

THE VINES AND THE TREES

BY CAROLYN WELLS

LONDONERS have no definitions of any sort. Their most striking trait is, paradoxically, a vague uncertainty, and this is seen in everything connected with London from the weather to the stately, undecorated, waxed carriages which the women universally wear.

Indeed, I do not know of anything but so perfectly represents the mentality of an Englishwoman as these same uncertain morals of drapery.

This state of things is doubtless founded on a logical topographical fact. Baker states that the city of London is built on a tract of undulating clay soil, and the foundation of the average Londoner's mind seems to be of equal instability.

I have learned from the recent newspapers that, owing to these lamentable subsoil conditions, St. Paul's Cathedral is even now cracking and crumbling, and parallel cases may sometimes be noted among the great minds of the Britons.

I trust this will not be mistakenly thought to mean any disparagement to the British mind, whether great or small. It is, I am sure, a matter of taste; and the English people prefer their waveriness of brain, as the Pisan Tower prefers to lean.

The result of this state of things is, naturally, a lack of a sense of proportion and an absolute ignorance of values. It is this that makes it impossible, or at least improbable, to generalize about the manner and customs of London's polite society; though in anything so definite as their own ways can scarcely be called customs.

I received one morning from Mrs. C. a neatly-written note of invitation to a meal which consisted solely of bread and milk.

The bowls were of Crown Derby, the milk in jugs of magnificent old ware, and the old silver spoons were beyond price.

Yet so accustomed had I become to unexpectedness, and so imbued was I with the spirit of surprise that I hunted the whole place, that the proceeding seemed quite rational, and I ate my bread and milk contentedly and in large quantities.

There was no other guest, but I shall never forget the delight of that supper. Never have I seen a more innate and beautiful hospitality; never have I heard more delightfully witty conversation; never have I been so fascinated by an experienced hostess.

And so if Londoners choose to scribble a hasty note inviting one carelessly to a reception at Stafford House, and if they see fit to make a personal call far in advance to ask one to a bread-and-milk supper, far be it from me to object.

ally" meant anything its writer chose it to mean. I was uncertain as to the formality of the function, and having no idea who Lady Sutherland might be, I asked information of a casual caller.

The lady who was the resource, in social importance, she's only next to the King! that's all! She's the Duchess of Sutherland. She lives in Stafford House. You may not be familiar with Stafford House, but it is on record that when Queen Victoria was there, calling on a former Duchess of Sutherland, she took her leave with the remark, "I will never see your palace to my humble home," referring to her own residence in Buckingham.

I was dumfounded. To be invited to Stafford House in that careless way, and to have the Duchess of Sutherland mentioned casually as Lady Sutherland—well!

And so for the informal dinner I arrayed myself in the most elaborate costume in my wardrobe.

The dinner was over-dressed. The informal dinner proved to be a most pompous function, and after it we were all whisked into carriages, and taken to the reception at Stafford House.

Once inside of the beautiful palace I ceased to wonder at Queen Victoria's remark. Admitted to the most beautiful of all English "palaces," Stafford House seemed to my American experience far more wonderful than Aladdin's palace could possibly have been.

The magnificent entrance hall, with its branching staircase and impressive gallery, seemed an appropriate setting for the beautiful Duchess, who stood on the staircase leading to greet her guests. Robert in billow, white waist, and adorned with what seemed to me must be the crown jewels, the charming, gracious lady was as simple and unaffected in manner as any American girl. She greeted me with a sincerity of welcome that had not lost its charm by having already been accorded to thousands of others.

Then, a mere atom of the thronging multitude, I was swept on by the guiding hands of placed and powdered ladies, and quite in keeping with the unexpectedness of all things in London, I found myself suddenly embarked on a sightseeing tour. But this was a sort of sightseeing tour which I felt sure would be jostled by thousands, all arrayed in costumes and jewels that were sights in themselves; to visit not only the great picture galleries of Stafford House, but the smaller apartments, rarely shown to visitors; to be treated by guests and attendants as an honored friend of the family and not as an intruder; all these things made me thoroughly enjoy what would otherwise have been a sightseeing bore.

It was a marvelous pageant, and to stand looking over the railing of the high balcony at the crush of vague-expressing lights of London society, drifting slowly up the stairs, and all merely to mention a preference for anything should on no account be omitted.

