

THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE most remarkable effect of a sea-trip is, to my mind, its wonderful influence for amiability. I hadn't passed Sandy Hook before I felt an affable suavely settling down upon me like a February fog. I am at all times of a contented and peaceful nature, but this lethargic urbanity was a new sensation, and, as I opined it was but the beginning of a series of new sensations, I gave myself up to it with a satisfied feeling that my trip had really begun.

And yet I was haunted by a vague uneasiness that it hadn't begun right. I had planned to be most methodical on this voyage. I had resolved that when I came aboard I would go first to my stateroom, and unpack my steamer trunk, arrange my belongings neatly in their proper port-holes and bunks, find my reserved deck-chair, and attach to it my carefully lagged rug and pillow. Then I meant to take off and pack away my pretty traveling costume, and array myself in my "steamer clothes," these having been selected with much care and thought in accordance with numerous and conflicting advices.

Whereas, instead of all this, I had hurriedly looked into my stateroom, and only noted that it was a tiny white box, piled high with luggage, part of which I recognized as my own, and the rest I assumed belonged to my as yet unknown room-mate. Then I had drifted out on deck, dropped into some chair, I know not whose; and, still in my trim tailor-made costume and feathered hat, I watched the coast line fade away and leave the sea and sky alone together.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I was receiving "first impressions." How I hated the term! Every one I knew, who had ever crossed the ocean before I did, had said to me, "And you've never been over before? Oh, how I envy you your first impressions!"

As I realized that about 75 people were even then consumed with a burning envy of these first impressions of mine, I somehow felt it incumbent upon me to justify their attitude by achieving the most intensely enviable impressions extant.

And yet, so prosaic are my mental processes, or else so contrary-minded is my subconscious self, that the impression that obtruded itself to the exclusion of all others was the somewhat obvious one that the sea air would soon spoil my feathers. While making up my mind to go at once to my stateroom and save my lovely plumes from this impending fate, I fell to wondering what my room-mate would be like. I knew nothing of her save that her name was Jane Sterling. This, though, was surely an indication of her personality, for notwithstanding the usual inappropriateness of cognomens, any one named Jane Sterling could not be otherwise than well born, well bred, and companionable, though a bit elderly.

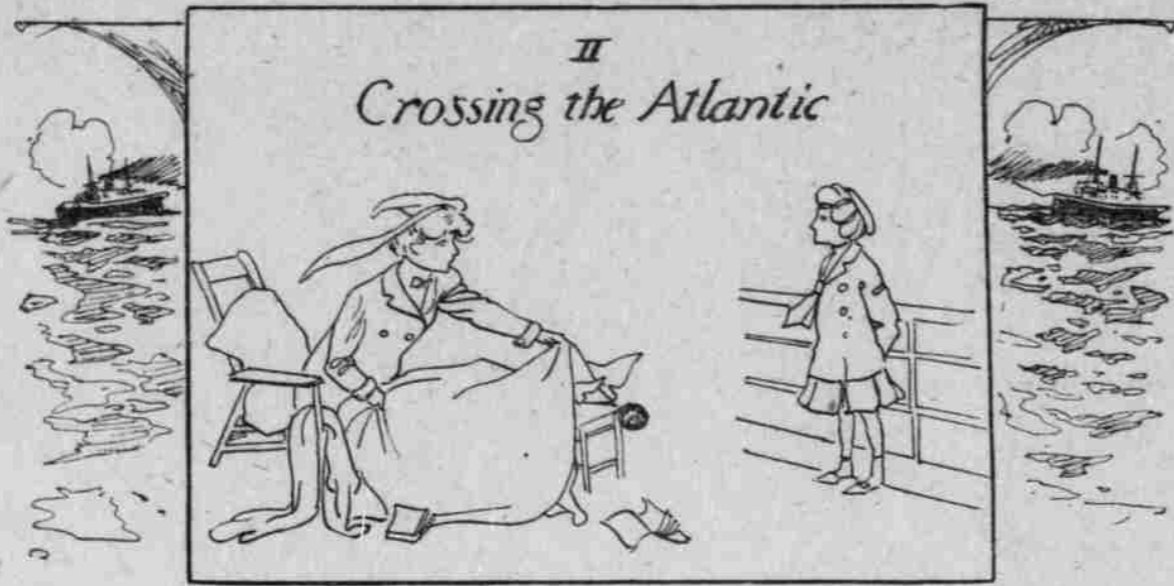
I seemed to see Jane Sterling with a gaunt face, hooked nose, and grizzled hair, though I admitted to myself that she might be a fragile, porcelain-like little old maid.

This conflict of possibilities impelled me to go to my stateroom and make Jane Sterling's acquaintance, and, incidentally, put away my best hat.

So I started, and on my way received another of my "first impressions."

