

# CIRCLING AROUND THE WORLD

## "THAT FAT WOMAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO" DESCRIBES THE FIRST SECTION OF THE JOURNEY: GOLDEN GATE TO HONOLULU



THE CLOTH IS LIFTED INTO THE AISLE, HOLDING IT TAUT.

This is the first of a series of letters by the wife of a wealthy and prominent business man of San Francisco, who has started to circumnavigate the globe. As foreboded by the initial notes of her trip, these letters will be neither conventional, nor dull, nor purely informative and descriptive. "I. J. K." travels with her eyes wide open and sees the humorous as well as the serious side of life.

BY I. J. K.  
DON'T make your nose red, you silly. Haven't you a ticket from San Francisco around the world to San Francisco in your pocket, and although leaving home, aren't you starting for home this minute?"

It was the right moment for a loving arm to jerk me out of the blues, for the big rolling doors of the Pacific Mail freight house had slammed shut, closing from view a particularly interesting bunch of faces and waving hands.

The fine Oriental liner was headed for the Orient, and the cheerful voice of my friend was saying: "Brace up and come see the boat-load of jolly guys who are following us to the Golden Gate."

They were on a tug, wig-wagging private signals to the Vice Commodore of the San Francisco Yacht Club, a distinguished member of our party. And they sang, with great cheerfulness and dandy good voices. "Honey, boy, we hate to see you leaving."

After passing the Golden Gate there was the pilot to put over our ship's side, and to snap him with a kodak as he lit in his catering little boat.

The Farralones came next, striking up through the ocean like a rocky backbone, and then we set southwest for the long drive to Honolulu.

Nobody sick. The Pacific as calm as a bay, and the water as blue as the indigo ruse for the best napkins.

Seventy-two hours off San Francisco, and still on good terms with one's stomach is a delightful surprise to a few of us who admit comfortably with mal do mot.

Goodness, but it's comfortable to roll up warmly in one's steamer chair and see

the sapphire waves break off their white tops and to watch for the fragment of rainbow the sun flashes upon the spray as it falls.

And goodness, again, but it's fine to sit at a beautiful table with an exemplary young captain at the head and a few of the earth's best alongside.

But there isn't anything, really, the matter with having a clean, attentive, trained Chinese waiter behind one's chair, who looks fitted in his pastel blue robe and cap to match.

When he brings you an extra dry martini and a plate with an overcoat button on it, you sit up and take notice that the button is made of a two-inch round of toast with caviar on top, you then smile with justifiable amiability at the good-looking American across the table, who is captain of the battleship Vermont, which he is joining in Manila.

When the Ah Bows, and the Ah Baha lean the menu cards, nicely, astant, against the pane of chitney, everybody takes on a "glad-I'm-here" expression, and everybody's teeth get juicy in anticipation of the delicious entree of curried rice with omelette, or rabbit or chicken, besides which one takes broiled squab or chicken, or braised snipe, or fried Eastern oysters, or devilled crab, or marrow bones on toast or ragout of goose or frog-legs.

If you dawdle at table long enough, you will see the waiters get the crumbs off the cloth in an entirely new way that takes about half a jiffy.

Two of them lift the 5-yard long cloth, with the usual amount of crumbs, nutshells and raisin-stems upon it, to which is added one dessert plate.

The cloth is lifted from the table into the aisle, holding it taut. The little plate slides of its own weight to the center of the slightly sagging cloth, and rests there while the crumbs, by a magic manipulation, run down and get nicely into the plate. One edge of the cloth is then swung close to the carpet, and the crumb-laden plate slides gently on the floor.

The captain, noting my interest, advised me to try my hand, but the crumbs must have heard I was coming. They didn't behave well. They dashed down my end of the cloth and hit the plate

with a bang and started uphill on Ah Bow's side.

I got them into the plate all right, but they wouldn't stay put.

I resigned my position in the working part of the dining room.

There are three of us in one state-room. I have the lounge. The two charming gray-haired ladies with me have confessed that they intended making themselves so disagreeable to the "fat woman from San Francisco" that she would move. Nevertheless the day the chance came for me to move they begged me to stay, fearing "the devil they didn't know" might be worse.

The first morning out I was awakened by a heavy soft body caroming off the part of me that lapped over the edge of the berth. A few moments later a Baedecker and a Jirikakha tour through Japan whacked me on the legs.

I lifted my head and saw the little lady from the top bunk looking for something in her steamer trunk. She had taken the tray out and the trunk and tray covered all the floor space—so she stood with both feet in the tray while she searched the bottom of her trunk, then she hopped into the trunk part while she continued her search in the tray. I laughed.

She was very much disturbed and hopped she hadn't waked me, and begged pardon for forgetting I wasn't a lounge as she removed her library. I said: "I'll never forget you for calling me 'that fat woman from San Francisco'; you



SHE HOPPED INTO THE TRUNK WHILE SHE CONTINUED HER SEARCH.

