Away from the Thunders of Mills and Clash of Commerce.

GLORIOUS GROUPINGS AND SYLVAN SCENES

Astounding Falsehoods of Modern Fiction Regarding Ancient Villages and Their Folk-Journeying in Regions Quaint and Historic.

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LONDON, April 10 .- [Correspondence of THE BEE. |- In my preceding article on English. villages and their folk I gave some account of seven English villages, and these in merest outline. Seven hundred is truly nearer the number I have personally visited. Each one could furnish through leisurely study, for brush or pen, abundant material for a winsome volume.

Some writers would have us believe that English villages were things of the past; that rural England had completely gone to decay; that the smoke of factory stacks hung like a pall over the remains of all that is mellow and old and good; that the thunders of the mills had drowned all the dear old country sounds; that commercial England, with hard and cruel hand, had effaced almost the last vestice of the erst sweet and charming countrysides; and that brick and iron, stone and steel coal and Brummagem, varied now and then by noble man's demesne or gentleman's scat, were the characteristic features of an English

CAs goodly a proportion of English as American people have come to accept this as true. But it is astoundingly false, as any one who will really saunter, not rush, about England may know. Books are largely responsible for this. English fletion, like American fiction, of from a half century to a century ago was replete with pictures of village life and character. When Charlotte Bronte laid down her pen, and the labor of George Ellor-who was to the early Victorian age, at least in degree, what Shakespeare was to the Elizabethan-was done, mastership in this school of delineation seemed to cease.

Neither America nor England has since produced a lasting work of fiction upon rural scenes and lowly folk. Novelists have wallowed in altrusm, psychological phenomena, subtleties of crime and its detection, hideous salaclousness, positive and comparative religion, the heroics of agnosticism and intidelity and in the shredded and bedraggled warp and woof of ultraintense metropolitan life. So those who rely on intelligent fiction to reflect reality have felt that the English village and its folk had surely passed away.

Again, the great world of activities has come constantly to intelligent attention, through the press, the reviews and through statistical volumes, largely to the exclusion of the great unterlying world of fact and sentiment. In America the stupendous afscutment. In America the stapendous affairs and progress of our great cities have almost obliterated the memory of some of the sweetest old nooks in all the world—the historic and beautiful hamlets of New England, of the eastern and even of the southern and middle states. Yet they are all just as they once were prettier and tenderer for their mentioness and increasing age. Here their pensiveness and increasing age. Here, similarly, everything is London, Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpeol, Hull and that host of practically new manufacturing towns and cities of Yorkshire and Lanca-

The American commercial mind and the The American commercial mind and the English commercial mind have heard for a quarter of a century of naught else than their ingots and spindles, pottery and looms, fabrics and ships, lockouts and walkouts, depression and expansion and their tre-mendous trade superlatives of every hard and harassing description.

English villages, and with not a half hun dred exceptions, are here just as they were at the beginning of the century, and just as we have pored over them in the best old works of English fiction. Not only this, but hundreds of modern villages with winsome olden architecture in the habiliment of Elizabethan and even earlier Tudor times, enriched with luxurious parking and intelli-gent floriculture, and windows filled with ruddy English faces have been added to the

mossier olden stock.

Even in the congested districts of Lan cashire, Yorkshire, northern Warwickshire Staffordshire and Shropshire, not an ancient village has passed from sight, save where a town or city has grown within and around it; and, where factory towns are so thick that clusters of chimney stacks crowd every acre of the horizon like giant spears above some mighty encircling camp, there between still stand the ancient hamlets, more witch-ling for the grimy followship of trade, an endless solace to eye and heart of those who

Therefore when the lively American who "does" England in a week tells us that the rural England of literature is no more, he tells us what perhaps some Hyde Park orator, railway station porter or traveling sales man has told him, but still something which he does not know; and when the London lit-erary dilettante falls upon and disposes of rural England in a single breezy magazine article or smart review, he commits for a needed stipend of ten or twenty pounds little short of a literary crime.

Such as these and better still all those who love the truly beautiful and winsomely picturesque in any land, without seeking Quixotic quests among political and social problems, should certainly pass at least one summer among English villages. Hundreds can be found even along the lines of rail way. Leaving these at any station, by coach, by trap, upon bicycle, or more advantageously and fuller of clation than all, on your own good legs, every fine old hedgebordered highway will furnish you an astounding revelation in every half-day's drive or walk.

