

# THE COUNTY OF COUNTIES FOR SHEER BEAUTY

Sussex. By Arthur Mee. 300 places with 238 pictures. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s 6d.

THE book of the week for those who love the countryside is Arthur Mee's *Sussex*, which enriches the King's England series with one of its most captivating volumes.

This remarkable series of books, which is one day to cover the whole face of England, has already described eight counties, and among them all we find nothing more enchanting than this volume. In all their journeyings through 10,000 towns and villages the makers of these books have found nothing more beautiful than *Sussex*. They declare it to be, for sheer English beauty, the County of Counties.

Even the motor age has not spoiled it, and on its great sea-front it is unmatched for the variety and impressiveness of its hamlets and villages and holiday towns. From Selsey Bill to Beachy Head and on to Winchelsea and Rye is 70 miles of sheer delight, whether we want a spectacle of gaiety to look at, impressive natural scenes, or the thrill of a historic place.

## Nature Sits in Her Lonely Kingdoms

WHAT we must all like about the King's England books is the delight they give us in the great solitudes. Here Nature sits in her lonely kingdoms, far from the 20th century and the madding crowd. These hills and woods, these bare uplands above the sea, are the glory of the South of England, and there is a spell about them. Here we can be lost in Paradise. It is the enchanting villages and the lonely places that the traveller thinks of in *Sussex*, and this book takes us to them all.

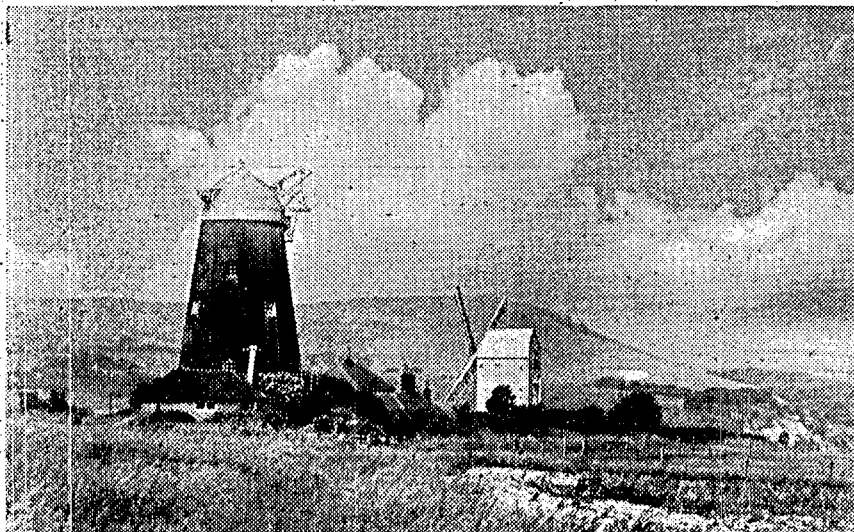
One of the pictures it gives us is of the shepherd walking with his crook and his faithful dog, like Abraham with his flock. One old shepherd was leading hundreds of sheep, and when Arthur Mee invaded his lonely sanctuary the shepherd passed looking neither right nor left, for he had nothing to do with the world; he was part of the life of the Downs, as his father had been, and his father's father. This book tells us of one shepherd who had lived 70 years in sight of the sea and never been on it. When he died they would put a lock of wool in his hands so that on Judgment Day the Recording Angel should know why he could not always be at church!

## Arthur Mee's Book of Sussex

The explorers of *Sussex* for this book came upon an old roadman who had never left the county; he sweeps the roads that lead to everywhere, but they are all the world to him and he never leaves them. There was a man on the Downs to whom a shepherd boy came running. "Do you want me, sonny?" he asked, and the boy said, "No, sir; I was

only coming to look at you." The town boy goes to the pictures, the shepherd boy runs to look at a man passing by.

Those who know this great series of books know with what attention to detail their writers have gone all round England, seeing every monument, every church, every lovely scene, and gathering all the stories. They tell us that



Jack and Jill Windmills on Clayton Down



A lane in the beautiful village of Harting

*Sussex* has at least 50 villages with Saxon work in them, and twice as many with something from the Normans. They have come upon more than 200 fine monuments in *Sussex*, from every century since Alfred's. They have found 30 churches with old glass in them and six with Norman paintings.

