it around in the crowd for contributions. This money was later divided among the players, to be used for their enjoyment.

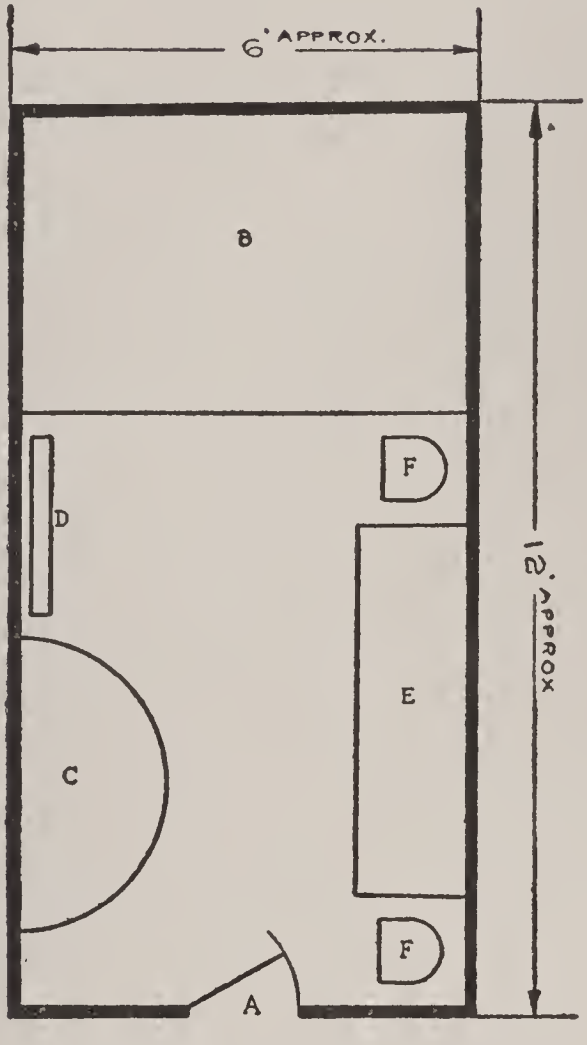
After completing the play, and then partaking of some refreshments, the Peace Egg Players departed. Their acting had been mainly mimicry, the meter of the lines had been far from perfect, but a New Year had been born in the midst of pleasantry and good-natured hilarity. To us as boys, no better way of ushering in the New Year could have been devised.

CHAPTER X

TRIPS TO THE FAIR AND GLEN

THE great summer event of my childhood was Shipley Tide, or Fair. This was generally held the last week in July, when school was out and vacation time was at hand. Every town had its tide at a different time, so that the people who had the various shows and booths traveled from place to place.

A great many of the people who had attractions were of the Romany, or gypsy type. The caravans in which these people traveled always held a great fascination for me. What fun it was to peek into caravans, and see how the gypsies lived! Nevertheless, I always was very cautious to keep a firm grip on my father's hand,



PLAN OF THE INTERIOR OF A GYPSY VAN

A - DOOR; B - A DOUBLE BED; WITH A VACANT SPACE UNDERNEATH FOR STORAGE; C - A GRATE COOKING STOVE; D - A TABLE WHICH HANGS ON HINGES FROM THE WALL; E - A CHEST OF DRAWERS; F - CHAIRS.

for although fascinated by the gypsies I also greatly feared them.

Since you are no doubt interested in the interior of a gypsy van, I have drawn a sketch to show you what it was like. (See the plan.) All of you under similar circumstances would no doubt have agreed with the sentiment expressed on a post-card I received as a child. This card had a picture of a little gypsy girl sitting on the steps of a caravan, feeding a donkey. Underneath the picture were these words:

"I wish I were a gypsy and lived in a van,
And had a nice donkey, like peddler Nan."

