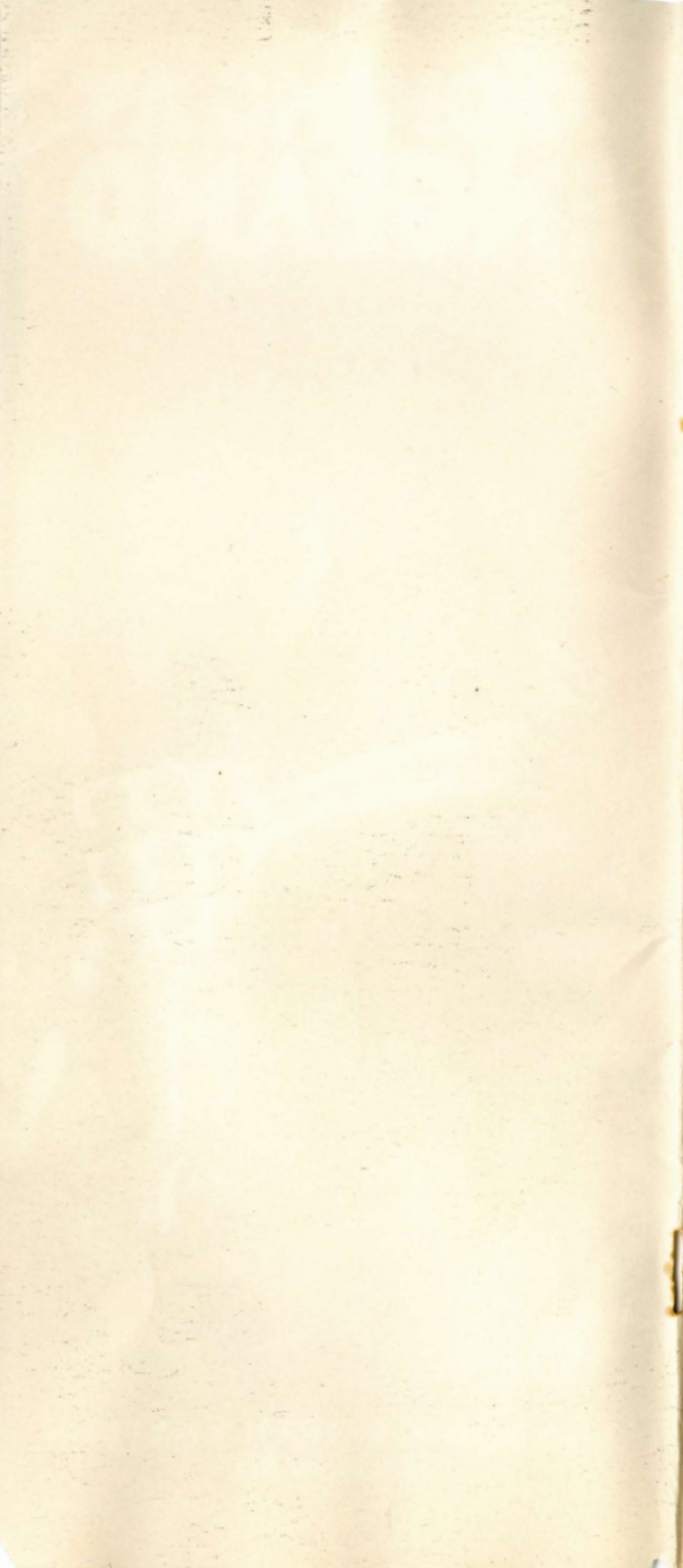


# LOOKING AT ENGLAND



LONDON & NORTH EASTERN  
RAILWAY

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# Looking at England

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## FOREWORD

THE American visiting England for the first time is very much in the same position as the Englishman visiting America for the first time; that is to say, he does not understand all the small details of travelling and life in general which are different in the two countries. The common language is, of course, a great simplifier, but the very fact that the language is common to both countries throws the slight difference of customs into stronger relief, and is apt, at first sight, to magnify the contrasts.

Many Americans of moderate means are kept from visiting England because they have a vague idea that everything will be very expensive, because they feel they will be rather lost in a strange country, and because they do not know how to set about seeing, with the time and money at their disposal, the particular sights they wish to see.

The steamship companies are doing their best to encourage a new type of traveller by return tourist tickets issued at a remarkably cheap price, and England also is very anxious to encourage such visitors. For it is true to say that England is a country where the average American citizen will easily feel at home; where he can spend a few weeks with constant and diversified interest; where it is quite simple to visit any spot he particularly wants to visit or to study any phase of the national life; and where his total expenses from start to finish need not be other than extremely moderate.

It is possible to spend not more than a month away from America, including the voyage out and home, and yet to see many of the most attractive sights in England



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and Scotland and to get a good view of their scenery and life, for an inclusive sum of about \$500.

English currency is rather puzzling to an American when he first meets with it and because he neither understands it fully nor knows what is expected of him, he is often inclined to give too much in tips or not to wait for his change. And yet it is simple enough. The dollar is worth roughly four shillings and two pence ( $4/2$ ); that is to say, 50 pennies—for 12 pennies go to make one shilling. Therefore, as nearly as possible one cent equals one-half penny ( $\frac{1}{2}$ d.), which is the smallest coin in ordinary use. The penny (1d.) however (2 cents) is *the* copper coin; his daily paper and his box of matches will probably cost him a penny, and this coin is indeed the usual medium of small change.

In silver coinage the threepenny bit (3d.), which is worth a little more than a nickel, is getting rather scarce, but the sixpenny piece (6d.), which is worth a little more than a dime, and the shilling (1/-), which is about the equivalent of a quarter, are in constant use. Either of these last coins serves as a tip for a porter at a railway station or an hotel, according to what he has done, as also for a waiter after an average meal. But in England one does not tip after every meal or every service if one is staying in an hotel. One tips the waiter and the chambermaid only when one leaves. And the amount one tips ought to depend on the length of time one has stayed and the benefits one has received. For a night in an hotel, two shillings (2/-) to the chambermaid and two shillings to the waiter who has served you at dinner and breakfast is quite adequate. But if the stay is for longer it is unnecessary to keep doubling the amount every day.

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There are two silver coins which are liable to bewilder an American, as they are much alike, and they are the two shilling piece (2/-) and the half-crown (2/6). Many an American gives half-a-crown—the commoner coin of the two—for something which costs two shillings and does not wait for the change. The coins are of much the same size, but the half crown is naturally a little larger and he will soon learn to discriminate.

The paper money in ordinary use are ten shillings (10/-) and one pound (£1 = 20/-) Treasury Notes; and five pound (£5) and ten pound (£10) Bank of England notes are also met with.

Prices in restaurants and hotels vary as greatly in England as in America; but people are apt to suppose that the most expensive hotels and restaurants in London are the standard for the whole country. This is not so. Inclusive expenses for comfortable board and lodging need not exceed from \$5 to \$8 a day—indeed, there are many quiet inns where one can live for less.

Americans are, however, usually supposed to be well off and when a visitor is travelling about with no settled plan he is likely to be directed to the most expensive hotel and the most expensive room in that hotel. That is done simply because it is thought that this is what he is looking for; it is a mistake quite easy to remedy; and the American of moderate means who wanders through England by himself will find no difficulty in securing accommodation suitable to his purse.

The hotel life in England is, in various ways, different from the hotel life in America, but this is confined to small details that are soon mastered. There is, for example, a habit in England of taking to a guest in



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his bedroom a cup of tea when he is called in the morning, a thing almost unknown in America. Again, if the visitor wants his shoes or boots cleaned, all he has to do is to put them outside his bedroom door last thing and they will be brought back cleaned and polished in the morning.

Furthermore, he should be careful, when he engages a room, to see that the charge does not include meals. In many hotels there are two tariffs, one for the bedroom alone and one inclusive of food. The second tariff naturally works out at a cheaper rate, but the sight-seeing visitor is usually not in a position to take all his meals in the same place, and he should assure himself beforehand that he has not undertaken to pay for what he will not require.

Railway journeys in England require some explanation, as the system is not the same as in America. There are two classes in the English trains, first and third. Many rich people always travel third, which is perfectly comfortable and, of course, costs considerably less. For long distance journeys in the summer it often saves disappointment and secures a corner seat to book in advance, for which a fee of 1/- is charged. The ordinary plan, however, is to go to the station with your luggage shortly before the train is due, buy your ticket, have your luggage weighed and labelled, and choose your seat. All long distance trains are corridor and contain dining cars. Similar night trains contain luxurious sleeping cars. Those on the L.N.E.R. are considered by many people to be the best in the world. An American should, for a wealth of English railway experience, travel to Scotland by day in the "Flying Scotsman," or one of the other Main Line Expresses, and return in a sleeping car by night. I venture to think he will be



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astonished at the luxury of travel he will enjoy going up, and the perfect night's rest coming down.

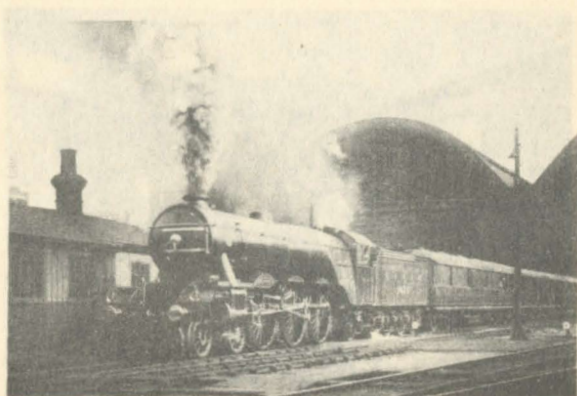
By using the great system of the London and North Eastern Railway which, starting from London, spreads right up to the north of Scotland, covering in its many thousands of miles the most beautiful and historic country in the land, it is a simple matter for the American to see all that is most worth seeing in England. This railway carries you to the cradle of American history, to ruins and castles celebrated throughout the world, to towns and villages which have for centuries been bound up with the annals of England and Scotland, and through every variety of scenery, from the warm meadows and rich woods of the South to the wild moors and rugged hills of the North.

There is absolutely no reason for the American landing in England for the first time to feel himself a stranger and to be worried as to how he can set about seeing what he wants to see. Whether his plans are precise or vague, things will be made easy for him. There is a real desire to encourage Americans to visit this country; and particularly is there a real effort being made to induce the American of moderate means to see England. It is good for trade and it is good for sentiment. The differences that divide the two nations are of less importance than the ties that bind them together, and if more Americans would visit England, the home of their race, and if more Englishmen would visit America, where our common blood has achieved so much, the feeling of trust would grow and the English speaking peoples would learn that understanding and prosperity are synonymous terms.

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## Looking at England

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LEAVING KING'S CROSS

## Looking at England

*by*

DELL LEIGH

It is worth while looking at England sometimes, even if you live there. But if you are coming from beyond her seas she is a lovely sight in all her moods of gay summer or grey inscrutable winter.

It is to her Eastern side the visitor should turn, for up and down and all about this easterly coast, and inland throughout her eastern counties, lie the indelible marks that the passing pageantry of English history and English customs has graven upon her face. There are scenes of sparkling gaiety in summer along the wide stretch of her romantic coast line ; countless absorptions of eye and mind in her inland architecture ; rhapsodies of scenery across the broad vistas of her shires ; and an ever-changing panorama of modern human interest in all her easterly towns and cities.

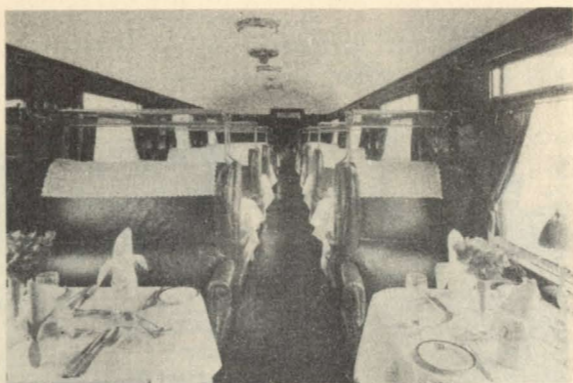
Pleasant indeed is it to contemplate her from afar off in the spirit, knowing you are



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L.N.E.R. RESTAURANT CAR

soon to be moving about her fascinating territories in the flesh. These are merely some avid peeps at England, and covetous glances at Scotland, written for those who are not with her yet, but hope soon to be.

### THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS TRAIN

The East Coast route from King's Cross to Scotland should, for the leisured holiday traveller, be undertaken by day. It is a day well spent. England is spread out before you, picture upon picture during hour after hour of smooth motion in great comfort.

In the typically English scene—the moments of a train departure—which never seems to vary year after swiftly passing year, the long snake-like body moves away from the stress and tumult of London to the inviolate peace of the countryside. For 65 years, day after day continuously, through war, fog, snow and tempest has the world's most famous train—"The Flying Scotsman"—slipped away, serenely and securely from that King's Cross platform after breakfast, steaming nonchalantly into Edinburgh just after tea-time—393 miles in  $8\frac{1}{4}$  hours. A



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L.N.E.R. SLEEPING CAR

long, placid train journey, with the constant allurements beyond the carriage windows, is an intriguing recreation for many people. To be transported in this most famous of all trains adds a piquancy to the situation: a humdrum journey becomes an adventure.

London is not easily left behind, whatever your route or method of motion. Her tentacles reach far to the north, as to the south. Tunnels envelop you; the walls of factories swish by; other people's back gardens; roads turbulent with other traffics cut across you at hurried angles. A patch or two of grass appears—hints of what is coming to you; houses recede and give place to hoardings, plastered with London's heterogeneity of trade. Apologetic-looking fields, with a cockney twang about them, spread out to left and right, "Excellent Sites for Factories" they seem to be called mostly, and the flavour of London is in all their coarse grass blades.

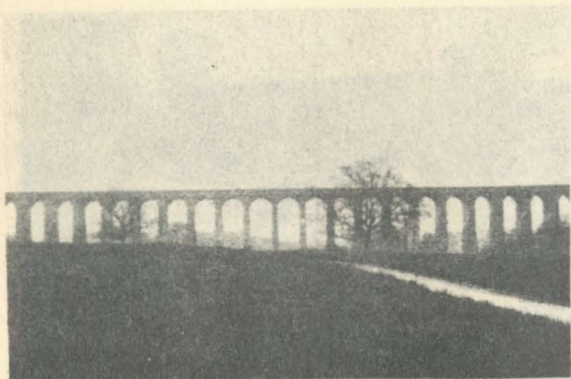
### THE COUNTRY BEGINS

Somewhere about Welwyn the country opens out in rural fashion for the first time. The train, now going "full out" over the Welwyn Viaduct, passes high over the sweetly pretty river Mimram to your left

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WELWYN VIADUCT

as you face the engine ; you are a hundred feet from the valley level here, and the dear old Digswell Mill is to your right. This is the first sight you get of old-world, un-commercialised England. Countless others will follow presently.

Here you get your first bits of history. Two historical mansions—Hatfield House, built in the reign of James I, one of the finest specimens of Jacobean architecture in Great Britain. And a few miles further on Knebworth, a magnificent Elizabethan pile, the home of the great novelist Bulwer, Lord Lytton. There was a fortress on this site in Norman times. Hitchin, too, your first really old market town, where English lavender has been grown all down the centuries. The monks of the Priory here grew great sweet-smelling beds of it in 1327.

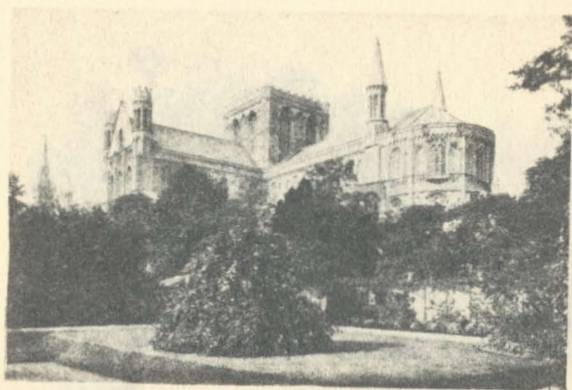
Biggleswade, whence enormous quantities of vegetables come daily to the London market ; Huntingdon, where that firebrand Cromwell, the terror of the Roman Church, was born ; and so to Peterborough, where you get the first glimpse of one of England's finest cathedrals. Two queens were buried here, Catherine of Aragon, Henry VIII's first wife, and Mary Queen of Scots, after her execution at Fotheringay, a few miles



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PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

away; though later the remains of this unhappy woman were taken to Westminster Abbey.

Quite close to London, about 20 miles, though to the west of the line you are being taken along at the moment, are two places of great interest to Americans—Chorley Wood and Jordans. At the former place, at King's Hall Farm to be exact, William Penn was married to Guilielma Maria Springett on April 4th, 1672. Chenies, near by, is considered one of the most beautiful villages in England. Charming cottages surround the village green, which is sheltered by great elm trees. This place was for years the holiday resort of Matthew Arnold and the historian, Anthony Froude, who has justly observed that it is "artificially preserved from the intrusion of modern ways."

Jordans, near to Chalfont, is also associated with William Penn, who founded Pennsylvania, and who has written his name very large in the history of both England and America. In the graveyard here, among a number of modest headstones, all apparently of the same height, is one to William Penn, one to Isaac Pennington, and one to Thomas Ellwood.



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MAJOR OAK, DUKERIES

### THE HEART OF ENGLAND

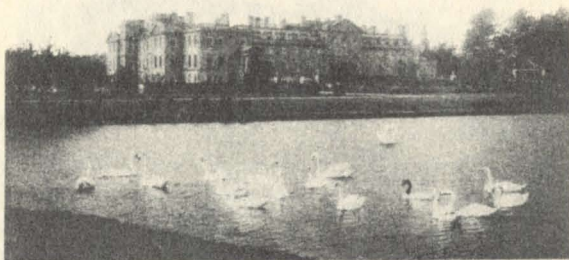
At Grantham your immense 'Pacific' type engine leaves you and a similar one carries you on northward. You are now in the heart of feudal and historic England. Newark, your first old castle, built by the Saxons, besieged over and over again in the Civil Wars of the 17th century, and finally taken by the Scottish Army of Parliament. Here John, that wanton king, outlawed by the Church, loathed by his once loyal subjects, shorn of his ugly talons by the Charter, signed malevolently under the *force majeure* of hostile public opinion at Runnymede, crept away and died in 1216—a blot on the escutcheon of kingship—but, *de mortuis* . . .

People refer vaguely to "the Dukeries." But a glance from your left-hand carriage window as you glide smoothly along between Newark and Retford, and your imagination will at once supply you with the reason why for centuries some of the great families have had their "places" in this countryside. It is so typically England. Clumber Park, the seat of the Dukes of Newcastle; Thoresby, of the Earldom of Manvers; Welbeck Abbey, the unique home of the Duke of Portland—no prince

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WELBECK ABBEY

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

or peer could choose a more lovely setting for his homeland. Away into invisible distances stretch the quiet rich meadows, the game-infested coverts, the country of the fox, the hare, the snipe, the duck ; the well-kept farms, the nestling villages, the staid, conservative, red-brick market towns ; and the Robin Hood romance and magnificence of Sherwood Forest is an olive-green russet-brown and pale gold background to it all.

As your thoughts dwell upon these lovely old scenes and traditions your train carries you over the county boundary into Yorkshire, again one of the most thoroughly and unchangeably English of all our shires.

It was at Scrooby (soon after you pass Retford) that Brewster, Bradford and other Pilgrim Fathers used the old Manor House—the home of William Brewster—seen close to the line, as a meeting place, and there held services until the increasing hostility of the authorities towards Non-conformity drove them to Leyden in Holland. On the west side of the Manor House a brass tablet bears the following inscription :—

“This tablet is erected by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts,



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MANOR HOUSE, SCROOBY

United States of America, to mark the site of the ancient Manor House where lived William Brewster from 1588 to 1608 and where he organised the Pilgrim church of which he became a ruling elder, and with which in 1608 he removed to Amsterdam, in 1609 to Leyden, and in 1620 to Plymouth, where he died April 16, 1644."

At Austerfield Manor House, about three miles from Scrooby, William Bradford, who in 1621 was elected Governor of the Pilgrims' settlement at Plymouth, was born.

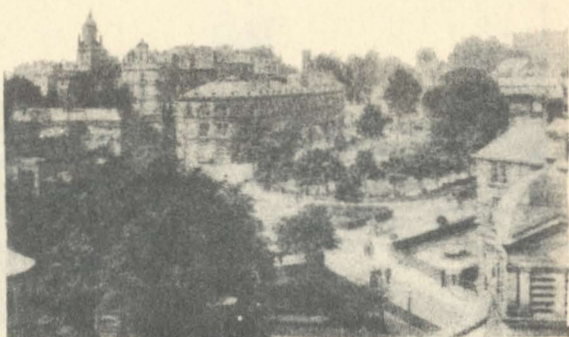
Then you will come down (with a pagan bump!) to the earth, so to speak, of Doncaster. The *raison d'être* of modern Doncaster is without doubt the London and North Eastern Railway, with the famous Doncaster Race Meetings playing a necessarily *piano* second fiddle to the tune of the town. The majority of the population live, move and have their jobs because of the L.N.E.R. To left and right over acres and acres of land you see the immense array of locomotive sheds and railway carriage works. But it is no bad thing for a town of 56,000 working people to have beneath it the sure foundation of a big railway system, with



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HARROGATE

its constant and increasing needs : there is at least fixity of tenure here for those who want to work.

