

AROUND THE WORLD.

A Great Calm Follows in the Wake of a Terrific Storm of Three Days' Duration.

INCIDENTS DURING SEVEN DAYS.

"Empress" Loses a Day from Geographical Causes—Steerage Passengers and other Interesting Features of Voyage—Arrival at Yokohama on Fourteenth Day after Embarking.

SUNDAY.

How happy they Who from the toil and tumult of their lives, Steal to look down where naught but ocean strives.

—Lord Byron.

Were Lord Byron among the living and on board this ship, observing that not a woman has been seen either in the diner or on deck for two days, and that strong men are now stretched out like so many mummies, he would gladly change that word happy to miserable. It is one thing to look down at, and quite another to be out in the striving ocean. The two chairs to the right of me in the diner are occupied by Englishmen from London, the one going to Calcutta, the other to Australia. