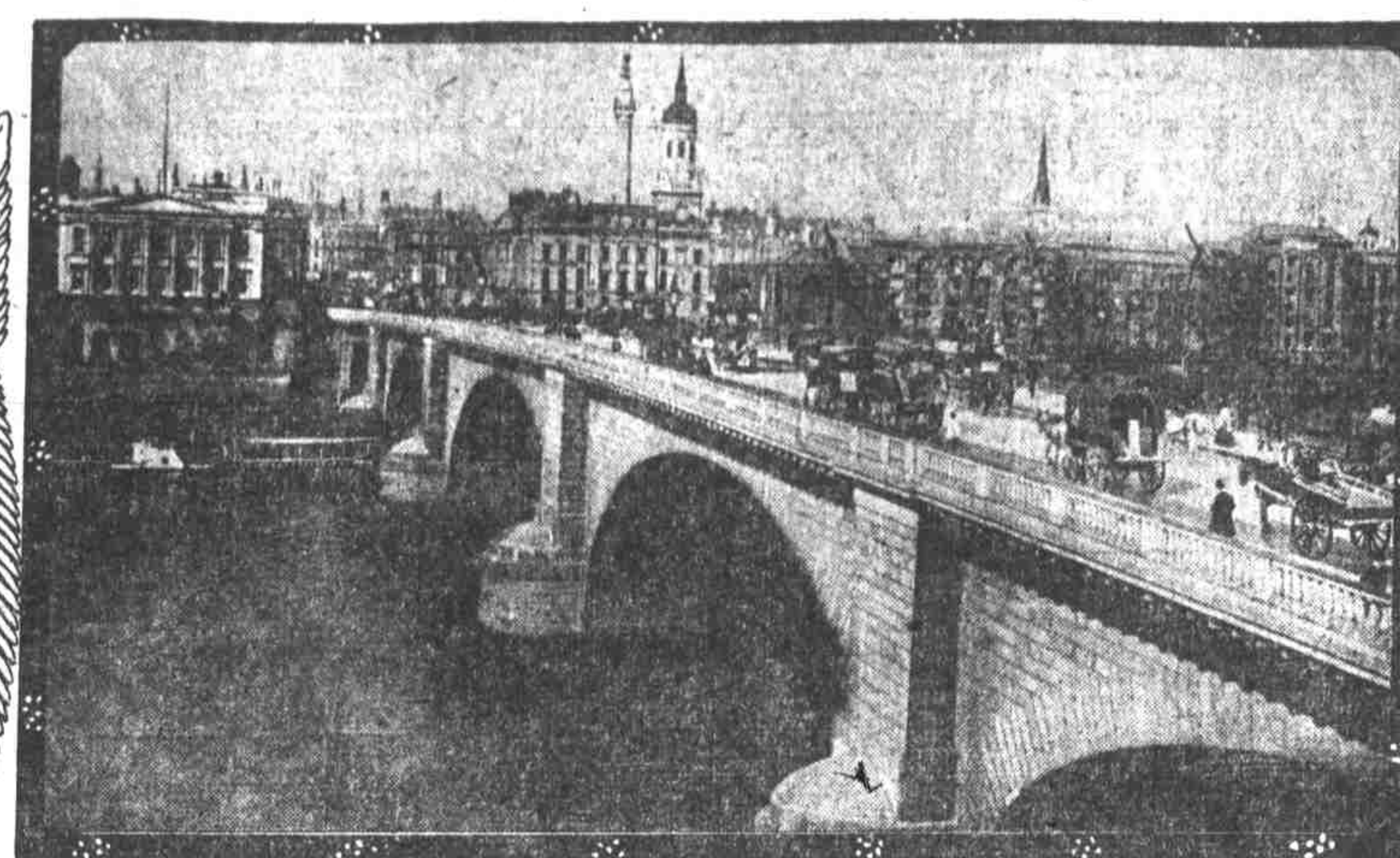
SEE AMERICA FIRST, THEN LONDON

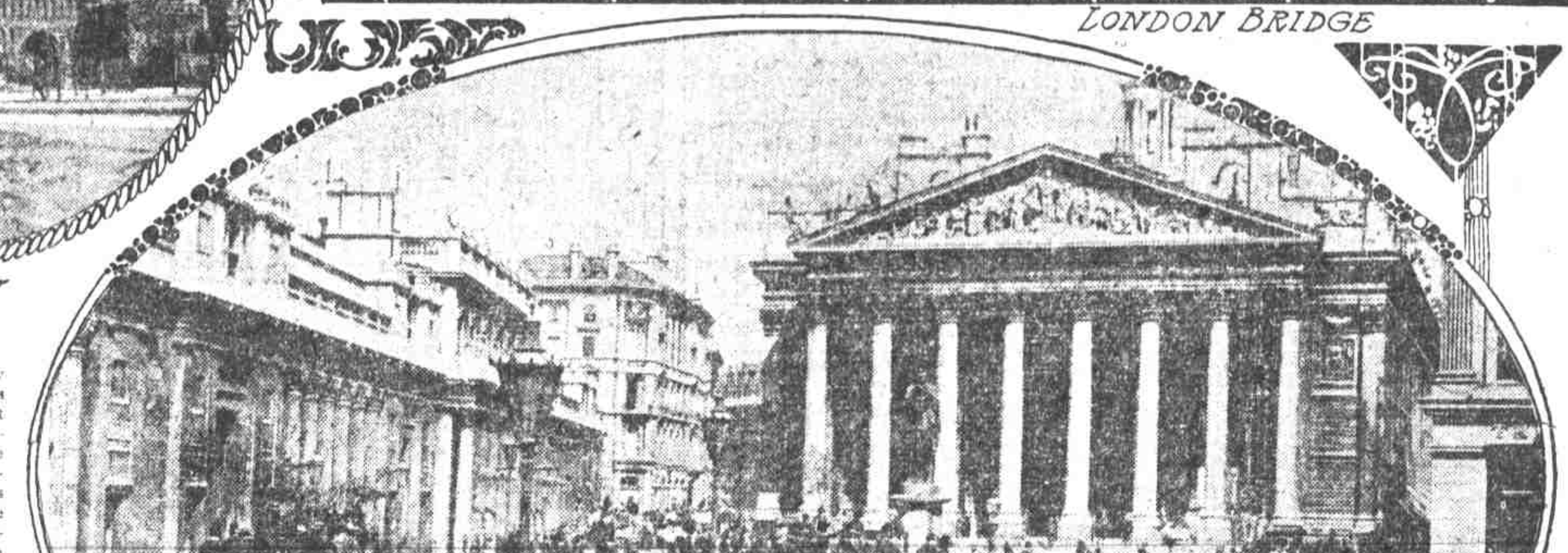
They're All There, Thackeray's "Gaunt House," Alley Where Dickens Rejoiced, Johnson's Restaurant

WESTMINSTER ABBEY



LONDON BRIDGE

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

By J. Mabel Miller.

THERE is probably no other city that so stimulates and excites the imagination as London. It is facetiously said that thousands of Americans know more about the world's metropolis before they visit it than the cockneys themselves. Particularly is this true of omniverous readers of English literature. There is many a small person to whom Dickens, Thackeray or Scott might be said to act as a real estate agent through whom that small person takes up his residence in London, among personages of high degree, endowing the furniture, the trees, or the tall grass, as the case may be, with living human qualities, and attaching to them important identities and high sounding titles. That small person shops in Bond street, rides in Rotten Row, drives in Hyde Park, worships at Westminster or St. Georges, and enjoys his imaginary existence immensely, never, perhaps, at any time occupying any important position himself in those august assemblages of his own creating, but being entirely satisfied to merely be in such goodly company.

A dreaming childhood, however, cannot last forever. In time imagination is superseded by matter of fact, and when that small person finally goes abroad he has probably forgotten, temporarily at least, the stories of Dickens, Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton, and looks with a proper degree of scorn upon his early fancies. In that materialistic frame of mind he may wander merrily over the continent and through Britain, but when he finally reaches London and takes a good long breath and looks around, he finds that his childish fancies have merely anticipated realities. They are all there—Thackeray's "Gaunt House," the alley into which Dickens turned to hide his tears of joy when his first manuscript was accepted, Dr. Johnson's restaurant, the row, the park, the railway stations that he knows by heart, and far from being a stranger in a strange land he finds that he has just gotten home.

