

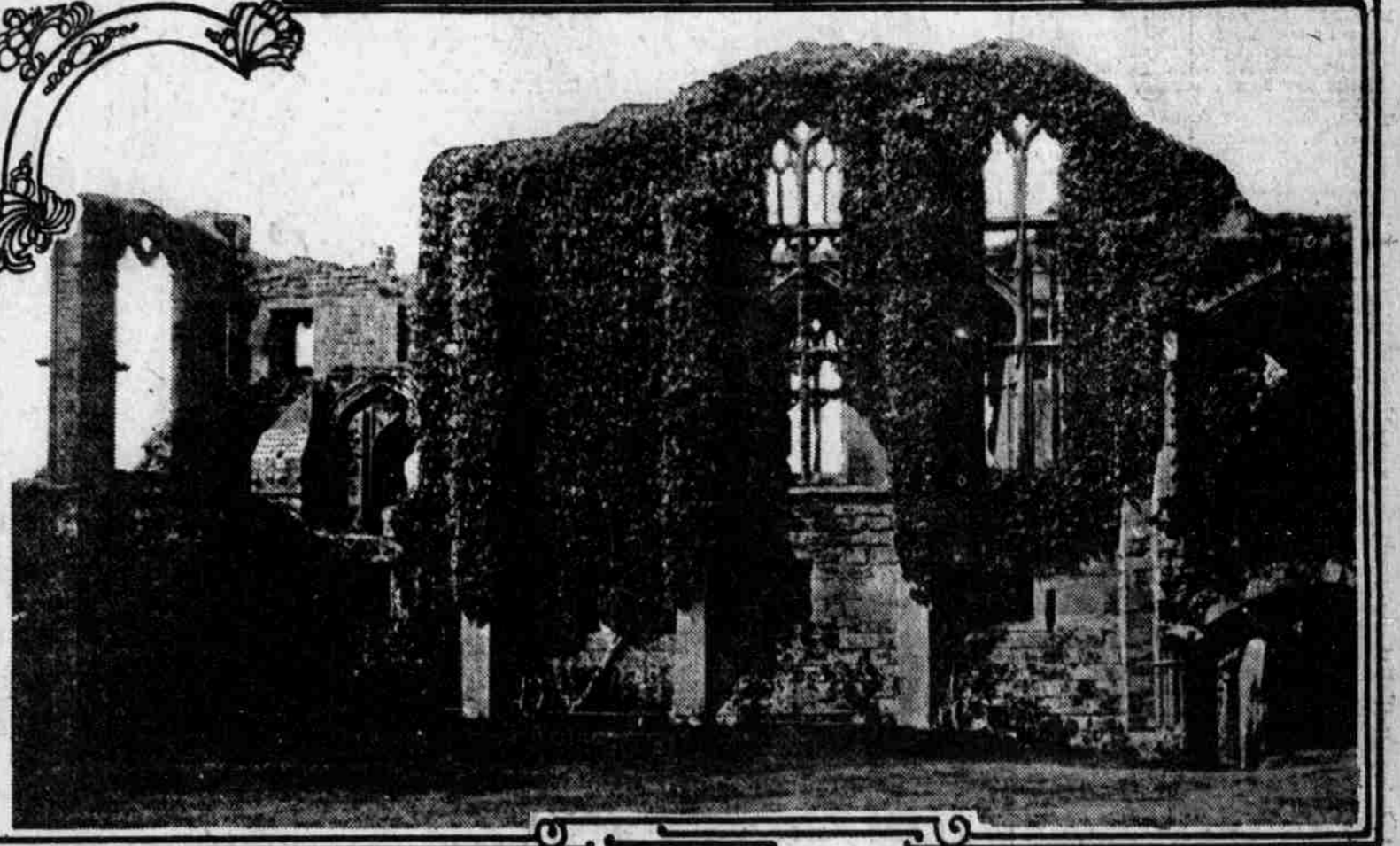
Motoring Through Rural England Has Many Delights



BISHOP A. L. WILLIAMS OF NEBRASKA AT HENILWORTH.