Three standard attractions carried by the gypsy showmen were merry-go-rounds, cocoanut stalls, and shooting galleries. The merry-go-round was highly advertised as "The Sensation of the Age." It had a giant organ in connection with it and was propelled by steam. As the Sensation speeded along, the organ

roared out its notes as rapidly as a runaway musical locomotive, while the steam engine puffed in time, until a high-pressure scream told that the penn'orth of fun was up. How I hated to have that merry-go-round stop! To me, it was indeed the Sensation of the Age.

No tide was complete without a cocoanut stall and a shooting gallery. The stall had cocoanuts placed on top of pedestals. The thrower was provided with a heavy stick with which to dislodge them. Sufficient is it to say that gypsy wariness had provided that the cocoanut be as heavy as possible, so that many pennies were spent and few cocoanuts knocked off.

One type of gypsy shooting gallery consisted of a set of round disks about five feet from the shooter. To the person knocking down a disk, the prize attached was given. The shooting was done with a gun containing a dart. Again gypsy

cunning provided, unbeknown to the shooter, a slightly crooked barrel for the gun. You can believe that few disks were knocked down. Many times soldiers, who were in abundance, tried their luck, but to no avail. One soldier, with a marksman's medal, after many unsuccessful attempts challenged the gypsy maid in charge of the booth to hit one of the disks. This she did easily enough, taking care, however, to use her own gun, one with a straight barrel.

Another source of fascination was the side shows. Like all side shows, some seemed genuine, while others were not so. Two I will record, to give a sample of each kind.

The first of these was described by the barker, or announcer of the show, as containing the only mermaid in captivity, captured at great hazard both to life and limb, and brought to England at great expense from the shores of Trinidad. When

the mermaid was seen, she proved to be a hoax and a great disappointment. The "beautiful" mermaid was nothing other than a dead monkey stuffed into the tail of a fish.

Another barker expounded upon the wonders of a girl born with an elephantine trunk in the place of an arm. This proved to be seemingly genuine, although it may have been a fraud. Her one arm had all the appearance of an elephant's trunk, as the girl used it with no visible distress to pick up even such small objects as pins and needles. Whether a fraud or not, it was an interesting tide exhibit.

Among Shipley's places of interest was the Glen. This was a great natural rock formation, very much on the order of Watkins Glen in New York State. The approach to this park was by means of a long road through the woods. In order to facilitate entrance during special days, a sort of tramway had been erected to carry

passengers. This consisted of two cars traveling on an endless belt. As the one car went down, the other proceeded up. It was one of the joys of my boyhood to ride on the Glen Tramway.

Since the Glen was in reality an amusement park, it had many things of interest. There was one of the many amusements which was especially interesting. This was a giant wheel. Inside of it was a seat hung from the axle in the center. When a person sat on this seat, he seemed to be in a circular room with pictures on the wall before him. Soon when the wheel began to turn, the pictures moved on while others rapidly took their places. As the wheel gained momentum, the wall moved faster and faster, so that it was not long before the poor victim was in the throes of something similar to seasickness. When the wheel stopped, the victim staggered forth to be admonished by the operator to tell his friends what fun he had

An Old Stile, Shipley Glen

had. True to human nature, each victim tried to secure another victim, and so the merry round of the wheel went on.

One day a number of victims, banded together, determined to give the owner of the wheel some of his own medicine. They put him on the seat, binding him so that he could not get away. They then took charge of the wheel and spun it vigorously for several minutes. When they opened the door they expected to discover a badly nauseated and helpless victim. Imagine their surprise when he was found to be as happy and as spry as ever. They never could understand it. However, he later confided his secret to one of his friends. "When the wheel began to turn, I merely shut my eyes," he blandly explained.

To me, the Glen's most interesting feature was the Punch and Judy show. You have no doubt seen these puppets in their antics, but I wonder how many of you fully realize their antiquity. Orig-

inally, when they came into being in the Middle Ages during the days of the old Morality plays, they represented "Pilate and Christ." After the players were driven from the church and compelled to accept the hospitality of the inn yard, the names and characters slowly changed until they became Punch and Judy, who seem to be immortal.