All the way from Southampton to Waterloo station, the swiftly moving special made its way through a solid bank of fog. Great was our surprise, therefore, to find, on emerging from Waterloo, that the fog had partially lifted, and that our cab with luggage piled on top, was able to proceed at an ordinary pace. Greater was our surprise and delight to find London dressed up—clad in all her glad rags, preparatory to extending the glad hand to poor martyred Carlos, late king of Portugal, and Queen Amelia, who were then the guests of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Sandringham.

Reaching the American quarter we stopped in Oxford street for tea, and on entering into the ever-inviting atmosphere of Frascatti's cosmopolitan retreat, little gasping, clutching sobs arose in our throats, our eyes suffused with salty drops and our hearts thrilled with a sense of home, for to our wearied ears came the welcome strains of "Hands Across the Sea"—London's greeting!

On the following day the freedom of the party was given to the visiting royalties, who drove through the principal streets, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur of Connaught and other notable personages, including the lord mayor of London and foreign ambassadors.

King Carlos at close range proved to be exactly like his numerous portraits. The pictures of Queen Amelia, however, do not do her justice, for she is a remarkably beautiful woman, of the pale, clear cut type, with large expressive eyes and dark hair.

The route along which the procession passed was protected on each side by a row of guardsmen, stationed about 12 feet apart, and immediately behind them a row of police stationed at the same intervals. The guardsmen looked very picturesque in their red jackets and bearskin headgear, although the latter operated much like a merry widow hat would at a matinee.

Later on in the season, on the occasion of the opening of parliament on the 19th of February, we were again able to admire the guardsmen in all their glory.

The pageant associated with the opening of parliament is one to stay long in the memory of any person who witnesses it as is also the welcome accorded by England's loyal subjects to their loved sovereign. Although sunshine was lacking, the colors of the picture were harmonious; the skies supplied the gray tints, the people the drabs and blacks, and the military the scarlet and steel.

The passing of the soldiery, the music of the bands, the coming and going of the gorgeously appointed ambassadorial coaches served to while away the usually monotonous period of waiting for a procession.

Yeomen of the Guard, commonly known as Beefeaters, halberd in hand, and wearing their quaint but ever-fresh costume with immense dignity, marched out of St. James' palace as from some medieval picture, and down the Mall to Buckingham.

The smart troopers of the Twenty-first Lancers, above whose fine modern uniforms rose lance and fluttering pennon, formed the most brilliant feature of the military display. The pennon was particularly effective on the Horse Guards' parade, where a double line of the Empress of India's men, with their band, designated the path of royalty.

Formidably indicative of Britain's power was the Royal Horse artillery, accompanied by their guns. The Second Life Guards appeared in all their glory of cuirass and sword, and the First Life Guards were in equally splendid array.

The Irish Guards, preceded by an immense wolfhound, provided the guard of honor, their music giving great delight. The "thin red line," which kept the route, was composed entirely of guardsmen, the First Irish, the First Scots, the First and Second Coldstreams and the First Grenadiers.

The balconies of the houses overlooking the Mall were effectively decorated, in many cases British and American flags being draped in juxtaposition.

Five state carriages, each drawn by six horses, preceded their majesties' superb state coach, which was drawn by a splendid team of eight creams, richly caparioned and controlled by postillions.

Although King Edward is a familiar figure about London in an open carriage or automobile, each neck of this immense throng was craned for one more view of the kingly presence, and even from a fleeting glance, a most kingly impression is gained, the principal feature which produces it being the cerulean eye, remarkable on account of size, shape and expression.

The arrival of the royal procession at successive stages was indicated by the music of bands stationed at regular intervals, until finally the boom of artillery in St. James' park announced, amid the screaming of wild fowl, and the wheeling flight of pigeons, that King Edward had entered his palace of Westminster. The crowd for the most part remained standing, patient and respectful, until the return of their majesties, after the king had read his speech and complied with the necessary formalities.