This was a remarkable feeling of atomeness on the steamer. I had never been on an ocean liner before, yet I felt as though I had lived on one for years. The balancing of myself on the awaying stairs seemed to come naturally to me, and I felt that I should have missed the peculiar atmosphere of the dining-saloon had it not assailed my senses.

As I entered Stateroom D, I found Jane Sterling already there. But as the physical reality was so different from the lady of my imagination, I sat down on the edge



of my white-spread berth and stared at her.

Sitting on the edge of the opposite berth, and staring back at me, was a small child with big eyes. She wore a stiff little frock of white pique, and her brown hair was "bobbed" and tied up with an enormous white bow. Her brown eyes had a solemn gaze, and her little hands were clasped in her lap.

It was quite needless to ask her name, for Jane Sterling was plainly and unmistakably written all over her, and I marveled that the name hadn't told me at once what she looked like.

"How old are you, Jane?" I asked.

"Seven," she replied, with a little sigh, as of the weight of years.

Her voice satisfied me. She was one of those unusual children, whom some speak of as "queer," and others call "old-fashioned."

But they are neither. They are distinctly a modern variety, and their unusualness lies in the fact that they have a sense of humor.

"And is this your first trip abroad?" I went on.

"No, my seventh," said Jane, with a delicious little matter-of-fact air.

"Indeed! Well, this is the first time I have crossed, so I trust you will take pity on my ignorance, and instruct me as to what I should do."

I said this with an intent to be sociable, and make the child feel at ease, but no such effort was necessary.

"There is nothing to do diffidently," she said, with a bewitching smile. "You just do what you would in your own house."

It was the first really good advice I had had concerning my steamer manners, and I put it away among my other first impressions for future use.

Then Jane's mother appeared, and I learned that she occupied the next stateroom, and that she hoped Jane would not annoy me, and that she had three, and that they crossed every year, and that if I wanted anything at all I was to ask her for it. Then she put a few polite questions to me, and duly envied me my first impressions, and returned to her other babies.

Jane proved a most delightful room-mate, and, as she was never intrusive or troublesome, I felt that I had drawn a prize in the ship's lottery.

The morning of the second day I rose with a determination to get to work. I had no intention of dawdling, and, moreover, I had much to do. In the first

place, I wanted to get settled in my deck-chair, in that regulation bent-stumpy position so often pictured in Summer novels, and study my fellow-passengers. I had been told that nothing was so much fun as to study people on deck. Then I had many letters to write and many books to read. I wanted to learn how to compute the ship's log, and how to talk casually

Technique seemed lacking in my efforts, and, slightly embarrassed at my inability to manage the refractory rug, I looked up to see Jane watching me.

"You mustn't put the rug over you," she explained, in her kind little way. "You must put yourself over the rug."

At her advice I got out of the chair, and she spread the rug smoothly in it.



of "knots." After all these had been accomplished, I intended to plan out my itinerary for the Summer. This I wanted to do after I was out of all danger of advice from friends at home and before I made the acquaintance of any one on board who might attempt to advise me.

So determined was I to plan my own trip that I would have been glad to get out on a desert island and wait there for the next steamer, rather than have any assistance in the matter of laying out my route.

Immediately after breakfast, therefore, arrayed in correct steamer costume, and carrying rug, pillow, paper-covered novel, fur box, and two magazines, I went to my deck-chair and prepared to camp out for the morning. As the deck steward was not about, I tried to arrange my much-desired mummy effect myself.

"Sit down," she said, briefly, and I obeyed.

Cleverly, then, she flung up the sides and tucked in the corners, until the rug swathed me in true seventeenth-trip fashion. Jane proceeded to arrange my pillow and the other odds and ends of comfort. She disapproved, however, of my reading matter.

"Magazines won't stay open," she observed, "and paper books won't cover."

Jane's few mispronunciations were among her chiefest charms.

"But it won't matter," she added cheerfully. "You won't read, anyhow."

This reminded me that I had no intention of reading, being there for the purpose of studying my fellow-passengers. I was still obsessed by that strange sensation of inattention.

Although beautifully serene and abnor-

mally good-natured, I felt an utter aversion to exertion of any kind, mental, moral or physical. Even the thought of studying my fellow-travelers seemed a task too arduous to contemplate.

And so I sat there all the morning and put a fellow-traveler was studied.

"This won't do," I said to myself, severely, after luncheon. "Here you are, not a hint of seasickness, the day is perfect, you know how to adjust your rug, and all conditions are favorable. You must study your fellow-travelers."

But the afternoon showed little improvement on the morning. As a result of desperate effort, I scrutinized one lady and decided to call her the Lady with the Green Bag.

It wasn't a very clever characterization, and a pink-checked and white-handed young man, who attempted to talk to me, I snubbed, and then to myself I designated him as Simple Simon.

