



"The man must needs rush after them to listen."

C



## TIN-TACKS.

A Fable.

THERE was once a man who spent his leisure in designing a house. It was not a large house, neither was it particularly handsome, but it was planned with the greatest care, and when the man showed his wife the plans she had only one regret.

'Where,' said she, 'shall I keep my linen and china? If only there were a cupboard or even a set of shelves in some convenient corner, I should be perfectly contented.'

'I had not thought of that,' said the man, and after careful thought he planned a cupboard under the stairs, so that it took up the least possible amount of space, and yet, inside, there was room for all the linen and china they possessed. So delighted was his wife that she immediately summoned her neighbours to admire the designs, and the cupboard under the stairs filled them all with envy.

'How I wish my husband were equally ingenious,' sighed the first crony.

'What care! what cleverness!' exclaimed all the rest, and hearing the chorus of praise the man thought he could not do better than put in another cupboard. This he did, and then another and another, till not a corner remained unoccupied and his good wife began seriously to wonder what she should find to put on the shelves. The fact was that this vain man came to think a great deal more about his own cleverness and the neighbours' admiration than he thought about his wife's convenience. Getting up early and going to bed late, he spent all his energy in finishing the plans, and then, with their own hands, he and his two sons built the house in which he hoped to pass the rest of his life.

A day came when he hammered the last tin-tack into the last floor; already his wife and daughters were arranging the linen in the cupboards, but suddenly the man heard two neighbours pass the open windows, remarking one to another on the builder's care and skill. By this time the house was quite a familiar topic of conversation in that district, but, greedy for more praise, the man must needs rush after them to listen. He dropped the tin-tacks on the floor, but in his haste he couldn't think of pausing to pick them up, and in fact he followed his neighbours down the road in order to overhear every word they said. At last, to his disgust, they began to talk about other matters, and the man went home to help move the furniture.

In spite of all his plans, his measurements, and his clever contrivances, this house-builder actually became a byword for carelessness. Within an hour of going to live in his new home he was lame, so lame that it would be many days before he could walk without a limp. His wife was lame also, so were his sons and daughters, and even a friend who had dropped in to congratulate them . . . and I needn't tell you that the cause of it was tin-tacks.

JOYCE COBB.

## THE ROMAN'S DAILY LIFE.

THE life of a Roman country farmer in olden times needs but little description. The farmer would rise with the sun, offer his morning sacrifice to the gods, and take his simple breakfast of bread, dried fruit, or cheese; then go into his fields till noonday, when he would return to his dinner of boiled pudding, of spelt,

vegetables, and milk. This would be followed by the noonday rest, made a necessity by the heat in Italy. Then back to the fields, till sunset summoned him to supper and well-earned sleep.

Town life was more varied and busy. The Roman population tended more and more to separate itself into two classes; the upper consisting of the members of the old Roman families, patrician (noble) and plebeian (peasant, or 'lower class'), alike, and the 'new men,' often the free slaves of the emperors and nobles, who might have gained wealth and favour by real ability or by every kind of baseness. Below these were the mass of the people, living on the bounty of their patrons or the free distribution of corn by the State.

Now we will come to one of the palaces situated on the Palatine Hill in Rome, and see how the master thereof spends his day. Even before sunrise the vestibule is crowded with visitors and beggars ('clients' who have come to pay their morning call on the great man). All are dressed in the national toga—a long outdoor wrap of white woollen cloth, always worn on any visit of ceremony, like the cap and gown in our modern Universities.

The steward enters, followed by slaves bearing the gifts and doles for each individual. Then the doors of the 'atrium' (common room, or hall, of the family) are opened; the master comes in, and greetings are exchanged. If, however, the master is ill or not inclined to receive, the atrium doors are closed, and the grumbling crowd hears there will be no distribution that day.

