

# MILYEMMIN'S TALES

BY CAROLYN WELLS

My own subjective London was achieving itself. I have always remembered, pleasantly or not, without a word of trouble. Arabella blew a bubble. and with emulative ease, I blew a beautiful, impalpable, iridescent sphere and called it London.

To be sure, a single interrogation point from an earnest tourist would have blown my bubble, for my whole London had a Tower or a British Museum in it. Nor was this an oversight. Calling to my aid a moral hardihood, I had deliberately concluded I would do no zig-zagging. Not that I objected to seeing a sight, now and then, but the sight would have to put in my own and the conditions would have to be such that I should prefer to go through the sight rather than around it.

Indeed, it was largely the word zig-zagging that I took exception to. Such a very defective verb! Who would voluntarily put herself in a position to say, "I sighted the National Gallery yesterday," or "I have sighted the whole city," and then have no proper parts of speech to say it with?

Moreover, I was not willing to go about my London carrying a Baedeker. In truth, my soul was possessed of conflicting emotions toward that little red book. As a tourist, it was invaluable. Never did I get an invitation to a place of mysterious sound, such as Kensington Gore, or Bird-in-Bush road, or to my Baedeker and quickly found therein the location, description and directions for reaching the same. I soon mastered the pink and gray maps, and their clever contrivances of corresponding numbers, and with my Baedeker back of me I could have found the most obscure and bewildering address, and even a Londoner is capable of devising.

But the pages devoted to "Sights which should on No Account Be Omitted," and the kindly advice "Dispositio of Time for the Hasty Visitor," I avoided with all the strength of my un-aided soul.

I was often amused at the ingenious efforts of tourists to disguise their Baedekers. One tailor-made American girl had hers neatly covered with bright blue paper, quite oblivious of the fact that the marbled edge and fluttering red and black tapes are unmistakable. Another, a pedagogic Bostonian, had hers wrapped in brown paper and tied with a string. Another had a leather case which exactly fitted the volume. And I thought that as the nude in art is far less suggestive than the semi-draped figure, so the uncovered red book was really less noticeable than these futile attempts at disguise.

Having, then, definitely decided that I should eventually return to America without having set foot in the Tower, the Bank or the Charter-house, I drew a long breath of content and gave myself up to the delight of being in the atmosphere of my own London.

And yet, I wanted to go to the Tower, the Bank and the Charter-house, I wanted to go to Westminster, to the "Houses of Parliament" and the National Gallery. But I did not want to go for the first time. I wanted to revisit these places, and how could I do that when I had never yet visited them?

First impressions of Piccadilly or Hyde Park are all very well, but first impressions are incongruous in connection with Westminster Abbey. What has crude admiration to do with experienced subtlety? How absurd to let the gaze of surprise rest upon age-acquainted glory! What presumption to look at solemn ancient grandeur as at a novelty? I wished that I had been to Westminster Abbey many, many times, so that I could drift in and out of its portals after-noon to revive old memories and renew old emotions.

I keep away from it entirely, and study it from books as I had always done. One day a departing cutter carelessly left behind her a pamphlet entitled "The Deanery Guide to Westminster Abbey." With a natural curiosity, I picked it up and opened it.

But I got no farther than the first fly-leaf, for that bore an advertisement of Rowland's Macassar Oil. I promptly forgot the existence of Westminster Abbey in the delight of finding that my London contained such a desirable commodity. Not that I wished to purchase the lotion, but I was absorbingly interested to learn that there really was such a thing. I had never heard of it before except in connection with the aged, aged man, sitting on a gate, who manufactured Rowland's Macassar Oil from mountain rills which he chanced to set ablaze. The remembrance of that dear old white-haired man, placidly going his ways, and content with the tuppence ha'penny that rewarded his toil, filled my soul to the exclusion of all else, and he made a welcome addition to the census of my own London. It was pleasant, too, to reflect on the sound logic of the English people when they coined the word "macassar." How much more restrictedly definite than our word "tidy!"