The fleeting impression of Queen Alexandra is one of graciousness and dignity, and beauty and perennial youth.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to whether or not London may be considered "beautiful." The London county council is certainly not an arbiter of taste. Some, while railing at the absence of design in the grand manner, point with pride to the fine mass of New Scotland Yard, the fanciful silhouette of Bentley's tower above the chimney pots of Victoria street, or the suggestion of Rome of the seventeenth century in the Brompton Oratory, and other fine buildings scattered about the town.

The climate prohibits the open air cafe and the lounging on the boulevards that makes Paris so effervescently attractive. Although Londoners are natural "outers," they are active ones.

Whatever the lack of beauty may be in a superficial sense, the interest is there, unceasing, inexhaustible, at any hour of the day or night. London is so vast and so scattered that there may be said to be no center of gravity of life or amusement, though there are many centripetal forces. It is characterized by a homogeneity of diffused and uniform heterogeneities. Unquestionably the most characteristic feature of London is her river, the Thames, which flows, as it has flowed since Celt and Phoenician chaffered on its banks, silently out of the silent English country, and emerges upon the metropolis formidably with a great beauty all its own.

A new diamond field, the extent of which is estimated at 10 square miles, has been found at Luderitz bay, German Southwest Africa.

FROM LAKE COUNTY TO CENTRAL WASHINGTON

A Close Study of the Prevailing Conditions by One Who Recently Made the Trip in a Wagon--Some Good *and* Indifferent Country--Better Roads Are Very Much Needed

By G. L. Thompson.

QUINCY, WASH., July 20.—The spring having been very backward in Lake county, Oregon, I decided to make a long contemplated trip northward into central Washington, going by wagon in the good old pioneer fashion, taking notes of crop and business conditions as I progressed.

Leaving northern Lake about May 30 while the weather was yet quite unsettled, and winter still lingered in numerous localities we gained the promising fishing grounds of the upper Deschutes river where we remained until after the election, endeavoring to entrap the shining beauties of those waters in vain, since weather conditions continued unfavorable.

New Sawmill.

Near Rosland we found a new sawmill under construction and nearing completion, an industry which has long been needed in that locality. Their supply of saw timber will be obtained from the Fremont forest reserve.

This locality had but a short time before abolished its single saloon.

Crops here consist mainly of hay, both wild grasses and grains which at this time was making slow growth, needing warmer weather for best development. These conditions were found to be general over the entire country covered by us.

The irrigated lands of the Deschutes did not present as favorable sight as could have been wished, hard times and harder conditions being plainly apparent notwithstanding the optimism of its population, who plainly must have improved transportation if they are to succeed on land so burdened with high prices and expenses in reducing from its raw state to a tamed and profitable condition.

Some Fine Fields.

The alfalfa and grain fields of the crooked river valley proved a delightful change from the higher and colder lands and showed promise of fair harvests. The Agency Plains and Haystack sections while having had some grain frozen and blown out by the cold dry winds of April, appeared to have recovered, and the replanted ground was showing up in a promising manner.

As the John Day and Columbia river valleys were approached damage became more and more apparent. Alfalfa crops were but about half normal and here a very hot wave quickly made havoc in the wheat where in every direction were to be seen blighted spots, in some cases including whole fields, but which had fortunately been checked by cooler weather. This condition prevailed on both sides of the Columbia river throughout the wheat belt.

The Agency Plains ranchers were very busy hauling last year's wheat crop to market, while the ranchers of the lower country were preparing for haying and harvest, the former having already begun along the John Day river.

Two Lively Towns.

The towns of Fossil and Condon were full of business and presented a thriving and prosperous appearance, with all branches of business well represented.