THEY RATTLE A BOWL FULL OF CHINESE AND AMERICAN SILVER COINS.

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will be sorry when I go to the captain and show him the blue marks you've made on my shins."

To laugh over inconveniences that cannot be helped is a safer way to travel than to avoid.

Being prisoners on the boat, it is interesting and natural to visit the parts available, and the afterdeck is a lively place, where the Chinese passengers, numbering 200, have a dozen gambling games in progress.

They spread their mats upon the deck and sit upon them; they shuffle and deal dominoes with red and white spots on them and they rattle a bowl full of American and Chinese silver coins in true speller fashion.

It is perfectly easy to lose money on all their games.

It is quite startling to notice, suddenly, that one is leaning against a pile of Chinese coffins stacked up six or seven high.

All the hopelessly sick Chinamen start for home hoping to get there, alive, with their bones—which must be buried in China to insure their spirits rest.

Three poor fellows have already given up, and their embalmed bodies are in three of those coffins, one cannot guess which three.

To look down upon the ship and sea from the elevated compass stand is a joy never forgotten.

There is the round world of sky and water meeting at the horizon, and in the very middle of everything is the splendid ship—thirty thousand tons of pulsating steel plowing through four hundred miles of water every day.

Three hundred busy officers and men working and watching faithfully. Naked stokers, glistening with sweat, 250 tons of coal during the 24 hours.

Happy, careless first-class passengers chat and sing and promenade, watching the flying fish by day and the phosphorus by night.

This morning at 7 we are close to the Hawaiian Group and the sun throws deep shadows in the gulleys, bringing out strongly the unevenness of the rocky pile.

Hope and the Job Seeker.

Detroit Free Press.

Yes, sir, I'm living in hope, banking on promises made.

Hooping by night and by day that a plum on my plate will be laid.

I went to the front like a man, I can't vassal my word, and to end.

There are hundreds of men I can name I persuaded to vote for my friend.

And, now he has something to give, I am haunting his office all day.

I want a political job and I long for political pay.

Next year I'll have money to burn, at least I am hoping I will.

In the heat of the fight I was there, I argued while others stood still.

His cards I was paid to give out, his pictures I nailed on the walls.

And I stood in the rear to applaud whenever he entered our hall.

It was valiant service I gave, now he ought to throw something my way.

I want a political job and I long for political pay.

I don't say for sure that I'll land, but I'm hoping I will, and perhaps

My name he will put on the list when dividing political snags.

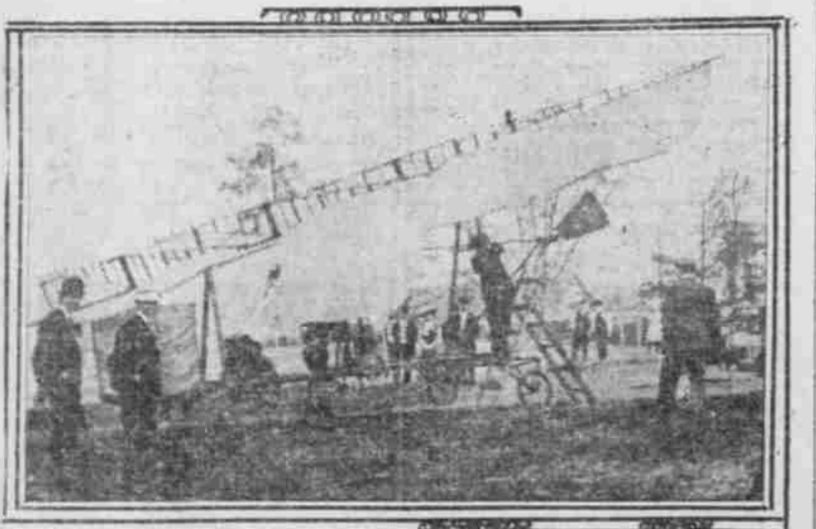
I'm hoping he'll send for me soon, I am hoping he'll say unto me,

"I want to do something for you, what job would you like it to be?"

I'm desiring his footsteps by night and my friends have gone to him to say.

I want a political job and I long for political pay.

