

THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

SUPPOSE every one experiences sudden movements of self-revelation that comes without rhyme or reason, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky; revelations that make clear in one illuminative flash conditions and motives that have been tangled in a vague obscurity of doubt.

It was when such an instantaneous radiance of mental vision came to me I realized at once why I had come to England. It was simply and only that I might visit Stratford-on-Avon.

Nor was this pilgrimage to be lightly undertaken. Well I knew that the position Shakespeare occupied in my lists of hero-worship demanded that a fitting tribute of emotion be displayed at sight of such material memorials as were preserved at his birthplace.

Moresover, I knew that, whatever might be my sense of reverential homage, in me the power of emotional demonstration did not abound.

But it is ever my custom, when possible, to supply or amend such lacks as I may note in my nature, by any available means.

And what could be wiser than when going on such an important journey, and where I knew my own powers would fall short of an imperative requirement, to take with me some one who should adequately supplement my shortcomings?

Being of a methodical nature, I have my friends as definitely classified and as neatly pigeon-holed as my old letters. Mentally running over my collection of available companions, I stopped at Sentimental Tommy, knowing I need look no further.

Of course Sentimental Tommy was not his real name, but it is my custom to bestow upon my friends such titles as seem to me appropriate or descriptive.

Sentimental Tommy, then, was the only man in the world, so far as I knew, who would make a perfect associate for a day in Stratford. His special qualifications were a chameleon-like power of adaptability, an instant and sympathetic comprehension of mood, an unbounded capacity for sentiment, and a genius for comradeship.

He was also a man to whom one could say, "come, and be cometh," without any fuss about it.

The date being arranged, I turned to my bookkeeper and was deeply delighted to discover that we must take a train from Euston Station. For it seemed that the wonderful columned facade of Euston was the only appropriate exit from London, when one's destination was Stratford.

I had hoped that our route might cause us to pass through Upper Tooting, as next to Stratford, this was to me the most interesting name in my little red book. I know not why, but Upper Tooting has always possessed for me a strange fascination, and though it sounds merely like the high notes of a French horn, yet my intuition tells me that it is full of deep and absorbing interest.

Sentimental Tommy met me at Euston Station, and bought tickets for Stratford as casually as if it had been on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Tommy was in jubilant spirits that morning, with the

peculiar kind of international triumph which comes only to an American who has attained some especial favor of the English. Gleelessly he told me of his great kick: Only that morning he had been kicked by the King's cat!

An early stroll past Buckingham Palace and along Constitution Hill had resulted in an interview with the royal feline, and the above-mentioned honorable result had been achieved. My observation to the effect that I didn't know that cats kicked, was met by the simple statement that this cat did—and then we went on to Stratford.

The ride being in part through the same country that I had traversed when coming to London, I felt quite at home in my surroundings; and we chatted gaily of everything under the sun except the immortal hero of our pilgrimage.

That's what I like about Tommy—he has such a wonderful intuitive sense of conversational values. And though his obsession by Shakespeare is precisely the same as my own, and though he is himself a Bartlett's Concordance in men's clothing, yet I knew, for a surety, that he would quote no line from the poet through the entire day.

As we had neither of us ever been in Stratford before, we left the train at the station and paced the little town with an anticipation that was like a blank page, to be written on by whatever might happen next.

Trusting to Tommy's instinct, we asked no questions of guidance, and started off at random, on a nowise remarkable street.

At the Chancel.

It was an affable August day, and our gait was much like that of a snail: at full gallop; yet before we turned the



VIII A Sentimental Journey

first corner tears stood in my eyes, though whether caused by the thrill of being on Shakespeare's ground, or the reflection of Tommy's discernibly suppressed emotion, I've no idea.

But for pure delightfulness of sensation, it is difficult to surpass that aimless wandering through Stratford, with a subconsciousness of what was awaiting us.