Just here let me add that in the vicinity of these towns were found the best built and smoothest roads of any portion of our trip, which leads us to the reflection that Oregon should possess the finest roads of any state of the Union, had the funds and lands paid for this purpose been honestly applied and vilification of the spoilers of our road funds becomes a habit as the scab rock and stump roads with washouts and rock filled grades and cuts, products of greed and neglect, are traversed by the plodding freight teams or lighter loaded equipages. A good roads movement is needed all over this northwest, not alone to provide for the future but to investigate the past and obtain if possible some adequate return for the thousands of acres of road land grants in the state of Oregon now held by anything but innocent parties who should be condemned to a perpetual use of the roads built by them for the people, than which no worse punishment could be devised.

Having traversed Alkali canyon (rightly named) in a storm of dust and sand, we crossed the Columbia at Arlington on a self ferryboat, the steam ferry being out of use while the cheaper motive power could be depended upon. Arlington seemed like an oasis in the desert after having traversed the more arid uplands devoted to wheat, and particularly the waterless land, bare bleak and brown adjacent to the town where sheep possess the land, yea, even into the very outskirts of the town.

The green trees, lawns and blooming shrubs so refreshing to the traveller through its scorching surroundings are due in large measure to a gravity water system long maintained by its citizens and while the business of the place is small as compared with its more prosperous days, yet there seems a sufficiency for those now there, with a hope of a brighter future as more settled conditions obtain.

New Community.

The town of Roosevelt just across the river on the north bank road succeeds to the trade of that section which once went to Arlington, and seems full of promise for such a new place. Here the wheat of the Bickleton plateau finds an outlet down a grade some five miles long, each farmer taking with him four horses to draw back the empty wagon, which on its downward trip with capacity load needs little power to reach market, but consumes the extra power on the return trip. An irrigation scheme is offered here by the damming of Wood gulch, a deep and abrupt canyon, where the storm waters can be retained for use on the sand and gravel flats west of Roosevelt. If the cost and limited area served do not prove prohibitive this should certainly prove a success and a garden spot result.

The roads of the Bickleton country are very good, considering the newly settled condition of the country. The ground rises from the Columbia at the average grade of 100 feet per mile, which is quite evenly maintained the entire distance, the crest of the divide having an altitude of about 3,000 feet. North and west of the town rise the slopes of the Simcoe range. From this eminence there is to be had a birdseye view of the Columbia basin checked with squares of green and gold, from the blue distances away to the southward, where the wooded slopes of the Blue mountains give way to these evidences of settlement which cover the entire intervening country, except where the deep gorge of the Columbia divides it up to this crest of the Simcoe divide.

The attention is directed to a spot of white down in the shadows of the river gorge, some 30 miles distant, which seems to be in motion and which upon closer scrutiny is seen to be a long freight train on the O. R. & N. railway west bound and silently gliding onward to its destination.

A Pretty Scene.

The shimmering blue haze vibrates with heat waves and vagrant sand spirals chase one another across the fields. Clouds of sand denote where the wind is booming real estate along the great river, and altogether the beauty of the view is something to be remembered but not described. This thriving burg of Bickleton shows prosperity scarcely checked by the dullness in the outside business world, but which now is threatened by crop injury.

From this point we descended into the famed Yakima valley, reaching the Northern Pacific railway at Mabton on the eastern edge of the Yakima reservation, where business conditions are quiescent, awaiting the extension of the Sunnyside irrigation canal to the lands about the town, which is confidently anticipated this summer. Here we rested over Sunday and witnessed some horse races between Indian and Caucasian-owned stock, scrub races and baseball games preceded the main races, which resulted adversely to the Indian owners, who, however, remained in town over night and secured a supply of liquid refreshments sufficient to cause forgetfulness of the sorrows of the vanquished for a limited time at least.

The following evening as we were making camp in a grassy nook on the reservation a lone "Klutchman" rode up and asked in a thick voice for a drink of water. Her finery was in disorder, her utterances maudlin, eye wavering and a general dilapidation apparent. Her thirst was so great that she drank in quick succession three pint cups of water, cool and clear from the stream, which in a measure clarified her intellect and permitted her to give clearly instructions as to the road to be followed by us on the morrow.

Much Needed Rest.