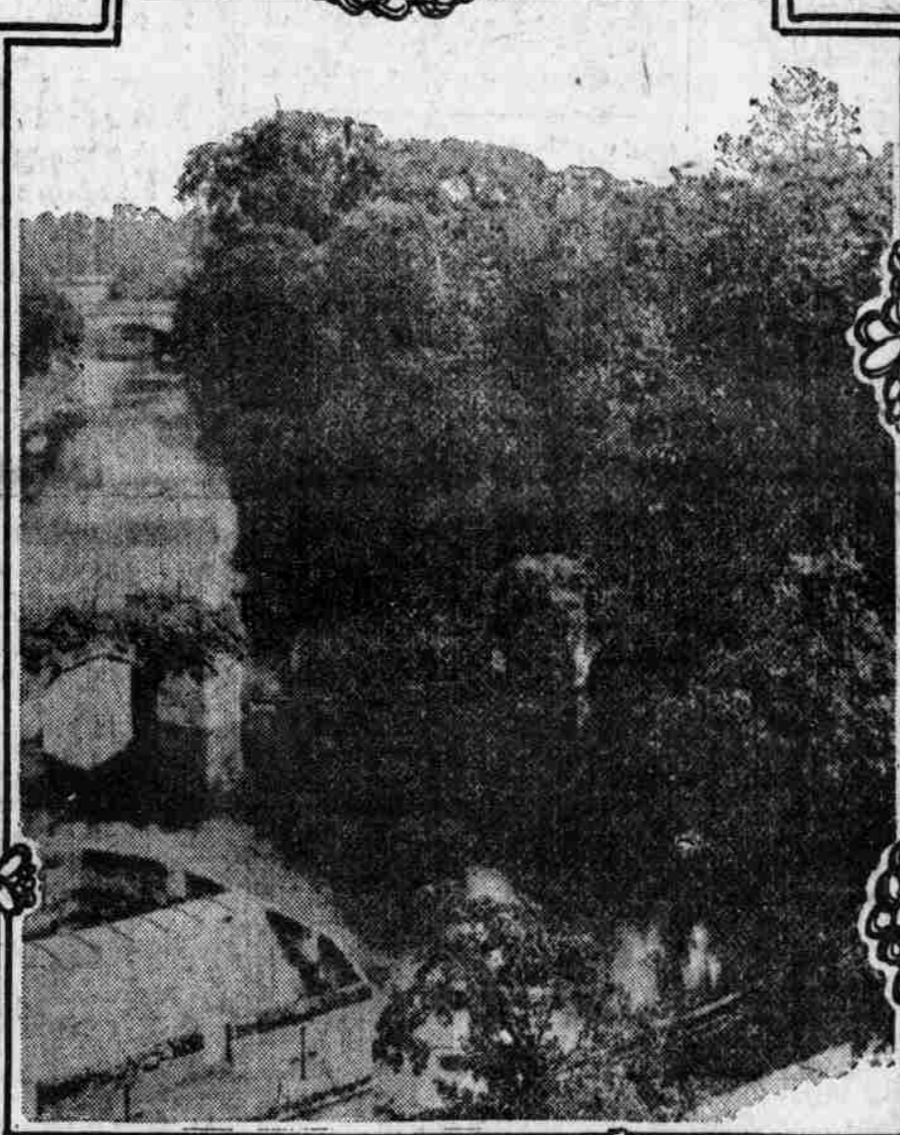


WHERE THE COUNTESS "AMY" WIFE OF LORD LEICESTER, FELL THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR



SHOWING FINE GROWTH OF HENILWORTH IVY

WHEN the Roman soldiers of the Twentieth legion built a military road through rural England from London to their fortified camp at old Chester, near Liverpool, some 2,000 years ago they established easy grades for their marching troops and paved the road lest the frequent rains prevent rapid communications. They built the shortest route between camps as nearly straight as the lay of the land permitted. Little did these old road builders, the best the world has ever known, imagine how kind these easy grades were going to be to the high priced English automobile of today, so shy of hill climbing power that it shamelessly slips into intermediate gear at the slightest excuse of a grade and into low at the first suggestion of a hill. The popular use of the automobile as we know it at home is unknown abroad. Here the auto is confined to the rich who can afford a \$5,000 landaulet or limousine with an expert, high-salaried chauffeur, who is also a skilled mechanic. Gasoline costs 50 cents a gallon and there is a heavy tax besides based upon the rated horse-power. It costs \$30 per day for an auto with driver and that is why so many Americans bring their own cars with them. Ocean freights are low. The thing for Americans who are going to be here for several months to do is to buy some well known American low priced car in New York or London and run it themselves over these splendid roads and that way see the charming country and quaint old villages which lie off the beaten path. Road regulations are simple—no law against speeding—only reckless driving prohibited. What with the excellent road maps and road signs "he who reads may run" an automobile everywhere. When you are ready to sail sell your car to some established agent even at 50 cents on the dollar or ship it home.