In London, historical associations crop up at every step; but, though pointing backward, each points in a different direction, and so they form a great semicircular horizon which becomes misty and vague in the distance. This is restful, and gives one a mere sense of blurred perspective. But Stratford is definite and coherent. Everything in it, material or otherwise, points sharply back to the same figure, and the converging rays meet with a suddenness that is dazzling and well-nigh stunning.

Stratford is reeking with dramatic quality, and a sudden breath of its atmosphere makes for mental unbalance.

"Don't take it so hard," said Tommy, with his gentle smile; "this is really the worst of it, except, perhaps, one other bit, and it will soon be over."

"Why, we haven't begun yet," said I, in astonishment.

"You're thinking of the birthplace, the memorial and the church. You ought to know that we can see, absorb, and assimilate those things in just about one minute each. It is this that counts—the and the footpath across the fields to Shuttery."

"And the River," I added.

"Yes, and the River."

Following his unerring instincts,

Tommy's steps led us, though perhaps not by the most direct route, to the Shakespeare Hotel.

"You know," he said, "intending visitors to Stratford are invariably instructed by returned visitors to go to

the Red Lion Inn, or Red Bear, or Red something; but instinct tells me that this hostelry has a message for us."

Nor was the message only that of the typical English luncheon which the dining-room afforded. There were many other points about that hotel which impressed me with peculiar delight, from the quaint entrance-hall to the garden at the back.

Each room is named for one of Shakespeare's plays, and has the title over its door. After hesitating between Hamlet and Twelfth Night, I finally concluded that should I ever spend a whole summer in Stratford, which I fully intend to do, I should take possession of the delightful, chintz-furnished "Love's Labor Lost."

The library was a continuation of fascination. A strange-shaped room whose length is half a dozen times its width, it seemed a place to enter but not to leave.

However, one does not visit Stratford for the delights of hotel life, and, luncheon over, we again began our wanderings.

By good luck we chanced first upon the Memorial Theater. The good luck lay in the fact that, having seen the outside of this tribute to Genius, we had no desire to enter. It was mindful of a modern New England high school building, and though we knew it contained authentic portraits and folios, it had little to do with our Shakespeare.

We paused at the monument, and commented on the cleverness of the happy thought that provided Philosophy to fill up the fourth side of Shakespeare's genius.

And then we went on to Henley street

and the house where Shakespeare was born.

We entered the narrow doorway into the old house, which shows so plainly the frantic endeavor at preservation, and we climbed the stairs to the room where the poet was born. The air was smoky with memory and through it loomed the rather smug bust, its weight supported by a thin-legged, inadequate table.

With Tommy I was not troubled by the objectionable thought of "first impressions." In the first moment we took in, with one swift glance, the fireplace, the walls, the windows and the few scant properties, and after that our attitude was as pilgrims returning to an ovation shrine.

In the room back of the birth room, the one that looks out over the garden, sat the custodian of the place. He was a large handsome man with none of the doddering, mumbly effects of his profession.

He looked at me keenly, as I stood looking out of the back window, my thoughts all with Mary Arden, and he said, in a low voice, "You love him, too," and I said "Yes."

A little shaken by the birthplace, but of no mind to admit it, we went gaily through the Stratford street, passing groups of happy villagers, and so suddenly did we meet the Avon that we almost fell into it. We chanced upon two broad marble steps that seemed to be the terminal of a macadamized path to the river.

The Avon was using the lower of these

time the baby Shakespeare took precedence over the man poet.

It is scarcely fair that the Avon should be so beautiful of itself, for this, with its vicarious interests, makes it too beautiful among mortals.

Then we went to Holy Trinity. The approach, plain as way to parish church, seemed like a solemn ceremony, and, as from afar, I was admitted, "it got on his nerves."

Unbathed by verger or guide, oblivious to tourists, if any were there, we walked through the church, looking at Shakespeare's grave—and walked away.

It was fortunate for me at this moment that I had taken Sentimental Tommy with me, for, as his motions are so much more adaptable than mine, so he has them under better control.