Well, then next it came about that I went for a walk. And as I was bound to happen sooner or later, I was strolling unthinkingly along, when I found myself with the Houses of Parliament on my right, and Westminster Abbey on my left. I was fairly caught, and surrendered at discretion. The only question was which way to turn. As I had no choice in the matter, I followed the logic of the "There was a little girl, who had a little curl," rather than

to treat. I took a few tentative steps, which brought me to the bust of our own Longfellow. The dignified and old-school New Englander is here represented as a plump-faced and jovial gentleman with very curly hair. The marble is excessively white and new-looking, and altogether, as I had no choice in the matter, I followed the logic of the "There was a little girl, who had a little curl," rather than

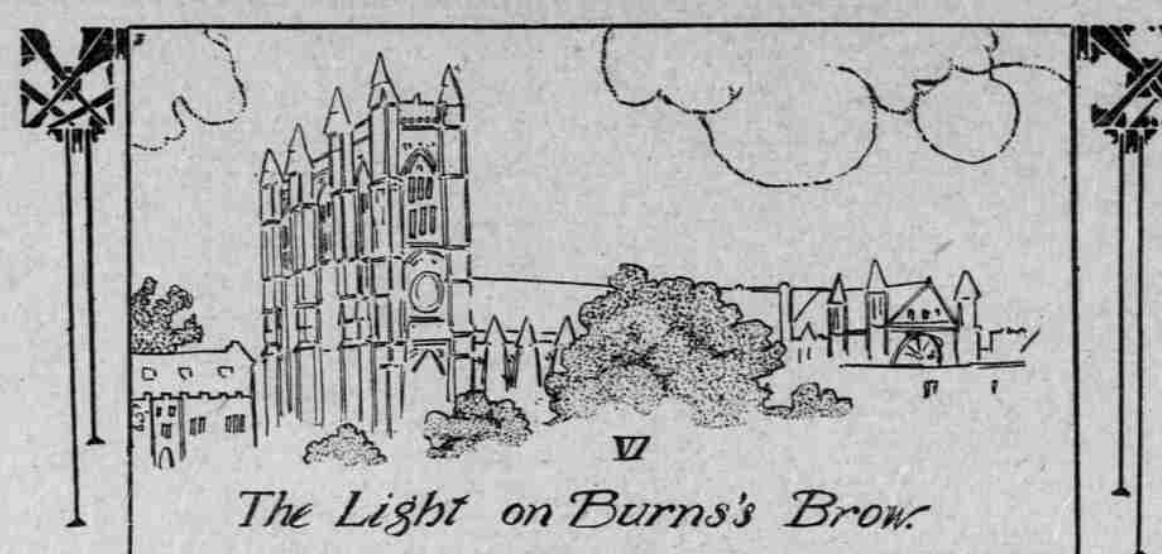
missed both; but the Abbey, with an almost perceptible nod of invitation, compelled me to turn that way, and involuntarily, though not at all unwillingly. Whereupon I made the startling discovery that I was in the Poets' Corner! Now, I had definitely planned that if ever I did visit the Abbey, I would enter by the North Transept, and gradually accustom myself to the atmosphere of the place. I would go away after a short inspection and return several times to visit it, before I even approached the Poets' Corner. And to find myself thus unexpectedly and somewhat informally introduced to an inscription attesting the rarity of Ben Jonson, took me unawares, and my eyes rested coldly on the words, and then passed on, still uninterestedly, to Spencer, Milton and Gray.

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The Light on Burns's Brow.



He so dominates the group of tourists he conducts that they often show signs of almost human intelligence.

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Without leaving the United States I could have found a more magnificent statue of Shakespeare in our own library of Congress, but no other representation of him, in paint or stone, has ever portrayed to my mind the personality of the poet as does the Abbey monument.

But to my mind the irreverence is not in the sentiment, but in the fact that it is placed upon his tomb, the responsibility therefor, even though Gay requested it, being with his survivors. Surely the man who wrote "Trivia" is as much entitled to honor as many other whose virtues are set forth in stone.

But if anyone is disturbed by Gay's irreverence, he has only to step through the door which is close at hand, into the little chapel of St. Faith. For some indefinable reason, this chapel breathes more the spirit of reverence

and holiness than any other in the Abbey. There is no especial beauty of decoration here, but he who can enter the

solemn little room without putting up the most fervent prayer of his life must be of an unresponsive nature indeed. It did not seem to me inharmonious to visit the Chapel of the Sanctuary in

and found that they gave me more historic atmosphere than their biographies or tombs. Hanging round the outside of the Abbey, I one day stumbled into St. Mar-

regret is that Sir Isaac Walton knew nothing of the joy of trolling for salmon, in the Columbia River, and of the modern devices, the silver spoon and such like paraphernalia. Another boast which those on the Pacific Coast now make is that we are sending cod and halibut to Massachusetts. Think of that—cod to the land of the Pilgrims! The region which has long claimed the finest fish of that variety in the world. But the East has long furnished fish food for the entire Nation. The young West is now taking her place. It would seem that the waters around the Washington and Alaska coast are inexhaustible, but we have seen and heard laws for the conserving of all such interests, and we are learning from the experience of the older states which have not enforced such laws.

