

# AUTOMOBILES

## REAL OLD ENGLAND, THIS

Notes of a Summer Trip to the Yorkshire Coast.

### BATH UNDER LOCAL CONDITIONS

Picturesque Places and Habits Along the German Ocean—The Smallest Church—Somewhat Sombre English Merry-making.

SALTBURN, Eng., Sept. 8.—Have you in late years experienced the rarity in Europe of escaping the American tourists in summer time traveling? It can be done here in Yorkshire and it seems almost a wonder, so ubiquitous is Jonathan on his holidays in these times. He is so scarce among the crowded hills, however, that the natives don't know him from a Russian.

It may be said with confidence that the Imperious American traveler has made an impression on the conditions of life here about as in the neighboring and modern town of Middlesbrough. Yankee ideas have so far been adopted by a membership of the Yorkshiremen that upon quitting the railway station one gets quite the feeling of having suddenly stepped from an English railway carriage into a western American hustling town. The traveler looks about in mild confusion until he learns that Middlesbrough as it is the growth of a generation. It seems in no way a part of the old England around it. Even where modernity has made headway elsewhere in the vicinity, as at Saltburn or other of the seashore resorts, there is a clinging primitiveness all pervading that takes the edges from the new sharp bricks and dulls the bright newness of modern provincial elegance.

The presence of a cabinet minister and a member of Parliament, as summer residents, high on the splendid esplanade cannot take from old Saltburn, nesting at the foot of Huntecliff, the aroma of ancient days of romance and adventure, days of smuggling, of hardy fishers, of shipwreck and struggles with the sea which in times of storm and of extreme tide washes into the old houses and the old ship inn stacked against the inhospitable cliff.

While Old Saltburn was nothing but a fishing village and negligible by its neighbors, the newer Saltburn, the summer resort, is looked upon by them as an upstart. Saltburn, to give itself airs, indeed, as a resort of people who can go sunbathing at the seaside in the face of its elder and most worthy neighbors.

With only three places dispensing liquor, Saltburn, or at least part of it, drinks like the thirsty sands that swallow its rolling tides in a beach 1,000 feet wide and extending for several miles to and past the next coast town. It may be the excellent beach which leads sojourners to do more bathing at Saltburn than is to be seen at most English resorts, yet it is a treacherous coast and takes its tribute of swimmers annually. Three persons this season so far have been drowned.

It makes an American laugh and then angry at the stupidity to which this loss of life is due, the arrangement for bathing at this admirable beach. Of course the clumsy, antiquated bathing machines are in use, except that during certain hours men, women and children may, if they wish—and in fact they do—undress and dress in the open air on the vast reaches of these sands and go in bathing without the popular bathing suit used at this period is worthy of notice. A single piece usually, for men and women alike, it will go in its entirety into a paper peanut bag, and some of the lightest ones for men may practically be rolled between the fingers like a cigarette. One costs a shilling, or one quite filling the regulations may even be bought for ninepence.

It may mildly interest some who study political wickedness at home to learn that the reason for limiting the hours when people may go bathing without the machines is ascribed to the membership in the local council of the one man who owns all the machines here. In return, however, he prescribes the safety of users of his machines by informing them that unless they come in shore when "J." toots his horn he will "not be responsible" for them. As the horn toots as soon as you have reached a depth of water somewhat above your knees the fun of the game is quickly apparent.

And how solemn it all is. None of the joyous shouts of sea bathers in the United States, where they may be seen in the ocean, but one dull, silent occasion, as though this bathing were the performance of a rigid duty. And nowhere a float, nowhere a diving board or post, nowhere ropes to mark the safety limits and serve as aides to the weak, not even a lifeboat in the water or a professional swimmer at hand.

Back among the bathing machines on the beach is the sole boat, resting between two wheels ready for launching through the breakers. The men to man it? Maybe they are there; if they are they are beautifully inconspicuous. But of course there's J. W.'s barn.

