

Snows Add Charm to Lake District of England.

Edith Lanyon Writes of Country Now Buried Under Blanket of White—Hills of Country Are Small in Comparison With Those of Oregon.

BY EDITH LANYON. THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, Nov. 18.—One cannot write for long about the English lake district without quoting Wordsworth, so I might as well begin and get it off my mind.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom, For sportive youth to stray in, For manhood to enjoy his strength, For age to treasure in his thought.

That alludes to here and I am doing the sportive age act, a mixture of "straying" and "wearing away."

This country is now white with snow; even the bracken fern, which hung red as the beard of William Rufus is hidden from sight.

The rhododendrons seem to bloom again with wraith-like flowers. It is the melancholy, winding—not kind of snow, not the cheery, sparkling, Christmas-card sort. Although these hills are only meekly compared to the mountains of Oregon, today they remind me of the Olympics or the Cascades seen through the prism and of a pair of opera-glasses. They are all wearing snowcaps. The streams look black and angry. The way between hills is of snow. We walk down the steep, slippery hills with the air of cavalry officers, in spurs, clicking as we go, because we wear steel sharps buckled about our heels to give us foothold.

From our gate to the village is distinctly a "non-stop" route for foot passengers. We may start out of the gate with dignity, but about two seconds later arrive abruptly with our feet up against the first cottage in the village, about a quarter of a mile away, having lost our dignity en route. A few daring souls were to be seen yesterday but some canny inhabitants has sprinkled ash on their track today.

People living in this district should certainly be forgiven if they omit to sound their "h's" because climbing these hills uses up all the breath one has.

The poor mountain sheep must tread snowdrifts. They are a kind called "Herdwicks" peculiar to the Westmoreland and Cumberland hills, are hardy and agile ("liah" is the local word) and can jump over gates and walls with ease.

Their faces have quite an intelligent expression, not in the least sheepish, and Herdwicks' mutton has a spicy flavor much prized by the gourmand. There is a legend that the original ones swam ashore from a wrecked ship of the Spanish Armada in Queen Elizabeth's time, but most folks say they have been here since time immemorial.

This is a quiet place. It is like living a page of "Cranford." But when I weary and turn over the page the whole world will be my picture-book. The winter may be long, but after the winter comes the spring, and in the spring I hope to start on a trip around the world. Four months of "Cranford," then six months of everywhere. The English country is very sweet and friendly, even when covered up out of sight by snow. So many generations have loved this spot that it seems to have become loving as well as lovely. Thank God, the Huns never get their claws on it to rend its beauty.

Even the snow falls gently and peacefully and seems to get caught and rush about like it does in a western blizzard.

Time deals gently with us here. I am never sure whether today is last Tuesday or next Thursday. It is a quiet, uneventful life, not without a certain amount of well-badded ease and comfort. I refrain from eating off my knife now for fear of the disapproving eye of the smart parlor maid.

Poor Pussyfoot Johnson! Everybody feels so sorry about the accident to his eye that he has almost become popular. Pussyfoot Johnson, the motor show and "The Young Visitors" seem to be the leading topics of conversation.

Government prize books are spoken about with bated breath and not considered "quite nice," so I keep quiet about my intention of trying my luck with one as soon as they are put on the market. I hear that would-be purchasers stood in queues at the motor show begging to be allowed to buy a car, at least six buyers to every car.

Hotels in London were packed and beds not to be had for love or money. Half the world, no doubt, including Portland, is laughing at young Daisy Ashford's unimpaired motor show and "The Young Visitors." It is funny to think that she is grown-up now and going to be married shortly.

The great silence at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month was a fitting remembrance on armistice day of our brave lads who died for us.

It was solemnly observed by the whole British empire.

I am not quite sure that we did not copy the idea from America, as also the plan of planting the memory in trees. Ninety per cent of our demobilized men are already back in civilian occupations and we hope that the other 10 per cent will soon find jobs. I had a letter a few days ago from the ex-soldier who is now an electrician. He writes: "Well, nurse, I am working like a nigger. I love my work and there is plenty of it. I have one ambition in life now and that is to open out in business on my own, and as soon as I have a little capital I shall do the same as Carnegie, try being my own boss."