This reception generally lasts about two hours the first thing in the morning. After this begins the business of the day. The master, after taking some light refreshment (bread with honey, dates, or cheese), goes out, a train of these same clients following him, to the law courts, or wherever else he carries on his particular work. If a man of leisure, he would go to visit friends. He might be obliged to attend a wedding, funeral, or some other function among his friends, the train of clients always following his litter, which was carried by six stalwart slaves through the ill-paved, ill-kept, and evil-odoured streets. Then back home by noon, or soon after, for the first substantial meal of the day.

This (the 'prandium') consisted of various dishes of meat, hot and cold; fish, vegetables, fruit, bread, and wine. It was taken, Eastern fashion, reclining on a couch, leaning on the left elbow; often, in luxurious times, supported by cushions. Then followed the siesta (noonday rest), which, though not universal in early times, became so in the late days of the Republic (half a century or so before Christ). This was followed by the daily exercise, the young men taking it in the form of military sports, running, leaping, wrestling, &c., in the Campus Martius, the elder, even old men, favouring games of ball, of which there were several kinds, and special games played with each.

But the time given to exercise was not long, though regular. Soon the bells of the public baths would ring as a sign that they were open, and the people crowd in to what was one of the greatest and most universal pleasures. A Roman bath needed at least three rooms—(1) the frigidarium (cold bath), for undressing and anointing; (2) the tepidarium (warm bath), for the same purposes, only warmed, in case the bathers were afraid of chill; (3) the caldarium (hot bath), a heated chamber in which bathers could take either a hot-air



bath, as in a modern Turkish bath, or an ordinary warm bath. Usually two sets of baths, for men and women respectively, were built side by side, a furnace in the middle heating the whole.

After a rest on the lounges, so abundantly provided in the great baths, the master of the house would go home to enjoy the chief meal of the day, the 'cena' (dinner), taken late in the afternoon, just before sunset. This meal consisted ordinarily of three courses; the first of vegetables, eggs, &c., being supposed to whet the appetite. It was followed by more substantial fare: fish, fowl, and flesh of all kinds. The last course was of fruit and cakes. The only drink used was wine, and this was rarely drunk unmixed or without water; to do so was a mark of intemperance. It was drunk with water, hot or cold, and sometimes even with perfumed oils. A special vessel was used for such mixed wine and water. We have an example of such an one in the British Museum: the 'crater.'

From the earliest times it had been a Roman custom to have a piper present at a banquet, although it seems his services were only called for at the sacrifice to the household gods; but later it came to be the fashion to have all kinds of music and singing throughout the dinner, and we can imagine our Roman gentleman listening to such, as he reclined on his couch, and ate his evening meal.

E. B. DURRANT.

## A JOURNEY TO GO.

[Second Series.]

### I.—LONDON TO WEYMOUTH.

LET us start out on a journey towards the West of England, leaving London by way of Waterloo Station (on the Surrey side of the Thames), and see what our travels tell us. From Waterloo we are carried swiftly through the suburbs of London, and see Vauxhall, famous long ago for its pleasure gardens: the 'pretty cultured plantation,' as Samuel Pepys called it in the seventeenth century, where he used to gossip with his friends on summer evenings.

From Vauxhall we go through Clapham to Wimbledon, a place that was associated yesterday with shooting matches, and is still to-day connected in our minds with tennis tournaments. If we go out on to the breezy common, however, we shall find traces of an older and grimmer warfare, for there is the ancient entrenchment that some people call Cæsar's Camp, but which was more probably the scene of the Battle of Wibandune, fought in 568, between the forces of Egbert, King of Kent, and those of Ceawlin, the West Saxon monarch. The very name, Wimbledon, has a warlike sound, for its ending, *-don* or *-dun*, is a Celtic word, meaning 'fort.'

In the Middle Ages this district belonged to the See of Canterbury, and it remained Church property until the reign of Henry VIII., when, like many another fine estate, it came into the hands of the King, and was presented by him to Thomas Cromwell. During the next century Wimbledon had many owners, and at last the land and the fine manor house which had been built upon it became the property of Queen Henrietta Maria, who loved the place, and often stayed there with her husband and children.