But solemn as it all is there are distractions at this resort too. The beach is the scene of all sorts of games. Any number of cricket matches are going on in the sand, with foot ball and bicycle riding, kite flying and more. Hundreds of people, old and young, have dug hollows and raised back rests for themselves in the sand to enable themselves to lie or sit in comfort and see what is going on and still be sheltered from the strong winds. The pierrots are here, the pierrots without whom the English seaside resort is not complete. Here at Saltburn, as at most places nowadays, these London or provincial music hall performers having their summering and making their living at the same time, wear yachting suits, otherwise blue coats and caps and white trousers, as they give their open air performances on the beach. Further on at Redcar the pierrots wear the old, familiar white Pierrot costumes with the conical hat. Although given in the open air, these are seats and a small stage for these performances and the spectators who take seats pay a small fee. One may stand up and enjoy the performance gratis, but one is considered very small indeed if in that

case one declines to drop a small coin in the cap which before the end of the performance one of the pierrots passes around. Usually the pierrots are all men. They may have one woman with them.

In a walk along the great beach to Marske or Redcar—a beach that could no more be crowded than one could imagine the North river crowded, even if it lay at the gates of a great city—one comes upon a sport which may be peculiar to these straits. It is sand yachting, and the broad, smooth, hard beach gives splendid opportunity for it, especially at low tide. The sand yacht is a structure made of four bicycle wheels with pneumatic tires of course, lightly connected as for the understructure of a carriage, but no carriage body is placed upon this light skeleton. Instead a seat is built above the rear axle and a mast is stepped above the forward axle.

The mast carries a three cornered sail, controlled from the seat, where the operator or sailor also controls the fore wheels, by which he steers, moving them by a rope. These sand yachts make good speed over the sands and seem to offer good sport, scudding to the water's edge, tacking up the beach, manoeuvring at the will of the rider and occasionally at the caprice of the wind, it must be said.

Of all the advantages of Saltburn as a delectable seashore resort, none is greater than that it derives from its situation within walking distance of some of the most charming towns and villages, while by rail one can visit any of a score of beautiful and historical places for the modest price of a few pence, or two shillings at the most. It is astonishing to an American to find the number of excursions these railroads run at what seems a nominal cost. Think of going fifty miles and back for 25 cents. Whitley, with its fine ruin of St. Hilda's (seventh century) Abbey costs only about half that. And interesting persons are to be encountered almost anywhere on the way.

"Yes," said a contemplative Yorkshireman visiting the town, as he stood in one of Whitley's picturesque streets looking up at the appalling approach of 200 steps to the abbey, "yes, I know now what an eloquent preacher from Whitley, whom I heard once meant when he said man had to struggle up to God, but could tumble into a tavern. It's true here."

There are other contrasts in Whitley, however. Could there be a more pleasing street or house name than Flowergate? We came upon it at a turn of the road leading to the river and determined to have a look in. Among all the squalid places imaginable there are certainly some as disconcerting as Flowergate, but they do not usually have to belie their names so shamelessly. The place beneath this floral label was filled with brats and the evidences of wash day, not to mention certain washing left undone.

Some Whitley shop windows carry the visitor back to childhood, to small and seamy interior communities and to days and places of conspicuous and oppressive mourning. For they are filled with jet, the Whitley jet, jet jewelry and adornments of all sorts. The Whitley jet naturally suggests the neighboring fossil, and it is curiously interesting to find that hereabouts—and herabouts alone, it is said—many may come across in the rocks the fossil nautilus, the same nautilus exactly which is to be seen in the surrounding waters, the same jaunty little chap whose sail is said to have suggested the pattern of the sails of the first ships.

Have you fancied that the town crier is in these days of newspapers a thing of the past? Not so in Whitley, where he jangles his bell and cries the news and the lost as of yore. Only it is to be said that usually the news has gained circulation in the town before the crier bruits it around. And it isn't only shoemakers' children who go barefoot in these wilds as elsewhere, if for one may stretch the saying a little. Here we are at any of these coast towns right in the midst of the lobster, so to speak. But can we get a live lobster? Not at a hotel, restaurant or market. The lobster is rarely found in the bills of fare. The shop windows are filled with bottled ones, if you happen to be passing. It is landing when the fishermen come in in their cobles or smacks you can get a live lobster if you are quick about it. Otherwise the fishers immediately proceed to boil them, after which they may be sold at mere pence.

I asked in a restaurant at Saltburn if they would serve me with a lobster if I brought one in. They seemed to think the suggestion extraordinary, but many said yes, if I "fancied" one, they would, if I would have some tea and bread and butter with it. And this in the country where they brew ale—and drink it, too!