Commenting on my journey in the spring, he says: "Well, nurse, I should like to be coming with you on your world's tour, but seeing as that is impossible, I must wish you the best of luck and a pleasant voyage."

I am glad to say that the cake which missed the American soldier in France reached him after all. It followed him right to the U. S. A. and was none the worse for its long journey.

In 1915 two friends of mine got up a game which became rather popular and was sold for the benefit of the V. A. D. hospitals. Now that the war is over we have given it the "Lord Roberts" Memorial "Workshop" for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors."

I have just got this letter from the secretary: "We are in receipt of your letter with one sample game of 'Square Pegs in Round Holes.' We accept your offer and are very grateful to yourself and friends for their great kindness in thinking of our works and passing the game over to us for the benefit of our disabled men," etc. I only hope it will make all the Honorary. I wonder who it is to become of the poor dear men so disfigured by wounds that they no longer look like anything human.

In the naval hospital he had a stoker who was blown up in the powder magazine on "H. M. S. Tiger" in the battle of Jutland. He was the only survivor and was terribly burned and his face terribly disfigured. He crawled to the sick bay and had his wounds dressed without one groan. (Some of the other "Tiger" boys told me.)

When he was convalescent the fool girl he was engaged to said she could not marry him because he didn't "look the same." The nurses assured him there were lots of other girls in the world, but he said she was the only one he wanted. Poor chap!

My modest soldier friend, "the V.

BUNCH OF HOLIDAY SMILES HUNG UP FOR YOU BY BRIGGS

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLOURIOUS FEELIN'

WHEN YOU'VE HAD A SCORE OF OFFERS AND FINALLY DECIDE AFTER RACKING YOUR HEAD FOR WEEKS, TO SIGN A CONTRACT FOR A NEW PLAY.

AND AFTER THE CONTRACT IS SAFE IN THE MANAGERS HANDS YOU GET AN AWFUL SCARE THAT THE PLAY MAY PROVE A FLIVVER AND YOU'LL BE OUT OF A JOB IN A WEEK.

AND YOU PUT IN WEEKS OF REHEARSAL AND EVERYTHING GOES WRONG.

AND YOU NEARLY GET NERVOUS PROSTRATION GETTING FITTED FOR NEW CLOTHES.

AND THEN ON THE OPENING NIGHT THE HOUSE GOES WILD WITH JOY.

AND THE CRITICS SAY THE PLAY WILL RUN FOR YEARS - OH-H-H BOY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-R-R-RAND AND GLO-R-R-IOUS, FEELIN'?

BRIGGS TRUTH SHEPLEY.

WONDER WHAT THE TWO BROTHERS THINK ABOUT

TRADE "I WONDER WHAT MARK IS THINKING ABOUT HE STARES AT ME CONSTANTLY. MAYBE HE IS THINKING ABOUT THAT TEN SPOT I BORROWED OF HIM."

MARK "GOOD MORNING TRADE. WELL YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEAK TO ME IF YOU DON'T WANT TO. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SLIP ME THAT TEN SPOT?"

TRADE "I'LL PRETEND I DON'T HEAR. HE MADE A LOT OF DOUGH. WHY SHOULD HE WORRY ME ALL MY LIFE ABOUT THAT TEN DOLLARS?"

MARK "I KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM HE'S SORE BECAUSE I HAVE LONGER WHISKERS. WELL I CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR BEING ENNUIOUS."

TRADE "I DON'T SEE WHY MARK LETS HIS WHISKERS GROW SO LONG. IT'S UNSANITARY. STILL I S'POSE IT'S BECAUSE HE ISN'T SO GOOD LOOKING AS I AM."