Of all their antics, there was one scene which amused me more than anything else. Judy had died and poor Punch was determined that she should be buried. He obtained a coffin, but bought a small one in order to save money. He placed Judy in it, but it was so small that she was compelled to sit upright. He, therefore, bent her forward, placed the lid on top of her and started for the cemetery. When he arrived there, he tossed her in the grave, keeping the coffin, which he placed on his shoulder as he started back home.

Very early in my youth I learned

Whittier's poem entitled, "The Barefoot Boy":

> "Blessings on thee, little man,
> Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan."

It was at the Glen that I first saw a barefoot boy. He was the son of a very wealthy man, and was passing through the Glen with his father, toward their estate. How I envied him as he walked along! How I wondered what it would be like to be free from the tyranny of shoes, and to be able to feel the cool of the lichen-covered rocks! It was not until I came to America that I had an opportunity to experiment. To me, that opportunity was worth the whole trip over.

CHAPTER XI

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

When I was a boy, my summer vacations were spent either in the country or at one of the seaside resorts. To me, there was a much greater appeal in the farm than any resort could afford.

The farm at which we generally sojourned was located at Timble, about fourteen miles from Shipley. To arrive at the farm, we went to Otley by train. We could then continue by wagon to the farm, or walk across the moors to it. Although the way across the moor was rather long, I always enjoyed it, because of the fun of striding through the heather, chasing butterflies, and catching caterpillars.

The farmhouse, like most English

The Stream, Shipley Glen

buildings, was built of stone. Not only the walls, but the floors of the downstairs rooms were of stone. The rooms were large and airy, although they must have been somewhat cold in winter.

I was much more interested in things outside the house than in its architecture, but there were several pieces of furniture which made a great appeal to me. One was the old four-poster bed in which I slept. This was a real heirloom, as it had been in the family for generations. There were great curtains all around the bed, strung by rings on wire from one post to the other. When one slept in the bed, every movement of the body caused the rings to rattle. What sport it was, when lying in that bed, suddenly to turn over and hear the rattle of the curtain rings! I sometimes almost forgot to go to sleep.

Another attractive piece of furniture was the grandfather's clock. This great clock stood at the head of the stairs and

was about eight feet high. Its scarred old face had looked down upon several generations. Could it have spoken, it would have had a wonderful story to tell. You may remember how the poet has put its story into words:

"Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
But it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride.
But it stopped—short—never to go again,
When the old man died."

The old clock at the farm was a masterpiece of the clockmaker's art. Not only did it record the time of day, but it also told the day of the month. How fascinating it was to watch as it slowly "ticktocked" the passage of time!

Almost as enticing to me was the cuckoo clock. Every half-hour, when a little door

opened, a small bird came forth crying, "Cuckoo." I asked my mother to call me from my play when the clock was near the hour, in order that I might hear the bird. It was a long time before I realized that the cuckoo was not alive.

The owner of the farm was an old man who had lived on the farm all his life. Being unmarried, he lived with his sister and her husband. I do not suppose that he had ever been more than twenty miles away from the farm in his life. Naturally, his outlook on life was very narrow, and his knowledge of current events was very limited.

One time during the Boer War he had driven into the town of Otley for some supplies for the farm. Among his purchases he bought some candles, as they were the main means of lighting at the farm. After making his purchase and asking the price, he was surprised to find that they were a great deal more costly

than usual. A conversation somewhat as follows took place.

"Why," said the farmer, "are candles so much dearer (more costly) than they used to be?"

"Well, you see," said the storekeeper, "it's on account of the war."

"Imagine!" said the farmer in amazement. "I had no idea that they were fighting by candlelight."

The Boer War thus made a great impression upon him. I can remember that several years after the war had closed, he would query of my father:

"And are they still fighting that war with 'swerds and begonits' (swords and bayonets)?"

But the most delightful fact to me about this rustic was his use of tobacco. Since tobacco in England was very costly, it was generally bought in half-ounce packages. The farmer had to conserve his tobacco, not only because it was costly,

but also because in his isolated residence it was hard to procure. This was his method of conservation, as he told me one day when talking to the " lile lad " (little boy), as he called me.

