England and the English
An American's Criticisms

Rosebery Praises Prince Collier's Book—English Self-Confidence—The English Home—Terrible Crowds—The Beauty of the Landscape—A Shrine for Americans.

LORD ROSEBERY, writing a preface to a new half-a-crown edition of Mr. Price Collier's book on "England and the English," says:

"This famous book is probably the best ever written by an American about England. Every patriotic Englishman must have been deeply interested by Mr. Collier's book, and rejoice at the promise of a cheap edition which will enable a wider range of readers to appreciate our strength and weakness as set forth by this broad and keen observer."

It is certainly a most entertaining book, and will interest all those who travel and like to know how we appear to other nations.

English Habits at Sea.

"Leaving New York on a steamer officered and manned by Englishmen, your impressions may begin from the moment you put foot on board," begins Mr. Collier. The change from the restless volubility of the Irish cab-driver to the key servility of the Englishman of the servant class is soothing, depressing, irritating, or amusing, as the case may be. The chattering, waving, gesticulating, high-voiced travellers and good-byers are apparently of no interest to the stolid stewards, who move about at slower speed, speak in lower tones, do what they have to do with as little unnecessary expenditure of nerve and muscle and speech power as possible.

"Even before the ship moves you have moved from the exhilarating, bracing, bright air of inland and upland plains to the heavier and more moist climate of an island. Movement, speech, feature, and bulk are different. They are all—movement, speech, feature, and bulk—different in a way that is easily and definitely expressed by one word—heavy. Later one finds that this word is used accurately. The Englishmen, women, horses, vehicles, machinery, houses, furniture, food, are all heavier in proportion than ours."

Lord Curzon's Praise.

Lord Curzon, late Viceroy of India, in a voulme entitled "Problems of the Far East," writes as follows in his dedication:

"To those who believe that the British Empire is, under Providence, the greatest instrument for good that the world has ever seen, and who hold with the writer that its work in the Far East is not yet accomplished, this book is dedicated."

"Where in the history of mankind," asks Mr. Collier, "may one look to find such a magnificent assumption of virtue and omniscience, coupled with incomprehensible self satisfaction? It makes one fearful for the destines of the race when one sees it proclaim itself thus arrogantly. Here is a haughty egotism that would make Alexander, Caesar, or Napoleon turn pale. Who believes that the world is better where England dominates? The English. Who believes that India is happier? Who believes that Ireland is happier? The English. Who believes that the East under English protection is happier? The English. Who believes that North America is happier? The English.

"But what do the four hundred billions of people, controlled by these billion gentlemen, whose omniscient prophet Lord Curzon is—what do they think? What do they say? Personally, I am not questioning or criticising. I am merely a child making notes. The amazing assumption that England has done more for the world than any other agency is a characteristic of these people that cannot be too often insisted upon."

Saxon Peasant to British Empire.

"As I have said before, it is not a pose with them. It is not impudence. It is their rooted belief in their own superiority. Anybody who starts out to have dealings with them, either personally or along international lines, must take that into consideration. They know only one way. That is their way, and their way is the best way, and is sanctioned by God, who, by the way, is the God of the English national church.

"It is magnificent, is it not? But it makes one stop just for a moment to get one's breath.

"Let someone tell us what fantastic arrangement of molecules turned the youthful rake into a St. Augustine, the unknown country lad into a Shakespeare, the Corsican peasant into a Napoleon, or the western rail-splitter and country lawyer into a Lincoln, and when these are all explained there will remain an even greater mystery—how these Saxon peasants became the English Empire of today.

The English Home.

"On entering an Englishman's house the first thing one notices is how well his house is adapted to him," says Mr. Collier. "It seems to have grown up around him, as in so many cases it has, and to have taken on the folds of his character, as a coat often worn molds itself to the figure of the owner. On entering an American's house, the first thing one notices is how well he adapts himself to his house.

"In England, the establishment is carried on with a prime view to the comfort of the man, and this applies to rich and poor alike, and to all conditions of society. In America the establishment is carried on with a prime view to the comfort and exigencies of the woman. Men are more selfish than women; consequently, the English home is, as a rule, at any rate from a man's point of view, more comfortable than the American home.

"An Englishman is more at home in his own house than an American; first, he is, by all the inmates, recognized as the absolute master there, and because he spends more of his time there. He leaves it later in the morning, returns to it earlier in the day, and gives more of himself to it than does an American.