Mrs. Ankeny married her husband when she was just 19. The romance began on one of those long journeys which a trip across the continent meant some 30-odd years ago. Miss Jennie Nesmith was recruited from Cincinnati, where she had been educated at College Hill Seminary, at one time quite a noted seat of learning, but now passed away like many good things in the Queen City and other cities. The trip was in company with her father, Senator Nesmith, and some school friends, and was made by way of the Illinois, thence by rail across the Panama strip, where a sailing boat took the party up to the Sound. Mr. Ankeny was returning from the East by the same route, and fell in love at first sight. He encountered some difficulty in procuring an introduction to the Senator's daughter, but he finally succeeded in that and in the more serious intentions which he had entertained from the first. The marriage occurred the following year, on October 2, 1867, and he took his bride from the brilliant social sphere which she occupied in Washington City to the wilderness of the Northwest. But even in those days home life counted more with Mrs. Ankeny than the admiration of the crowd. She spent only part of one season in Washington, and then she found social existence meaningless, as she now declares it after 40 years' experience in more absorbing duties.

Mrs. Ankeny possesses strong characteristics, but the love of home is predominant. "I have never joined clubs and I have not approved of suffrage for women because it more or less invites them away from their more sacred duties. I know all the argument about civic purity and the things claimed by those who advocate suffrage for women. But I think that at home women may work all the reformations, locally and nationally. The mother who trains her sons carefully in their duties and obligations, first to their creator and then to themselves and their country, is making for civic purity along the rightfully ordained lines. The wife who impresses on her husband that she could not love or respect a man who is guilty of neglect or abuse of his civic obligations has done a large part in elevating her community—much more than if she made stump speeches and led cohorts which wanted to charge on the ballot-box. I have never joined a club, not even the Congressional of Washington. This, however, I intend to join, pending other contingencies of the future."

Senator Ankeny is up for re-election, and a bitter fight is imminent in his state. Politics apart, Washington would be sorry to lose this family, though they have not been conspicuous in Vanity Fair. They reside in a modest apartment in the

the author of "Evangeline." But if not of poetic effect, the bust is satisfactory as a fine type of American manhood, so I smiled back at it, and passed on. Then, by chance, I turned into the South Transept. It was about 5 o'clock on a midsummer afternoon, the hour, as I have often since proved, when the spell of the Poets' Corner is most potent—the hour when a prismatic shaft of sunlight strikes exactly on the marble forehead of Burns. And flickering sun-rays light up the face of Southey. There, above the mortal remains of Henry Irving, I stood, and as I looked up, I knew that at last Westminster Abbey and I were at one.

For I saw Shakespeare. It was not the emotional atmosphere of the place, for that had not as yet affected me. It was not historic association, for I knew Shakespeare's bones did

not rest there. It was not the inherent, artistic worth of the sculptured figure, for I knew that it has never been looked upon as a masterpiece, and that Walpole, or somebody, called it "preposterous." But it was Shakespeare, and from his eyes there shone all the wonder, the beauty and the immortality of his genius.

I am told the whole monument is wrong in composition and in execution, but it is merely in the drawing's lines—its body, so to speak; its soul is right. Or at least it was to me, and from that moment I felt at home in Westminster Abbey.

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## MRS. LEVI ANKENY, SENATOR'S WIFE

TALK WITH COLONEL NESMITH'S DISTINGUISHED DAUGHTER ON HER EXPERIENCES AND HER VIEWS OF SEVERAL THINGS

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.  
WASHINGTON, May 18.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—Levi Ankeny has been likened to Mark Twain enlarged two sizes, but he takes more comfort in his prowess as a mighty fisherman than his resemblance to the great humorist, and Mrs. Ankeny seems to find the joy of her life in telling these same fish stories. Those who visit the Ankenys naturally talk of fish, for their home is filled with illustrated fish stories, that is snapshots of the various members of the family in the act of landing tremendous salmon or idly toying with fish and line on some sunny spot along the Columbia River. "We of Washington State talk our salmon just as naturally as New Yorkers boast of Niagara or the Bostonese the sacred cod and Plymouth Rock. It is local pride," said Mrs. Ankeny, displaying the latest set of photographs which the Senator has in readiness to illustrate his recent adventures with the wily salmon. One picture shows him looking very much like Mark Twain, indeed standing behind a line of 22 salmon, all caught with his own hook, according to veritable witnesses. Each fish weighs more than six pounds and some of them weigh 18. Yet, says Mrs. Ankeny, this was not an exceptional occasion. Fifty to 80 fish from 5 to 14 pounds is a fair haul when times are propitious.

"Washington State and Washington City might be separate worlds, for any resemblance they bear one to the other is the viewpoint or the ideals which prevail, especially among the women," said Mrs. Ankeny one day last week. "When one breathes the air of the Northwest and becomes identified with life on the frontier, conditions on the seaboard seem artificial. They inspire none of the enthusiasm which those feet who have carved out a civilization in the midst of the wilderness. Ready-made cities seem in-ward to me and the joy of watching municipal development is gone. From my earliest remembrance, I have heard thrilling tales and have known the joy which only those can feel who have successfully passed through danger. When my father made the journey from New York to Oregon in 1842 it took him one year, and every inch of his way was surrounded by perils, the dangers of the Northwest, from the country, the elements, wild beasts, the more dangerous wild beasts, Indians, a thousand and one dangers which everyone who blazes the path of civilization must encounter. When my husband came West from Missouri in 1860, a child of six, the journey required about four months. Now we make the trip from Washington City to Walla Walla in about four days. My sons frequently surprise us with a visit and it is a great pleasure, of course, but

more than any other inhabitants of the globe. Then, Washington must have the very worst climate on earth, for women from the Pacific Coast will

"My father, James W. Nesmith, was originally from Maine, and at one time he was considered the richest man in the golden State of Oregon. He never had reason to complain of the tedious routine of life, for his entire career was filled with stirring events. He took part in the first legislative act of the new region, namely, the inauguration of the provisional government on July 5, 1844, when the executive power was invested in three persons, the legislative in nine, elected by qualified delegates representing every district, and the judicial was placed in a supreme court, consisting of one supreme judge and two justices of the peace. My father served in the Senate during the stirring days of the war of the rebellion and he became a close friend of Lincoln, Justice Chase and Stanton. It was always his intention to edit his reminiscences, not only in connection with his part in the settlement of Oregon, but also his life in Washington and his intercourse with men whose names now form large in history. The most cherished part of the legacy which my father left was a huge collection of letters, many from Lincoln, from Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, besides the great men who served in the legislative houses at the same time. It is my earnest desire to see these letters embodied in the history of those times, and it is probable that such a work will be soon undertaken by my nephews, who are distinctly literary in his tastes. My sons have selected a business career and such a labor would not be congenial. I consider all these documents of tremendous importance, in these days, when every minutiae of fact counts so much towards the production of sound history."

"Washington is becoming better known to the general American because it is the highway to Alaska. My residence here I have noted how many I meet have visited Washington, always en route for the wonderful land to the north. I think Washington deserves a visit on its own merits. We have none of that burning issue which has so long divided the country, lightful, just two seasons. Winter and Summer, and we are so accustomed to pleasant conditions that we take them for granted. We never hear of the weather. Here at the capital, the weather is something like Congress or the administration—always in the wrong. I suppose you hear nothing but politics," my friends say, when I get home to Walla Walla, and I make answer, no, that I hear of nothing but the weather. I do not know whether others have noticed it, but I think that Washingtonians talk weather



MRS. LEVI ANKENY.

charge of a verger. The Abbey guide is also a philosopher and friend. His intoned information is pleasantly in keeping with the chiseled epigrams, and his personality is invariably delightful; and he so dominates the group of tourists he conducts that they often show signs of almost human intelligence. The guide answers questions not perfunctorily, but with an air of personal interest. To be sure, he passes lightly over many of the most impressive figures and proudly exhibits the fearsome Death who jabs a dart at Lady Nightingale, while her husband politely endeavors to protect her. But a few becomingly acquainted with the chapels one may return on free days and visit, unescorted, the tomb of Sir Francis Vere.

The Waxed Effigies greatly took my fancy. Hidden away in an upper room, they are well worth the extra fee which it costs to see them. The verger described them with a show of real affection, and indeed, I felt strangely drawn to the ghastly puppets, which are, undoubtedly, very like the Kings and Queens they represent. William and Mary are easily lodged in a case by themselves, and their brocades and velvets and real lace are beautiful to look upon, though stiffened by age and dirt. Elizabeth is a terror, and Charles the Second a horror, but vastly fascinating in their weird dreadfulness. Again and again I returned to my waxen friends.