In some of the places they still auction the fish catch in bulk on arrival or in the morning, and the fish are later sold at retail from door to door by the wholesale purchaser. The fisherman's jargon is too much for any ear but a native one. To hear a group of fishers talking the stranger would never think that they were speaking English, the accent is so strong and the enunciation so thick—even worse, than in the ordinary Yorkshireman. Even keen listening will scarcely enable an American to recognize an occasional familiar English word.

Of course the local pronunciation of proper names in England is an old story, and yet the jar is not inconsiderable at hearing Sialthies pronounce Steers. It seems easy afterward to read Ruwarp pronounced Russ-up. The stathies are the quays, but in this instance they have given name to the place, one of the most picturesque of fishing villages, located at the foot of precipitous cliffs.

But of all the journeys about this part of the Cleveland district the walks are probably the most attractive, delightful, invigorating, inviting—the walk to Marske along the sands, or to Redcar, the inland walk to Upleatham, Guisborough and the rest. Guisborough with its twenty-two public houses and no drunkards, its imposing ruins of the Priory, its inns that have scarcely changed since it lay on the post road of the Whitley and York coaches, its delightful landscape at the border of the great Yorkshire moors, its magnificent and cathedral miles, its feeling of superiority to the modern business community of Middlesbrough, and the upstart pretensions (as Guisborough views the matter) of the new Saltburn. Oh, it's a part of Old England to rejoice one's soul and titillate one's risibilities, alternately, this.

One characteristic of the Yorkshire people whom the casual traveler encounters on the roads cannot fail to strike him by the contrast it affords to the general attitude of the English one meets similarly in the cities, and even in small communities of the south of the island. This is the affability, almost sociability of the native upon his encounter with the stranger. Apparently these people of the north are in this respect of habits and ideas similar to those of the Americans, and it prompts the inquiry whether at an earlier day these customs characterized the England that colonized the states, and whether the Eng-

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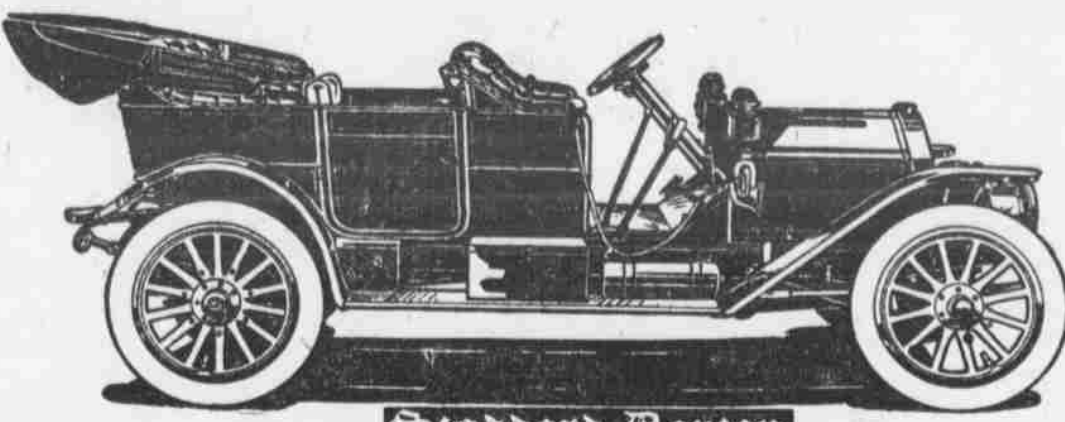
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Gentleman's Speed Car	10 S	106	34	4 1/2	60	2	3250
Touring Roadster	10 K-5	120	36	4	50	5	2750
Roadster	10 K	120	36	4	50	2	2650
Touring Car	10 A	116	34	4	40	5	2100
Touring Roadster	10 C-5	116	34	4	40	5	2100
Roadster	10 C	116	34	4	40	2	2000
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Just observe who own Stoddard-Daytons in Omaha. Many of them will have nothing but the best, regardless of price, and they know what is best, too. If you do not know them, we will supply you a list upon request.

Moneyed men who disregard price, but who are overly exacting in choosing a car, buy the Stoddard-Dayton time after time.

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An official of the Union Pacific Railroad Co.—a man exceedingly hard to please—is now driving his third Stoddard-Dayton.