" You see, lad," he said, " I have to be careful of me bit of 'baccy. I chew it first, and then dry it. When it's well dried, I smoke it. And then I use the ashes for snuff."

At the farm, my brother had a splendid opportunity to indulge in his hobby of collecting caterpillars and butterflies. I well remember the result of one summer's collecting. The season had been especially good. He had placed his large tin box of caterpillars on an old table in the farm kitchen preparatory to taking them with him the next day. Some one unknowingly bumped the box from the table, knocking off the lid. A while later, when the mistress of the farm came into the kitchen, it was literally alive with creep-

ing caterpillars. An immediate search was started, but I am afraid it was not very successful, as we were still finding crawling caterpillars in unexpected places during the next day. Each new discovery of this kind increased the embarrassment of the young naturalist.

Not far down the road from the farm was the little town of Fewston. It was always enjoyable to walk to this picturesque village to see its church and churchyard. The most engaging sight to me was the massive church key. This key, which was about eighteen inches long, seemed almost too much of a load for the little vicar who carried it, but he seemed to use it without difficulty.

Fewston churchyard, or cemetery, was famous for the many queer epitaphs which appear on the gravestones. There was one very strange one, which is, perhaps, the queerest inscription to be seen anywhere in the world. It reads as follows:

Fewston Church

To the memory of
Joseph Ridsdale of Bluberhouse
Who died Febuary 29, 1823,
aged 79 years.
Also Elizabeth his wife, March 18, 1813,
aged 59 years
And William their son,
Died Febuary the 30th 1802
Aged 23 years.

It will be seen that the letter "r" is omitted from February in each case, that it is impossible to have February 29, 1823, or February 30, 1802, as the former is not a leap year and the latter is quite out of the question; and that the order of the dates when the death occurred is reversed.

Although the country had much greater appeal for me than the seashore, I shall say something of the latter.

It is said that the people who live in the county of Lancashire in England save all the year so that they can spend as

much as possible during a vacation at Blackpool, a famous seaside resort. This was not true of the people who lived in Yorkshire, yet every Yorkshireman liked to be able to go now and again to Morecambe, the most famous resort of Yorkshire.

At the seaside, the beach ponies and bathing pleased me the most. For the sum of a few pence it was possible to hire a little pony and cart to go driving along the sands of the beach. What sport my brother and I used to have as we drove along behind one of the little beach ponies! Ben-Hur, to our way of thinking, never went any faster, nor had any better steeds.

The appeal of bathing at Morecambe came through having a private bathhouse. On an American beach the bather must go to the water on foot, but on an English beach, he rides to it. All the bathhouses were on wheels. We used to step into them directly from the dry sand of

the shore. While we were dressing, a pair of horses were fastened on, and the dressing-room was moved out into the sea. Thus, when we came forth in our bathing suits, we had only to walk down the steps into the water. Upon the completion of our bathing, the process was reversed, and when dressed we again stepped on to the beach dry-shod.

CHAPTER XII

A TRIP TO LAKELAND

In the northeastern corner of England, there is one of the most enchanting bits of scenery to be found anywhere. This is the English Lake District, famous as being the dwelling-place of a great many of England's poets and literary men. The leaders of this school were Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. Within a radius of fifty miles are to be found sixteen of the most beautiful lakes in the world. Only the Scottish lochs and the Killarney group of lakes in Ireland can compare with them.

It was quite often my privilege to visit the English Lake District. My father was a member of a choir which each year made a trip up into that region. I shall

English Countryside near Timble

tell of only four of the most famous of the sixteen lakes: Windermere, Derwent Water, Ullswater, and Patterdale.

The journey from Shipley to the lower end of Lake Windermere was made by train. Since an English railroad is so different from an American, I am sure that you would like to hear about it.