The building is spacious, sunny and fire proof, and in addition to all the appointments of the usual school building it possesses both a bath, showers, an elevator, dining-room, a roof-garden and a "workroom."

The workroom is not yet furnished, as the Board of Education is having the chairs and desks made to order to suit the peculiarities of each child. Some of the chairs will be very low in the seat and high in the back, some will have oscillating backs that yield as the child leans back or moves, others will be placed toward the end of the desk instead of directly in front of it, etc.—thus the child with the stiff leg, the deformed hip or the head brace will be able to work under the most comfortable conditions possible.

Fine needle-work, book binding, basket weaving and manual training are taught in the workroom and the work done by the boys and girls is sold. The children are paid by the week—the girls earning at least \$2.50 each week of five days. These boys and girls could never earn this amount of money by working under ordinary conditions.

Beautiful initial and other fine embroidery, exquisitely named and wool crocheting is executed for the friends of the school who place orders for such work, and the school management solicits orders from the public at large. Social meetings are held frequently, providing recreation, and promoting happiness in lives that would otherwise be dreary and monotonous.

The roof-garden is another fine feature of the institution. Here the children may play, exercise, or study free from the dirt, dangers and noise of the street. Features of the daily curriculum are milk-drinking, sun baths, and shower baths. A trained nurse is in attendance, and the kiddies who are not being regularly treated at the hospitals.

The school, which has hitherto been conducted in a small plain building on 25 Montgomery street, is indebted for its new home to the late Emanuel Lehman and his family. Mr. Lehman intended making the gift in celebration of his 80th birthday, but the papers were being prepared when he was seized with the illness which ended his life. Philip Lehman and his sisters generously relieved out of the plans conceived by their father—N. Y. Globe.

Highlands, and Mrs. Ankeny spends a large part of her time directing her home. But one of her four children is in Washington, Miss Gladys Ankeny, a handsome girl of 18, who will complete her studies in Mrs. Somers' Seminary this June. Like her mother, she longs for the "Western life," and she has decided to repress and smothered among the conventionalities of the capital. "I like riding where I have plenty of room," she expressed in a letter, "and I am decidedly against a debut, even should the convention prove favorable for my father's return. I think debut is senseless occasions. There is no need to do this sort of thing. I like to go around and meet people, but I should not like to make a bow, as it is termed here."

There are three sons. Nesmith, the oldest, is on a ranch not far from Walla Walla. He raises beef cattle and some blooded stock, and has large timber interests. The second son, John, is in his father's bank at Walla Walla, and the third, Robert, is a machinist. All are married, and tiers of dainty little grandchildren, in all manner of postures adorn the walls of the Ankeny home and share the honors with the fish when the Senator or his genial wife are displaying the treasures of the Evergreen State. In appearance Mrs. Ankeny is expressive of her native environment; gentle in manner and voice, energetic in movement and the embodiment of hospitality and genuine good humor.

### THE GLOUROSUS WEST.

By Emma Vest Miller.  
O give me the West, with its freedom of mind  
And its heart, which is great as the sea;  
The plains of the West are so vast and so free,  
Could have been no more perfect to me.  
O, give me the seat of the balmy coast air,  
Let me feast on the vintages and vintage rare.  
Enraptured am I with such wealth,  
A song's in my heart and it sings of the West.  
With a feeling akin to love's dream:  
Just to live in this is the land I love best.  
Is a happiness almost supreme.  
O, give me the mist of the fog and the rain,  
For whatever the elements be,  
The sun and the moon will shine in its beauty again,  
Yes, the glorious West is for me.  
O, glorious West! when the Israelite sang  
Of his Canaan so long, long ago,  
When the shepherd-boy's call from his clarion rang  
From the mount to the valley below.  
No richer the gifts fell from Nature's own hand  
Than the wealth she has showered at thy feet.  
In this land of the West—this new promised land,  
With its milk and its honey-dew sweet.  
The Fatal Gift of Beauty.  
Lippincott's.  
The novel reader cried:  
"The sleek, fair, blue-eyed maid and fair,  
And proudly Lady Gwendolyn gives me  
Paint me a freckled-faced girl with red hair;  
Write me a novel of plain Mary Jane.  
So the novelist wrote.  
Like roses bedowered with gold was her face.  
A hair of fame-colored tress had she,  
Though a Duchess, she waived all her rights to "Your Grace."  
And said, "To my lover, I'm plain Jeanne Marie."