RIVER AVON FROM "BANQUET" HALL WARWICK CASTLE.

SHOWING THE VELVET LAWN AND ENGLISH IVY IN THE COURT YARD



STROLLING ROAD MUSICIANS IN WALES



England Wants American Autos

An immense business can be done on low and medium priced American made cars when once they make up over here to the pleasure of driving your own car and when we can demonstrate that our machine made \$1,000 touring car is durable and good enough for anyone to drive. Our cheapest cars will not be subject to anywhere near the strain they endure at home because of the easy grades and fine roads over here and a smaller engine will answer every purpose.

As we skim along the narrow hedge-lined roads, it is not only the beauty of rural England and the quaint old villages with their narrow, crooked and winding streets that enchants us, but as "the proper study of mankind is man," we are interested in the living stream of wayfarers we meet and in speculations as to what all has happened on these old highways that have been in use 2,000 years and more. We try to picture the varied modes of travel since the Roman marched these roads—and what manner of vehicles from the two-wheeled Roman chariot, guiltless of springs or of comfort, to the luxurious pneumatic tired automobile of today. What evolution of society that today guarantees to the humblest wayfarer the same rights on these highways as to the mighty king himself, and what safeguards him as in his own home.

Secret of Good Roads Revealed

These country roads, established when travel was by foot or horseback, are narrow lanes compared to our western roads. The paved section of these country roads in England as well as upon the continent averages from twelve to twenty feet. —Just room for one auto to pass another. The roadbed is always macadam with a thin four-inch binder of asphalt and tar. The secret of good roads is keeping them constantly repaired. A pile of broken stone every fifty yards along the roadside enables the walking inspector with his shovel to fill a small worn spot before it can become a rut. Every five miles or so you meet a steam roller with a road gang relaying a worn section of road. They have a complete road-making outfit, including the large kettles for heating asphalt and tar, and they are at it every day in the year. I am convinced that with the same repair service these macadam

roads will yield as good results at home. The roads here are bounded by hedge fences from four to six feet high, and so thick that it would squeeze a field mouse to get through. They are from two to four feet thick and often enclose on all four sides these small fields of from ten to twenty acres. It is surprising that the English farmer is content to waste so much high priced land that not only is occupied by these hedges but is wasted by the shade they cast. Then again every few rods in this hedge along the road especially some great old oak, elm, beech, walnut or linn tree, survivors of the old forest that formerly covered the land, is left standing to further tax the land with the shade of its great branches. To replace these hedges with woven wire fence would rob the landscape of much of its beauty, but I believe our farmers at home, who are cutting down their picturesque osage hedges, are justified by the additional farm land they acquire. Our country roads at home in summer are the finest in the world, for nothing equals a well-packed dirt roadbed. But here, where in a dry season it rains every other day and in a wet season every day, an unpaved road is always impassable.

Reminder of Jules Lombard's Song

Most frequently of all we meet on these roads is the two-wheeled cart from "Maggie's Low-Backed Car" that Jules Lombard loved to sing about, the market cart of infinite variety, to the smart trap with its bob-tailed cob that meets the suburbanite at the station. It is evidently a survival of the prehistoric two-wheeled ox cart, surely not a survival of the fittest, for although adapted to the narrow roads and still more narrow village streets, each one of them is a back-breaking contrivance, awkward to get into and dangerous when a horse stumbles; but the English have always used them and that is reason enough, thank you.

You won't meet half a dozen four-wheeled vehicles in a day's autoing. I have seen no fairer landscapes here than our river road to Blair or over the Council Bluffs hills to Glenwood—and for growing crops none can compare with the 6,500-acre Adams ranch near Odebolt, Ia., with its wheat field of 1,000 acres without a fence to break the sweep of the eye over that rippling ocean of green—and what is there that grows over here can compare with a green field of corn in September, a standing army of home guards in military alignment with