It is at Doncaster that your train branches off to a famous place, very popular with Americans—Harrogate.

Harrogate has been termed very frequently "the world's greatest Spa." There is no question of the health-giving properties of its wonderful natural waters ; hundreds of thousands of people have testified to this, ever since their medicinal values were discovered, somewhat by accident, in 1571, when one William Slingsby of Knaresborough, close by, found that the spring water did him a lot of good.

It is a gay town of splendid shops and a plethora of most excellent hotels : indeed, some of the best hotels outside our big cities are to be found in Harrogate. There is no feeling of being "under a cure" here ; that is one of its greatest charms : on the contrary, most people while staying here have the appearance of thoroughly enjoying themselves. And whether you "take the waters" or not (you probably will) you become almost immediately toned up in a very remarkable manner.

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YORK

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

### THE GLAMOUR OF YORK

Very soon after the bustle of Doncaster is left behind, the glamour of York and its Minster attracts your eyes and fills your mind. As the Duke of York himself said when he was speaking in public there, "the history of York is the history of England." A truism, but an apt one. From whatever angle you gaze mentally upon this old city, whether from an archæological, historical, mechanical, military or ecclesiastical standpoint, York is pre-eminently England's show place. York was of vital importance to what there then was of England in the year A.D. 120. It has been a seat and centre of progress and a junction for nearly all roads about England ever since.

You will rest in the station a little while, at one of the main platforms which are considerably over a quarter of a mile long, and while the scurry attendant upon the arrival of a big express swirls about your windows, reflect upon only one side of York's history—its railway development. In 1840 its citizens were able for the first time to travel all the way to London by train. This was an enterprise recommended only for hardy constitutions and phlegmatic nerves. For you sat in an open truck, if



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YORK MINSTER

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

travelling third class, and had a mere wooden roof over your head if a plutocratic "first." Both of you, however, had to endure the smoke and cinders belched upon you by the labouring engine, and there were ten hours of this between you and the Capital! The station, of which no doubt they were intensely proud, consisted in those days of a structure of wood, containing two small rooms, one of which was occupied by the Secretary of the Company and the other by the solitary booking clerk. There is a small matter of 494 railway men employed at York station to-day, and through it pass 268 trains during every 24 hours.

As you sit, maybe reading this, and scanning your luxurious railway coach of to-day with an amused comparative mind, the fact may suddenly recur to you that part of this magnificent railway station stands over the burial ground of Roman soldiery and civilians. The men who made York, and indeed dominated England, were laid to their last rest beneath your feet. And instantly the mind switches to Rome, and what the Roman legions did here. York began to be Romanised about the year A.D. 79, and for more than 400 years their tremendous influence in the arts, in



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BOOTHAM BAR, YORK

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

domesticity, and in war, oozed from these headquarters and permeated Britain.

Modern as York is to-day, and so deeply veiled in the mists of antiquity as is most of her great history, you cannot spend one hour upon her pavements without feeling the potent past—fair record and foul surge over you to awe your mind. Her mediæval walls confront you at every turn; her æon-old gates open a vista of memories; her Minster broods in a grey gloom of greatness. You can stand with your back to an electrically-lit shop window in Coney Street, the Fifth Avenue of York, and look upon the motor-thronged road along which marched regularly the feet of the men of the famous 6th Legion (the “*Legio Sexta Victrix*”) to their alarums and excursions, their camps and manœuvres. You can pause in the stone-flagged Market and see the spot where Yorkshire men and girls were bought and sold to their Roman masters as if they were mere inanimate things. Beneath that very wood pavement, in Stonegate, remain parts of the stone pavements showing the marks of the skid-wheel of the Roman chariots.

Through all the reigns of our subsequent kings, from Edwin in 627 to King George

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AYSGARTH FALLS, WENSLEYDALE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

in 1927, York has been a name of note : a centre always of industrial conference and ecclesiastical foregathering ; of sport, of military manœuvre and civil movement. And from it you move away regretfully, for the details of its picture are so engrossing and so unique. From here you branch off to many points of the English compass. To the beautiful Yorksnire coast and quiet, mysterious moors, to the teeming hives of industry, Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Hull ; to health-giving Harrogate, seductive Scarborough, or old-world Whitby. But York remains the centre of things—as she always was, and will be as long as there is locomotion by rail or road.

### THE DALES AND INDUSTRIALISM

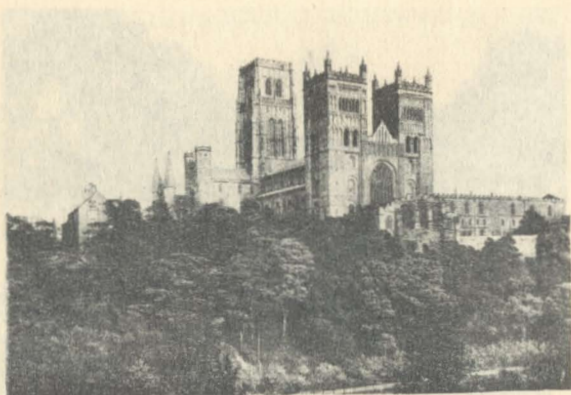
From York to Darlington is the country of the Yorkshire Dales, inimitable in their quaint picturesque beauty, so diverse in character and charm. And at Darlington you are in the County of Durham ; and at Darlington you are at the place where the first railway passenger locomotive was made (you can see it standing on the station platform now) and driven by George Stephenson, who ran the first railway passenger train in the world over the first railway line



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DURHAM CATHEDRAL

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

—from Stockton to Darlington on the 27th day of September, 1825.

Durham, with its wonderful 11th-century cathedral, more beautifully placed than any other in England. For Durham is built just where the river Wear, in its tortuous course, makes a great loop and runs between banks of considerable height and cliff-like steepness. In this magnificent setting towers the vast Norman cathedral. Its builders did full justice to the site by erecting three enormous towers, which when mirrored in the waters of the river below, form a picture which will never be forgotten. From the towers of the Cathedral the monks watched the battle of Neville's Cross in 1346, offering up ceaseless prayers for the English. Their prayers were answered, for the King of Scotland was captured and most of his nobles killed. Durham's Castle, also seen from the train, was built in 1072, and was impregnable until the advent of modern artillery.

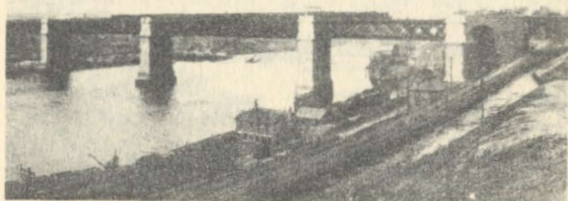
From Durham, practically all the way to Newcastle-on-Tyne, the country is in the grip of coal, and lit by the fierce flares of blast furnaces and factory chimneys. Personally I always welcome this stretch of the famous, fascinating line. It brings me back from



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KING EDWARD VII BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE

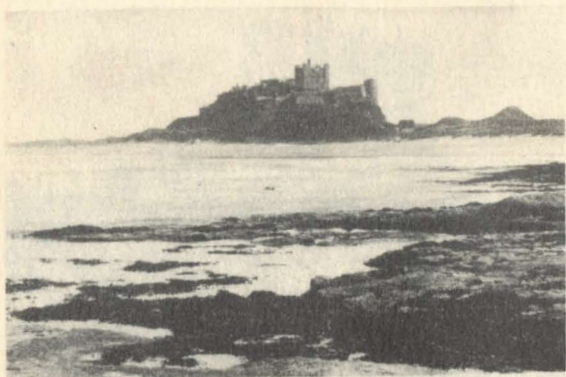
the visionary England to the real. I like to feel the business, the initiative, the gargantuan organisations of men and matters all about me. To know that here within a stone's throw of my idle, padded leather carriage is industrial England of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. I am a drone, of course, at the moment, but, anyway, I am being privileged to look out appreciatively upon the places where the common-sense, practical heart of England beats. This part of the world has got down to the job. The slacker does not survive long here. Illusionists and dreamers do not dally in these parts with much advantage to themselves or welcome from others. No; ugly a countryside may possibly become when the hand of men's labour is laid heavily upon it—but the utilitarian end justifies the vandalistic means—or we should have had no England at all to be so proud of.

A feverish industrialism seems to reach its zenith as you approach Newcastle. As you pass Low Fell, on your left, you get an expansive panorama of the tremendous business interests of Tyneside; and as you glance to your right, as the train moves slowly across King Edward Bridge, over the Tyne, here is one of the strongholds

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BAMBURGH CASTLE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

of British shipbuilding. You may possibly see the grey immensity of a Battle Cruiser's 700 feet of hull on a slip-way, and in the next yard a 30-foot motor launch for somebody's private loch in Scotland. It is all one to Tyneside. In normal times the clang and reverberations of riveters on ships' plates up and down this busy river go on interminably—and profitably—day after day, year after year.

### THE OPEN SEA

And then the sea. Ever since you left Darlington, unknown to you you have been drawing nearer to the rugged Northumbrian coast line. You actually come within sight of it at Almouth, but just before reaching this station the picturesque old castle of Warkworth can be seen on the right. It is believed to have been built about 1159—at any rate William the Lion scoffed at its weakness in 1173, with the result that it was considerably strengthened before King John visited it in 1213. The Percies subsequently occupied it and Henry IV besieged it in 1405, from which date it appears to have enjoyed a well-earned peace in its hoary old age. From Almouth practically for the remainder of your journey,



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ROYAL BORDER BRIDGE, BERWICK

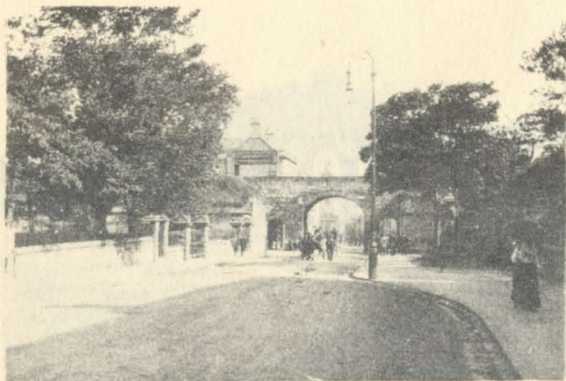
for the next couple of hours in fact, you are running along the edge of these beautiful cliffs. At the end of a six hours' journey, so long as there is still daylight, or in the early summer morning on waking from your Sleeper, there are few things I know of in all the leagues of my travels so refreshing and inspiring as these heights of grass land and illimitable plains of sea viewed from the windows of a rushing train. At one moment there is nothing but the North Sea between you and Norway, so close are you, apparently, to the waters far below. At the next, rounding a hidden curve, you peep down upon a sequestered fishing hamlet lying self-contained and placid in hollows of the rocks. Here, too, is a snatched glance at fluttering flags on the greens of a sea-edge golf course—a hint of the incomparable golf Scotland, to which you are now getting near, is holding out welcomingly. There a quiet promenade along a stone sea wall whereon stroll the people of Tweedmouth . . . . and almost immediately Berwick looms ahead, and your 'Flying Scotsman' slackens its pace, for the noble Border Bridge, opened by Queen Victoria in 1850, must not be rushed across carelessly, but taken at the slow speed



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SCOTCH GATE, BERWICK

[*J. Valentine*]

the dignity of its architecture deserves.

