

THE EMILY KENNEDY PAPERS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

It has always seemed to me a pity that nearly all of the people who walk in New York are going east. I mean they have some definite destination. They lose the rare delight, that all too little known pleasure, of a desultory stroll through the city streets. For myself, I know of no traverer for than an aimless ramble along the crowded metropolitan thoroughfares. Nor does rambling, as some might mistakenly suppose, a slow dawdling walk. Not at all the atmosphere of the city itself inspires a brisk, steady jog-

tome blue just above the Flatiron building, and the pretty city girls smile as they prance along in their smart spring costumes behind their violet mows. The bits twitter with a sophisticated chirp, and the street plants respond with a brisk sharpness of tone and lines. The very air is full of an urban ozone, that is quite different from the romantic lassitude of spring in the country.

It required no clairvoyance to understand the situation she had just bought her first ticket to Europe, and it was the glorious achievement of a lifetime's desire. I knew, as well as if she had told me, how she had planned and economized for it, and probably studied all sorts of text-books that she might properly enjoy her trip, and make it an education as well as a pleasure. And as I looked at the gay-colored pamphlets she clutched, I was moved to go in and acquire a few for myself.

With Emily Kennedy, to be sure, to proceed, I stepped blithely into the big light office and requested booklets. They were bestowed on me in large numbers, the affable clerk was most polite, and—well, I'm sure I don't know how it happened, but the first thing I knew I was paying a deposit on my return ticket to Liverpool.



I A Ticket to Europe

from, but the impression of a ramble is inevitable if the jog-trot have no intended goal. I am a country woman—that is, I live in a suburban town, but it is quite near enough to the metropolis for us to consider ourselves near New York. And Myrtlewood is a dear little worth-while place in its own way. We have a church, a culture club and a Carnegie library and several of us have telephones. I am not a member of the club, but that must not be considered as any disparagement of my culture or rather, of my capacity for assimilating culture (for the club's aim is the dissemination of that desirable commodity). On the contrary, I was among the first invited to belong to it.

virtual taste. I prefer walking in dainty boots, along a clean city pavement, while another equally sound mind might vote for common-sense shoes and a rough country road. And so, as I, Emily Kennedy, spinner, have the full coverage of my own convictions, I found myself one crisp April morning walking happily along the lower portion of Broadway. Impulse urged me on toward the Battery, but, as often happens, my impulse was sidetracked. And all because of a woman's smiling face. I was passing the office of the various steamship companies, and I saw, coming down the steps of one of them,

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Commonsense Shoes and a Rough Country Road.

Two days later the postman brought me an unusually large bundle of mail. The first letter I opened caused me some surprise, and a mild amusement. It began, quite coolly: **My dear Emily Kennedy—Dear Madam,** Learning that you intend sailing from New York in the near future, I take the liberty of calling your attention to the Hotel Xantippe as a most desirable stopping place during your stay in this city.

The letter went on to detail the advantages and charms of the hotel, and gave a complete list of rates, which, for the comfort and leisure promised,

"You must be a member, Miss Kennedy," said the vivacious young thing who called to lay the matter before me, "because you have so much temperament." This word was little used in Myrtlewood at this time (although, since, it has become as plenty as blackberries), and I simply said, "What?" in amazement.

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Good Stories by and About Prominent Men

On Dalmatians. CHARLES DALMORES, the French tenor, lighted a cigarette and passed out of a Broadway restaurant, and the head waiter said: "He is the most generous tipper who has visited America this year. It is odd for a Frenchman to tip lavishly. As a rule the French are rather—er—modest with their tips."

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"I made up that loss cleverly, did I not? It is like an old blind great-uncle of mine whom my father used to tell of. My great-uncle had once buried \$6000 in gold coins under a pear tree in his garden. His neighbor saw him do it and in the dead of night came and stole the money, replacing the earth carefully."

"Who was it, do you remember, who gave the tip?" "It was yourself, sir," said Baptiste, as he gratefully tucked the ten in his pocket.

"Well, well, what a customer! Another like that, and I give up the business. From the start he was fat and dumpy; in fact, wherever any real clubbing began, we had to carry him like a sack of meat. And mean! He was a single pretty extra for all our extra trouble. Last of all he begged for the spig of potatoes I wore in my hat, and I was fool enough to let him have it."

"I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?" "The lady gave him a strange look and he beart afterwards that she was a real widow."

The Two Versions. "FREDERIC COURTLAND PEN-BELD, who has just married Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, is perhaps the leading authority on modern Egypt," said an Egyptologist of New York.

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A Hint. SENATOR FULTON, at his annual Oregon salmon dinner in Washington, told a tipping story.

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The Blind Man's Race. G. BOURCIER ST. CHAFFRAY, of the Zuzt car, said at dinner in Michigan City of a loss that he had more than made up.

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Like Some Men. MRS. BELLE DE RIVERA, president of the Equal Suffrage League of New York, said at a recent dinner: "I had heard that the suffragers, we women, long ago, were it not that, when women are concerned, men incline to be a little unfair, a little childish."

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Jews Are Going Back to Their Native Soil

LEONARD G. ROBINSON, general manager of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Society, whose principal object is to aid Hebrew immigrants to engage in the pursuits for which they are best fitted when they come to this country, has been investigating the history and present status of the Jewish farmers in America.