Retiring early we soon were enjoying a needed rest when the sound of wheels and splash of horses in the ford aroused us. Time about midnight. We had pulled our outfit clear of the road but a few feet and were watching to see that our white wagon cover did not frighten the oncoming team, which came abreast, then stopped and a hail from the vehicle followed a subdued colloquy. "White man! White man! You sleep?" A minute's wait and a repetition, which brought me to inquire what was wanted, and the reply, "Dis my lan', you pay me." I replied that we would talk about that in the morning, but "No! You pay me. Dis my lan'. Gif me 50 cent." Getting no reply the proposal was repeated and the resulting silence of "white man" seemed to disconcert the taxgatherer. A subdued pow wow was again held, the buck urging, the "Klutchman" explaining. After a few minutes thus it was concluded that "he no pay," and their journey was resumed. This however, was not the only "holdup" we experienced on our journey, for white men and their methods are not so easily escaped. Horses being our motive power, horse feed was of course necessary, and in one month's travel not three camps were made where horses could find subsistence sufficient to enable them to do the next day's work, sheep and other range stock having cleaned and polished all the open country which was not occupied with ranches. Thus a corner on feed was maintained easily by the dealers who purchase from the grower and retail to the consumer at a profit of from 100 to 200 per cent, and the stranger in their midst is the logical victim.

Alfalfa cutting on the irrigated lands of this valley was in full swing at that time (June 20), although the army of unemployed remained practically undiminished. All kinds of wages were offered and accepted.

Need Good Roads.

The mountainous condition of western Washington and the Columbia river country emphasizes the need of good roads, of which there are too few, indeed, for the good of the communities. Light vehicles can make very good time on the present roads, but the tribulations of the man having but two horses and a load of even one ton are beyond the ken of those using such roads and employing double the power which should be required for their needs.

The ferry service of the upper Columbia is often exasperating and at best most expensive. It is always attended by the uncertainty of getting across, particularly during high water in June, when the landing places are subject to constant change, and the possibility of being carried away by the flood into dangerous rapids is increased by the use of gasoline power, which sometimes fails at critical moments.

The work of bridging the Columbia river at Beverly, a new construction town above Priest rapids, by the Milwaukee & St. Paul railway is going forward steadily, and this great structure is slated for completion some time next February. The cost is estimated at $1,000,000. The rock work on the river is costly, as the incessant booming of the blasts are resounding through the hills for from 15 to 20 miles on either side of the river, and such is the force of the detonations that they are heard easily 30 miles away. Another 12 months will probably see this line in active operation to the coast.

Next year too is confidently depended upon for a bumper wheat crop in this country, where now a farmer considers 15 bushels a good yield for this season. Altogether the prospects are that an improved condition all along the line will follow this lean year. Labor must become more provident and reliable, employeers will become less exacting and avaricious, and with the anticipated change in public service individuals and corporations, prosperity may once more return to cheer us.

Oregon, with all her faults, is to be desired above this rugged sister state, and I shall soon return to my first love.

WONDERFUL ARE POSSIBILITIES OF HUMAN SOUL--By Camille Flammarion

IT IS very certain that some of the strings of our terrestrial harp are missing and probably an inhabitant of the Sirius system would laugh at our pretensions. The smallest piece of magnetized iron is stronger in finding the magnetic pole than either Newton or Leibnitz and the swallow knows the variations of the latitude better than did Christopher Columbus or Magellan.

Appearances are deceitful and we must see invisible force through matter. Matter is not what it seems to be and no man informed about the progress of the positive sciences could now pretend to be a materialist.

There is no doubt that the soul exists, as force does. We can admit that it and the cerebral atom are one and that it thus survives the dissolution of the body, we can imagine.

The greater number of souls never ever suspect their own existence. Out of the fourteen hundred millions of human beings who inhabit the earth, ninety-nine one-hundredths do not think. What would they do with immortality?

As the molecule of iron floats in the blood, throbbing in Lamartine's or Hugo's temple, or fixed for a time in Caesar's sword, as the molecule of hydrogen shines in the lobby of a theatre, or merges itself into the drop of water swallowed by a fish in the dark depths of the sea, so living atoms sleep which have never thought.

