

THE FAMILY EMMINS' PARADE

BY CAROLYN WELLS

A FAVORITE game of mine in London was to walk until I became tired or lost or both, and then take a cab back home.

Of course, the bright beckoning of Piccadilly allured me, and I strolled along that Primrose Path from Park Lane to Piccadilly Circus, my mind laid open like a fresh blotting-book, to receive whatever impression London might carelessly leave upon it.

Such delightful people as I would see! Ladies, tricked out in pink flimminy of raiment, ever striving to clutch one more handful of their froon-froon, as it waggishly eluded their grasp, and dawdled along the pavement behind them.

Yet, strange to say, the flapping, frilliness rarely becomes mudily bedraggled, as it would on a New York street; it merely achieves that palpable grayness which marks everything in London, from its palaces to its laundry work.

The headgear of these same ladies can be called nothing less than alarming. During the Summer of which I write, it was the whim to wear huge shapes of the mushroom or butter-bowl variety.

These shapes, instead of being decorated with flowers or feathers, bore skillfully contorted fruits, that looked so like real ones I was often tempted to pluck them. Cherries and grapes were not so entirely novel, but peaches, pears, and in one instance a banana, seemed, at least, ludicrously. I was rejoiced to learn that these fruits, being stuffed with cotton-wool, were not so weighty as they appeared; but they were indeed bulky, and crowded on to the hat in such quantities that it seemed more sensible to turn the butter-bowl the other side up to hold them.

Owen Scaman calls the English "the misunderstood people," but how can one understand those who put fly-nets on the tops of their caps instead of on their horses, and wear peaches on their heads?

As difficult to understand as their own handwriting (and more than that cannot be said), after the solution is puzzled out the Londoners are the most delightful people in the world.

But you must accept the solution, and take them at their own valuation; for they are unadaptable, and very sure of themselves.

Now, Piccadilly is not like this. It is smiling, affable, charming, and very yielding and adaptable. It will respond to any of your moods and will give you an atmosphere of any sort you desire.

On one side, as you walk along, are houses, more or less, that appear as supplements of a greatly worth-while air. Clified, indeed, with a wealthy width of stone pavement, and a noble height of stone frontage.

On the other side is Green Park, with its shining, softly-waving trees, its birds, and its grass.

But, passing the Hotel Ritz, both sides suddenly give way to shops and restaurants which rank among the most pretentious in all the world.

Many of the tradesmen are "purveyors to the King," which magic phrase adds a charm to the humblest sorts of wares.

The book shops and the fruiterers' shops are, to me, most enticing of all. It is a delight to make inquiries concerning a book that is, perhaps, not very well known, and, instead of the blank ignorance or the substitutive impulse often found in American bookshop clerks, to receive an intelligent opinion, quickly backed, if necessary, by intelligent reference to tabulated facts.

The unostentatious, yet almost invariably trustworthy, knowledge of London bookkeepers is a thing to be sighed for in our own country. Not even in Boston (outside of the Athenaeum) is one sure of receiving bookish information when desired. But in London the bookkeeper takes a personal interest in your wants, and feels a personal pride in being able to gratify them.

And the heaps of second-hand books are mines of joy.

Among them you may find, as I did, real treasures at the price of trash.

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But in the Presidential election the factions will probably unite. If they do, at least 60 per cent of the vote of the state will be cast for the Republican electors.

Of course, it will be understood that this feud is now merely a struggle in the Republican party for ascendancy in it, or control of it. It persists because it has become an inveterate habit, in a party that has a majority so large as to be a continual temptation to factious leadership, and to ambitions large and small.

The dead man had received the bolt at the base of his skull, and it passed through his body, literally burning a course through his vitals and coming out at the heel of his left shoe, where it took one of the iron stanchions of the rail and was grounded over the side.

"In the matter of the battleships, as they may be affected by lightning, I believe they are more liable to stroke than an ordinary merchantman. They are wholly of steel, and all are rigid or fitted with the wireless apparatus, even to the torpedo destroyers. Light and day waves of electric force are constantly to come from them, and especially when the tremendous white squalls so common off the Rio de la Plata shall come down on them. These great ships are so full of attraction that it is a trouble to keep steering compasses in reliable condition, and just how the ships would be affected by the heavy lightnings in the Southern Hemisphere is a matter of moment.

"It is true that all naval ships are fitted with the very latest devices for conducting stray lightning over the side to the water, and there is no record of any ship being struck up by lightning, but if any ship ever offered a large attraction to draw lightning, the battleship is the one.

"From the time the ships leave Trinidad and start sailing through the Straits of Magellan they will be in the path of almost continuous lightning storms, and with their wireless apparatus exposed to stroke. The crews of the battleships will take them through all possible kinds of weather, beginning with a Winter gale off Hatteras and Summer squalls off the Cape of St. Roque to the Falkland Islands, including the heaviest seas, and give the officers and men a trying test in sea fighting.

The new plan of fitting battleships with boats, called the Wainwright method, will doubtless be tried on this cruise, which strips the ships of boats of all kinds but sufficient to make passage to and from the shores, on the ground that in action the boats catch the shot and shell from rapid-fire guns and their splinters are more deadly than the fire itself.

As I bounced happily along, I would note many landmarks of historic interest. Some of these were real, and others made up by myself on the spur of the moment, to fit a passing thought.

For, if I saw an old building of picturesque interest, I could make up a more decently emotional toward the antiquity of it by assuring myself that there was where Sterne died, or where Pepps "made mighty merry."

And, after all, facts are of little importance compared with "those things which really are—the eternal inward world of the imagination."

It was from the outlook of a hansom cab that I could get some of the best views of my London. Every turn would bring new sorts of motion, sound and color. And, birdseye thus, it was all so beautiful that I wondered what Shelley meant by saying "Hell is a city very much like London,"—if, indeed, he did say it.

Once in the Tate Gallery, I would feel afresh under the spell of the lonely vastness of G. F. Watts' Minotaur.

Then I would go to gaze long on Whittier's wonderful notion of Battersea Bridge on a blue night, and then betake myself to the Turner collection.

Here I could spend hours, floundering in unalloyed delight among the pictures, sensitive to each apotheca of color and beauty, and not caring whether its title might be Waves Breaking on a Flat Beach, or River Scene with Cattle.

But too much Turner was apt to go to my head, and just in time I would tear myself away, hop into a hansom, and make for the Wallace Collection, to be brought back to a sense of human reality by a short interview with the Laughing Cavalier.

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Piccadilly Circus and its Environs



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Story of Chamberlain's Success

Adroit Political Management, Coupled With Dissension in Ranks of the Majority Party, Accounts for It

On the day following the June election in Oregon the Boston Transcript telegraphed to the Oregonian, requesting his views of the campaign and especially the causes that led to the choice of Governor Chamberlain for United States Senator. Mr. Scaman's reply is published in the Transcript of June 17 as follows:

To explain the position of George E. Chamberlain in the politics of Oregon and his remarkable success during the past six years would require a review of the political affairs of the state, extending over a long period. His own character has been a considerable element, for he is a natural politician, of Southern birth, proceeding from an ancestry that has had the genius of politics for generations; and he has cultivated the arts and methods through which political success or advancement is so often attained. Mr. Chamberlain is a man of no striking ability or unusual intellectual power, but exceedingly adroit as a politician; he does not set up for a thinker or pose as a leader, but endeavors, and with great success, to hit the average level of sentiment and purpose about him. He is only an ordinary speaker, yet a pleasing one, and is absolutely without any kind of pretension to appear other than he is.

These traits are not the ground of his personal popularity.

The rest he owes wholly to the fortune of opportunity