I had expected to look around the church bit, but Tommy led me away, through the old graveyard, to the low wall by the river. And there, under the waving old trees, we sat until we could pick up our lost hats and scattered papers.

Back through the town we went, and I must needs stop here and there at the little shops, which, with their modern attempts at quaintness, display relics and antiques, more or less genuine.

Few of their wares appealed to me, so I contented myself with a tiny collection of Shakespearean memorabilia which chance presented the familiar features with an expression of real power and intellect. It was strange to find this poet face on a cheap trinket, and with deep thankfulness of heart I possessed myself of my one souvenir of Stratford.

It is directly opposed to all the instincts of Tommy's nature to ask instructions in matters which he feels he ought to know intuitively.

And Tommy, with his usual announcement, "This is the footpath across the fields to Shuttery—Anne Hathaway's cottage," was started.

As Tommy had hinted during our walk from the station, there would be another bit of the real thing; and this was it. The walk across the fields is covered with impudencies that come perilously near emotional intensity.

But from such appalling fate we were saved by our sense of humor. One cannot give way to emotions if one is conscious of its humorous aspect. And we agreed that as the path across the fields had been here ever since Shakespeare's time, and as it would in all probability remain in some time in the future, the mere coincidence that we were traversing it at this particular moment was nothing to be dwelt upon.

And yet—it was the path from Stratford to Shuttery, and we were there! But it was a longer path than we had thought upon, the practicality factor is one of the chief ingredients of Tommy's sentiment moved him to look at his watch and announce that we would have to turn back at once, if we would catch the last train to London.

Not entirely disheartened at leaving Anne Hathaway's cottage unvisited—for we had a request to remain for the unattained—we turned, and wandered back to the station just in time for the late afternoon train.

And that was when we didn't discover until some time afterward that we had taken the wrong road across the fields; and that, as we imagined our faculties turned toward Anne Hathaway's cottage was getting further and further away to our left.



My Thoughts All With Mary Anderson.



Kicked by the King's Cat.

two steps, so we sat on the upper one and watched the children sailing boats upon the Memorial Stream. This brought to my mind Mr. Mable's worst picture of Shakespeare at 4 years old, and for a

THE SCOURING OF THE SAGAWAS BY JEWELL FORD

Professor Shorty McCabe tells of a Red Letter Day with a Dramatic Organization

WELL, I've been doing a little more circulate in among the fat-wads. It's getting to be a regular fad with me. And say, I used to think they were simple lot; but I don't know as they're much worse than some others that ain't got so good an excuse.

I was sitting on my front porch, at Primrose Park, when in rolls that big bubble of Saddle's, with her behind the plate glass and rubber.

"But I thought you was figurin' in that big house party out to Breeze Acres," said I, "where they've got a duchess on exhibition?"

"It's the duchess. I'm running away from," says Saddle.

"You ain't gettin' stage fright this late in the game, are you?" says I.

"Hardly," says she. "I'm bored, though. The duchess is a frost. She talks of nothing but her girls' charity school and her complexion baths. Thirty of us have been shut up with her for three days now, and we know her by heart. Pinckney asked me to drop around and see if I could find you. He says he's played billiards and poker until he's lost all the friends he ever had, and that if he doesn't get some exercise soon he'll die of indigestion. Will you let me take you over for the night?"

"Well, I've monkeyed with them swell house parties before, and generally I've dug up trouble at 'em; but for the sake of Pinckney's health I said I'd take another chance; so in I climbs, and we goes zippin' off through the mud. Saddle didn't told me more'n half the cat-scrapes the women had pulled off durin' them rainy days before we was most there.