MARK "I COULD LET THEM GROW MUCH LONGER BUT IT WOULD ONLY AGGRAVATE MY BROTHER. BESIDES THEY WOULDN'T SHOW ON THE BOX."

TRADE "IF I THOUGHT MARK WOULD GO TO A BARBER AND GET THAT BUSH OF HIS TRIMMED I'D COUGH UP THAT TEN BUCKS."

MARK "CONSIDERING HE'S A BROTHER OF MINE HE'S BEEN A PRETTY GOOD PAL AT THAT. WE'VE HAD MANY A DROP TOGETHER."

BRIGGS

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE

OH-GEORGE COME HERE - I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU - YOU'LL LIKE THIS.

LISTEN GEORGE - I MADE UP SEVERAL GALLONS OF STUFF FROM A RECEIPT GIVEN ME BY COURTNEY HOUCK - AND IT HAS SOME KICK.

NOW JACK I DON'T WANT TO PUT A DAMPER ON YOU BUT TAKE MY ADVICE AND DON'T DRINK THAT STUFF.

WELL LET ME TELL YOU WHAT IT'S MADE OF.

I DON'T CARE WHAT IT'S MADE OF - IT'S A CHEMICAL POISON.

BUT COURTNEY WOULDN'T GIVE ME A BUM RECEIPT - IT TASTES FINE.

YES I KNOW BUT IT'LL TURN OUT TO BE FUSEL OIL - AND IT'LL KILL YOU SURE.

WELL - SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE.

BRIGGS

PASSING THROUGH HIS ANNUAL BRAIN CONVULSION.

DECIDES TO CONCENTRATE MIND ON WHAT TO GIVE WIFE FOR CHRISTMAS.

THINKS FOR TEN SECONDS FOR TEN SECONDS WITHOUT RESULT.

IN 25 SECONDS BREAKS OUT IN COLD PERSPIRATION.

IN 30 SECONDS IS ALMOST READY TO GIVE IT UP.

IN 40 SECONDS BECOMES RED IN FACE FROM EXERTION.

IN 45 SECONDS NEARLY BURSTS BLOOD VESSEL.

IN 50 SECONDS REASON ALMOST GIVES WAY.

AFTER A FULL MINUTE OF THOUGHT DECIDES TO GIVE WIFE A CHECK.

BRIGGS

C. has been dragged into the limelight. His fellow workers of the Cornish Clay pits have presented him with a purse of gold containing 180 pounds (\$900) and his picture and accounts of his gallant deeds have been in all the London papers. I prize the little verse he wrote in my autograph book. Britain will never go to the dogs while men such as Sergeant H. A. Curtis, V. C., are alive to fight for her.

That 2,000,000 horsepower is wasted in the St. Lawrence river, and that the development necessary to effect deep waterway communication between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic ocean could be paid for out of the sale of hydroelectric power made possible by the improvement, has been asserted frequently. But it is of especial interest that these statements were affirmed by Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Ontario Power Commission, at the deep waterways conference recently held in Windsor. Sir Adam made the estimate also that \$400,000,000 to \$500,000,000 worth of coal will be conserved annually when the St. Lawrence is made to do its full duty. Such statements coming from an unquestioned authority should give wonderful impetus to the proposed international enterprise.

STRIKE DEPORTATION ARE DARLING'S THEME FOR WEEK

IF THE PRESIDENT'S TROUBLE IS MENTAL AND PHYSICAL COLLAPSE, WHAT DO THEY CALL THE AFFLICTION OF THE OTHERS.

COAL STRIKE

THE WHITE HOUSE INVALID

ADAMS

WHY ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT TAKING THEIR OWN MEDICINE?

IT CURES EVERYTHING!

SOVIET TONIC FROM RUSSIA

REVOLUTION SPECIFIC

MURDER

RUSSIAN TONIC

REPORTAGE

ADAMS

ANOTHER CASE OF "PERSONAL LIBERTY" OR PROHIBITION.

CAPITAL AND LABOR QUARRELS

THE PUBLIC

ADAMS