What wondrous journeyings into the past are thus afforded. What splendid pages of history are thus reopened—for it has been in and about English villages rather than Such as these and better still all those

and about English villages rather than in towns that English history has been made. What challenges are prompted to the great and the immortal to come from their wraithlands and walk beside you where they once dwelt. And how you find that all you knew of books has inexpressibly lacked in the true colors are expressibly lacked in the true color and feei-ing until you thus wed presence and actual-ity with the toneless tale of words!

The wealth of number of these olden villages in Kent alone would confound the Dryasdusts and the iconociasts of rural England. It is with a thrill of delight that you wander through Saltwood, peeping out between leafy hills upon the glorious sea: Lyminge, mossy and still beside the most ancient church of southern Kent, so ancient that in its walls are actually seen even Lyminge, mossy and still beside the most ancient church of southern Kent, so ancient that in its walls are actually seen every specimen of ecclesiastic architecture from Saxon to Perpendicular, so ancient still that St. Edilberga, one of its patron saints and daughter of the Saxon King Ethelbert, who reigned more than 1,000 years ago, lies buried within: Erith, with its unique old houses, its winding lanes of green, banks of chalk, shadowy combes and tender uplands; Cobham, leafiest, snuggest and pretriest of all Kentish villages, with its lordly park, its stately towered church and brasses of 600 years in memory of the noble Cobhams and its "Leather Bottel" inn made famous in the immortal pages of Pickwick; beautiful old Shrone, giriled with massive clims and richest orchard bloom; and 100 more, set along the lane-girt downs, clustering in set along the lane-girt downs, clustering in the woody Weld, or nestling among the Kentish or hards and hop gardens, with their rows of cottages with white-washed walls, dormer windows, thatched roofs and garden fronts each a maze of fuschias, pinks, carnations and roses; and all of them from 100 to 1,000 years old.

LIFE IN RURAL ENGLAND ings interspersed by "broads" of sedgy, shallow lakes; of mighty herds of cattle and sheep; of duck, widgeon, mallard and coot; of picturesque inns-of-call half hidden among copses of willows; of ruined castles, abbeys and priories whose ancient moats are abbeys and priories whose ancient moats are

abbeys and priories whose ancient mosts are now serving as market gardeners canals; of gray old hamlets set about with clumps of pollard outes; and of a peasantry as simple, brave and true as in good old Sir John Fastolf's days—not Shakespeare's unctuous knave of the "Merry Wives," but of the real Fastolf who valorously fought the battle of Herrings and soundly drubbed the French. The eventide pictures from some of these old waterside hamlet porches are worthy the brush of a Turner or a Millet. As the sun goes down in forests of waving reeds, it flames the thatches of hamlets on op, osite shore, weirdly lights the arms of the spectral windmills, bringing to a looming nearness the grim Norman towers of far olden churches, or girls the livid top of some medieval ruin as with goid. As it sinks from sight the waters of the Broads are for a moment purple, then pitchy black, when from sight the waters of the Broads are for a moment purple, then pitchy black, when instantly the stars are shining in the depths above and from the waters beneath with a shinmering luster enveloping all. Then the songs and chirps of myriad insects: the whire and splash of late-homing water fowl; and the witching, whispered soughing of the oreeze in the rushes and the reeds. In a Comberland, and Westmoreland.

and the witching, whispered soughing of the oreeze in the rushes and the reeds.

Up in Cumberland and Westmoreland, what loving wraiths of memory are conjured when basking in the glowing beauty of simplerous, verdure-clad, biossom-bowered Keswick, Grasmere, Rydal, Ambleside and Bowness! Here in old Keswick town dwelt and sang, and lies buried in Crossthwaite church yard, near the murmurings of the Greta he so loved, the high souled paet of pensive remembrance and meditative caim, Robert Southey. Here, too, the unhappy Coleridge passed the most fruitful, though still the most miserable, years of his baleful slavery to a deadly drug; and with his girl wife. Harriet, Shelley here knew the only happy hours of his unfortunate life. In ancent Grasmere—Grasmere of ancient "rush bearing" fame; Grasmere with, berhaps, the oldest and certainly the quaintest church in England: Grasmere where the brave old dame soundly walloped the prince of Wales for "narrying" her sheep—Thomas de Quincey lived in his dream life madness; and, in St. Oswald's church yard sleep Hartley Coleridge and William Worlsworth, beside the beauteous Rothay, which, leaping from sequestering meadows, gives back along the old church wall the deathless songs they sang.