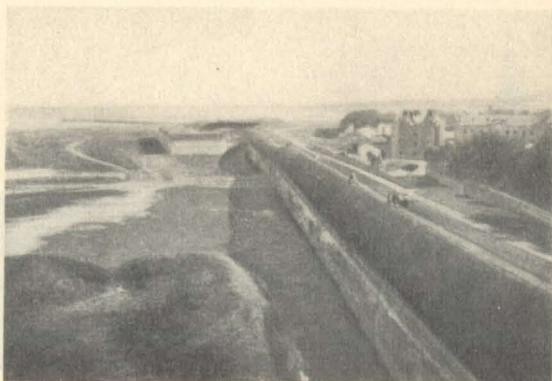
### A COCKPIT OF KINGDOMS

To anyone with an imaginative turn of mind who would like to experience a more impressive and permanent thrill than can be obtained in any theatre, I commend a day or two spent in Berwick-upon-Tweed, reached with great ease from either of the extremely comfortable L.N.E.R. hotels at Newcastle or Edinburgh. Often as I have been to Berwick, the thrill, peculiar to her environment and more than all other English towns, wraps itself about my mind whenever in the wakeful hours I reach her station. The station itself, prosaic, orderly, practical of purpose, and brand new as it is to-day, is by its very situation the home of drama, vivid and enthralling. You come to rest. There is the sudden silence of a stopped train. And during the pause you realise that here beneath these very floorboards and this modern machinery of motion was the floor of the Great Hall of the old Castle, wherein Edward I signed away the crown of Scotland to Baliol six hundred and twenty-five years ago. Just across those couple of steel lines stood the Courtyard of the Castle (a goods wagon

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## Looking at England

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THE RAMPARTS, BERWICK

[J. Valentine

full of motor tyres is standing against a part of the old Court-yard wall as I write this !) wherein brilliant assemblies of knights and squires in flashing armour jousted and tilted, and where the lovely ladies of that age, dressed heavily in velvet and cramasie, looked gravely on and clapped gently their gauntleted hands. Berwick-upon-Tweed is hallowed ground, for it was for many ghastly years the cockpit of two kingdoms.

### THE WRITING ON THE WALL

It is a fallacy to suppose, as some people do, that the boundary between England and Scotland is the river Tweed at Berwick. The actual boundary line of the two countries is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the north of Berwick itself, and you reach it in rather a dramatic way.

When your engine puffs out of Berwick station the thing to do, I always think, is to get over to the right-hand side of the carriage as you face the engine, and keep your nose glued to the window pane. A train with a 'Pacific' engine drawing it does not take long to go  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and unless you are very alert and watchful you will miss it.

The very simplicity of the matter is its



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## Looking at England

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GOSWICK LINKS, NR. BERWICK

charm. Low stone walls flanking meadows along the sea shore will flick by. Against one of these is implanted a tiny signpost painted in blue and white, "Scotland—England." And that is the dividing line between the two great countries, now, joined as one, even greater. Many remote villages have more imposing announcements. Just the words "Scotland—England" painted on the pointing arms. But what a vista of thoughts the words and the place conjure up! We used to hold these territories against each other. Because of this dividing line, now a meaningless mark upon a map, thousands of men—yes, and women—have died. Hates have been fostered; friendships have been born; understandings and tolerances have grown. Modern enlightenment of thought has displaced the warfare of a semi-civilisation. Complete unity of good feeling and mutual respect has buried what can only be described nowadays as a silly past. And yet much of our history, and theirs, is built up because of this invisible and theoretical dividing line.

Scotland in the depths of her splendid and envied characteristics remains immutably the same. We remain the same. It is only because we have got to know, and



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## Looking at England

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PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

love, each other that we are now one—which applies really to all wars that need never have been fought . . .

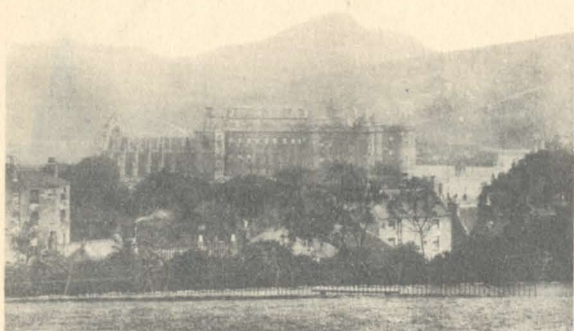
The traveller of whatever tastes, age or sex, will, on seeing this significant writing on the wall, experience a slight thrill. He is passing into a country that will give him so much, whatever the time or the season. Hospitality and "homeliness" second to none in the whole wide world of friendliness. Pageantries of scenery that no other part of the known globe can surpass for sumptuous beauty. Sport, if he be a killer of game of the kind that sportsmen, marooned in the uttermost ends of the earth, covet sadly; for the enjoyment of which come the luckier ones from every part of England and Europe. Golf, if he be a player of that elusive game, of a supremacy the quality of which no other country has dared to challenge in its wildest moments of golfing egoism. A simplicity of mind among its peoples, and a bed-rock honesty of purpose that is particularly gratifying and refreshing to a dweller in continental capitals; and his money's worth for everything he buys, from a grouse moor to a packet of pipe-cleaning feathers.

The simple writing on the wall does not

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## Looking at England

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HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

tell you anything of this. Few Scotsmen will ever mention it. But it is all there.

### THE MODERN ATHENS

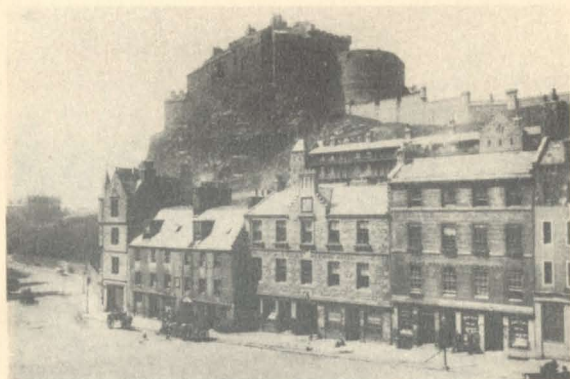
The last hour of your journey will be spent, probably, in preparing yourself mentally for Edinburgh. The influence of this fascinating city, if you have been there before, seems to reach out and gather you in long before the engine stops alongside the Waverley arrival platform. Edinburgh is unique. Edinburgh has always been unique, continuously since Edwin, King of Northumbria, came and conquered it in 617 (Edwin's-burgh). Every phase of British history has had a record of one sort and another engraved indelibly in this romantic and beautiful city. The lover of history can steep himself insatiably in the glamour and gloom of the past for months on end, finding a fresh delight every day. The artist will affirm that it is the modern Athens for beauty of architecture and culture. The *littérateur* will remind you of the priceless collection of over 550,000 volumes in its libraries. The sportsman will tell you that it is an ideal base for the Highlands, wherein to rest and replenish stores. It has, in point of fact,



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## Looking at England

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EDINBURGH CASTLE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

the finest shops in Great Britain outside London—though the sportsman is not over-much concerned with this.

I like when in Edinburgh to combine the historical, the architectural, the literary, the artistic and the sporting proclivities. This can be done very easily, in three distinct phases.

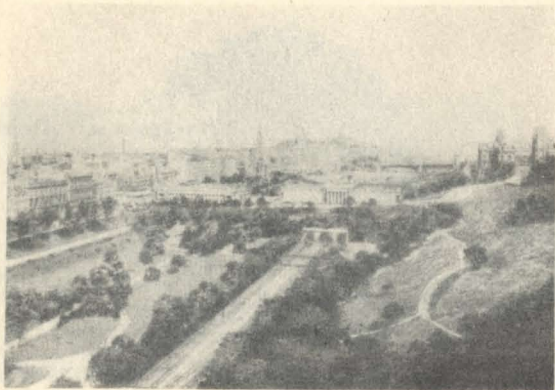
Phase No. 1 is to get a bedroom, if you can, though they are much in demand, at the North British Station Hotel, which looks down the length of Princes Street. Failing that, and almost as effective, to sit in the smoking room of this hotel and look down that incomparably lovely street—many people say the most beautiful in the world. There you get the full glory of the Castle set on high, and of the street that is indeed straight, in all their imposing grandeur. At any hour of the busy day or the quiet night they afford a scene which for sheer dramatic beauty will live permanently in a niche in your memory.

Phase No. 2 is to take a walk into the old part of the city. Up "the Royal Mile," which leads from the Palace of Holyrood in the plain to the Castle crags which are the summit and substance of all Edinburgh, be it old or new. In the now almost

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## Looking at England

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EDINBURGH FROM THE CASTLE

forsaken palace the heart of old Edinburgh beat for many centuries, "so that each throb she gave was felt from the edge of Solway to Duncansby Head." The strings of all the human emotions have been thrummed upon this road. An almost straight mile from palace below to castle above, hardly a house upon either side, close built and complicated in structure as they are, that has not held a grim or a gay historical story. Fashion lived upon the fifth floor of these houses, the poorest of the city's poor in the cellars beneath. There is Fleshmarket Close, where the crooks, male and female, in the days of Montrose and Cromwell, infested the lethal night clubs of the period. There is the cobbled square which was filled by the anxiously shuffling feet of Scottish folk as they waited, upon a day, to hear the dread news from Flodden Field. We are walking now upon the very pavement where Burns walked on his way to Johnnie Dowie's Tavern, in Liberton's Wynd, or to Clarinda's lodging in the Potherrow. Here is John Knox's house, and here the window from which he used to thunder invective against Popery and Prelacy and the "monstrous regimen of women . . . ."

Phase No. 3, a grossly material and



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## Looking at England

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ST. ANDREWS

insular tendency after the others, is to base myself in a bedroom at what all sportsmen term the "N.B.," thence to adventure for a spell of blissful days upon the conquest (never yet quite attained) of a few of the plethora of superb golf links to which a short train run will take you from Waverley Station, returning at night soporifically satisfied but *never* sated.

The veins of some of the best Scottish golf reach out from the heart of Edinburgh. To North Berwick, for example, where they caution you to take a straight-faced iron off the first tee, and, being an ignoramus, you at once pooh pooh the quality of any links that necessitate such a thing . . . . . Thinking thus you will learn your lesson, drastically, before the fourth green is reached.