When the English railroads first came into use, they supplanted the coach lines. Consequently, the influence of the coach could still be seen. When I was a boy, the parlor car, such as is used on American railroads, was practically unknown. The railway carriage for passengers was not much different from the stage coach which it replaced. Unlike the American cars, it was entered at the side rather than at the end. In some few cases, one could enter at the end, but had to go along the side of the car to pass into compartments on the other side.

Tickets were bought at the " Booking

Office" rather than the Ticket Window. In the days of the stage coach, it had been customary to record, or "book" the name of the passenger in the register kept at the stage office. The term was retained, although people bought tickets, instead of being registered. English trains did not have conductors. The man who collected tickets was known as the "guard." This, no doubt, went back to the fact that each stage coach had to have a guard, a man who rode on top with a blunderbuss in his hands to guard it from attack by robbers.

Every English railroad carried three classes of passengers: first, second, and third. Just how this distinction arose is not known. An old story explains it as follows. In the old days of the stage coach, first, second, and third class tickets were sold according to the accommodations, or lack of them. One time a coach traveling along a muddy road had to stop because the horses could not proceed.

The guard came to the door of the coach and made the following announcement: "We cannot proceed through the mud, because of the load. All first-class passengers stay in the coach. All second-class passengers will get out and walk. All third-class passengers must get out and push."

I recall that in the trains the first-class compartments were upholstered in plush and were very roomy, seating six passengers, three on each side. The second-class compartments were upholstered in leather, and held eight passengers. The third-class carriages were not upholstered, and held ten passengers. In addition to these three classes, some workmen's trains were run, the fare of which was only two cents a mile. They were called "parliamentary," because they had been established by an Act of Parliament.

The railway carriages had much lower roofs than those in America, due to the

lowness of the British bridges, which had been built so solidly of stone in an earlier day that they could not easily be changed.

The other things which would appear queer to an American boy were the little locomotives, and tracks without any level crossings. Every English railroad was enclosed so that the track did not cross public roads, all crossings being above or below the track. No walking on the track was allowed. At the stations, or depots, the platforms were several feet above the track, so that passengers entered the trains without going up any steps.

Since there were no level crossings, and no one was allowed to walk on the tracks, the engines were without bells, and without cowcatchers. The English locomotives were all painted some brilliant color, depending upon the company to which they belonged, each line having its own color. The trains made much greater speed than those in America; some trains

like the famous "Flying Scotsman," going from London to Edinburgh, made an average speed of as much as fifty miles an hour, including stops.

I have described for you the trains as they were twenty-five years ago. In most respects, the English trains of to-day are very similar to those on which I rode.

Traveling along on a British train, we soon arrived at Windermere, where the joy really began for me in the form of travel in a char-à-banc. This carriage, which had rather high wheels, was drawn by two horses. There were generally five seats, on top, all facing toward the horses. The entire char-à-banc held about twenty passengers. Riding on the seat beside the driver was a kind of footman whose duty it was to blow the tally-ho horn. This was a horn about five feet long, having a mouthpiece like a bugle. What fun it was to ride along behind spirited horses, with the wind blowing in your face, and

the gay call of the tally-ho sounding from time to time.

Lake Windermere, or "winding lake," is almost eleven miles long, and is in no place more than a mile wide. Compared with Lake Michigan or Lake Superior, it is very, very small, but what it lacks in size is recompensed for in beauty. It nestles among green hills of moderate height, which are thickly covered with forest.

On the shores of Lake Windermere is the little town of Hawkshead, famous as the site of the Free Grammar School which Wordsworth attended from his eighth to his seventeenth year. The town of Hawkshead is a delightful example of a border town. The houses were built here so as to enable the men easily to repel Scottish invaders.

Long ago Hawkshead had a great "hiring fair," and was once the center of the woolen industry of the Lake District.

At one time, each separate cottage, farm, and house in the district had a spinning-wheel which was kept going, spinning wool from the sheep raised on the farms. The people of the district made clothes from their own cloth. This is reflected in one of Wordsworth's poems, telling of a time before the invention of power looms and the establishment of Saltaire Woolen Mills.