We go on now to Woking, where the domed roof of a Mohammedan mosque reminds us that England is only a very small part of the great British Empire; and

that Jews, Turks, Mohammedans, and people of many other faiths are our fellow-subjects, claiming King George as their protector.

Then we reach Brooklands, with its flying-ground; and, as an aeroplane is seen high overhead against the sky, we have a glimpse of one of the most modern and wonderful of inventions, before we continue our journey through history and legend into the ancient kingdom of Wessex.

Basingstoke is one of the first places of interest on our route, and here we find ourselves back in the stormy, picturesque days of the Civil War; for the ruined castle of Old Basing, not far away at Castle Basing, was the chief Royalist stronghold in Hampshire, and it was besieged almost continuously by Cromwell's army for nearly two years. At one time during this period the members of the beleaguered garrison were almost starving, but Colonel Gage marched across country from Oxford, and succeeded in provisioning the Castle with supplies which he had captured from the enemy; and later, when food was scarce again, a bold plan was made by which a thousand horsemen, each with a bag of corn fastened to his saddle, were to gallop through the lines of the Roundheads. On this occasion, however, it was discovered that the siege had been raised for a time, in consequence of bad weather, and the relieving force was unmolested; but before long Cromwell himself marched against the Castle with a large army, and it was captured and destroyed.

Soon after leaving Basingstoke the line of the South-Western Railway divides into two branches, one going towards Winchester, while the other keeps on its straight course towards the West. We will follow this latter route for the moment, and soon come to Salisbury, the principal city of Wiltshire, and see the exquisite spire of the Cathedral—the tallest in England—rising above the houses and other buildings. Salisbury proper has had a less eventful history than most great English towns, for it only dates from 1220, when the bishopric was transferred here from Old Sarum, the ancient fortified city of the Celts, whose grass-grown ruins can still be seen on a hill not far away.

In new Sarum, or Salisbury of to-day, the most important building is the Cathedral, which, having been built all at one time, instead of during many periods and by many architects, is considered a perfect specimen of thirteenth century art. It is, however, almost 'faultily faultless,' and is not nearly so interesting as Winchester Cathedral, which we shall see soon, or as Westminster Abbey, with its mingled styles of architecture and its fascinating tangle of historical memories and traditions.

There are many fine tombs in Salisbury Cathedral, among them that of William Longspée, the son of Fair Rosamond, and the monument raised to the memory of Sir John Cheyney, who carried the banner of Henry Tudor on Bosworth Heath. There is also the tomb of a boy bishop, with a quaint effigy of a child clad in cope and mitre, and with a crozier in his hand. In mediæval times these little mock prelates were elected each St. Nicholas' Day, and ruled over a chapter of fellow choir-boys until the festival of the Holy Innocents.

We now leave Salisbury, and go northward on to the great Wiltshire Plain, where all the history of England seems to be gathered together, as it were, into a wonderful epitome, for here are British barrows and walled villages,



Roman roads, Saxon entrenchments, and Danish camps, while since 1914 the Plain has been covered with the tents and huts of England's great new army, and men from Canada and Australia have been drilled upon the ground where, long ago, their skin-clad ancestors fought fiercely for life and liberty.

Situated on Salisbury Plain is Stonehenge, the strange circle of boulders which history says once formed part of a Druidical temple. Legend gives the stones another origin, and declares that they were brought over the sea by the magic power of Merlin, and were set up as a memorial to the British hero, Vortigern, who on this