St. Andrews, the head and corner stone of the foundation of all golf as duly handicapped men and women play it. The Mecca to which golfing pilgrims come reverently from all over the world where the game is played—and from many outposts of empire where it is not.

Gullane—where there are six courses, all good. Muirfield, a championship course (and *that* means something in Scotland!), the home of "The Honourable Company

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## Looking at England

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CRUDEN BAY

[Sport & General

of Edinburgh Golfers." Luffness, Kilspindie, Longniddry, Braid Hills, Elie, Dunbar—I have played upon them all many times, and at no time have I desired anything better than any one or all of them. You cannot discriminate between them or theorise upon them in the abstract, or do them full justice in the concrete—unless you play off the scratch mark. They are all very, very GOOD, in the indefinable, subtle way that Scotch golf courses *are* good.

And when you are tired of your base in Edinburgh and want to sleep by the edge of the sea, take a train along the coast to Aberdeen and thence to Cruden Bay, to stay in one of the best run hotels in Britain, if not in Europe, and play unhurried entrancing golf through all the lovely summer days, until ten o'clock of the lovely summer night if you feel inclined. Cruden Bay is far more difficult to leave than to reach. The train will take you there placidly and swiftly. Your inclinations will hold you there, as with chains, at the end of the allotted span of holiday, however insistent the call of duty.

### THE SPELL OF SCOTLAND

But Scotland is not only literary and



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## Looking at England

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ROTHESAY

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

cultured Edinburgh, with the leisurely, dignified and terribly accurate golf as an antidote, perhaps, to all this law and learning. There are other scenes I would ask you to glance at. You can only peep mentally at them, for the views are so vast and so varied.

If you are a man deeply embroiled in business it will be in the nature of a holiday for you, when in Edinburgh, to get into one of those frequent fast trains at Waverley Station and watch Glasgow at work. Glasgow is to Scotland what Manchester or Liverpool is to England. With this difference. That Manchester and Liverpool have not got a Clyde, with all that this river means to Scotland. It means a very great deal.

You need only spend a morning in Glasgow's seething streets to absorb the tremendous efficiency and steadfastness of purpose of the Scottish business people. They always impress me as being in such dead earnest about their jobs, whether that job is in quality and responsibility a high one or a low one, or a mediocre middle. Much more so than we English are: or so it seems to me.

Then go down the Clyde. The Clyde is, in effect, the pulse of Glasgow. You hear all over the world the remark, "She

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## Looking at England

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FORTH BRIDGE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

was built on the Clyde." And this is where it is all done. Miles and miles of ship-building, ship repair, ship maintenance and ship commissioning there seem to be. The industry is unending. A twenty thousand ton liner is creeping up river to her berth, blacking out sky, land and water with her ponderous bulk at one moment. The next, and your eyes turn to a yard entrance where hordes of men are scurrying about the brown body of yet another, soon to be fit for the world's seas. Little launches fuss up and down the stream. There is the "burr" of pneumatic riveting; the clang of metal falling on metal; the whistling from tugs' funnels; the "chunk" "chunk" from a ship's screws, half out of water, having discharged a cargo. You can only take in a little of the immense *moment* of these matters in one day's wandering on Clyde waters. But the experience is very impressive; the journey, at whatever time of year, intensely interesting.

The Forth Bridge, quite close to Edinburgh, should be seen. It is the main artery of the L.N.E.R. to the north of Scotland and is one of our greatest railway engineering feats. It is nearly a mile and a half long, over three hundred feet high



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## Looking at England

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THE TROSSACHS

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

at the apex of its girders, cost close upon three and a half million pounds (say \$17,500,000) and took seven years to build. It takes a squad of fifty men three years continuous work to paint the steel from end to end, the result being that paint working on a large scale never stops here in fair weather, though the men have to be made to stop in bad weather in case they should be blown off the bridge into the waters of the Forth far below. The force of the gale here at times reaches 75 miles an hour.

It is an act of *lèse majesté* of the most pronounced kind to visit Scotland without paying homage of eye and mind to the Trossachs and the Western Highlands, reached so easily from Edinburgh or Glasgow. No part of the habitable globe appeals to so many tastes and temperaments as the Highlands of Scotland. Scottish mountains and Scottish lochs are enchanted regions. One can attempt to describe their beauties with an enthusiastic pen—but one fails, being merely human, whilst they are inscrutable and eternal. One can say quite truthfully that when you are “holidaying” in the Trossachs you have a feeling of fitness and a *joie de vivre* that before you would not have believed possible. Even that pleasant

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## Looking at England

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LOCH LOMOND

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

thought conveys little enough. It is totally inadequate. The mountain breezes, the vast solitudes, the ineffable peace of the loch waters, the sun on the heather, the "tang" in the air, the panoramas of scenery of a grandeur no artist's brush has ever yet depicted quite faithfully—all these sights and feelings coagulate in your mind and leave you just dumb. Sublimity and beauty have reached their climax.

I suppose I am as well qualified as any ordinary traveller upon the lines of Britain to write of Scotland, because I have been with her in all her moods in all her seasons. But whenever I get into a south-bound Sleeper at Waverley, and lie in one of those delicious little cream and mahogany berths, chewing the cud of reflection; whether I have been tramping interminable miles after grouse, or hitting golf balls off tees, or picnicing at the edge of a salmon leap, or casting a fly in a trout stream, or watching a rigger match at Murrayfield, or motoring through those lovely moors; invariably in these somnolent minutes of sad departure from all her myriad fascinations, it is of some little Highland picture that I think, trying to fix it indelibly in my mind, against the time when there will be no more such



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## Looking at England

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FORT WILLIAM AND BEN NEVIS

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

vivid, revivifying pictures to sustain me.

Maybe it is the sudden vision of peacock-blue loch waters seen from the summit of a steel-grey granite mountain; or a splash of deep black shadow in a sleepy valley where all else is canary yellow and pink and purple. Or light brown flecks of mountain sheep grazing placidly along the edge of tortuous streams whose lily-white waters tumble over umber rocks with a background of olive-green trees, a flame coloured spear of sunlight stabbing the branches. Or one of many another purely Scottish scene, outstandingly lovely in my mind, which has been absorbing, day after halcyon day, a succession of such pictures, no two ever alike.

For with all the scenic beauties of the world before him, the traveller can choose the Highlands of Scotland and not be disappointed.

### OTHER TIMES—OTHER WAYS.

#### EAST ANGLIA

There may be other times in your leisured holiday periods when you want to wander "on your own," a free-lance traveller, as it were, and not in the custody of any particular train running on any

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## Looking at England

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FELIXSTOWE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

defined day. Well, the whole of England's eastern countryside and coast can be explored and enjoyed at will. A very tome of ponderous travel literature would be required adequately to bring before you the full knowledge of what the East Coast offers. So let us take merely a peep or two at a place or two, each one typical of the English characteristics of countryside and seaside.

That bulbous portion of England which obtrudes into the North Sea, and is known by the rather prosaic name of "East Anglia," is a fascinating territory for many reasons. It is bounded, so to speak, on the west by Cambridge and Newmarket—both places teeming with interest, though for widely different reasons!—and on the east by those coast towns which are a continual source of delight to all people who have habitually to dwell inland. One has only to write down the names of a few of them to think at once of ozone, the smell of seaweed, a daily increasing energy and appetite, the comatose sleep at night, the bright eye in the morning—Clacton, Felixstowe, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Cromer, Sheringham, Hunstanton.

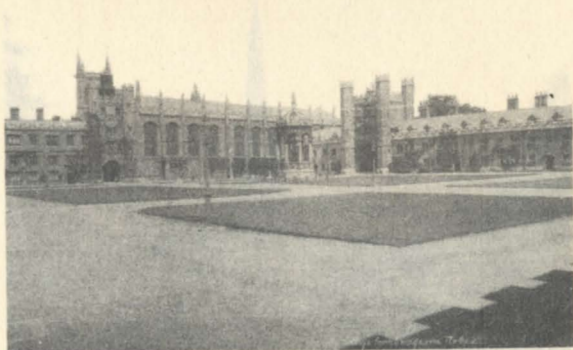
Cambridge is a sleepy little market town



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## Looking at England

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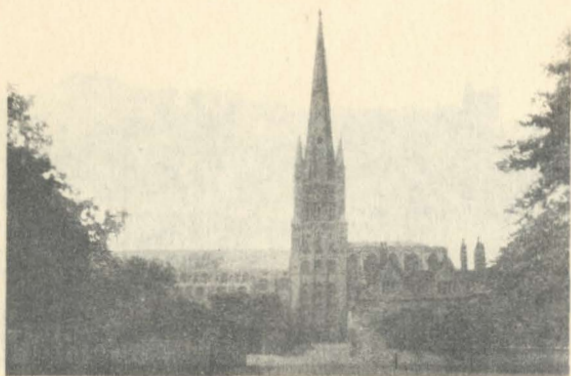
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

apart from the movement and gaiety caused by the presence of the undergraduates. There was a Roman town at Cambridge, followed by a Saxon one, and after the Danes had twice destroyed the latter, a Norman successor came on the scene. Of the last a very substantial relic is to be found in the round church of the Holy Sepulchre, the oldest of the circular churches which still survive in England. But it is, of course, its colleges that give Cambridge its world-wide fame. The one of most interest to Americans is probably Emmanuel, the Puritan College, known as the "Mother of American Universities." This college was founded for the purpose of training students for the ministry—not necessarily, however, for any particular religion. The freedom of thought this encouraged caused many of the students of the University to go abroad to seek religious liberty beyond the seas. In the twenty years preceding 1648 about seventy men from Cambridge joined Winthrop (who himself was at Trinity College, Cambridge, for a time) in the new colony at Massachusetts Bay. Among them were John Harvard, John Cotton, Thomas Shepard and Thomas Hooker. In the third window of the Chapel of Emmanuel College

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## Looking at England

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NORWICH CATHEDRAL

is an effigy of John Harvard. It was at Cambridge that the first John Winthrop and eleven others signed an agreement which bound them to sail to, and remain in, New England.

North-east of Cambridge, in the heart of Norfolk, lies Hingham.

The Lincoln family lived in Hingham for a good many generations. Samuel Lincoln sailed from this country on April 8th, 1637, and reached Boston, June 20th.

A great many Puritans resided in and around Hingham. One of them was Robert Peck, Rector of Hingham. Many of the parishioners crossed the Atlantic and, arriving in Massachusetts, founded a new Hingham. One of the earliest places of worship in the United States was built there, and the Rev. Peter Hobert, who was born in Hingham, Norfolk, and sailed for New England in 1635, was its first Minister.