### NEW YORK THEATRICAL MAN EXPERIMENTS WITH AEROPLANE



DR. WILLIAMS' AEROPLANE

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—(Special.)—C. W. Williams is a theatrical man who lives near New York and who has spent a great part of the last Summer experimenting with an aeroplane. Recently he was to have tried it out at Morris Park, but the meet, held by the Aeronautical Society, was a fiasco, and the motor which was to have been supplied him was not there. Mr. Williams has designed an aeroplane which differs materially from the Wright and the Ryan models. In the first place, he believes in cropping the French tail—a sort of box kite hanging at the rear of the aeroplane—because he believes it will cause the head of the aeroplane to drop and the machine to rush to the ground in case it descended from a considerable height. He does not think it necessary to balance the machine. Then he has provided that the center of gravity shall be below the planes. He thinks that if Farman had hung his wings and tail of his machine below the planes instead of between them, he would have insured the stability of his machine. Finally he does not believe in the superposed planes. His machine has a series of four sets of wings or double planes set tandem. Mr. Williams has flown a model built on these lines, but he has not been off the ground yet with his full-sized machine. He has now suspended his experiments for the winter.

### UNCLE SAM'S VALUABLE LIBRARY

IN the State, War and Navy building, at Washington, D. C., are three of the oldest and most complete libraries anywhere. They afford interest in a hundred and one different ways other than the mere fact that they contain books. They are the archives of the State, War and Navy Departments.

Best known of these is the library of the State Department, on the third floor, wherein the original draft and the original signed copy of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Articles of Confederation are kept. This library was founded by Thomas Jefferson in 1789, and consists of 45,000 volumes and 250 pamphlets, and now is part of the division of rolls and library.

The division might well be called the successor to the committee on foreign correspondence established prior to the definitive treaty of peace of 1782 and the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, for until recently it was the custodian of the papers and journals of the Continental Congress, the papers of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and others, which have been transferred by executive order to the library of Congress.

In the library of the State Department are kept all original acts of Congress, all treaties to which the United States is a signatory power, all proclamations and executive orders, all papers relating to the various claims, commissions, arbitrations and boundary surveys.

The original draft of the Declaration of Independence is on exhibition to visitors, but the original signed copy of that document and the Constitution and the Articles of Confederation are not. Corrections made by Franklin and Adams can be seen in the original draft, which is in Jefferson's handwriting. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and rests in an open safe with the original of the original and his plan of his tomb beside it.

In the same locked safe with the Declaration is the Constitution of the United States. This famous document is in a perfect state of preservation, in spite of the fact that it is only thirteen years younger than the Declaration of Independence. With it is kept the original journal of the constitutional convention of 1787. Other papers in the same safe are Madison's debates and the original drafts of the various amendments to the Constitution and the ratification thereof by the states.

Washington's finest collection of rare old engravings and naval records is kept in the archives of the library of the Navy Department, as part of the naval war records. Thousands of valuable engravings, paintings and photographs are on file in this library. Most of them include portraits of prominent naval commanders in the history of the United States, pictures of vessels that have done the Stars and Stripes and Civil War photographs. This collection is equipped almost to completeness, and will be invaluable in time to come. Every craft that ever flew the Stars and Stripes as a unit of Uncle Sam's navy has its picture in this gallery of naval history. It includes a photograph of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor, taken on the afternoon of the day of the explosion. One rare old engraving made October, 1899, shows the Dutch fleet under Tromp in its victory over the Spanish and Portuguese fleets under Oquendo. Another engraving made in 1648 shows a delineation of the naval war of the Venetians against the Turks at the Dardanelles.

In addition to the 5000 engravings and pictures in the Navy Department library is a collection of 40,000 books, which includes some of the rarest volumes in the harbor of Spithead, England, while being painted in 1712. Dozens of old books on naval warfare grace the shelves of Mr. Stewart's office. Anyone interested in ancient but crude naval manners could spend weeks looking over such volumes as "Manuale de Bombardis," printed in Venice in 1850 as a history of ordnance. Volumes on buccannery are as numerous as they are interesting.

Other tomes in this collection are official gazettes of Madrid, Manila, Havana and Porto Rico in almost complete series for the last 30 years of the Nineteenth century, and 23 orderly books of the American Revolution, besides a large number of printed rosters and office reports in connection with the early American wars. There is also a set of albums of the Spanish-American war prepared by the War Department, which are the only original ones outside of four private sets. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Recent geologists have confirmed the statement of Louis Agassiz that the whole of New England was once covered with an ice cap a mile thick.

### CARUSO REAPS A GOLDEN HARVEST EVERY YEAR



E. CARUSO—ARRIVING IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—(Special.)—This is the famous 1900-a-night tenor Enrico Caruso, who returned to sing at the Metropolitan Opera-House this season and to crowd that auditorium with a rapt gathering of men and women every time he appears. The "golden notes" of Caruso pass, current in the operatic world like the golden nuggets of the Klondike in the world of finance. Treasures come and go, but no rival of the great Italian has ever appeared in the last five years, and he commands whatever exorbitant price he wants to demand for his singing. It is said he receives \$40,000 a year as royalty on the "records" which he makes for the phonograph. He earns altogether \$250,000 a year. Much of this he puts away, though he has not the saving disposition of the tenor of the American Opera Company, who cooked his meals over an oil stove and washed his linen in his hotel room.