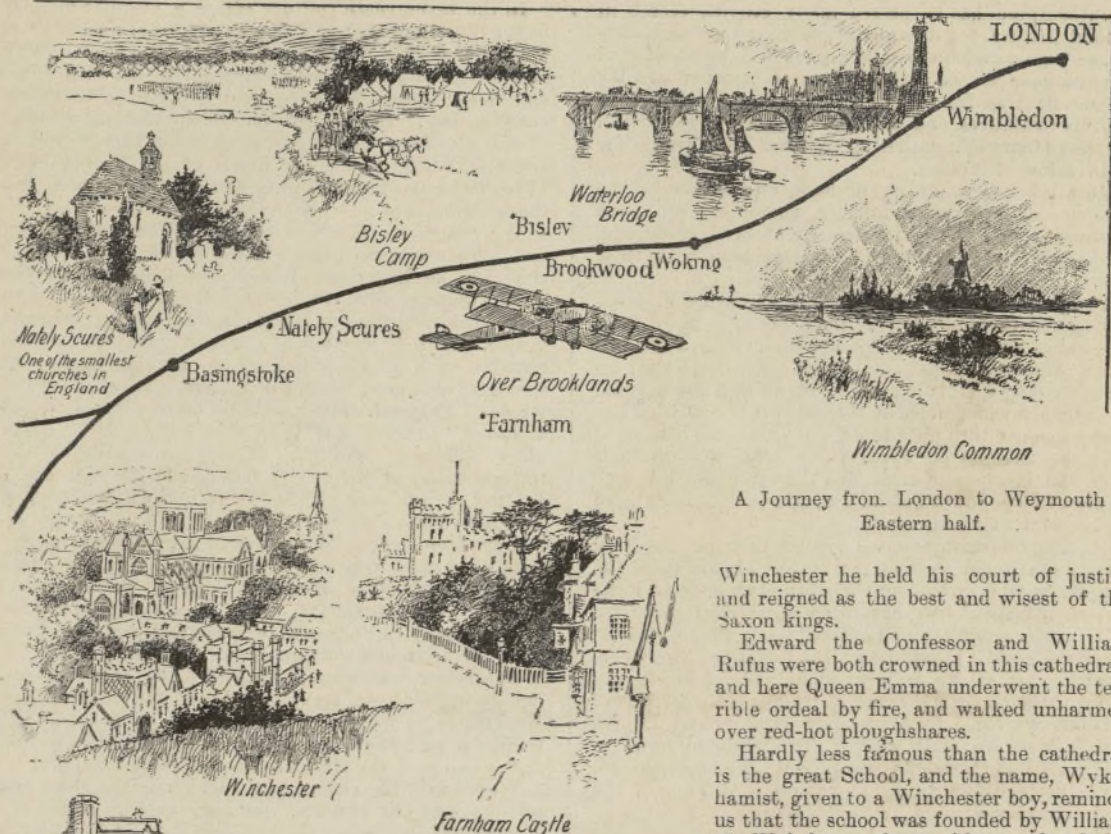
spot was killed, with his three hundred nobles, by the Saxons. There used to be an old belief that it was impossible to count the boulders of Stonehenge correctly; but it is said that Charles II., when he was hiding on Salisbury Plain after his defeat at Worcester, amused himself by counting the stones over and over again, and so proved the untruth of the superstition.

We now return to Basingstoke, and, taking the southern branch of the railway, come to Winchester, a city which was once of great importance, the seat of government in England and the rival of London itself. It looks quiet and old-fashioned now, but the green



A Journey from London to Weymouth: Western half.





A Journey from London to Weymouth :  
Eastern half.

Winchester he held his court of justice and reigned as the best and wisest of the Saxon kings.

Edward the Confessor and William Rufus were both crowned in this cathedral, and here Queen Emma underwent the terrible ordeal by fire, and walked unharmed over red-hot ploughshares.

Hardly less famous than the cathedral is the great School, and the name, Wykehamist, given to a Winchester boy, reminds us that the school was founded by William of Wykeham, the architect who built Windsor Castle for Edward III., and inscribed the proud words 'Hoc fecit Wykeham' (Wykeham made this) on his finished work.

Outside Winchester, in the green fields that border the river, legend says that a great combat took place between the Saxon champion, Guy of Warwick, and a Danish giant, while King Athelstan watched the battle from the city walls. In support of the story it is pointed out that the meadow is still called the Danemede.

From Winchester we travel southward through Eastleigh (where are the South-Western Railway works) to Southampton, one of the chief ports of England, which has been famous since Saxon days, and even before that, for the Romans sailed up the Itchen and built their city, Clausentum, on its bank.