With a sort of chameleonic tendency, I involuntarily acquired a similar air, like one in a dream I was introduced to celebrities of all degrees. Authors of renown, artists of repute, soldiers of glorious renown, all were presented in bewildering succession.

Their demeanor was invariably gracious, kindly, and charming; they addressed me as "intensely interested in well-known painting," and so forth. And yet, combined with their

warm interest, was that indefinite, pre-occupied, waveriness of expression, that made me feel positive if I should suddenly sink through the floor, the speaker would go on talking just the same, quite unaware of my absence.

The feast prepared for this grand army of society was on a scale commensurate with the rest of the exhibition.

Apparently, whoever was in charge had simply provided all there was in the world of everything, and a guest had merely to mention a preference for anything edible, and it was immediately served to him.

The Londoners, of course, being quite unaware what they wanted to eat, vaguely suggested one thing to another at random; and the vague waiters, apparently knowing the floor, brought them something quite different. These viands the Londoners consumed with satisfaction; but in what was unmistakably a gross ignorance of what they were eating.

All this fascinated me so that I greatly desired to try experiments, such as sprinkling their food thickly with red pepper or putting sugar in their wine. I have not the slightest doubt that they would have calmly continued their repast, without the slightest suspicion of anything wrong.

The air of the "passive patrician" of London society is unmistakable and absorbingly interesting; and never did I have a better opportunity to observe it than at the beautiful reception at Stafford House, to which I was invited, "quite informally."

In contrast to this, and as a fine example of the Londoner's utter absence of a sense of proportion, listen to the tale of a lady who called on me one day. I had met her before, but knew her only as a woman of high social position, and well-read, and of very formal manner.

The purpose of her call was to invite me to her house. She definitely stated that she would be glad to have me there in ten days hence, and asked if I would enjoy a bread-and-milk supper.

For we are plain folk," she said, "and do not entertain on an elaborate scale." I accepted with pleasure, and she went politely away.

But I was not to be fooled by intimations of informality. "Bread and milk," indeed! that, I well knew, was an euphemistic burlesque for a high tea if not a sumptuous dinner. I remembered that she had called personally to invite me; that she asked me ten days before the occasion; and that the hour, 7 o'clock, might mean anything at all.

Therefore, when the day came, I donned evening costume, called a hansom, and started for the house before dark.

I had never been to the house before, and on reaching it found myself confronted by a high stone wall and a broad wooden door which I could not have pushed open the latter, I doubtfully entered, and seemed to be in a large and somewhat neglected garden filled with a tangle of shrubs, vines, and flowers. Magnificent old trees drooped their branches low over the winding paths.

rustic arbors, covered with earwigs, vines, would have delighted Amy March; here and there a broken and weather-beaten statue of stone or marble poked its head or its headlessness up through the wandering branches.

The path led along the most promising of the paths, and at last came in sight of a house.

A picturesque affair it was. A staircase ran up on the outside, and a tree—an actual tree—came up through the middle of the roof. It was like a small, tall cottage, almost covered with rambling vines and surrounded by an irregular paved court.

From an inconspicuous portal my hostess advanced to greet me. She wore a simple, unadorned dress, and she promptly felt embarrassed because of my stunning evening gown.

Her welcome was most cordial, and expressive of beaming hospitality.

"You must enter by the back door," she explained, "as the vines have grown over the trellis, so that we cannot get around the front door to enter, though, of course, we can go out at it. But this side of the house is more picturesque, anyway. Do you not think it delightful?"

A lift bewildered, I was ushered into a room, strange, but most interesting. It contained a mantel and fireplace which had been originally painted in a house, and which was a valuable gem, both intrinsically and by association. The other fittings of the room were quite in keeping with this unique possession, and showed experienced selection, and taste in arrangement. The next room, in the center of the house, was the one through which I had just entered. It had a high floor to ceiling, the magnificent trunk formed a noble column, around which had been built a somewhat undignified table.

Another room was entirely furnished with wonderful specimens of old Spanish marquetry—such exquisite pieces that it seemed unfair for one person to own them all. Any one of them would have been a gem of any collection.