I wasn't really rude to him, and I fully intended to make acquaintances among the passengers later on; but I am, methodical, and after I had all my other tasks attended to I hoped to have two or three days left for social intercourse.

But after a time the chair next mine was left vacant, and then a laughing young girl seated herself in it.

Apparently it didn't belong to her, and she sat down there with the express purpose of talking to me. My arduous study of my fellow-travelers had, somewhat wearied me, and her sudden and uninvited appearance disturbed that serene calm which I had supposed unassailable, and so I angrily characterized her in my mind as a Bold-Faced Jig.

This name was so apt that it really pleased me, and I voluntarily smiled in appreciation of my appreciation of her.

So sympathetic was she (as I afterward discovered) that she smiled too, and then I couldn't, in common decency, be rude to her. She chatted away, and before I knew it I was charmed with her. I didn't change the name I had mentally bestowed on her, but, instead, I told her of it, and it delighted her beyond measure.

I told her, too, how I intended to devote the next two days to planning my Summer trip, then a day for writing letters, and after that I hoped to play bridge, or otherwise hobnob socially with certain people whom I had mentally selected for that purpose.

The Bold-Faced Jig laughed heartily at this.

"Haven't you any idea where you're going to travel?" she asked.

"Not the slightest."

"Well, let me advise you—"

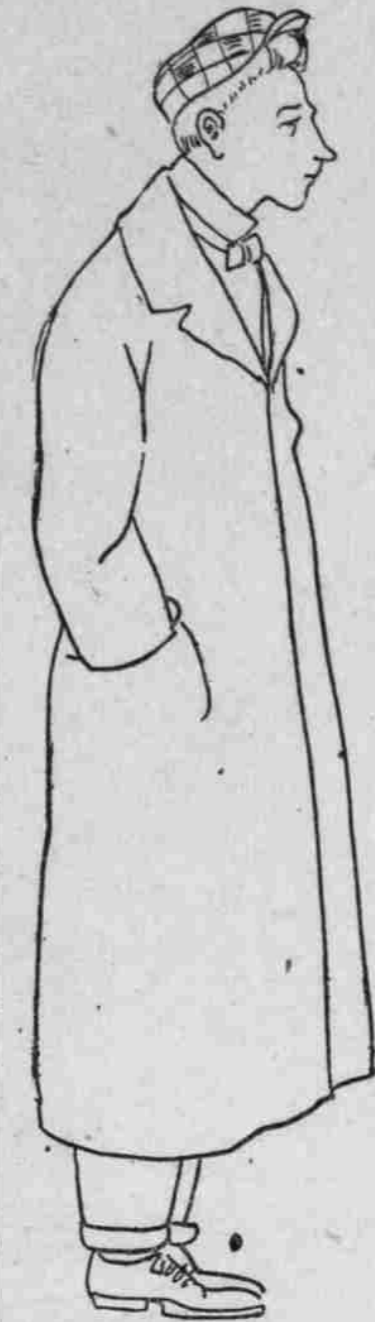
"Oh, please don't!" I cried. "I left my planning until now in order to get away from all advisers. I must decide for myself. I know just what I want, and I can't bear to be interfered with."

The B.-F. J. looked amazed at first, and then she laughed.

"All right," she said. "Now listen, Miss Emmins. I think you're delightful, and I'm going to help you all I can by not advising you. But if you've not finished your itinerary plans in two days, mayn't I tell you then what I was going to advise?"

"Yes," I said, with dignity and decision, "if you will keep away from me for two days, and do all you can to keep others away."

She promised, and it was more of a task than it might seem, for as I sat in



my deck-chair, or, oftener, at a table in the library, surrounded by Baedekers, time-tables, maps, guidebooks and Hare's

Walks in London, many of the socially inclined or curious-minded paused to make a tentative remark. My replies were so coolly polite that they rarely ventured on a second observation, but I soon discovered that my laughing friend had told her comrades what I was doing, and they awaited the result.

It is strange what trifling things will interest the idle minds of those who dandle about in the library of an ocean steamer.

Jane would occasionally come and stand by me, saying wisely, "Are you still making your itinerary?"

When I said yes, she sighed and smiled and ran away, being desirous not to bother.

The first morning I engaged in this work, I read interestingly of picture-galleries and architectural specialties. That afternoon my interest waned, and I studied time-tables and statistical information. The next morning I grew sick of the whole performance and, bundling the books and maps away, I went out to

my deck-chair, and idled away the hours in waking dreams that never were on sea or land.

The afternoon the Bold-Faced Jig approached me.

"It's all over," I said. "I've capitulated. I make no plans while I'm on this blessed ocean. It's wicked to do anything at all but to do nothing."

"And don't you want my advice?" she asked, laughing still.

"I don't care," I answered. "You can voice your advice if you choose. I shan't listen to it, much less follow it."