> "Amid the mountains did I feel
> The joy of my desire;
> And she I cherished turned her wheel
> Beside an English fire."

The school where Wordsworth studied is a very old building now, and was old when Wordsworth attended school there more than a hundred years ago. The desk where he sat is always pointed out to visitors. The poet was evidently just a normal boy, for he cut his name in the desk. This signature has now become famous.

Above the school is a library in which there are many documents about the school and a copy of the charter showing that it was chartered by Queen Elizabeth, and had been founded by Edwyne Sandys, Archbishop of York, in 1585. There is also the archbishop's Bible, in which is the family register and the rules prescribed for the school at the time it was founded.

A little distance north of Hawkshead is to be found the Wythburn church, famous for the fact that it is the smallest church in England. In it is to be seen a poem which Wordsworth wrote about it.

Still farther north is Grasmere, where Wordsworth lived for so long and where the Wordsworth family graves are located. Here one sees the famous Dove Cottage where he did most of his writing. It was called the Dove Cottage because it had one time been used as an inn, called "The Dove and Olive Bough."

The house has been made into a museum devoted to Wordsworth, and a trip through its eight rooms gives one an impression of the presence of the owner. It seems as though he had left his desk, his manuscripts, and the things which he loved, only for a moment, and might at any time return to take up his work. In the rear of the house is a very lovely garden where he wrote.

Most of you are no doubt familiar with the lines of the poet, Southey, "How Does the Water Come Down on Lodore." I had one of the keen disappointments of my young life when I first saw the falls. Instead of the torrent which Southey pictured as:

"Rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,

And thumping and plumping and bumping
and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and
clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motion for ever and ever blend-
ing,
All at once and all o'er with a mighty up-
roar,"

I saw about as much water as would make a good shower bath dropping over a cliff about one hundred feet high.

But no story of the English Lake District would be complete without making some mention of Patterdale and Ullswater. These lakes are in the section made famous by the Kings of Patterdale, of whom you have probably never read in your English histories.

This district had always been disturbed by the Scottish invaders from the North. On one such occasion, the shepherds of Ullswater were gathered together by a man named Mounsey, under whose leader-

ship they succeeded in defeating the Scots. Evidently this had seldom been done before, for the people decided to make him king of the district. It became a hereditary office, and his family held the title for many generations and were the acknowledged leaders of the district. Finally, the duties became so onerous that one of the successors asked permission to abdicate, and the Kingdom of Patterdale went back to the British crown.

Ullswater is a long winding lake, much like Windermere, being nine miles in length. A great many places of interest are to be found along its shores. As one travels along the shores of these beautiful lakes, he can easily understand why the Lake School of poets produced such wonderful nature poetry.

CHAPTER XIII

THE OLDEST TOWN IN ENGLAND

THERE was an English town very familiar to me in my childhood, which it seems to me would have fascinated any normal boy. This was the town of Shrewsbury, "the Oldest Town in England."

Shrewsbury, or "Shrouwsbury," as it is pronounced by the natives, is in the southeastern part of England, near the border of Wales. It is really situated on a peninsula, fully three sides of the town being surrounded by the river Severn.

Since my mother's parents had been Welsh, and a good many of her relatives had settled in Shrewsbury, we often went to this old city for week-end visits.

In a country as old as England, it is

A Half-Timbered House near Shrewsbury

quite a distinction for a town to be able to designate itself as "the Oldest Town in England." No wonder the inhabitants are proud of this distinction. Some years ago they were given an opportunity to incorporate as a city, but they refused.

As soon as one sets foot in Shrewsbury, he realizes that he is in a town with a history. The town is situated on a hill, almost completely surrounded by the winding Severn, and the streets wander in and out in charming irregularity. It was Nathaniel Hawthorne who described them by saying:

"The streets ascend and curve about and intersect each other with the customary irregularity of these old English towns, so that it is quite impossible to go directly to any given point, or for a stranger to find his way to any place which he wishes to reach, though, by what seems singular good fortune, the sought-for place is always offering itself when least expected. On this account, I never

knew such pleasant walking as in old streets like those of this very old town of Shrewsbury."