Not one of the 300 places here described is without its appeal to the traveller who would see England. Clayton has a Saxon arch indoors and its Jack and Jill windmills out of doors. Westhampnett is unique for the Roman flue tiles in its walls, and an odd little church by the road at Hardham has the mark of an anchorite's cell outdoors, and indoors the remnants of the oldest picture gallery known in England, with a Norman artist's St George on his white horse. Warbleton still has Richard Woodman's wonderful door in the room of the tower where he was held captive before his martyrdom. This book tells us of a group of eight *Sussex* churches with a total of a thousand figures painted on their walls and windows, or engraved in brass and stone.

## The Best Popular County Books in England

THERE are no other books like these on any of our counties, and no books to equal them for their enthusiasm, the delightful way in which they cover the whole countryside, and the remarkable fund of information they give us about everything the traveller wants to see.

The *Sussex* volume is full of stories to read as well as of descriptions of things to see; but those who would read them will find themselves astonished by the endless interest of Kipling's *Sussex*. Our England is a garden, the poet wrote, and he was thinking of *Sussex*. But it is more than a garden: it is a veritable piece of England that cannot be surpassed for its own enchanting beauty, its historic appeal, and its great associations. This book has more than 200 pictures of it, and altogether it must be counted as one of the most successful volumes of this great series which is rapidly establishing itself as the cheapest, handiest, and most comprehensive series of books on the English countryside. There are no guide-books with so much information, yet these volumes are much more than guide-books; they are the best popular county books to be found anywhere.

## His Work Will Last 1000 Years

SELBY ABBEY has lost a good friend now that Thomas Strudwick has finished his work.

Stonemason and sculptor, he rang the bells every Sunday for nearly half a century, and for a long time there was hardly a weekday when he was not found making something beautiful for the inside or outside of the abbey he loved.

Talking with him the last time we were at Selby, we were shown some of his stone capitals in the arcading in the choir. Their richness and beauty compared favourably with the finest work of the master craftsmen of the abbey's young days. Adorned with marvellous ornament, some of these capitals have fish among twining branches, little pigs lost amid foliage, birds pecking at fruit, rabbits hiding under pomegranates. One of the capitals is hollow and has a little bust of King George the Fifth in it. No one would ever dream of looking for a carving in the heart of a stone capital,

but there it is, and by the light of an electric torch we can peer between the stone foliage and see this hidden treasure.

For years Mr Strudwick had been making more beautiful this glorious building. He saw the destruction caused by the fire, but he was not dismayed. He has passed on, but his work for his cathedral will last a thousand years.

## The Polish Count and His 1000 Guests

NOT many people can afford to give expression to their gratitude on so lavish a scale as did, a little while ago, a certain Polish count named Wiesniecky, who invited a thousand guests from Warsaw's poorest quarters to take refreshments in his grounds.

The refreshments consisted of sausages and bones—which may sound singular fare but were much appreciated by the guests, inasmuch as they were one and all of the canine species. The count's little son had some time before been

## From Poor China To Rich America

READERS of the CN know of the 450 dollars sent by schoolchildren of Canada to help their American neighbours in distress during the floods this spring. News now comes of eight dollars sent from a school in China to the same cause.

This gift is remarkable not only because of the great distance of China, the poverty of its people, and their many

sufferings from drought and flood and war, but because the boys who sent it are inmates of a home for uncared-for boys in Chapei, a sort of Borstal institution where the boys were formerly considered bad characters.

It is a voluntary contribution from the boys' own earnings to help others, and is one of the many signs of the change that has come over the home since Mr A. T. D. Wang took charge of it over two years ago. Mr Wang decided to make it a real home for boys instead of the sort of Dickensian workhouse that he found it.

In the bad old days, in spite of iron bars and armed guards, one boy escaped every week; since the home has been run on modern lines only one boy has run away every year, always new boys who had not been able to experience what the home was like. For in this home a boy earns wages by working at trades on three days a week, and goes to school on alternate days.

saved from drowning by a collie, and the grateful father could think of no better way of expressing his thanks than by giving a feast to all the hungry dogs that could be found in the poor quarters of Poland's capital.

The guests enjoyed themselves hugely, and did ample justice to the dinner; and if their deportment was not all that so ceremonious an occasion demanded the liveried footmen who attended to their wants recalled them to a sense of their social obligations.