"An Englishman is continually going home; an American is continually going to business. Ages of social laws, and vast accretions of social distinctions, have made the Englishman who can stay at home more important than the Englishman who must go to business; consequently, all Englishmen assume that they are much at home, and little at business, whether they are or not, for by so doing they loom larger on the social horizon."

About Englishmen.

Of the Englishmen, Mr. Collier says:

"Such men as the leading statesmen, diplomats, barristers, journalists, bankers, businessmen generally, and prelates; in short, the dignified, responsible and great ones of the earth are, so to speak, regularly groomed, and kept in condition, physically and mentally, for their arduous duties. They take frequent holidays; everything that paid service can do—and such service is astonishingly cheap here—from keeping their clothes to attending to their correspondence, and their engagements, they are relieved of."

Brain Workers and Recreation.

Nature comes down hard on those who go too far in the development of the brain. We are more cheerful, younger, better-tempered and saner, most of us, the more we live out of doors, eat and drink without thinking of it, and give the brain no more than its fair share of work to do. This is the attitude of the Englishman toward life.

"Americans are still more or less obsessed, at any rate in politics, by the haranguer, the mountebank, and the wire-puller. The Englishman will have none of them. He refuses to consent to the burial of Herbert Spencer in Westminster Abbey; he proclaims in the House of Lords by the mouth of a cricketing peer, that 'Lord's cricket ground is one of the most sacred spots in England,' a statement received with loud cheers by that assembly when it was proposed to cut into the grounds for a tram line, and he goes his way through the world quite convinced that he is right in his estimate of the comparative value of mind and matter. Even their formally intellectual professions are filled with men, in the church, in the law, in medicine and the like, who openly exalt the material, rather than the intellectual and spiritual side."

There are three kinds of more or less intelligent men nowadays who encumber the earth: men who talk for the sake of talking; men who write for the sake of writing; men who read for the pleasure of reading. But they do nothing. They incite no one else to do anything, either by voice, pen or example. It is worth while remembering that the so-called dull race has produced the greatest literature since the days of Greece. I believe that the secret lies here: Their great men have had things to say, instead of trying to write things. French literature is notable for trying to write things, phrase things cleanly, or saliently; attempting to put little thoughts into very fine clothes.

"We in America have had no time, no energy to spare for literature. What we have produced is of the second-rate order — with the exception of Poe and Hawthorne—with one piece of prose, however, unsurpassed in the English language since the King James' version of the Bible, Lincoln's address at Gettysburg. Lincoln, no more than these Englishmen, was a man who wrote, or talked for effect. He concentrated his energy and his brilliant powers—powers recognized at the time by his fellows—upon one subject, and he saved his country by his success.

Great Deeds and Great Words.

People think it strange that England's reputation in the world rests so largely upon her aptitude for poetry and politics. Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton! It is not far from the truth to say that every poet of the small first class is an Englishman, save one, Dante. Goethe and Schiller can hardly be classed with these, much less Corneille or Racine. But it is not strange. The nation of great deeds must of necessity be the nation of great words.

"While the rest of the western world has given itself up to the fetish of universal education, they have been quietly giving themselves to the task of conquering, colonizing, and governing a fifth of the habitable globe. Consciously or unconsciously, they seem to realize that the asylums for the insane are peopled by those whose brains are too active or too morbid; not by those who are slow and dull. The dangers of modern civilization are mostly for the swift, not for the slow.

"'Steady, lad!' and 'Steady, girl!' you hear from every horseman, whether he be riding or driving. The English genius is not for analysis, but for inaction. He seeks to act, to do, to accomplish, and for the first necessity is to get people, or things, or horses, or ships, or balloons, or motors steady. They cannot start, they cannot be controlled without steadiness. They demand this quality above all others in their statesmen, their soldiers, as well as in their horses. There is no talk of glory as in France; no constant vision of self-advertisement, and of self-advancement by means of the reporter's pen and camera. England expects every man to do his duty, that's all.

"The French and German youths are stuffed to the brim with book-learning, while the English lad is in many respects a man. If the three of them go out to the colonies we all know what happens. The French boy keeps the books, the German boy attends to the foreign correspondence, and the English boy manages both. A great German manufacturer who had a number of Englishmen as heads of different departments, said naively: 'Somehow these Englishmen seem to get on better with the workpeople.'"

What Our Schools Do.