One prominent Omaha family has bought four Stoddard-Dayton Cars.

A popular Omaha president of a big corporation is now driving his third Stoddard-Dayton.

A number of well known local Clubmen and Sportsmen drive the racy, powerful snappy Stoddard-Dayton roadsters.

It is common to find an Omaha driver his second Stoddard-Dayton. Owners of the Stoddard-Dayton swear by their Cars.

Therefore, the Stoddard-Dayton must be absolutely the best or it could not deserve and receive such flattering patronage.

To confirm these facts, and for further proof, send for our list of owners, and "just talk with Stoddard-Dayton owners."

Stoddard-Daytons every year are in great demand while other so-called leading cars—the highest priced ones—are offering inducements for orders.

Stoddard-Daytons always sell at the full price, not one cent less to anybody—and still there is always a shortage in the supply of cars, before the season is over.

Have us "show you" by practical demonstration that Stoddard-Daytons are all they are claimed to be.

Classy-Beautiful. Stoddard-Dayton Cars are of classy design with graceful, pleasing lines and distinctively beautiful finish, not elsewhere equalled.

Ease-Comfort. Stoddard-Dayton Cars are so balanced and hung, dimensions and weights are so proportioned, the springs so made and tempered, bodies and seats are so carefully shaped, and the upholstery so expertly done, that taken as a whole the construction affords the easiest riding, the most comfortable automobile ever produced.

Silent-Smooth. "It goes like a breeze," was the way a wealthy easterner, visiting in Cleveland last week, expressed his approval of the silent, smooth-going Stoddard-Dayton.

Finest Motor Made. The famous Stoddard-Dayton Valve-in-Head Motor, having simplified and get-at-able parts—with 20% greater power—using less gasoline—being free from vibration—affording steady application of power—with its automatic positive oiling system—with steady power at slow as well as fast speed—always powerful, quiet, smooth, snappy and speedy, is now acknowledged the greatest of gasoline motors. The most prominent foreign cars have motors with many of these same points in common. Fully as clever are the principles, designs and construction of all other mechanical parts. Every slight detail shows studied thought.

Materials. Finest quality, strongest and most durable known to Science.

Workmanship. Experts, the most skilled possible to obtain are employed. Dayton is the home of the world's best mechanics.

Great Power. At one time or another the Stoddard-Dayton has won victories over every Hill Climbing competitor with which it has ever contested. And this includes Cars of the highest price. It has been in twice as many Hill Climbs as any other Car, and won a much larger percentage of victories.

Speedy. No Car can go faster, and (equally as important) no Car can go as slowly on direct drive with as much ease on the motor action.

Low Cost. The first cost is the lowest because you get more for every dollar invested in a Stoddard-Dayton than any other Car made. The second cost is the very lowest, because the Valve-in-Head motor develops 12 to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline and repair expenses are low as the lowest.

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# Deright Automobile Co.

1818 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

lish of some other parts of the country lost this ingenuousness of exterior with growing prosperity, intercommunication and sophistication.

land of hill and valley—in Upleatham Old church, declared to be the smallest church in England, a church that would be crowded with a score of people. It is mentioned in Domesday book.

them or in searching for older remains. All around is decay. The interior of the church itself is unsafe, and there is none to repair it. One of the beauties of the English land system. The lord of the manor owns it, Lord Zetland.

spirits. The superstition was handed down from none knows where, or how long ago, but was sufficiently potent so that until thirty-five years ago no burials were made in the yard on this side of the church.

when an enthusiastic traveler found it a fishing village, saw its possibilities and proclaimed himself prophetically the discoverer of a new seashore home for thousands.

WILLIAM CROW CHVRCHWARDEN  
BYLDED STEPEL  
1694.

There are gravestones in the church yard dating from the sixteenth century, but everything is so rank and overgrown that little is to be gained by browsing among

Conferred.  
Pa—Edith, how often do you practice on the piano when I'm away?  
Edith—Every day, pa.  
Pa—How long did you practice yesterday?  
Edith—Four hours.  
Pa—And today?  
Edith—About the same.  
Pa—Well, I'm glad to hear you're so regular. The next time you practice, however, be sure to unlock the piano. I locked it last week, and I've been carrying the key in my pocket ever since. Here it is.—Judge's Library.