That one whose memory gives to the organ tones of the two cascades of Rydal their wondrous heart thrilling power, who is first and last when your eyes of fancy pene-

their wondrous heart thrilling power, who is first and last when your eyes of fancy pene-trate the past, is Wordsworth, who lived on Rydol mount, above the hamlet, for 40 sunlit Rydal mount, above the hamlet, for 40 sunlit years. Sturdy, iconoclastic, yet true and practically Christian if stid heretic, Harriet Martineau stands bright and crear in the picture among the blossoms of songful Ambleside. Christopher North, with his huge frame and benign face, as if the very spirit of the lovely region shone from his kindly eyes, makes these village ways sunnier for his strong, sure tread. With him, though later, you will see another one, firm, calm, tender, noble, one who through his labors at Rugby swept forever from the labors at Rugby swept forever from the British educational system the rule of brutality and dread, lofty souled, noble Dr. Arnold; while old Bowness, huddling be-tween the highway and the fell side, is sweeter still because you see through its tiny cottage panes the wraith of good Federa Hemans, with a tinge of sadness in

Fericia Hemans, with a tinge of sadness in her pailid, patient face.

Pleasant indeed is a week's idle loitering among the villages of Surrey. Some of the most picturesque timbered cottages of England can be found among these ancient hamlers. Sleepy old Godalming was once a nest of fullers homes, and numbers of these habitations are still in good preservation. At Shere, the former home of the earls of Ormond and the noble house of Andley, and roundabout are wondrously interesting lanes of cottages. Besides, there are Wonersh, with its fine gables and chimneys and charmingly picturesque old mill house; Wonersh, with its fine gables and chimneys and charmingly picturesque old mill house; Haslemere with its high and graceful chimneys; Chiddingford, where glass was first made in England, with its fine fourteenth century cottages and famous old Crown in; Witley, with its church tower surmounted by a spire as quaint as that of Stoke Pogis, and its cottages which are in every artist's sketch book; Alford, most primitive of Surrey villages, with its curious ironwork and moats; and, with scores more, winsome old Cranleigh, where, at Baynards winsome old Cranleigh, where, at Baynards, Jane Roper, wife of the younger Sir Edward Bray, so long kept the head of her father, ill-fated Sir Thomas More, which was finally deposited in St. Dunstans, Canterbury. You will never feed the passing hours if, afloat upon the Avon, you set out in quest of English villages within the western shires. The thatches of the hamlets lean every where along the Avon almost to the river's brink. You will have no need for an inn. With your yeoman companion you will be welcomed everywhere at night among the village peasantry. By ann-by you come to the vales among the Cotswolds. Then will you see hamlets and villages dotting the val-ieys, embedded in gardens, perched upon the heights, in settings of lush orchards, waving

heights, in settings of lush orchards, waving fields within checkered lines of hawthern hedges or denser rows of limes, and these in turn backed by panks of forest primeval; all in such droning quiet, ample content and smiling opulence that, full of the winev exultation of it all, you again and again irresistibly exclaim, "Here is Arcady at last!"

In Essex one could wander for a whole summer and rever tire of its passy pooks. ummer and never tire of its mossy nooks ike Thaxted, with its long straggling street of many-gabled homes, its exquisite church, its strange Moot hall and its noble relic, Horham hall; Coggeshall, with its moldering abbey ruins and curious "Woolpack" inn Saffron Walden, hotbed of Essex supersti-Saffron Walden, hotbed of Essex superstitions, with its ruined castic, wonderful old houses and antique Sun inn which has set the Essex antiquarians endlessly by the ears; Finchingfield with its jumble of cottages piled one upon another and its quaint timber-built alms houses, like those of Coventry; St. Osyth, with its remarkable church, splendid old priory and marvelously teautiful gatehouse; and Little Dunmow, straggling, tiny hamlet that it is, but famous the world over for its olden "Flitch of Bacon" prize for conjugal felicity.