"The most interesting and the most notable commentary upon English education is the present attitude of both the German and the French better-class parents. It is astonishing to hear a group of well-to-do German fathers stating that they intend to send their sons to an English public school. Why? one asks. Out of the mass of reasons given one disentangles the fact that the Germans are beginning to see that they educate their youths, but they do not train. The English public school boy is governing all over the world, while the German boy serves him as a clerk. The Englishman has a way of gaining the confidence, the affection, even, of stranger races, and of handling them and of governing them with least friction. As one German said: 'We must produce men who can govern, if we expect to colonize successfully.' The German schools do not do this. The same is true of the French schools."

Terrible Crowds.

Here are Mr. Collier's impressions of our servants and also of the people in the streets:

"When we come to know the servants better we find that, although they are of the laboring classes, completely unorganized, without unions or societies, they are the one class which has kept up and increased the standard of wages. As a class they have made no claims, they have not appealed to the public, or to the politician, but they have none the less increased their demands, and obtained their demands. This is rather a curious commentary upon organized labor. The servant class numbers something like one in forty of the total population.

"Look at the people that swarm the streets to see the lord mayor's show, and where will you see a more pitiable sight? Those beef-eating port-drinking fellows in Piccadilly, exercised, scrubbed, groomed, they are well enough, to be sure; but this other side of the shield is distressing to look at. Poor, stunted, bad-featured are these pork-eating, gin-drinking denizens of the East End. Crowds I have seen in America, in Mexico, and in most of the great cities of Europe. Nowhere is there such squalor, such pinching poverty, so many undersized, so many plainly and revoltingly diseased, so much human rottenness as here. This is what the climate, the food, and the drink, and man's rule of the weaker to the wall, accomplish for the weak."

England's Country Landscape.

"There are two things," says Mr. Collier, 'that I dare announced to the traveller as superlative beautiful. If he be disappointed the fault is his, and not my praise of them. The pictures of Velasquez, in the Prada at Madrid, and an English country landscape in May, surpass any possible preliminary praise of them. You may announce what you will, but the reality still surpasses the promise." And then Mr. Collier proceeds to give a very fine picture of the beauty of our country and why we love it.

"Twenty miles out of London," he says, "and the sun is shining, and the train glides along the green fields, hedges of hawthorn, trees blossoming on every side. England looks to be the huge, well-cared-for farm of a Croesus. The absence of much sunlight, so distressing to the American in London, is an advantage now. True, the country is an old country, and has been plowed and planted and harrowed for close on to a thousand years before America was even discovered. This gives the countryside a mellowness and well-groomed look, and the vaporous sunlight softens all the outlines, hides the harsh features, and gives the landscape the dreamy, far-away, misty loveliness of a mirage.

"Just now, the fields that are not brown, having been turned up for sowing, are of a delicate green, and hundreds of sheep and lambs scurry about as the train flies by. If I were an Englishman, it seems to me I should grow positively thirsty for this scene if I were a long way from it. There seem to be no angles; fields melt into fields, and hedge into hedge, and there a ribbon of road which seems to join rather than to separate them. The houses, big and little, are all of brick or stone, and have the advantages of lending their interstices to ivy and climbing roses, and the older they are the softer the color and outline. Houses of wood look to be dishevelled and shabby as they grow old, while brick and stone are the more dignified the older they grow.

Where Are the People?

"But where are all the people? Did we leave them all in London and Oxford and Worcester and Birmingham? All through the afternoon, and into the early evening we travel, and I could have counted more houses, certainly more sheep, than men and women from the carriage window. It may be a holiday, it may be the day's work is finished. It may be that the laborers, slow moving and sombrely clad in greys and browns, are not so distinctly seen in this soft light. In any case, it seems as though one might step out and take possession of as much of this lovely country as one cared to, and this adds still another quality to the charm. There is solitude without loneliness. It is well cared for, so gentle and cultivated in appearance, that one feels the centuries of human toil, the intimate companionship of men, but without their interruption.

"'England is London,' says one. 'England is Parliament,' says another; 'England is the empire,' says still another. But, if I be not much mistaken, this stretch of green fields, these hills and valleys, these hedges, and fruit trees, this soft landscape, is the England men love.