Her girlish laughter rang out again. "That was my advice," she said. "I was going to tell you not to plan any trip while you are at sea. Just enjoy the days as they come and go; don't count them; don't do anything at all but just be."

"I'm not through yet," she went on. "Don't write any letters or read any books. Don't study human nature, and of all things don't voluntarily make acquaintances. If they happen along, as I did, chat a bit if you choose, and when they pass on, forget them."

And so I took advice after all. I made no plans, I made no abstruse diagnoses of human character, I made no acquaintances save such as casually happened to themselves. And the days passed in a sort of rose-colored haze, as indolent as a foggy sunrise, and as satisfying as a painted nocturne of Whistler's. And so, my first impressions of my first ocean crossing are indeed enviable.

Munchausen on a Cracker Bar'l.
New York Sun.
"I grabbed that bar'l," says Uncle Ike, Down to Bin's grocery store.
"An' ex I held it, lookin' round,
"I jooks! That stood two more!"

"An' jest beyond 'em, schoolin' 'em,
"Ex them 'ar cracker bar'l,
"Jest 'fore they spring to shaw you up,
"I seen a panther, too!"

"Ex I was gain' at that beast,
"An' wonderin' all his size,
"O to his left I see three great
"Big wolves, with glarin' eyes!"

"Wall, shucker!" says I. "I've got on hand
"A job o' quite some heft!"
"But I gitcher 'em, I assailed all
"Them critters, right an' left."

"I grabbed an' ranted an' scuffed 'em
"Around an' down an' up,
"An' jugged each givin' varmint off
"Dead as a pissened pup!"

Then Deacon Pennington he riz,
"An' veered 'er veered 'er,
"He shuck his fist at Uncle Ike,
"An' hollier 'out, says he:"

"The Stratton, of whar hars has
"Them portion all is true,
"That barlin' he means I shan't be
"Half hot enough for you!"

The Deacon's net it quivered nigh
"The tip of Inaac's nose,
"But Uncle Ike jest mildly says,
"I never did suppose,

"'Till I helped more that mosey-um,
"An' 'em jugged an' puffed,
"That varmint setch ez them could be
"So true to natur stuffed!"

To the Influenza Germ.
London Globe.
By the shivering dis which chill us,
By the feverish heats which grill us,
By the pains which maul and mill us,
By the quacks which draft and pill us,
By the hydrophobes who swirl us,
By the alphas who bill us,
By the nervous fevers which kill us,
Tell us, tell us, free Basillus,
What, and why, and whence you are!

Say, are you a germ atomic?
Have you uses economic?
Are you truly miasmatic?
Are you solid or lymphatic?
Frankly, is your cause hygienic?
Are you native or exotic?
When your brethren transacted
Is your stay to be protracted?
And do you intend, Basillus,
To return again, as will us?
Do make answer, if you please!

Tell us briefly, tiny mystery,
What's your source and what's your history?
Clear the clouds of obscurity,
That surround your incubation,
Furnish, without more obstruction,
Your belated introduction!
Let us know your why and wherefore,
What it is you're in the air for,
And meanwhile, O wee Basillus,
Since with morbid dead you fill us,
Prithee, take your leave at once!

WONDERFUL REGENERATION OF SAN FRANCISCO IN TWO YEARS AFTER DESTRUCTION BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE



RECENT PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF COAST METROPOLIS, SHOWING PROGRESS MADE IN REBUILDING.

—Photo reproduced by courtesy of Sunset Magazine.

Two years ago yesterday the double calamity of earthquake and fire devastated San Francisco. For days after the first messenger reached Portland, after almost superhuman efforts to establish communication with the stricken city, until finally

authentic information was received which told of the greatest disaster that ever visited this Coast, there was deepest gloom in Portland. Hundreds of people here had relatives in the Bay City and thousands had friends there. Anxiety,

grief and despair were depicted on the faces of those who crowded around the newspaper and telegraph offices, waiting impatiently for news of the fate of loved ones, or concerning material losses. There were only two days in Portland's history when

such a pall of sorrow and depression spread over the people. Those days were when Sumner was fired upon and when news of Lincoln's assassination reached the Coast. What has happened in the City of San Francisco in the two years elapsing since

the disaster today arouses the astonishment and admiration of the world, and the indomitable spirit of its people has turned the pity felt for the stricken city two years ago into congratulations. Where there were a few structures, standing like senti-

nels in the midst of ashes of the great city monuments to the skill and honesty of modern constructors, there now rise scores of similar buildings. Only the surroundings are different today from those of two years ago. The burned district has

comparatively few vacant sites. The picture accompanying gives a fair idea of the marvelous rebuilding of the city. San Francisco, in a few weeks succeeding the terrible blow it received, adopted a new slogan: "Earthquake—forget it!"