Happily, for it was always a stupid shibboleth, people are ceasing to refer to the East Coast as a cold, wet part of the country. Facts gleaned by unbiased officialdom from highly scientific instruments and recorded on charts in glass cases are difficult to controvert. These facts show, and have shown again and again,



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## Looking at England

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CROMER

*Photochrom Co., Ltd.*

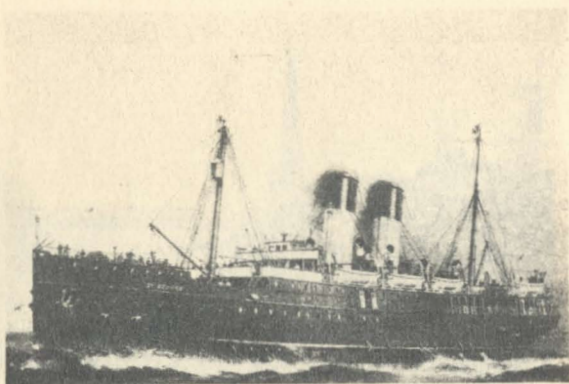
that the eastern is the drier side of Britain. The phrase used by the railway which serves it was no mere advertising slogan. No railway company can afford to make a rash statement, or a mistake. If it does, it receives forthwith a shoal of caustic comments from the travelling public. The term "The drier side of Britain" was not adopted by the L.N.E.R. carelessly, without ample justification. Incidentally, I was playing golf at Cromer on a day in last December when practically the whole of England was enveloped in mists of rain. Upon us the sun shone, wavelets lapped the sea-shore peacefully, and we discarded our woolies gratefully. One must not, of course, quote what might (by West Coast people!) be termed "isolated instances"—but it was significant.

When bad weather hits the East Coast, as it hits all coasts at times, I like it. There is something particularly invigorating and awe-inspiring about the North Sea in an angry mood. Typically old England is the way the roused waters thunder against the cliffs and black boulders, the seagulls scream and swerve into the wind, and men pull sou'westers down about their eyes and walk on unheeding.

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## Looking at England

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L.N.E.R. STEAMER

### OUR EASTERN GATE

A glance at the map of England and it becomes clear at once that Harwich is our obvious exit to all the European countries beyond the North Sea. But there is much more in it than that. Harwich is the ever open door through which pass, usually at night, those hundreds of thousands of men who have "business on the Continent." And to England, via Harwich, comes such a collection of Continental merchandise of every sort and kind, size and weight, that the mind boggles at the thought of enumerating even a portion of it. The best way of conveying an impression of this heterogeneity of industries that come into England is to say that the dutiable goods alone which pass through the Customs Sheds at Parkeston Quay in the course of a year provide the Government with a revenue of well over one million sterling.

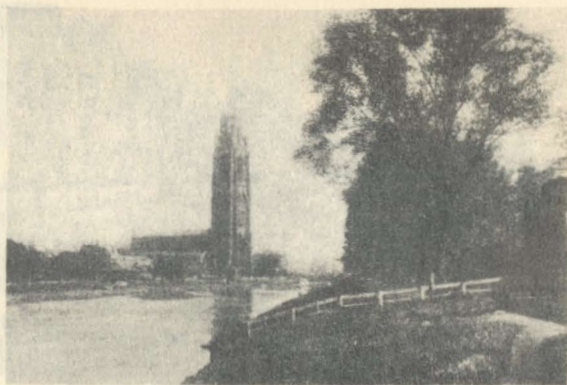
But it is with men rather than with matters that we are concerned. Harwich has illimitable possibilities to the adventurous. Boats are leaving here daily or nightly for Flushing, for the Hook, for Antwerp, for Esbjerg, and (in Summer) three times weekly for Zeebrugge. In other words, all Belgium and Holland and



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## Looking at England

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BOSTON CHURCH

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Denmark and Sweden are open to you—and easily and comfortably open. More than that, all Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Russia.

There is something peculiarly impressive to my mind about the ease with which one can transport oneself nowadays in what seems “less than no time” to, say, Berlin in the very heart of vast Germany. And we are doing so again in great and regular numbers, a sane mental equilibrium having once more been established between us. And it is done like this. Liverpool Street Station in time for dinner on the train. Harwich, Parkeston Quay, at ten o’clock. A “night cap” on board one of those comfortable boats before going to bed. The Hook in time for breakfast next morning. And there are the long German trains waiting for you, and breakfast all ready in the restaurant coaches. Berlin at 5-30 in the evening. A minimum of effort and a maximum of speed. The great Continent of Europe, and all that it implies, is brought very near by the activities and efficiency of those Harwich, Hook, Flushing and Antwerp quays.

In this neighbourhood also, between Colchester and Ipswich, is Groton, the

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## Looking at England

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MORTON CORNER, GAINSBOROUGH

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

birthplace in 1588 of John Winthrop, the famous governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The Winthrops, or Winthorpes, probably took their name from a Lincolnshire village, but they were settled at Groton at least as early as the beginning of the 16th century, and in 1548, Adam de Winthorpe was granted the manor of Groton, which had belonged to Bury Abbey. John Winthrop was educated for the legal profession and at the age of eighteen was made a magistrate; but when the Mayflower settlement had become established under the name of Massachusetts Bay Colony he was summoned to be its governor and landed there with the first charter in 1630. The east window of Groton church was inserted in his memory in 1875 by some of his American descendants, and the tomb of Adam Winthrop, dated 1623, can be seen near the chancel door.

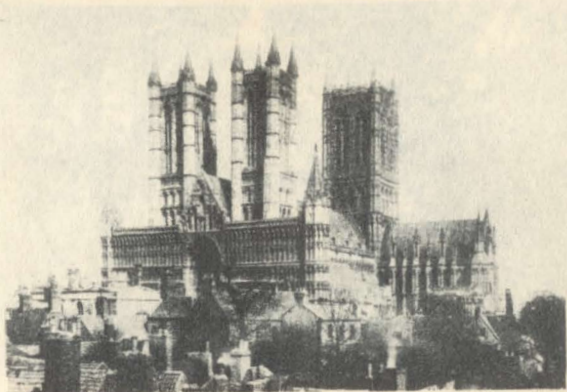
Boston, in Lincolnshire, should be visited by all good Americans, for the Mayflower sailed from here in 1607. They will be amused at the difference between this old town, which existed in 654, and its great modern daughter city in Massachusetts. Some of the principal colonists of the American Boston came from the town in



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## Looking at England

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LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Lincolnshire; and indeed our Boston's lovely church has in it a chapel built at the expense of the inhabitants of the new Boston. American citizens will be interested to hear that in the year 1204, the Lincolnshire Boston was a seaport of such high commercial standing that it paid the largest dues (£780) of any English port but London (£836); though, of course, in those days the sovereign meant very much more than it does to-day.

Lincoln itself, too, commands particular attention. It is one of the oldest cities in England, having a history dating back to times before the Romans' entrance into Britain, and possessing a superb Cathedral, founded in 1075. The whole interior is glorified by the most splendid carving and grill work. Its western facade, with its boldly conceived arcading, is unmatched among the cathedrals of the world; and on its doors there are wrought-iron hinges of the greatest intricacy and beauty.

Lincoln has many other interesting features besides the cathedral. There are considerable ruins of the castle, and three picturesque gateways.

Another interesting place in Lincolnshire is Gainsborough. It was the birthplace of

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## Looking at England

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SOUTH BAY, SCARBOROUGH

John Robinson, who suffered much persecution for his opposition to ritual in the church. So strong was the feeling against him that he and some of those who sympathised with him were excommunicated, although he appears to have been held in very high esteem in his own town. The foundation stone of the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough, erected to his memory, was laid by the American Ambassador in 1896.

Gainsborough is the "St. Oggs" of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," and the old mill below the town is the original of Dorlcote Mill in that novel.

### A DRAMA OF GAIETY

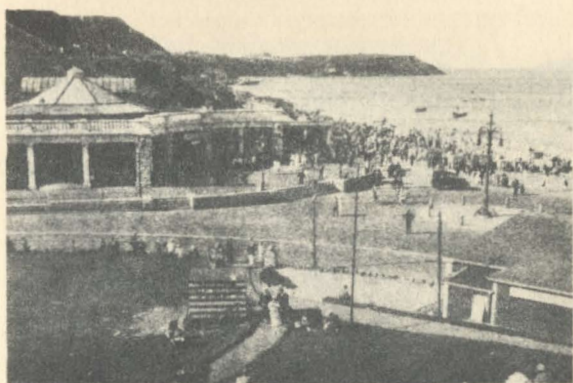
One of the most spectacularly gay and amusing places in England during the summer months is Scarborough. One of the drawbacks, in the mind of the writer, to these large, teeming seaside rendezvous between June and October is that they become crowded, noisy and unrestful. You want at times, however bouyant your disposition, to get away from the propinquity of your vociferous fellow men. Now Scarborough is a fascinating place in that you can plunge into the vortex of massed



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## Looking at England

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NORTH BAY, SCARBOROUGH

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

amusement at 11 a.m., and at noon, with no particular effort, you can be outside it all, though it hums, so to speak, at your feet.

The term the "Queen of Watering Places," though hackneyed and vague, is apt and indisputable as regards this famous Yorkshire town. Geography is primarily responsible for this. It has a promontory which forms two bays, the North and the South. Day excursionists, arriving in their thousands, monopolise the North and South Foreshores, where every form of popular seaside amusement is provided for them; the plutocratic inhabit the South Cliff and Bay; each are happy, after the manner of their kind, and the one does not irk the other.

There is a neutral and a very pleasantly democratic meeting ground in the buildings and Monte Carloesque terraces of the famous Spa. Here everyone foregathers, chiefly at night, and dances on superb dance floors, or listens to some of the best orchestras in England.

Scarborough on a summer night is quite one of the most dramatically lovely places in Great Britain. Standing on the pavement outside your hotel on the South Cliff,

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## Looking at England

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BATHING POOL AND SOUTH BAY, SCARBOROUGH

and looking literally over the tops of the trees which grow gracefully all over the sloping cliffs down to the Spa, illuminated by festoons of coloured lamps, will give you an enthralling spectacle. "This *is* Monte Carlo," you will say to yourself, for the similarity is most striking.