The building of commanding interest in the town is the castle. Shrewsbury Castle, built of a deep red stone, with square keep and corner turrets, is imposing when seen from a distance. The turret in the garden below the castle was built by the famous engineer, Tedford. From the castle walls, one can get an excellent view of the Welsh range of mountains, and the Shropshire hills.

The castle was originally built about 1200 A. D., by Roger de Belesme, or Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury. As the castle has been somewhat modernized, it is still very livable. This tendency of making way for modern life finds reflection in the fact that although Shrewsbury was once a walled city, the walls have been so thoroughly demolished that few traces of them can now be seen.

However, much of old Shrewsbury is still standing. No other town in England can boast of such wonderful old houses. Most of them are very beautiful, being timbered or half-timbered, having massive oak frames and projecting upper stories. To some of the present-day inhabitants, their beauty does not repay their lack of conveniences. In some of them the facilities for cooking are so limited that the inhabitants have to send their Sunday roast to the community kitchen to have it cooked.

The fact that the town is so near to Wales has had an effect upon the street names. One instance of this is a street which is now called Dog-pole, which at one time was Duck-Pool. Another interesting name is Wyle Cop, as is also Shop-latch.

An interesting sight of Shrewsbury is St. Mary's church, the windows of the church having stained glass in them which

came from Flanders and Cologne. The most outstanding thing to me, however, was a memorial in the tower which, even though unintentionally so, is nevertheless amusing. This tablet is to the memory of a youth who in 1759 attempted to fly across the river. The tragedy of this youthful inventor is told as follows:

> " Who by an attempt to fly from this high spire
> Across the Sabrine stream he did acquire
> His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill
> Or courage to perform the task he fell.
> No, no, a faulty cord being drawn too tight
> Hurried his soul on high to take her flight."

In Shrewsbury, the birthplace of Charles Darwin, there is a statue erected to his memory. I remember most the great bronze shoes in which the laces could be seen as clearly as in real shoes.

Darwin was a graduate of the Shrewsbury Grammar School, which was founded in 1551 by Edward VI. One writer in the seventeenth century described it as " a

fair and free school, of which there are four masters and sometimes six hundred scholars." This seems to be a somewhat disproportionate number, and the situation is quite different now. The school is across the river from the Quarry garden, and in order to go to it we had to cross the river on the ferry. This was a great delight to me. Two famous men who graduated from this school should be known to every schoolboy, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir William Jenner, the discoverer of the process of vaccination, so helpful in the fighting of smallpox epidemics.

A visit to Shrewsbury provides one with the opportunity to see Welsh peasants. The women all wear "Mother Shipton" hats. These hats have a large stiff brim, and the crown is made in the shape of a truncated cone. They received their name from Mother Shipton, famous for her prophecy:

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accident fill the world with woe;
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters shall yet more wonders do,
Now stranger, yet shall be true;
The world upside down shall be
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride
And no horse nor ass be at his side;
Under water man shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green;
Iron in the water shall float
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found mid stone
In a land that's now unknown;
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew.
And the world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

Mother Shipton's Cave is in Knaresborough in England, where she is said to have lived. That she wore such a hat as described is much to be doubted. Al-

though all her prophecies, except the one made in the last two lines, have come true, many people doubt that such a person ever lived.

As a child, I was always fascinated to hear the Welsh peasant women speak. The Welsh language may rightly be called unique. No use is made of the letters *j, k, q, x,* and *z*. Each letter is pronounced separately. There are no diphthongs, and no silent letters. It is in this respect that Welsh much resembles the Russian.

At one time I learned a Welsh rhyme which pleased me greatly. Although I still remember it, it would be difficult accurately to represent the sound in print. It went something like this:

"Uppa derry dan doin,
Tenna genna et toin.
Sham bouin, tedda thouin,
Shenna, benna, wheata,
Sham, bach, bouin."