And if all these were not enough to make you know the indescribably interesting and beautiful rural England of today come here where the shires of Bucks, Berks and Surrey join, and saunter but for a day round about royal Windsor.

rey Join, and saunter but for a day round about royal Windsor.

At Chertsey, but nine miles distant, once famous for its abbey, lived and died the poet Cowley, while Albert Smath, author of "Christopher Tadpole" and many other charming works of fletion, was born in the same quaint old village. Datchet, on the Thames, about a mile from Windsor, has the remains of a very ancient monastery, while Datchet Mead was rendered famous by Shakespeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor,"

But four miles distant is the quaint and sequestered village of Horton. In this, at Berkyn Manor house, lived Milton, with his father and mother when they retired from business in 1632, and here were written his "Comus," "Arcades," "Lyeldas," "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." At Old Windsor, two miles down the river, is one of the most impressive old yew and cyprus shaded churchyards in England, Its Moat Farm was the hunting scat of Saxon klags. Mrs. was the hunting scat of Saxon kings. Mrs. Robinson, the authoress and the unfortunate Perdita, is buried here, and its Beaunont lodge was the former home of Warren

Hastings.

Bray is but five miles distant, up the Thames The "Vicar of Bray," one Symonts, was that spiritually vivacious cleric who changed his religion four times, in successive reigns, that he might die in his "living," At Beaconsfield, to the north near Wilton park, was the home of Waller, the poet, and Burke, the statesman. Here at Slough, two miles to the north, is the house occupied so long by Sir William Herschel, and you will see here a part of his great forty-foot telescope; while two miles further, beyond meadows green, nestling in clumps of yew and oak, is the olden home of the Penns, near which is the mossy old parish church near which is the mossy old parish church and hamlet of Stoke Pogis, where was written the purest and swettest elegy to be found in the English tongue,

Engan L. Wakeman.

The earliest library was that of Nebucha a nezzar. Every book was a brick, engraved with cunciform characters.

Busy people have no time, and sensible peo-de have no inclination to use pills that make Who is there to fitly describe or paint the drening old villages of that curious English region 'variously known as the "Norfolk Broads." "The Broad District" and the "Norfolk and Suffolk Pens." where, as at Dibham and Ruston, many an old caub-and-wattle cottage may still be seen! It is a land of lagoons; of grassy dykes; of ghostly windmills as huge and as numerous as in Holland; of rich and low lying farm stead-

CENTRALIZED CAPITAL.

Up in this Country. Op in this Country.

Much has been written of the growing tendency of private corporations to pool issues for the purpose of controlling prices throughout this country. The formation of trusts is the order of the day. A recent article in the New Nation counterates some of the leading trusts with estimated capital. The following prefatory statement is also given by that paper:

Free competition has fostered the monopolization of injustries to such an extent that