My friend was a charming hostess; and when her husband appeared, he proved not only a charming host, but a marvelous conversationalist.

So engrossed did we all become in talking, so intriguing the tales they told of their varied experiences, that the time slipped away rapidly, and the quaint old clock, which was a gem of some period in other, chimed eight before any of us had been made of the evening meal.

"Why, it's after supper-time!" exclaimed my hostess. "Let us go to the dining-room, one."

The dining-room was another revelation. One corner was occupied by a huge, high-backed angle-shaped seat of carved wood, which carried with it the atmosphere of a ruined cathedral or a Hofbrauhaus. The latter effect was perhaps due to the sturdy oak table, which had been drawn into the corner, convenient to the great seats.

After we were seated, a maid suddenly appeared. She was garbed in a gorgeous and elaborate costume, which seemed to be the perfection of a peasant's holiday attire. Huge gold earrings and strings of tinkling beads were worn with a confetti of bright-colored satin and cotton lace, which would have been conspicuous in the front row of a comic opera chorus.

"My friend will believe me, that Gilbert & Sullivan had property brought in here, and served, with neatness and dispatch,

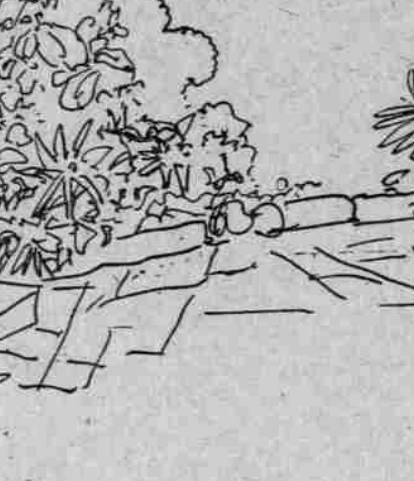
VII Certain Social Uncertainties



That Bore an Advertisement of Rowlands Macassar Oil.



I Took a Few Tentative Steps Which Brought Me to the Bust of Our Own Longfellow.



I Took a Few Tentative Steps Which Brought Me to the Bust of Our Own Longfellow.



I Took a Few Tentative Steps Which Brought Me to the Bust of Our Own Longfellow.

Disfranchisement Keynote of Advancement

Dispassionate Views of One of the Matters to Be Voted on in Oregon at the Coming Election.

BY MRS. M. E. STAFFORD.

It is not a sad commentary on woman's sense of justice that a minority of the women of our state—the vowed advocates of "equal rights and justice to all the people—to the mothers of the race," should be trying in the name of "liberty and justice" to force undesirable and wholly uncalculated conditions upon the other and greater portion of women who feel that they have no grievances commensurate with the added obligations and responsibilities the enforced duties of political suffrage would entail upon them, and that there is nothing in the whole gift of political suffrage that would benefit them in the least way, individually or collectively or that would compensate for the sacrifice of our homes and family life.

The means employed to accomplish such purpose is to personally beseege our voters, in whose power this whole matter rests, by entreaties and threats which practically amount in many cases to an attempt at coercion.

This manner of exercising the privilege of the referendum is not only an injustice to women, but an imposition upon our voters, who have already many duties stated emphatically on their own consciences and desires in this matter.

I believe that down deep in every man's heart he feels that this is not best and that he has no right to discriminate in favor of one class of "mothers of the race" against another, but finds it hard to resist the insistent importunities of politicians.

It is when to square himself with his conscience he would do well to consider the matter as one of our best known and most highly respected citizens did at our last election, in speaking of it afterwards he said: "This question which a man takes up, and votes on, above all else, I admire and appreciate true womanhood and would do anything in my power to please the women, but, although I made a number of promises that I would vote for enfranchisement, yet, when it came to casting the ballot, I simply could not do it. I do not understand. There is something fundamental back of it, some cause lies deep, but whatever that may be, it appeals to the highest and best there is in me."

Our safety, that our destiny with such men as this, and they are in the majority. Of course, we cannot attribute the best of motives to all men, but the generality of them can be relied upon for voting in a higher view and more according to their best convictions, which we believe will be on the side of the woman's majority.

