

Steamers Taxed by People Who Desire to Get Home.

Prospects for Trip Around World Grow Dim, and Numerous Obstacles Confront Prospective Traveler—Photographs United For.

BY EDITH E. LANTON. WESTMORELAND, Nov. 29.—After all, I fear the world will not be my picture book this spring. The steamers seem to be booked up with worthy people who want to go home.

The authorities will not allow any woman to land in Egypt just now, and although I am willing to present six of my photographs, as requested, to China, Japan and the United States of America, they seem strangely unwilling to welcome me to their shores at present. I want to get home, too, but people insist on pointing out that my nearest way home to the Pacific coast is via the Atlantic and across the American continent, not via the far east.

Apparently people are waiting in queues to take trips around the world. As the climate in the east is all wrong from May to December it seems as if our tour will start in December, 1920, instead of in March.

Smile Passport, Perhaps.

I selected such meek nurse photographs for the passport people that I felt sure they would want me to start their day at once. In those pictures I look capable of brightening and bettering any place I showed one once to a patient of mine (one of the famous "Black Watch Highlanders") and asked him if I really looked as good as that.

"Well, yes, nurse (dubiously), you do sometimes. Not when you smile, though." Long pause for consideration, then, emphatically: "I like you better when you're smiling, nurse."

Perhaps China, Japan and the U. S. A. might have liked me better smiling, too, to say nothing of the British authorities. I may have to smile my way around the world yet. What miles and miles of smiles it will require.

It seemed like a fairy tale, too good to be true, when my friend invited me to be her guest on such a journey. Now I'm afraid I may die of something before I can cash it in. But, as I quite look forward to giving my insignificant opinion of the far east to Portland I will try to keep healthy.

Perfect Lady Role Hard.

At present, as compared to the hardships of hospital life, I am wallowing in luxury; but my doctors consider hardships more healthy. Being a perfect lady all the time gets a bit on one's nerves. Sometimes I have a mad desire to dab my knife in the mustard just like we did at the munition works just to see whether the parlor maid would faint. She has always lived in the very best of families, so is very sensitive to shock.

We never rejoice in any mustard spoons or salt spoons at Gretna. I always promised to give the staff canteen a set for a Christmas present, but before then the war stopped. If she did faint I suppose it would be up to me to revive her, so I might as well refrain.

A funny thing happened to me at a perfectly good tea party the other day. A piece of well-toasted chocolate cake stuck to the roof of my mouth. Just as it was my turn to talky-talky—and I was struck dumb for a moment.

Diplomat Proves Helpful. Everybody looked astonished as it was the first time on record. A diplomat present filled in the horrid pause by a Christmas present. When I get a chance I shall tell him what really happened to me and he will root.

He is usually equal to the occasion. When in pre-war days he was stationed in Berlin the Kaiser used to lead him aside at state dinners and say: "Be sure you speak well of me to the English."

He always replied: "That, sir, is for the ambassador." So we evidently keep ambassadors to do our lying for us.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's aunt lives here. She is a wonderful old lady of 86. Two or three years ago her right arm and hand became helpless. Nothing daunted, she immediately learned to write with her left hand and now manages all her own correspondence, unaided. Her father was the famous Arnold of Rugby.

Wilson Visits Recalled. Woodrow Wilson was a frequent visitor to these parts before he became president of the United States. A faithful friend of his is a roadmender with one arm, who used to have many a chat with him when he was rambling about the country roads.

The mean temperature here is 48 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature is not as mean as the weather. The annual rainfall averages 75 inches. To me it seems to rain several times every day; but I must be mistaken or the annual rainfall could never be so small. So we will conclude that the fine days happen when I am somewhere else.

We do get glimpses of the sun between showers, just enough to make us long for more.

It is no climate for good clothes, which is lucky, as I haven't any. One might as well live in an aquarium. Seven times as much rain falls here as in London.

Crystal chains of raindrops constantly dangle on our windowsashes. On the roads the colored leaves crushed into the mud look like dabs of paint on an artist's palette and the hills covered with patches of red-brown bracken look as if they had been left out in the rain and gone rusty.

Snow Don't Last Long. The snow I wrote about last week vanished like a flash. Before my letter was mailed it had completely disappeared.

The beds of the rivers here are very different from those about Minehead. The cold slate, green and blue color effect of Westmoreland, is a great contrast to the warm reefs of Devon and Somerset. The deepest water is so clear and sparkling that the stones at the bottom seem barely covered.

Now, in November, there is an all-embracing chill in the air which clutches your ankles and grips you at the wrists. One's nose, at least, is as red as the soil of Devon.

This town is intersected with queer little alleys and cuts, no doubt the original boasts of olden times. One of them boasts the name of "Rattie Gate." The houses on these "street-lets" each has a mounting block of slate, much worn by continual use in the days of long ago when the wife rode to market on horseback, mounted on a pillion behind her husband.

Nowadays we do the six miles journey to the railway station in a huge yellow motor chair-a-banc, which slides alarmingly on slippery days, and has earned itself the name of "The Yellow Peril."

I have just had a letter of thanks from my naval friend in Riga. The thanks for the books and magazines are really due to Portland. His rifle had been doing a good deal of bombarding, but when he wrote he was safe at home in drydock—he adds despairingly: "The state of the ship almost breaks my heart; it is,

EVERY LITTLE STORY HAS A HAPPY ENDING WITH BRIGGS

THAT GUILTIEST FEELING

HERE, JESSE—TRY THESE CLUBS—ILL TRY AND GET A PUTTER AND A BRASSIE FOR YOU—I'VE GOT AN EXTRA BALL YOU CAN TAKE—HOW'S THE HAT 'NEVERTHING'?