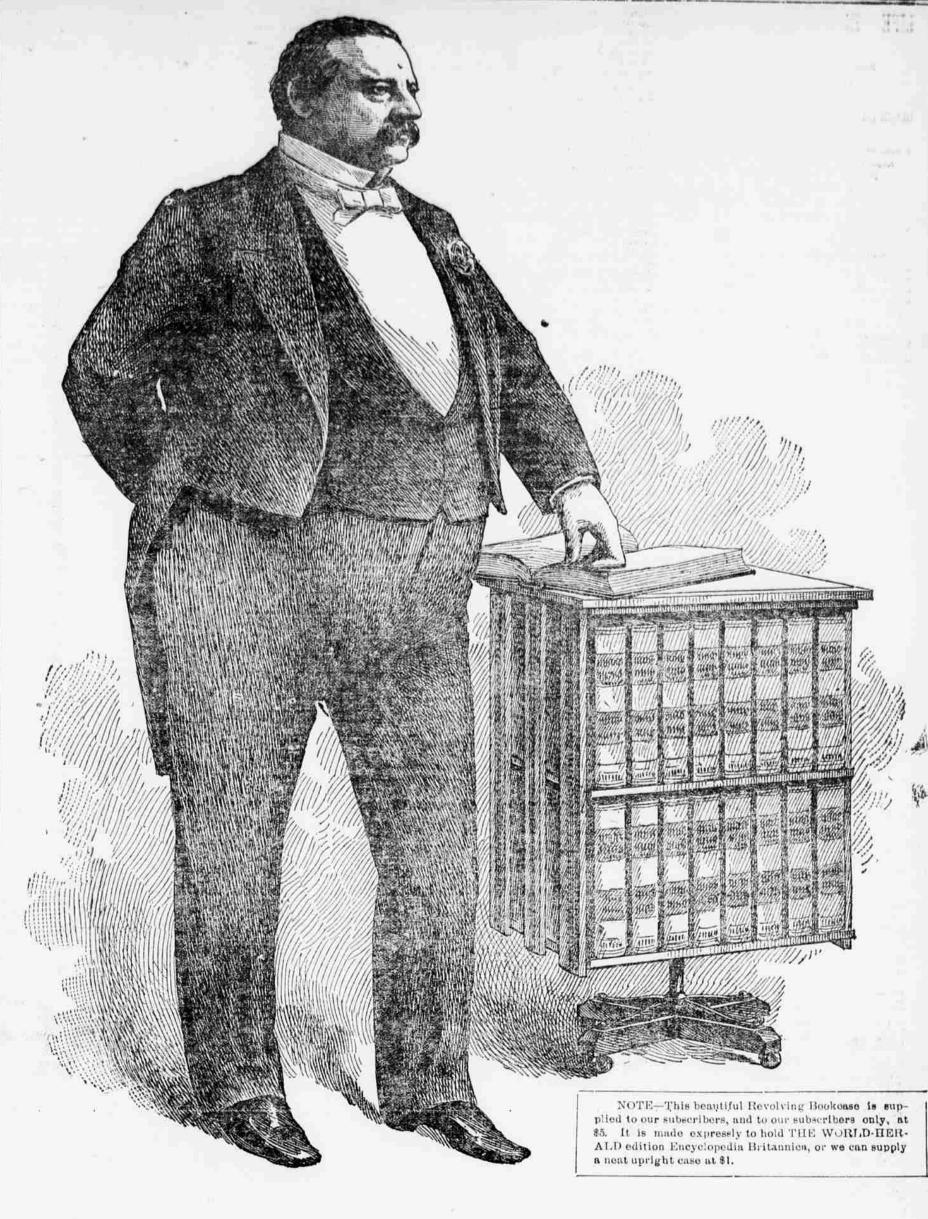
A List of Gigantic Trusts that Have Grown

Free competition has fostered the monopolization of influstries to such an extent that the price of nearly every necessity of life is fixed by a private trust. We have taken the trouble to prepare a partial list of the more important private trusts built mainly on the ruin or surrender of small businesses. The item of capitalization is continually changing, as the stock usually increases as fast as new companies are taken into the combination. ing, as the stock usually increases as fast as new companies are taken into the combination. While our figures are in many cases estimated, they may be safely accepted as the approximate capitalization for the purposes of discussing the business situation. Several trusts we have not even attempted to estimate. Whether we look at the moral or the commercial side of the question, the disappearance of small industries is alarming. Take the white lead trust, which is known on the Stock Exchange as the National Lead Take the white lead trust, which is known on the Stock Exchange as the National Lead company. Its outstanding certificates aggregate \$30,000,000. In 1889 the trust controlled a majority of the stock in thirty-one companies, including the plants of three smelters and one refinery for the protection of pig lead. Over \$8.000,000 of the stock is water. There is probably not a company of the original thirty-one which is not the result of local competition and rivalry disastrous to small concerns. Tariff reduction trous to small concerns. Tariff reduction tends to solidify rather than destroy the trust. Of the 4,047 recognized millionaires, only 1.125 won their fortunes in protected in dustries. Trusts. Dressed beef and provisions \$100,000,000 Standard oil 90,000,000