Just as we slowed up to turn into the private road that leads up to Breeze Acres, one of them dinky little one-lunger benzine buggies comes along, mistlin' 40 explosions to the minute and couagin' itself to death on a grade you could hardly see. All of a sudden something goes off, Bang! and the fellow that was juglin' the steerin' bar throws up both hands, like he'd been shot with a ripe tomato.

same size; the tires was banded like so many more throats; the front dasher was wabby; one of the side lamps was a tin stable lantern; and the seat was held on by a couple of cleats knocked off the end of a packing box.

"Looks like it had seen some first-aid repairin'," says I.

"It was Leonidas," says she. "Why, I've nelled this relic together at least twice a week for the last two months. I've used wagon bolts, nuts borrowed from wayside pumps, pieces of telephone wire, and horseshoe nails. Once I ran 20 miles with the sprocket chain tied up with twine. And yet they say that the age of miracles has passed. It would need a whole machine shop to get her going again," says he. "I'll wait until my wagons come up, and then we'll get out the tow rope."

"Wagons!" says I. "You ain't travelin' with a retinue, are you?"

"That's the exact word for it," says he. "And then Leonidas tells me about the Sagawa aggregation. Ever see one of these medicine shows? Well, that's what Leonidas had. He was sole proprietor and managing boss of the outfit."

"We carry 11 people, including drivers and canvas men," says he. "and we give a performance that the Proctor houses would charge 75c a head for. It's all for a dime, too—quarter for the Sagawa for sale only between turns."

"You talk like a three-sheet poster," says I. "Where are you headed for now?"

"We're making a hundred-mile jump up into the mill towns," says he, "and before we've worked up as far as Providence I expect we'll have to carry the receipts in kegs."

For perches on the blue boards," says Leonidas, "but that friend of yours, Mr. Pinckney, wanted me to make it five."

Anyway, it was almost worth the money. Milie Peroxide, who did the high and lofty with a job lot of last year coon songs, owned a voice that would have had a Grand-street banana huckster down and out; the monologue man was funny only when he didn't mean to be; and the blackface banjolel was the limit. Then there was a juggler, and Montana Kate, who wore buck-

skin leggings and did a fake rifle-shootin' act.

I tried to head Leonidas off from sendin' out his tent men, pleged up in red flannel coats, to sell bottled Sagawa; but he said Pinckney had told him to be sure and do it. They were birds, them "gentlemanly ushers."

"I'll bet I know where you picked up the lot of 'em," says I.

"Where?" says Leonidas.

"Off the benches in City Hall Park," I says.

lators and complexion beautifier," says Leonidas in his business talk. "It removes corns, takes the soreness out of stiff muscles and restores the natural color to gray hair. Also, ladies and gents, it can be used as a furniture polish, while a few drops in the bath is better than a week at Hot Springs."

He was right to be home. Leonidas was, and it was a joy to see him. He'd got himself into a wrinkled dress suit, stuck an opera hat on the back of his head, and he jollied along that swell mob just as easy as if they'd been factory hands. And they all seemed glad they'd come. After it was over Pinck-

ney says that it was too bad to keep such a good thing all to themselves, and he wants me to see if Leonidas would mind my having a grand matinee performance next day, in Jersey, and the rations ran kind of low. In fact, all we've had to live on for the last four days has been bean soup and pilot bread, and the artists are beginning to complain. Now that I've got a little real money, I'd like to buy a few pounds of steak. I reckon the aggregation would sleep better after a hot supper."

I lays the case before Pinckney and

Saddle, and they goes straight for Mrs. Brassett. And say! before 11:30 they had that whole outfit lined up in the main dinin'-room before such a feed as most of 'em hadn't never dreamed about. There was everything from chilled olives to hot squab, with a pint of fizz at each place.

Right after breakfast Pinckney had had a talk about delayed guests, callin' 'up every one he knew within 15 miles. And he sure did a good job. While he was at that, he strolls out to the tent to have a little chin with Leonidas, and I discover him up to the neck in trouble. He was backed up against the center pole, and in front of him was the whole act, with a jawlin' at once, and raisin' seven different kinds of ructions.