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not down in vain, however, for Warsaw has a number of thriving Jewish farmers today. "According to the immigration figures, 32,000 Jews came to this country in the three years following 1887. As many of them came from agricultural settlements it was natural that their well-wishers should try to have them become farmers here."

"Colonies were started throughout the country, but most of the settlements failed, chiefly because their land was poor. The only colonies of that period that have met with success were those in New Jersey—Alliance, Rosenblayn and Carmel Alliance, which was the first Jewish agricultural settlement of a permanent character, was started with 45 families and 1600 acres of woodland and purchased, which was subdivided into small farms of 15 acres each. Alliance now embraces the three settlements of Alliance, Brotsmanville and Norma. Rosenblayn, four miles from Alliance was started with six families, and in the same year Carmel started with it."

"These colonies now have over 200 Jewish farmers, cultivating some 8000 acres. I learned from one of these early settlers whom I visited recently that from the 15 original acres and a two-room hut his farm has increased to 45 acres with splendid buildings."

"He makes anywhere from \$3000 to \$6000 a year from the farm. In order to exist in the early days he told me that he and his wife had to shoulder their axes and go out clearing land for their neighbors 30 cents a day, doing what work they could on their own land after dark."

"After the establishment of the \$2,500,000 fund by Baron Maurice Hirsch for improving the condition of Jewish immigrants, one of the first acts of the trustees was to found in 1881 the well-known Jewish settlement at Wladimir, and three years later the Woodbine Agricultural school, the National Farm School, near Doyonstown, Pa., was established by philanthropic Philadelphians in 1886."

"These two institutions afford practical agricultural training, and many of their graduates hold responsible positions in agricultural schools, experiment stations and kindred branches of the Government service."

"During the last year our society had 126 applicants who settled to be farmers, 825 of whom had over \$500 with which they were ready to demonstrate their earnestness to get away from the crowded city, the applications coming from all over the

United States. Since its organization our society has assisted 784 farmers to 13 states with loans aggregating nearly half a million dollars. "The real property owned by these farmers represented a valuation of close to \$1,250,000. The settlement scheme by the Russian government to drive the Jew from the soil, that country, according to a bulletin of the Department of Commerce and Labor, had 6643 farmers in 1897. During the fiscal year ended June 1, 1907, 258 Jewish farmers entered this country. "An attempt made by our office to take a census of the Jewish farmers, which was far from adequate, owing to our limited facilities, resulted in a list of 1366 farmers in 34 states. Our attention has been called to Jewish farmers individually in its groups who have never heard of our society and who come to our notice only accidentally."

"Only recently was brought in touch with our society a group of Jewish farmers near Waukegan, Ill., and with another colony of homestead settlers near Reppelle, Wash. I think I am conservative when I put the number of Jewish farmers at 507."

"That it is not 25,000 to 50,000 is due to the fact that the general run of immigrant is not overburdened with wealth on reaching these shores and has no avenue open to him to make end meet but the shop."

"Jenny Kissed Me," Too. Richmond Times-Dispatch. "Sister, kissed me when we met. So did Kate and Bill and Doris. So did Ann and Mary and Alice. Dolly, Elsie and Floss. They all liked me pretty well. And—dear girl—they never hid it! I don't like to kiss and tell—Bill they did it."

Later in the day I met And I also kissed Cozette. And I kissed her when we met. O, I'm sorry for Leigh Hunt, I, who've had so many, many— While poor Leigh's one wanted stunt Was with Jenny."

The French law treats the frog as if it were a fish, and declares all fishing for it by night to be coaching.

for needlessness, or prevention thereof. Had I taken them all with me, and had they made good their promise, not one of the cabin passengers, or the steward, need have been ill for a moment. Interference among the more material gifts was much and various advice.

This was easily remembered, for taken as a whole it included every possible way of doing anything. Said one: "Pack your trunks very lightly, for nothing weighs better that way." Said another: "Pack your trunks very loosely, for then you will have room to bring home many purchases and yet declare at customs only the same number of trunks as you took with you from America." Said a third: "Let me help you pack, for if a trunk is crammed too tightly or filled too loosely, it makes all sorts of trouble."

But being unable, I smiled pleasantly on all, agreeing with each adviser, and held my peace. For, to us, preliminaries mattered little, and I knew that as soon as I was fairly at sea, or at least beyond the three-mile limit, I could make my own plans, and carry them out without let or hindrance.

My itinerary was, of course, arranged and rearranged for me, but usually the would-be advisers of my destination fell into such hot discussions among themselves that they quite forgot I was going away at all. But it mattered little to me whether they advised the Riviera by way of the North Cape, or the Italian lakes after the Cathedral tour; for my entire itinerary was irrevocably planned in my own mind. No "touring" for me. No dashing through Europe with a shirtwaist in a "suit" case, and a head-cher in my other hand.

No, my "tour" extended foreign travel," as our local newspaper persisted in calling it, was, on my part, an impetuous resolve to go by the most direct route to London and remain there until the date of my return ticket to New York. This plan, being simple in the main, left me leisure to listen to my friends' advice and recommendations. But, though I listened politely, I really paid little heed, and at last I sailed away with one suitcase, and a head-cher in my other hand.

The only points that seem to be impressed on my mind were that, in London parlance, "Thank you" invariably means either "Yes" or "No" (nobody seemed quite sure which), and that in England one must always call a telephone a lift.