waving plumes, carrying munition of life instead of death? The English farmer lives in one of those frequent villages that grew out of the necessity for mutual protection in troubled and lawless times or in a pretty brick house, vine covered and set down in an old-fashioned posy garden, always on the edge of the road where it will take up the least land. Motorcycles are everywhere in evidence, traveling often in pairs, evidently on vacation tours. Many have two-wheeled auxiliary basket chairs alongside on which you generally see my lady reclining at ease, thoroughly disguised with goggles and motor suit, looking like some deep sea diver in summer clothes. This is the habitat of the bicycle. Fine roads, easy grades, cool weather and the small cost of a wheel combine to make it popular. A great many middle-aged, gray-haired women wheel down the country lanes with small shopping parcels besides the invariable umbrella strapped on the handle bars. There is still a little horseback riding—here and there a hunter being exercised by his mistress. There are still some old-time horse blocks left standing by the roadside before some old-time inn, the thick stone steps almost worn through by the countless thousands who have mounted them in the ages of long ago. They will soon be known to song and story only. They are monuments to a mode of travel dead, thank heaven, long before our time. Old-time coaches are still running between some towns for tourists only. The business-like honk of our auto is answered by the tra-la-la of the red-coated footmen as we whirl past the prancing leaders. We are pleased for the moment with the dash of color and glimpse of ye olden time, but settle back into the comfortable cushion seat of our auto thankful that we don't have to travel by coach.

Cattle, Sheep, Dogs and Chickens

We meet droves of cattle and sheep going to town to be slaughtered by the local butcher. There is always a collie dog along and the way he drives his charges out of the way of the auto is almost human. There are few dogs and those pure-bred, fine fellows that attend strictly to their own busi-

ness and haven't any intention of getting in front of your machine. Why does a hen cross the road is not a pertinent interrogation here, because she doesn't—she stays in the yard, or sedately, as becomes a law-abiding English hen, travels on the side of the road as did the one hen we met. The left side is the right-of-way in England and the law is strictly obeyed by every human being. You can with impunity take the sharpest corner at full speed, knowing that there will be no one coming your way on your side of the road. The average speed even through narrow village streets is faster than with us. The road signs are many and useful. "Danger—Sharp Turn," "Danger—Steep Hill," "Danger—School House" and every conceivable warning, even to a mirror on the side of a house at a short turn in a village so you can see the reflection of a coming car—odd signs like "New Milk, a Penny a Glass," signs reading "That Way" instead of "This Way."

Why English Are Great Walkers

But after all it is the pedestrian you meet most of all on the highway. I believe the English are such great walkers for the following reasons:

1. Because their forefathers walked—and that alone is reason enough for an Englishman.
2. Because their houses are so cold even in August that they can't stay indoors with comfort.
3. Because they would die of indigestion after eating their dingbatty cooking if they didn't walk it off.
4. Because daylight lasts so long in the high latitude of England and they don't know what else to do with their time.
5. Because walking is good and cheap also, and they like it.

There is still a large body of travelers, very young ones mostly, asleep in their perambulators with pacifiers sticking out of their little red faces. It is too bad to teach these young innocents so early in life to compromise and for succor to look to the rubber trues!

England is the home of the hardwood tree, the

gentle, frequent rains make for slow and steady growth and coat the trunks and large limbs with sea-green moss. Under one of these you will always find the wayside inn with its invitation to tea, cocoa and lunch, but never coffee. You get cheap appetizing things to eat and everything good to drink, but not coffee. You may get a dishwater tincture of Ipecac they call coffee, but until Great Britain acquires a colony where the coffee bean grows don't expect to get coffee. But what you meet most frequently after all on the English road is rain. English showers are so apologetic that everyone has contempt for them. They resemble the gentle spray of the American lawn sprinkler, but they occur so frequently every day that there isn't a foot of lawn hose in all England. Let our Water board turn off the wet here at 8 or any other old time and get their reward. It would do an English shower a world of good to come to America and learn how to rain. With us when it rains it rains—nothing else doing. If the English were grateful their national saint would be the man who invented the umbrella instead of St. George, who is eternally sticking a spear into the open mouth of a perfectly tame dragon. Then I have my doubts about dragons ever having been such pests in England anyhow.

To hear the English whimper over their defeat in the Olympic games makes one inclined to agree with the man who said, "England would be a good place to live in if it were not for the English." The city-born Londoner is a combination of our provincial New Yorker and high-browed superior Bostonian. Boston, you know, is a disease incurable in adults, virulent in women, pneumatic like the bubonic plague—but thank heaven not contagious an old complaint. The Pharisees had it and it is identified by the biblical description "a noisome pestilence." A New Yorker's provincialism is illustrated by one of them who told a western bishop that he was out west in 1909 as far as Buffalo. "Why," said the bishop, "that was the year I went down east as far as Cheyenne, Wyo. My, but we came near bumping into each other."