And, as the Scriptures say, "This being interpreted" means:

"Ring around the rosies,
Pocket full of posies.
Hatchem! Snatchem!
All fall down."

Although this may not be a literal translation, the doggerel carried somewhat this meaning. As a boy, it was one of my proudest accomplishments that I was able to "speak" Welsh.

On one of our trips to Shrewsbury, we arrived just in time for the Annual Flower Show. It was held in a large park called The Quarry, and was in reality a great fair made up of exhibits of flowers and fruits. All kinds of races, sports, and shows were carried on. The part of greatest thrill to me was the Steeple Chase. In this event, horses, ridden by jockeys, ran over a long course containing such hazards as a high wall, a high

Fountains Abbey, Ripon, Yorkshire

hedge, a high gate, and a large body of water. How exciting that was to a youngster unused to such things!

All these sights of Shrewsbury made an impression upon me at various times during our visits, but boylike, I remembered one thing against Shrewsbury which I found it hard to condone. My brother and I purchased some cocoanut cakes there once which appealed to my boyish mind as a travesty on the name. They were about two inches square and about three inches long. The sad part was that the cocoanut was shredded upon them so finely as to be almost invisible. I can never forgive Shrewsbury for those cakes.

CHAPTER XIV

WE EMBARK FOR AMERICA

One of the greatest surprises of my life came when my father one day announced that he was going to leave England for America, and that my mother, my brother, and I were to follow in about six months. I had known for some time that he had had an offer to engage in the rubber industry in one of America's great rubber concerns, but I did not realize that this could ever draw him away from the land of his birth.

Early in January my father left for America, and from that time on my conversation with my chums was constantly sprinkled with the phrases "America," "the United States," "the Stars and Stripes." I had a number of relatives in

America, and began to look forward with interest to their letters, literally devouring every line that had anything to do with life in America.

Most of the time between the departure of my father and our sailing date was spent in selling the furniture of our home and packing great boxes, preparatory to coming to America. How well I remember bequeathing various of my choice playthings to my chums!

Finally the day of departure came. On the tenth day of June we took the train from Shipley to Liverpool, and there boarded the Cunard Liner *Ivernia*. This same *Ivernia* was many years later, during the World War, to sink, the victim of German submarine warfare.

I need not tarry to tell of the journey over here. Suffice it to say that if there was one part of the vessel which I did not explore, it was because I inadvertently missed it. I investigated everything, and

missed going up the rigging to the crow's nest only because I was prevented by a stern maternal hand.

About a week after leaving England, our vessel docked at Boston. After passing through the customs, we boarded a train for Cleveland, Ohio, where most of our relatives lived, and where we planned to stay for a few days.

Early in July we were established in our new home in Akron, Ohio. We lived in that city until I started for college, when my parents moved into one of the suburbs.

Of course, life in America was new, strange, and yet fascinating. What a picture my brother and I made as we went to school the first term after our arrival! Our heavy boots and Eton collars contrasted strangely with the trim garments of our fellows. Many times during that first semester we heard the kindly, yet humorous greeting, " Hello, English."

Many of the things connected with American history were rather strange to me, and many times I made mistakes which were very laughable to my companions. One, especially, I remember. Each day in school we were asked to repeat the Pledge to the Flag:

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag, and to the republic for which it stands. One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Not long after I had entered the class the teacher asked me to rise and repeat the pledge. I repeated the first phrase as follows, much to the amusement of my fellows:

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag, for there Sir Richard stands."

Who Sir Richard was, of course I did not know, but their repetition of the pledge had always sounded so, and to my

foreign mind Sir Richard might have been an American patriot.

When I graduated from grade school and high school, I attended, and graduated from one of Ohio's smaller colleges, after which I spent four years in two of America's great universities. Thus into the mind of one who was "a Boy in England" were poured the ideals of this great land of liberty and freedom. The heritage of the old found full expression in the challenge presented by the new.

THE END