Thinking souls are the inheritance of intellectual life. They preserve humanity's patrimony and increase it for the future. Without this immortality of human souls which are conscious of their existence and live through the mind, all the history of the earth would end in nothing and the whole creation, that of the most sublime worlds as well as that of our little planet, would be a deceptive absurdity, more miserable and pitiable than the cast of an earthworm. That has a right to be, but the universe would not have.

Do you imagine that the thousand millions of worlds attain the splendors of life and thought, to succeed each other without end in the sidereal universe, only to give birth to constantly deceived hopes and grandeurs which are perpetually destroyed? It is useless for us to humble ourselves, we cannot admit that nothing is the supreme object of perpetual progress, proved by all the history of nature. Souls are the seeds of planetary humanities.

Nothing is so difficult to understand as that of which one is ignorant, nothing more simple than what one knows. Who is surprised now to see that the telegraph instantly sends human thought across continents and seas? Who is surprised to see lunar attraction raise the water of the ocean and produce tides? Who is surprised to see light transmit itself from one star to another at the rate of 300,000 kilometers per second? Besides, thinkers alone would appreciate the grandeur of these marvels—the vulgar are surprised at nothing.

If some new discovery tomorrow should enable us to make signals to the inhabitants of Mars and receive replies from them, three-fourths of mankind would think nothing of it the day after.

The animating forces can transport themselves from one world to the other, not everywhere nor always to be sure, and not all of them. There are laws and conditions. My will with the help of my muscles can raise my arm or throw a stone. If I take a weight of 20 kilos, it can still raise my arm, but if I want to raise a weight of 1,000 kilos, it can no longer do it.

Some minds are incapable of any activity, others have acquired transcendent faculties. Mozart at six surprised all his hearers by the power of his musical genius and at eight published his first two sonatas, while the greatest dramatic author who ever existed, Shakespeare, had written nothing worthy of his name until after he was 30 years old.

It is not necessary to believe that the soul should belong to some supernatural world. Everything is in nature. It is hardly more than a hundred thousand years since terrestrial humanity evolved itself from the animal chrysalis.

For millions of years during the long historic series of the primary, secondary and tertiary periods, there was not a single eye on earth to see these grand sights, a single human mind to contemplate them. Progress has slowly raised the inferior souls of plants and animals—man is quite recent on this planet. Nature is in ceaseless progress, the universe is a perpetual growth, ascent is the supreme law.

The Retort Courteous.

From the Home Herald.

The Veracious Verger—In the far corner lies William the Conqueror, behind the organ, where you can't see 'em, are the toombs o' Guy Fawkes, Robin 'Ood and Cardinal Woolsey. Now does that guide book, as I see you 'ave in your 'and, tell you who is lyin' 'ere, sir?

The Skeptical Tourist—No, but I can guess.

Rural Idea.

From an Exchange.

"So your boy Hiram went up to Chicago to get a job as streetcar conductor?" interrogated Mrs. Hardapple as she came over to borrow some eggs.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Crawfoot from over the churn, "but he writes that they put him to work in the barn."

"In the barn? Gracious! What doing—milking cows?"

Relieved.

Her eyes, like seas of shadowy fires;
Her hair, a sunset gold;
Her manner sweet, enchanting siren,
Her lips hold love untold.

She owns a heart, so strong, so cold,
She owns my heart, 'tis true;
But ah! fair child, the Fates withhold
Our lives apart, we two.

God speed the day when love shall win,
And shadows of present cease,
And love, so pure, exempt from sin,
Reign o'er our lives, in peace.

This ode, my love, I give to you,
For this heart you now control.
And now my love, my life, my all,
Sweet sadness enchants my soul.
—J. E. B.

Might Recover.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"Poor old Uncle Richley," said the favorite nephew, "he's a very sick man."

"Yes," said Dr. Kwack, "but I have the case in hand and there is hope."

"Yes," said the other absent-mindedly, "but some of your patients have been known to get well in spite of you."

So ductile is gold that 16 ounces of the metal can be made to gild a wire that will encircle the earth at the equator.