With due respect to the promoters of Woman's Equal Suffrage and their self-imposed hardships and trials in the endeavor to raise this question, we measure upon our state, in doing which they only tighten the fetters that bind, according to a well-known law in metaphysics, which puts this penalty upon those who try to obtain something for themselves to the disadvantage of others, yet the burden of proof for any need of this law still rests upon them; also an expansion of the operation of the law of our country, having made such splendid progress, having built up powerful organizations one in particular, having the recognition and cooperation of the United States department of education with the President and leading statesmen in the advisory council with which they are moving heaven and earth,

The Bible the Real Textbook of Christianity

Reply to an Agnostic Who Made an Attack and Supported It on the Ground of Materialism.

BY H. F. ANDREWS.

TO meet the request of a correspondent in a recent issue of The Oregonian for an answer to an attack on Christianity by an infidel.

One of the arguments of the correspondent referred to laid stress on the destruction or extermination of tribes or people by divine command, as example, under Joshua, when entering the Land of Promise. The evidence, though, confirms the statements in the Old Testament that these tribes had become so corrupt and vicious that their extinction had become a curse to the world and region in which they lived. In a similar manner, we might say, the presence of the Spartans in Cuba had become (as with nations in other parts of the world) a curse, and their removal necessary. However, the destruction was not in all cases total, a part of them being saved and incorporated with the conquering nation. Who could say that the Almighty may not need to punish nations as well as individuals for their sins?

We hang these for murder by law and think nothing wrong of it, also punish them for other crimes. If the universe is ruled by law, who can say such punishment is unnecessary? What is the law? Where come we? Where go we? These are serious questions and if man-

SOME MIRACLES OF TODAY

One Man Who Has Hope of Universal Salvation of Mankind.

PORTLAND, May 27.—(To the Editor.)—I would like to say a few words about miracles, in view of what was printed in last Sunday's Oregonian. What is a miracle? Webster says: "A deviation from the known laws of nature; a supernatural event." But when we know the law, it is no longer a miracle, or supernatural event, because when we know the law it is supernatural no longer. The law is natural. Things are natural or supernatural according to where one stands. Man is supernatural to all lower phases of life, such as plant life, mineral, etc. When mineral is seized upon by the living plant and elevated to the organic kingdom, it ceases to be supernatural; it is merely entering a larger environment, which before was supernatural to it, which now is entirely natural.

When the heart of man is again seized upon by the quickening spirit of God, no further violence is done to natural law; he performs miracles, but said we all could do what he had done, even greater. Were it possible to bring some of the ancient people among us today—would they not think we were performing miracles with all our modern science and inventions? No doubt Mr. Bernard Shaw is a very learned man, but I beg to differ with him. If he claims there has been no substantial progress in the human race since the beginning of history, through natural law all peoples and nations, everything is evolving through natural law; everything is vibrating; nothing can stand still. The next step in man's evolution may be nearing the superhuman. Mr. Shaw speaks of Professor William James, of Harvard University. I should like to take his hand and greet him as brother. He knows. He speaks truly.

There is a universal reservoir of knowl-

LETTERS MOVE CONGRESS

Legislation Is Affected by Steady Stream of Communication.

There have been frequent occasions to refer to the value of letter writing as a means of moving Congress to action. The cartoon was "letter written" out of the State. The first treaty of man's worldly relations, i. e., in large part. The other treats mainly of his spiritual relations, both aiming at man's perfection as a being, the pure food bill was drafted by a man who had no other idea of the people had not "taken their pens in hand."

When the railroad rate bill was before the Senate two years ago much of the letter writing, if one may so speak, was done by telegraph. It may be remembered that the Senate, in considering the anti-trust law, was so much affected by some exceptions ought to be made. Within one week prior to the adoption in the Senate of the anti-trust provision more than 100,000 telegrams were received by Senators from railroad employees protesting against the inclusion of railroad men and their families in the paragraph forbidding the issuing of the passes.

The present Congress has proved to be anything but immune from the assaults of the letter writers, who take advantage of the right to petition that is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. Thousands upon thousands of letters have been received pleading for the passage of the parcel post bill, the postal savings bank bill, the eight-hour bill, and the liquor shipment restriction bill.

Within the last ten days the labor organizations of the country have opened a vigorous letter writing campaign on behalf of the saving of humanity from labor from the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law. One Connecticut Representative received 500 of these letters in a single day.