"In India and Canada and Australia, in their ships at sea, in their knots of soldiery all over the world, Englishmen must close their eyes at times, and when they do they see these fields green and brown, these hedges dusted with the soft snow of blossoms, these houses hung with roses and ivy, and when the eyes open they are moist with these memories. The pioneer, the sailor, the soldier, the colonist, may fight, and struggle, and suffer, and proclaim his pride in his new home, but these are the love of a wife of children, of friends; that other is the love, with its touch of adoration, that is not less, nor more, but still different, that mysterious mingling of care for, and love of, the one that brought you into the world.

"'That is England, I take it,' concludes Mr. Collier, 'that makes one feel his duty to be his religion, and the England that every American comes to as to a shrine.'"

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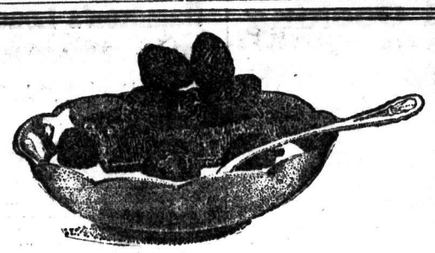

Be good to your stomach—it will return your kindness a thousand-fold in health, happiness and strength for the day's work. Nothing so delicious, wholesome and nourishing in Summer as strawberries with

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

a food that makes muscle, bone and brain without taxing the digestion. Shredded Wheat Biscuit with cream and a little fresh fruit for breakfast will keep the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active—better than medicine or any "Spring tonic."

Heat the Biscuit in an oven to restore crispness; then cover with strawberries, raspberries or other berries and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. If you haven't tried it you don't know all the joys of Summer—more healthful, wholesome and nourishing than soggy white-flour short-cake—always clean, always pure, always the same price. Try it today. Your grocer sells it.

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THE GIRL WITH BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Attracts Attention Everywhere.

There is one sure and certain way for every woman to have beautiful hair, and that is to give it intelligent care which includes the use of Newbro's Herpicide.

This remarkable preparation kills absolutely the dandruff germ, eradicates dandruff and prevents the hair from falling.

The prophylactic action of Herpicide keeps the hair free from disease, and with the scalp sweet and clean a natural hair growth is inevitable.

Herpicided hair scintillates with health and vigor, light and luster, produced only by the well-known scalp and hair dressing, Newbro's Herpicide.

All druggists sell it and guarantee one dollar size bottles.

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DEADLY ANAEMIA

CASTS A SHADOW OVER THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF WOMEN AND GROWING GIRLS.

"Not enough blood" is the simple meaning of the term anaemia, though it should scarcely need explaining, for, unfortunately, anaemia is one of the greatest evils in this country, afflicting women of all ages, including young girls. The signs of bloodlessness are plain enough—pallid lips and cheeks, and aching back, frequent headaches, with breathlessness, heart palpitation and great weakness. The only effective treatment is to strengthen and build up the blood, and it is just by this power of making new, rich blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured anaemia in more cases than it is possible to place on record. Among the most cured of this trouble by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss C. N. Roberge, of Sorel, Que., who had been in poor health for several years. Miss Roberge says: "I believe that if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my illness would have proved fatal. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin. The first noticeable symptom was loss of color and a feeling of lassitude. Then I began to lose my appetite, had frequent headaches, and spells of dizziness, and became unable to do any housework without being completely exhausted. Finally my trouble became aggravated by a persistent cough. I took several kinds of medicine, but did not get any relief. At last I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to do so. After I had taken several boxes there was a noticeable improvement in my condition and I continued using the Pills until I had taken nine boxes. The result in my opinion was marvellous. My appetite returned, my nerves were strengthened, my weight increased, headaches disappeared, and I am enjoying the best health of my life. In gratitude for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me I give this statement in the hope that it may bring new health to some other sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all those troubles due to poor blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, and the troubles which attack girls budding into womanhood and women of mature years. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE.

In France there is only one university, and it is an absolute instrument of the state. It is true that there are schools of higher learning, which were founded in 1870 as universities, but five years afterwards the title was withdrawn, and they are now called "instituts." They are five in number, and are located in Paris, Lille, Lyons, Toulouse, and Angers. But the University of France is an entirely different organization. It is the official school; it is centralized in Paris, and has under it a vast multitude of establishments, faculties, college and primary schools, distributed over the whole surface of the country. Directly or indirectly, they all depend on the Government. The university was established by Napoleon, and in spite of certain modifications which it has undergone during the last fifteen years it is the same today in its essential elements as the day he founded it. Just as he established the entire civil administration, with its prefects, sub-prefects, judges, ministers of finance, so he created in 1806 this vast educational organization with its countless professors, who control the entire intellectual training of France.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

WHERE WOMEN HIDE JEWELRY

Trunks, Mattresses and Foot-Post of Bed Some of the Places.

