

He has had glimpses of wonderful lanes, like those of Devonshire, of great drooping willows, of century-old elms. And what does he find? A great city of 8,000 inhabitants with few trees save along the river, with row upon row of plain brick houses, with shop windows stuffed with Shakespearian souvenirs, with money changers and stalls for the selling of doves even in the holy of holies.

We saw Stratford-on-Avon on a holiday, and the mob was supreme. Down by the Avon there was a boisterous tent show "with real American darkies." The "silver stream" was black with boats let for sixpence per hour. The birthplace of Shakespeare was in full blast. "Get into the line and wait your turn." "How much? A shilling?" "Thank you." A showman was in every room, and he told his little story in side-show tones: "This is the room in which Shakespeare was born. That name on the pane there is Scott's; that is Byron's; that is the original ceiling. This is the room in which Shakespeare was born," and so on interminably. The keeper of the museum parroted off the names of objects in view—buttons, pieces of wood from houses, etc., etc.—as if all Shakespearian knowledge would die with her. The clods gazed with open mouths just as they would do at the fat woman of the museum, or the living skeleton. We sought the open air with the feeling that one might have who had just seen his sweetheart on exhibition in a dime show.

At least there will be seclusion and quiet in the church. Let's go there. "What is that? A sixpence admittance?" "Thank you." "Write you names in the *American* register." And this is the grave of Shakespeare with its immortal epitaph. But that placard at the head? "Rubbings from the epitaph may be had from the verger—one shilling." And that is the new American window; who on earth selected the subjects for the pictures? "Americans will drop something into the box to defray the debt on the window." "Ah, a sixpence for the verger? Not much." Those carvings are for sale. I wonder if we have to pay to get out? "What's that, boy, a sixpence for watching the bikes. We didn't ask you to watch them. What? Oh!" "Thank you, sir."

As we rode out of town that night the great, wicked word that commences with D. was not spoken. To us all it seemed as if the town was one vast machine for extorting shillings from Americans on the strength of the fact that a great man had happened to be