"Excuse me for buttin' in," says I. "But, I thought maybe this might be a happy family."

"It ought to be, but it ain't," says Leonidas. "Just listen to 'em."

And say, what kind of bats do you think had got into their bellies? Seems they'd heard about the two-dollar-a-head ticket and the crowd that was comin' to the matinee. That, and bein' waited on by a butler at dinner the night before, had gone to the vacant spot where their brains ought to be. They were tellin' Leonidas that if they were goin' to take to Broadway prices they were goin' to give Broadway acts.

Milie Peroxide allowed that she would cut out the ragtime and put in a few choice selections from grand opera. Montana Kate hears that, and she's shootin' for her; not much! She had Ophelia's lines down pat, and she meant to give 'em or die in the attempt. The blackface banjolel says he can imitate sonate St. Henry Irving to the life; and the juggler guy wants to show 'em how he can eat up the Toreador song.

"These folks want somethin' lightened," says Milie Peroxide, "and this is the chance of a lifetime for me to fill the bill. I'd been doin' grand opera long ago if it hadn't been for the trust."

They told me at the dramatic school in Dubuque that I ought to stick to Shakespeare," says Montana Kate. "And here's where I get my hooks in."



LEONIDAS UP TO HIS NECK IN TROUBLE.

ors, she," says I. "You can't change 'em, though."

"I wish I wasn't responsible for this lot," says he.

"He was feelin' worse than ever when the rain came. He'd got out of the cotagers for miles around had come over to see what new doin's Pinckney had hatched, but minute that he saw a capacity house when Leonidas steps out on the stage to announce the first turn, I knew he had more green money in his clothes than minute than he'd handled in a month before, but he acted as sheepish as if he was goin' to strike 'em for a loan."

"I'd wish to call the attention of the audience," says he, "to a few changes of programme. Milie Peroxide, who is billed to sing coon songs, will render by her own request the grand song from 'Faust' and two solos from 'Lucia di Lammermoor.'"

And say, she did it! Anyways, them was what she aimed at. For a while the crowd held its breath, tryin' to believe it was only a freight engine whistlin' for brakes, or somethin' like that. Then they began to grin. Next some one touched off a giggle, and after that they roared until they were windin' away the tears.

Leonidas don't look quite so glum when he comes out to present the reformed banjolel as Mr. Henry Irving. He got his cue all right, and he hands out a game of talk about delayed guests comin' to the front that tickled the folks clear through. The guy never seemed to drop that he was bein' handed the lemon, and he done his work as funny, but you never see anything so beat that combination. Amateurs are afraid to let themselves loose, but not that bunch. They were so sure of helin' the best that ever happened in their particular lines that they didn't even know the crowd was givin' 'em the hush until they'd got through.

Anyway, as a rib tickler that show was all to the good. The folks nearly mobbed Pinckney, tellin' him what a case he was to think up such an exhibition, and he bid it all to Saddle and me.

Only the duchess didn't exactly seem to connect with the joke. She sat stolidly through the whole performance in a kind of daze, and then afterwards she says: "It wasn't what I call real clever, you know, but my own opinion is that they tried hard enough."

Just before I starts for home I hunts up Leonidas. He was givin' orders to his boss, and he done his work as well, and feelin' the pulse of his one-lunger that Mrs. Brassett's chauffeur had tinkered up.

"Well, Leonidas," says I, "are you goin' to put the Shakespeare-Sagawa combination on the ten-twenty-thirt circuit?"

"Not if I can prove an allibi," says he. "I've just paid a week's advance salary to that crowd of Melbas and Booths, and told me to go sign contracts with Frohman and Conried. I may be running a medicine show, but I've got some professional pride left. Now I'm going back to New York and engagin' an educated pig and a troupe of trained dogs to fill out the season."

The last I saw of Montana Kate she was pacin' up and down the station platform, readin' a copy of Come and Juliet. Ain't they the pipkins, though?