	75,000,000
Iron league	50,000,000
General electric	50,000,000
Sheet copper Cottonseed oil	40,000,000
Tombstone	35,000,000
Gas (New York) Distilling and Cattlefeeding	35,000,000 34,000,000
Water works pumping machinery Cigarette	33,000,000 25,000,000
Smellers	25,000,000 25,000,000
Merchants' steel	25,000,000 20,000,000
E'ork combine	20,000,000
Marble combine	20,000,000
Ribbon	18,000,000
Axe. Bituminous coal	15,000,000 15,000,000
School furniture	15,000,000 15,000,000
Boiler	15,000,000
Cordage Crockery Preserved Jelly manufacturing	15,000,000 15,000,000
Gossamer rubber,	12,000,000
Biscuit and cracker	12,000,000 11,500,000
LithographBolt and nut	11,500,000
Brass Electric supply	10,000,000
Fur combine	10,000,000
Pitch	10,000,000
Wire	10,000,000
Barbed wire	10,000,000
Cotton duck	10,000,000
Cash register	10,000,000
CartridgeStarchlron and coal	10,000,000
Type founders	9,000,000
Straw board	8,000,000
Celluloid. Plate glass.	8,000,000 8,000,000
Flint glass	8,000,000
Match	7,500,000
Safe	7,000,000
Alcohol	5,000,000
Buckwheat	5,000,000
Paper box Patent leather	5,000,000
Envelope	5,000,000
Saw	5,000,000
Rock salt.	5,000,000
Steel and Iron	4,000,000 3,500,000
Soda water apparatus Frunk	3,500,000
Cotton pressLime	3,000,000
Carbon candle	3,000,000
American wringer	2,500,000
BroomSafe No. 2	2,500,000 2,500,000
Oil clothAcid	2,500,000
Berax	2,000,000
Confections Dye and chemical combine Electrical combination No. 2	2,000,000
Electrical combination No. 2	2,000,000 2.000,000
Rubber, general shoe Locomotive tire	2,000,000
Lumber	2,000,000 2,000,000
Manilla tissue Morocco leather	2,000,000
Paper bag	2,000,000
Sewer pipeSheet steel	2,000,000
Yellow pine	2,000,000 2,000,000
Pocket cutlery	1,500,000
CutlerySash door	1,500,000
Vapor stove	1,000,000
Naval stores combine Fork and hoe	1,000,000
Fruit jar Salt	1,000,000
Hinge	1,000,000
Sandstone Wrapping paper	1,000,000 1,000,000
Wheel Castor oil	1,000,000 500,000
	500,000 500,000
Hop Leather board	500,000
Hop Leather board Snath	
Hop Leather board Snath Soap Sponge	500,000 500,000
Hop Leather board Snath Soap	500,000

in Philadelphia. He is one of the most successful fakirs in the business. Black Hills diamonds, cheap jewelry and garters are his specialties and he plies his trade from public house to public house with not a little success. He frequents several saloons patronized chiefly by gamblers and they prove his best cus-tomers. To ward off the ill effects of the hoodoc they cross his paim with sil-ver and rid themselves of his brassy wares as quickly as possible, firmly believing that destruction follows in their train. The pedaler knows that his presence is distasteful to the sports and he takes care to intrude when and where-ever possible. His intrusion is the kind that pays.

Tattooing Young New Zealanders. A New Zealand boy of 15 has his face nearly covered with tattooing. The New Zealanders tattoo the face and hands, but very rarely touch the body. Their method of tattooing is peculiar and differs from that of any other tropical country. The work of tattooing is done with a sharply cointed instrument, which is dipped first in a colored fluid. The point of the instrument is placed on the face and is driven into the skin by a sharp blow from a piece of wood. This is repeated again and again until the tattooing is done. The process makes the skin very sore and only a little can be done at a time. The New Zealanders tattoo in rings. And the girls are even more gorgeously decorated than the boys. Tattooing is nearly always done before the boys and girls have completed their growth, so that the colored pigment becomes firmly fixed in the texture of the skin.



T IS SAID "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness" thrust upon them." This might have been true when advancement came through the favor of Kings and Queens. But in this American Republic and in this Nineteenth Century there is but one way for a man to become great. He must achieve greatness, and no man can achieve greatness without education. With education the poorest boy may become the greatest man, though we cannot all be

The most important question is: Would we be prepared to perform the duties of a great : office if it were thrust upon us? We probably would if we should do as one great President did.

He is said to have, as his constant companion, the Encyclopedia Britannica.

He is even said to have kept a set in his private car while making a campaign tour.

This mark of dilligence and intelligence made him many friends and admirers.

There is a great principle involved in this idea. If you look up just one question each day you soon become an educated person, and you learn to enjoy it. These questions should be investigated right when they come up, while your mind is curious; then you won't forget what you read-you can't if you try.

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