"NOT one-fifth the jewels owned by Chicago people are kept in safety deposit vaults, as might be expected," declared an officer of one of the best-known Chicago safety deposit vaults. "In fact, even the persons who do rent boxes at the vaults seldom keep many of their valuable jewels there.

"I know one woman who keeps her husband's life insurance policy in the vault and pays an annual rental for the box, while she keeps jewels valued at thousands of dollars in her own home. It's a mystery to me why more persons are not robbed of their valuables.

"There is a woman of my acquaintance who keeps jewelry valued at close to $15,000 in an old trunk in her room. There is not even a lock on the trunk, for she was obliged to force this off one time when she had mislaid the key. It has not even the quality of escaping notice by its worn appearance or obviousness.

"Were it left alone it might possibly escape search by an enterprising burglar because of its prominence, but the woman has withdrawn even this hope by binding the thing up with straps and ropes tied in the most complicated knots. She does not stop to think that an enterprising second-story man could cut through these ropes in half a minute if he had a sharp knife.

"Another woman conceals her jewel bag in the mattress of her bed. Old as this place is, the woman further invites robbery by neglecting to sew up the hole in the cover; or, if she does do so, merely bastes it up with thread that a burglar could notice twenty feet away. Another favorite place is in some 'secret drawer.'

"Usually in bureaus or pieces of the sort there are a number of long drawers with a couple of smaller ones at the top. Between these two small drawers some enterprising furniture maker hit upon the plan of placing a concealed drawer. This was all right twenty years ago, but don't you suppose burglars keep track of these things?

"A woman of my acquaintance has the foot post of her bed hollowed out and places her jewelry there. This is not so easy to find as it might seem, for the head of the post is solid and even if ab urglar happened to think of removing that he finds nothing, for the woman has taken precautions to have a false top put on the post, and to get to the hollow part it is necessary to unscrew the part under the removable head."

A KENTUCKY WONDER.

Mr. George Stapp, who lives near Liberty, is the brag stout man of that part of the state, according to a local paper. His feats of strength are not surpassed by any ordinary man. His 60th birthday was last week, and he has never met his equal. Thirty years ago he outlifted the 722-pound fat lady who was in a circus that came to Liberty. He has carried a horse ten steps to win a wager, and he can easily carry his 100-pound wife 200 yards on his extended hand. He is a raw-boned gentleman, weighs about 190 and looks like an ordinary man physically; but those who know him well say his strength is a wonder.

THE OLDEST MAP.

After some controversy about the age of various maps that have come down to us from ancient times it has been finally determined by savants that the oldest is in the form of a mosaic in a Byzantine church at Malaba, in Palestine. It is about 1700 years old, and purports to be a map of a part of the Holy Land.

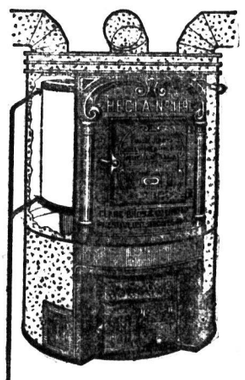
This furnace is built to keep gas, dust and smoke out of the house.

No matter how cosy your home, an odor of gas, however slight, is unpleasant and sometimes dangerous.

The health of your whole house demands a furnace that will give pure warm air without gas or dust.

Gas cannot escape from a "Hecla" Furnace. Every place where experience has shown that gas might otherwise find an opening has been made absolutely tight by our **Patent Fused Joint.**

The constant expansion and contraction of the steel and iron parts cannot break this joint.



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In the "Hecla" the steel sides of the radiator are fused by our patented process to the cast iron plates at the top and bottom. This process welds the steel and iron into one piece, making an inseparable joint—one that cannot spread with the heat, and one that has proven perfectly gas and dust proof, even after years of service.

"Hecla" Furnace

The "Hecla" has other safeguards against gas. The **cast iron** Combustion Chamber will not burn through and allow fumes from the fire to pass into the house.

The **air jets** in the door assure proper burning of any surplus gas.

The **Automatic Gas Damper** prevents danger from gas puffs.

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The "Hecla" Saves One Ton of Coal in Seven

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