If we look at a map of England and see how Southampton is situated at the head of its deep bay, it would seem that it must be safe from any enemy, but this has not been the case. Again and again in early times, the town was ravaged by the Danes, and much later, in the reign of Edward III., it was attacked by the French with their Spanish and Italian allies.

It was necessary, therefore, that Southampton should be strongly fortified, and remnants of the old defences are still to be seen. The most interesting of these is the Bar Gate, now in the middle of the town, but once its northern entrance. On this old gate are carved figures of Sir Bevis, the legendary hero of Southampton, and his victim, the giant, Ascupart.

water - meadows and grey Norman buildings formed the background against which some of the strangest scenes in our history have been enacted.

It is difficult nowadays to realise the past greatness of this sleepy old cathedral city, but the cathedral

itself is the centre of its fame, and there, in the chapels and among the clustered pillars, the memories of the bygone times gather most thickly.

St. Swithin is the patron of Winchester, and, when he died, his body was laid in a chapel outside the nave door. Later, Bishop Athelwold decided to transfer the bones of the saint to a shrine behind the high altar, but the story says that there came forty days of miraculous rain which delayed the ceremony. This legend is probably the origin of the strange belief which says that, if there be rain on St. Swithin's day, it will be followed by forty days of wet weather.

Several coronations have taken place in Winchester Cathedral, the earliest and one of the most important of all being that of King Egbert, the first monarch of all England. There, too, Alfred was crowned, and in



Southampton has witnessed many stirring scenes in its long history, for it is a convenient port of embarkation, and again and again great armies have been collected here and have sailed away on one or another warlike errand. It was from this place that Richard I. started with his Crusaders, and later we find, first Edward III. and then Henry V., gathering together great armies for the invasion of France.

We all know the story of how, on the eve of the departure of the latter king, a dangerous plot was discovered, and how the conspirators (Cambridge, Scrope, and Grey) paid for their treachery with their lives.

It was on August 13th, 1415, that Henry V., King of England—and of France, as he proudly called himself—sailed down Southampton Water with a fleet of fifteen hundred ships; and five centuries later, so strangely does history repeat itself, we find another and a greater army assembled at the old port of embarkation. It was August 13th once more, but this time, instead of being the enemies of France, our soldiers were their allies and brothers-in-arms, and they went forth not to invade France, but to defend her, and to fight once more on the old battlefields.

Leaving Southampton, we now go through the New Forest, which covers land laid waste by William the Conqueror, who, while he 'loved the tall deer as if he were their father,' had but little consideration for his unfortunate subjects, and placed the whole district under the cruel 'Forest Laws.' Lyndhurst, Ringwood, Brockenhurst—there is a woodland sound about the names of the stations through which our train carries us; and then we come to Wareham, with its old Danish walls. Here we must wait a little while in order to pay a visit to Corfe, the great Castle which, although it was destroyed by Oliver Cromwell, is still one of the most interesting ruins in England.

The Castle itself dates back to Norman times, but before the Conquest there was another building on the same spot, and it was here that, nearly a thousand years ago, the golden-haired Saxon Queen, Elfrida, lived with her little son, Ethelred. Edward, her stepson, a boy of fourteen, was king, and Elfrida hated him and longed for his death, so that her own child might reign in his place. Edward lived at Wareham, not far away, with his stern tutor, Dunstan, who ruled him with a rod of iron; and, as Edward knew nothing of his step-mother's cruel ambition and loved his little brother, he was overjoyed when one day, at the end of a hunting expedition, he found himself in the neighbourhood of Corfe Castle. He rode happily up to the gate, and Queen Elfrida, in accordance with Saxon custom, went to receive him, carrying a cup of wine in her hand; but in this unexpected visit she saw an opportunity of furthering her wicked plans, and while Edward was drinking the Cup of Welcome he was stabbed to the heart.

A century later the old Castle was pulled down and a new fortress erected, but a curse seems to have rested upon Corfe, and one tragedy followed another. The Castle was used as a royal prison, and among its captives were Robert of Normandy and Princess Eleanor of Brittany, the niece of King John. Later Edward II. was imprisoned at Corfe, before his murder at Berkeley; and there is a terrible story of twenty-three French knights who were starved to death in the dungeons beneath the Castle.