HE'S HAD THAT 'BEGG' LYING ROUND IN HIS LOCKER FOR AT LEAST SIX YEARS—HE SAID HE MIGHT FIND SOME USE FOR IT SOME DAY.

NOW HELL PROBABLY ASK HOMER FOR A NIP OF SOMETHING.

FINE—THAT'S FINE HOMER.

TRYING TO OUTFIT A FRIEND WITH SOME OF YOUR OLD CLOTHES AND CLUBS, WHO HAS DROPPED IN FOR A VISIT AND IS UNPREPARED.

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AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?

WHEN YOU WAKE UP ONE AWFUL COLD MORNING REALIZING YOU HAVE ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT OF ALCOHOL IN YOUR RADIATOR (AUTO)

-AND YOU CAN HARDLY EAT ANY BREAKFAST FOR WORRYING ABOUT CRACKED CYLINDERS AND BUSTED RADIATORS

-AND WHEN YOU DO GO OUT AND TRY TO WORK THE SELF STARTER THE MOTOR DOESN'T BUDGE-

-SICK AT HEART YOU SEND FOR THE GARAGE MAN AND HE GETS BUSY WITH SOME ETHER AND HOT WATER

-AND AFTER GIVING IT A FEW TURNS— SHE GOES

OH-H-H—BOY!! AIN'T IT A GR-R-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-RIOUS FEELIN'?

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IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES

LOOK HENRY—ISN'T THIS ENVELOPE A PERFECT DEAR—GOT IT FOR ETHEL

TEDDY BEAR?

AND I WANT YOU TO GAZE UPON THIS PERFECTLY DARLING TEDDY BEAR—I GOT FOR JANE

"SAY MAUD—I SEE HERE WHERE A MAN OUT IN MINNESOTA SOLD A COW FOR \$10,000"

AREN'T THESE KNICKERS TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING? THEY'RE FOR MINNIE

KNICKERS?

THIS DARLING VEST I GOT FOR STELLA—ISN'T IT TOO CUTE?

VEST?

"AN ENVELOPE—A TEDDY BEAR—KNICKERS AND A VEST ALL ROLLED INTO ONE—NOT MUCH FOR LOOKS BUT OH YOU COMFORT"

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OH MAN

LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS—WE ARE RUNNING LOW ON FUNDS—WE HAVE ONLY \$50,000,000 IN THE BANK

I THINK WE OUGHT TO FLOAT A \$20,000,000 BOND ISSUE

WE MUST ECONOMIZE

IT'S A VERY IMPORTANT CONFERENCE—HE WON'T SEE A SOUL

"YEH?—WELL YOU JUST WHISPER IN HIS EAR THAT JIM IS HERE WITH THAT PACKAGE"

HE SAYS HE HAS A PACKAGE FOR YOU SIR—IMPORTANT

HERE IS IT

GOOD WORK

NOW THERE'S A COUPLE QUARTS—AND I GOTTA LINE ON ANOTHER QUART—IT'S GETTIN' SCARCER

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of course, impossible to keep it anything approaching clean with half the hands on leave and dockyard mates running wild, making a beastly mess and generally doing as little work as possible." He also says: "Things look very bad for the anti-bolsheviks again now, if only they would make a combined effort something might be done."

He did not tell me whether he is going back to the Baltic or not. I saw a funny story that Lady Astor told at one of her election meetings, about a snub she got from an American sailor. She was being questioned about police arrests in the streets and replied: "Let me tell you something that happened to me. I saw a young American sailor looking at the outside of the house of commons. I said to him 'Would you like to go in?' He replied: 'You are the sort of woman my mother told me to avoid.' We shall probably know tonight whether she was elected or not."

She Gets Entire Satisfaction. Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph. Mrs. Euphemia Johnson was attended by a confidential colored friend of her own sex when the railway company called her in to effect a cash settlement for the death of her husband, killed on his honeymoon. Mrs. Johnson had clouded her features with a heavy veil up to the time the corporation attorney had mentioned the sum, but when he produced the bills she threw back her badge of mourning and gazed eagerly on the bundle that flashed green and yellow in thick streaks. The lawyer withdrew after the signing of the release, and the two were left alone. "Euphemia," said the companion, "I suppose you'll be gettin' married again, now that you're so rich?" Euphemia paused with a thick thumb half way to her mouth for moisture and reflection. "Ef Ah do," she observed, before resuming the counting of the roll, "it'll be some puzson workin' on de same railroad."

ANXIOUS DAYS AT HAND FOR SOME FOLKS, OPINES DARLING

GRASPING FOR THE LAST STRAW.

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JAN 16 1920

THE LINE AT THE TICKET WINDOW IS ALREADY SEVERAL BLOCKS LONG.

The BIG SHOW

REGISTRATION CIRCUS

CHICAGO JUNE

BOX OFFICE WILL OPEN JUNE 8

WOMEN

WOOD

COLOGUE

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LOOKS AS THOUGH THE FAMILY REUNION WOULD HAVE TO BE POSTPONED.

JUST WHAT COMES OF WAITING ALL THAT TIME TRYING TO MAKE OVER THAT PENE TREATY!

RAILROADS

CUMMINGS RAILROAD BILL

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