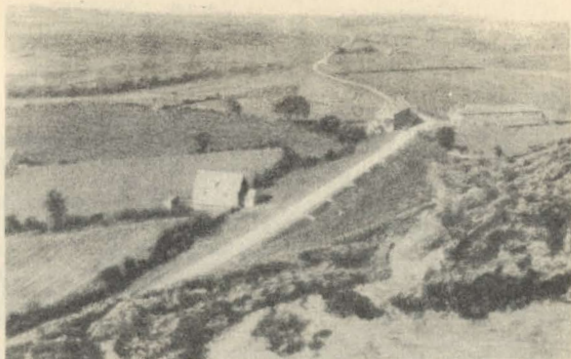
One of the finest night sights I know of in this country is to sit on the blazing terraces of the Spa on a hot July or August night and watch the maelstrom of life all round and about. Glimpses of the gliding dancers in the enormous ballroom to your right. In the pauses snatched melodies from the domed open-air orchestra rise up to you. Ahead is the black floor of the sea, with a searchlight or two sweeping it from the dim hulk of a battleship, so often to be seen thereabouts. Behind you the dark forest of the cliffs, their opaqueness pricked with a thousand pin points of fairy lamps among the leaves. The blue-black sky, a lemon moon—presager of heat to-morrow—climbing serenely up to it from behind the gaunt ruins of the Castle. And in and out, back and forth, the strolling multitude; the glint of a white shirt front here—a pink silk frock there; the red glow of a man's cigar—a girl's gay laugh; the



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## Looking at England

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SALTERSGATE, ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS

sudden blare of wind instruments from the band—the “zripp . . . sipp” of the black waves piped with white borders . . . there is a drama of gaiety in Scarborough by night.

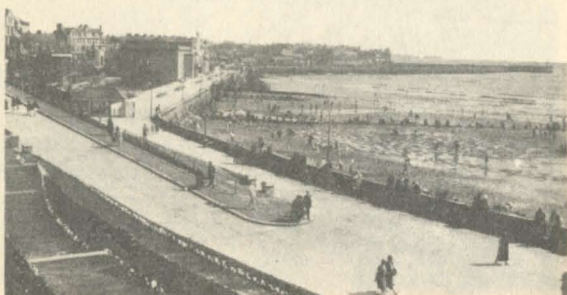
By day there is so much to do that the day has gone before, long before, it should. A magnificent walled-in bathing pool draws you magnet-wise in the morning, 116 yards in length and 54 in breadth, with dozens of subterranean bathing boxes, and the band playing above, and tier upon tier of seats to watch the bathers.

The moors in the afternoon—or a somnolent deck chair in the sun on the Spa terraces again. The Yorkshire moors draw most people in the neighbourhood to them many times. They are ineffably lovely. They cover the horizon inland in every direction with huge velvet cloaks of heather, the colour of crushed raspberries edged with apple-green turf and overlaid by the steel-grey ribbon of road, along which ply those delightfully comfortable and wisely-driven Scarborough motor coaches. Scarborough will always draw its tens of thousands in the summer time. Those tens of thousands will always want to go back to it again.

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## Looking at England

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BRIDLINGTON

Another deservedly popular Yorkshire holiday centre is Bridlington, close to Scarborough. Some people call it "Burlington"—an almost better name since this is traceable to the Norse word 'berlinger,' meaning smooth water, an appropriate term here. An idea of its popularity can be gauged by the fact that in some years the Railway Company have brought here as many as 400,000 visitors and excursionists during the summer months. Bridlington does not aspire to be a staid, quiet place. On the contrary, everything about it, from its harbour crowded with scudding craft, its immense playground of smooth, tide-washed sands, its thronged Prince's Parade, its giant ballroom, implies intensive merriment on a large ecstatic scale. The air is the very finest man could wish for. It comes in from the North Sea on one side and the wide moors on the other. And as the Flamborough cliffs screen it from the cold North the bathing is superb, owing to the flat, illimitable sands, on which there is no danger for anyone.

You would never imagine when looking over Bridlington, with its spick and span promenades and its thoroughly modern manners and customs, that twice in past



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## Looking at England

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FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

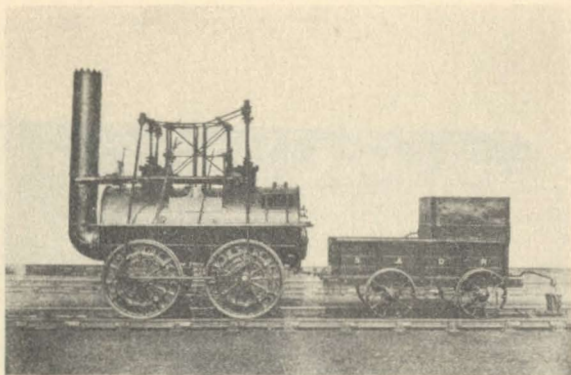
years it left a sudden and deep mark on history. But it did. When war burst over England between King Charles and his Parliament in 1642 both sides at once endeavoured to get control of the Navy. Charles wrote to each captain individually, ordering him to sail forthwith to Burlington Bay. But the Earl of Warwick, as Parliamentary admiral of the fleet, frustrated his plan. The beloved Queen, Henrietta Maria, took up her quarters here, and was heavily bombarded at the unseemly hour of 5 a.m.; to the end, that she had to leave her bed very hastily and seek undignified sanctuary in a ditch. "You may imagine," she wrote to the King, "that I did not like the music."

The other little matter concerned the American War of Independence, the calm night of September 23rd, 1779, and one Paul Jones. Captain Jones had the acquisitive habit at sea rather strongly developed in his character. Now the predilection on the part of other people for their goods and chattels never has found favour with the British seafaring man. So that when the American freebooter appeared hereabouts and began aggressive tactics against our Baltic fleet of merchantmen, though in command of six formidable ships

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## Looking at England

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"LOCOMOTION NO. 1" AT DARLINGTON (SEE PAGE 19)

mounting in all 204 guns, he was immediately attacked by the convoying men-of-war, *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, total 66 guns only; and as pretty a little naval scrap as any sailor could wish for was indulged in forthwith, the population of Burlington watching absorbed from the cliff edge.

It is sad to relate—and Captain Pearson commanding *Serapis* simply loathed writing his subsequent report to the Admiralty—that the British ships were overborne and had to surrender. But not until after five hours close hand to hand fighting in which fearful punishment was inflicted upon Paul Jones's side, whose shattered vessels eventually limped back to France as best they could with the loss of their flagship, a large quantity of specie, hundreds of men, and without any of our Baltic ships as loot.

### A LAST LOOK ROUND

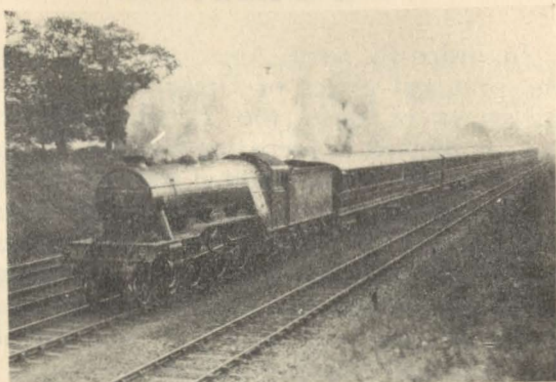
I have taken a peep or two at a place or two in England and in Scotland. And now, as I glance at the L.N.E.R. map of England and Scotland lying open at my left hand, I realise how inadequate and abridged my survey has had to be. I see those broad red arteries of lines, with their



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## Looking at England

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"FLYING SCOTSMAN"

[*Topical Press*]

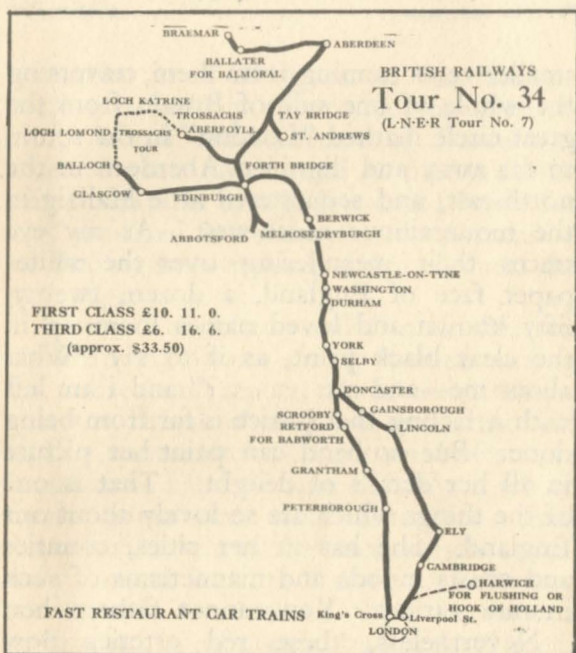
smaller veins running from them, traversing the whole of one side of Britain from the great circle marked "London" in the south, to far away and dignified Aberdeen in the north-east, and sequestered little Mallaig in the mountainous north-west. As my eye traces their meandering over the white-paper face of England, a dozen, twenty, fifty known and loved names loom up in the clear black print, as if to say "What about me—and me . . . . ?" and I am left with a feeling that justice is far from being done. But no hand can paint her picture in all her details of delight. That is one of the things which are so lovely about our England. She has in her cities, counties and coasts moods and mannerisms of such infinite variety. You cannot fathom her.

Nevertheless, these red arteries flow through the half of her imperishable body—and more. They are the means to some of her most magnificent ends. Without them England would not be what she was, is, and will be. By them you can discover her in the flesh, and get to know her and love her for what she is—just simple old England, where visitors from the four corners of the world have always been welcome.

# Special Round Tours.

In order to assist Americans in seeing the principal places of Great Britain in a minimum of time, the British Railways have combined in preparing a series of no less than 196 round tours at reduced fares.

An example of one of these tours over the London & North Eastern Railway is given below, and particulars of many others can be obtained from the Company's Agent referred to on page 1 or from any of the principal Tourist Agencies:—



*The above fares are subject to alteration.*

Where the single journey to or from Flushing or the Hook of Holland is taken, £2 18s. 6d. and £2 0s. 6d. respectively should be added to the first and third class fares quoted above. The sum of £2 0s. 6d., however, provides for second class travel between London and Flushing or the Hook of Holland, but passengers may travel first class on the steamer on payment of additional 10 shillings.



# Further Information and Tickets.

Other folders in this series, describing particular places in greater detail, are: "Scotland" and "Monuments of British History."

Copies of these and the pamphlet of tours referred to on page 54 will be supplied free, and further assistance in planning your tour gladly given on application to:—

H. J. KETCHAM,  
General Agent,  
London & North Eastern Railway,  
311, Fifth Avenue (at 32nd Street),  
New York.

*Telephone: Caledonia 3234.*  
*Cable Address: "Chelmsford, New York."*

or Principal Steamship and Tourist  
Agencies.

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On arrival in England or Scotland you are invited to call at the following L.N.E.R. Offices, where further information may readily be obtained:—

## LONDON:

71, Regent Street, W.1.  
59, Piccadilly, W.1.  
285, Oxford Street, W.1.

## LIVERPOOL:

Tower Building, Water Street.

## GLASGOW:

37, West George Street.

## “On Either Side.”

Under this title the London & North Eastern Railway issues an interesting publication, showing at a glance, in diagram form with illustrations and descriptions, the principal places of interest to be seen from the carriage window on either side of the line between London and the North and West of Scotland.

Copies may be obtained free from the Company's Inquiry Offices or from the attendants on the trains.



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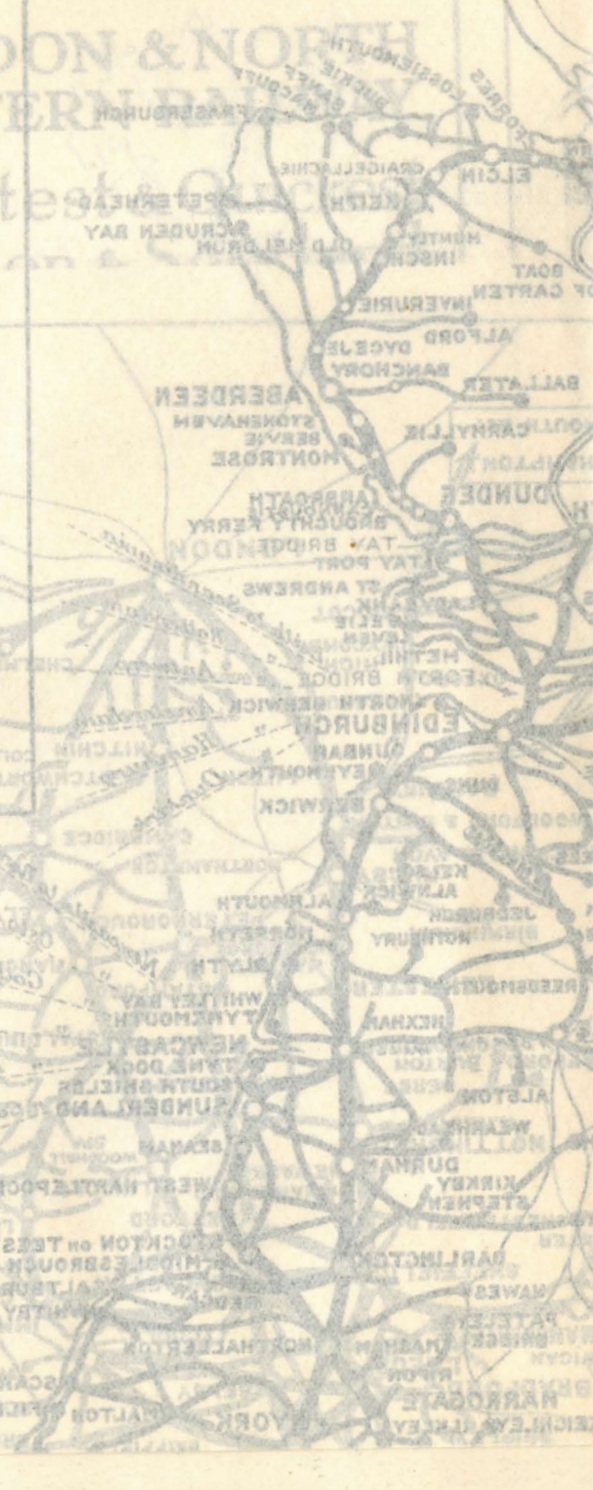
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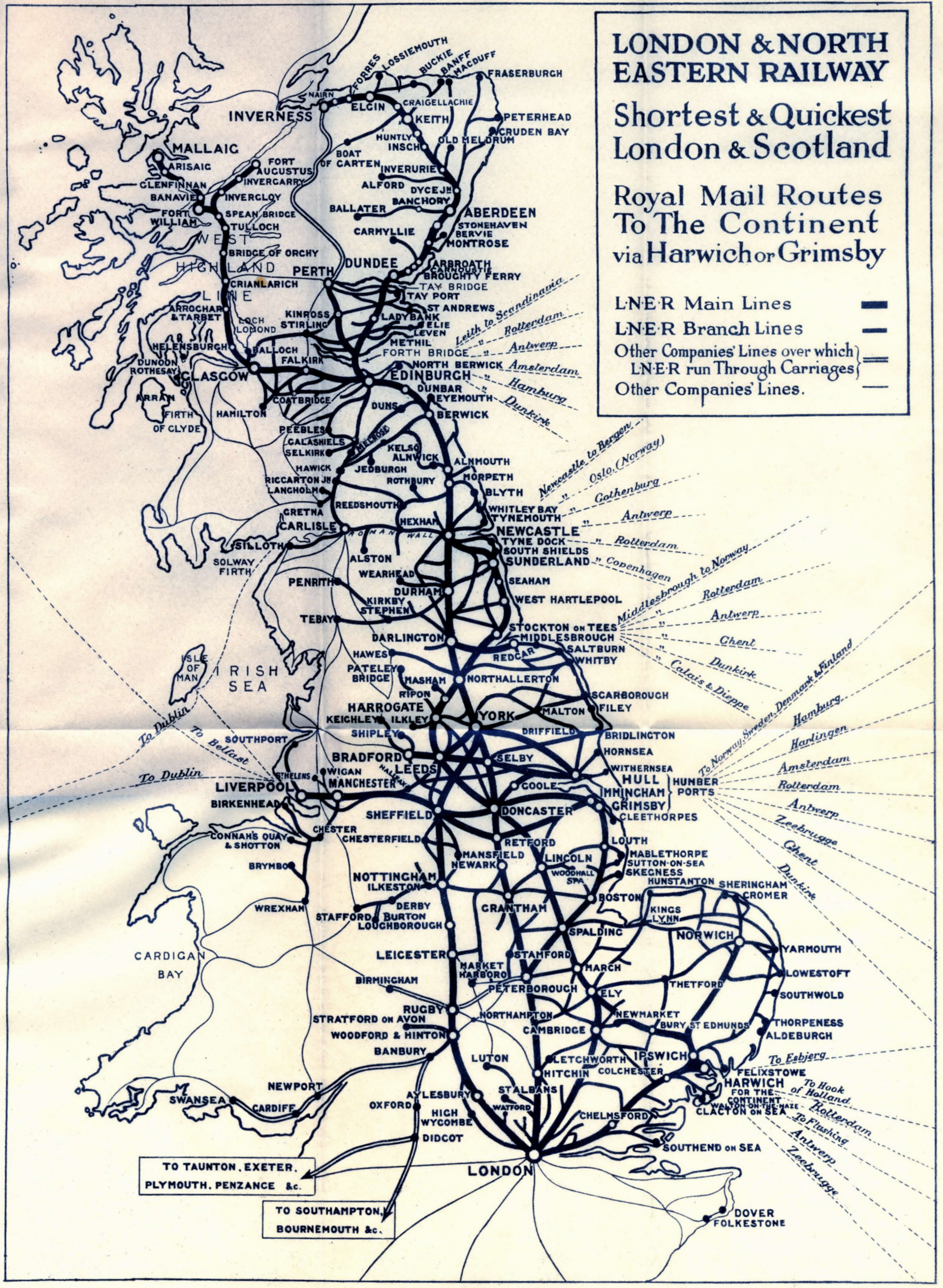


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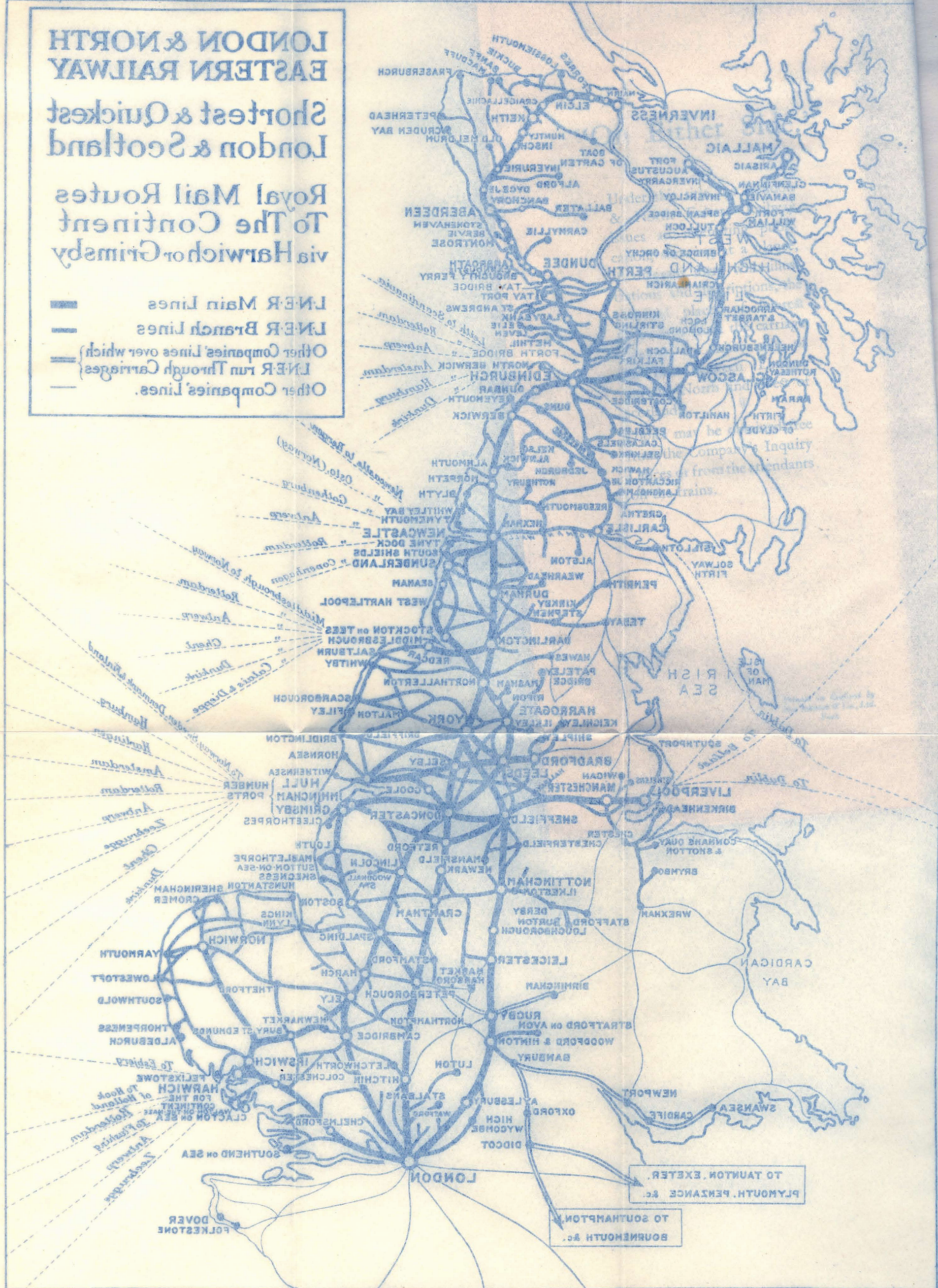


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# LOOKING AT ENGLAND



FN

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