In the seventeenth century comes a brighter chapter in the history of the old stronghold, for during the Civil War it was gallantly defended by Lady Bankes, the wife of the Governor, who, with five soldiers, her daughters, and some women servants, held Cromwell's besieging army at bay. Later, however, in another attack, one of the officers in the reinforced garrison turned traitor, and the Castle fell into the hands of the Roundheads. Thus the annals of Corfe were blackened once more, and the building kept its sinister character to the end.

We return to Wareham again now, and, continuing our journey westward, come to Dorchester, which at one time was an important Roman town, situated on the great highway called the Icknield Way, and boasting an amphitheatre that could hold more than twelve thousand people. A little way out of Dorchester may be seen the remains of a huge British camp, Maiden Castle, the strongest and most famous of ancient earthworks in the whole of England. Maiden Castle used to be considered a Roman fortress, but it is now known to be much older. There are five miles of earthen trenches in the fortress, many of them sixty feet deep. An eighteenth century writer says of it: 'It is not easy to imagine that the Romans would have been at the inconceivable labour of erecting mud walls of so astounding a magnitude when they were so well acquainted with the great preference of stone ramparts.' These opinions seem strange to us nowadays, when modern fortifications have in many cases proved useless, and we have gone back to the trench warfare of our ancestors.

Dorchester was strongly fortified by the Romans, but its walls do not seem to have served it well. In 1003 the town was besieged, captured and burnt by the Danish King Sweyn, and it afterwards suffered severely at the hands of the Norman conquerors of England.

Weymouth, the Dorset port, which is the next and last stage of our journey, was also often at the mercy of foreign foes during the troubled days of the Middle Ages, for when Edward III. was collecting his armies for the invasion of France, we hear that this town provided 'fifteen ships and one hundred and twenty-five men to besiege Callice' (Calais), because the French 'then and many times since' (since) had essayed to burn the town and destroy the inhabitants.

Beyond Weymouth, and stretching far out into the sea, is what is called the Island of Portland. It is really, however, a peninsula joined to the mainland by the strange Chesil Beach, a natural causeway formed of loose pebbles. In different parts of the ridge these stones are of different sizes, large at Portland itself and growing smaller and smaller until they become almost sand. In the lawless old days, when smugglers landed on Chesil Beach in the darkness, with their cargoes of contraband, it was possible for them to tell exactly where they were by the size of the pebbles they picked up.

Portland, now a great naval harbour, has an interesting history, for it was here that the Danes first landed, and many centuries later off this coast the famous running fight between Drake's ships and the huge vessels of the Spanish Armada began. Nelson put into Portland on board the *Victory* while on his voyage to meet and conquer the French in Trafalgar Bay, and from Portland, in 1914, Sir John Jellicoe sailed, to keep guard in the North Sea against the threatened attacks of a still more formidable enemy.

A. A. METHLEY.



## WONDERLAND.

FRANK and Phyllis, hand in hand,  
Started out for Wonderland.  
'Let us find the land,' said they,  
'Where the fays and elfins play.'

In the fields they stayed awhile  
Where the pink-tipped daisies smile—  
Stayed to weave a daisy-chain,  
Ere they wandered down the lane.

Pimpernels and harebells blue  
In the sheltered hedgerows grew;  
Butterflies went flitting by,  
And to catch them they must try!

'What-o'-clocks' they needs must blow,  
If the time they want to know;  
And a bird's nest they espied,  
With four tiny eggs inside.

When at length they homeward fared,  
Frank and Phyllis both declared,  
'Though not a single elf we've seen,  
To Wonderland we've surely been!'

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

## CHINNA.

BY MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

*Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.*

(Continued from page 10.)

'OH, Nancy, where are we going? Oh, Nancy, shall we be drowned?' Frederick asked once, his lips close against Nancy's ear.

But Nancy could only shake her head in answer, since there was no other answer she could give. And Frederick, at that, decided that they had slipped into the middle of one of the servants' stories. The river spirit was specially angry with them, perhaps, because it was their father who had built the bridge. And he tried to remember how the stories usually ended: always—quite always—he was sure, in the defeat of the bad spirits and the triumph of the good human beings. And, much cheered by this thought, Frederick peeped over Nancy's shoulder, expecting to see the bad river spirit running away.

But, alas! there was no spirit to be seen—only furious, tossing water, and bits of wreckage chasing after the piece to which the children clung, and bobbing all around it. And Frederick shut his eyes and turned his head away, and he tried to believe that it wasn't the end of the story yet, but only the frightening bit in the middle. He would wait a little, he told himself, and then he would look again.

But, though more than once Frederick looked, there was still no defeated spirit visible, and soon it was difficult to see at all as night drew in. And the darkness, when it came, was very terrifying, alive as it was with the anger of the water and with flashes of white foam against the blackness. But presently the moon rose, and smiled in friendly wise at the children, and put new heart into them, and seemed to promise that better things were coming.

The river was wider now from bank to bank, and, in consequence, the current grew less swift and less tempestuous. And here and there were smooth back-

waters where piles of driftwood had collected. Against this driftwood the wreckage of the bridge jarred, and the children were sent sprawling again and again, and recovered themselves with difficulty as the water drove them on. Yet beneath this new threat lay a new hope that they, too, might come to rest in some small bay; and all at once a swirl of water caught them, tossed them hither and thither, and flung them against a projecting elbow of the bank. Right into the hollow of the elbow it forced them, and then—in hot anger it seemed—flung other wreckage after them, and wedged them in securely.

So suddenly did all this happen, they could not realise at first their good fortune. Very still they sat, waiting, waiting, for the swaying and the tossing to begin again. Then slowly they crept on hands and knees towards the sandy cliff until they could touch it with their finger-tips; and next they were scrambling eagerly up it. So high was the water of the river still, it was but a little way to the top.

How good it was, how very good to feel the firm ground beneath their feet again! They could scarcely believe yet that the danger was really over, that they had come safely through their most perilous adventure. They stood, huddled together, staring round them at a strange and somewhat desolate country. The ground was covered with low scrubby bushes and long grass. In the distance was a dark mass, which might be a forest, or possibly a range of low hills.

'I wonder what every one thinks has happened to us,' said Nancy, suddenly breaking the silence which held them all. Her mind was gradually beginning to work properly again, free of the constant menace of the river. Thus was it with her brothers also. All three had been almost stupefied since the wrecking of the bridge, and now it seemed as if a heavy weight had been lifted from them. And, naturally, their thoughts flew first to the surprise and consternation their absence must be causing.

'When they see the broken bridge, they'll think we're drowned,' said Brian.

'But no one knows we were on the bridge,' Nancy argued. 'I expect they'll think we walked on too far, and lost ourselves.' And this explanation certainly seemed as likely as the other. But, in either case, it was clear that they must return as soon as possible, though how this return was to be accomplished was not equally plain. There was no doubt the river had brought them a very long way from the bungalow, and Frederick, at any rate, could not walk the night through. It would be best, therefore, Nancy and Brian decided, to try and find some village in which they could shelter until the morning. And they looked in every direction, hoping to catch sight of the glow of a fire, or the glimmer of a lamp, but it was in vain they looked. And, finally, they began to walk along the river bank in the direction which must lead them home eventually.

They talked together as they walked, but very softly, for the night was so lonely, so silent, that their voices seemed unnaturally loud. And the moonlight made the shape of everything most weird and strange, and they felt as if all manner of hostile things were watching them, making ready to pounce at any moment. And, all at once, Frederick caught hold of Nancy in a frightened grip, and he pointed to a large bush near by.

'There's something behind that bush,' he whispered. 'I saw it move. I truly did. A big, dark, dreadful thing!'

(Continued on page 26.)





“Nancy, where are we going? Shall we be drowned?”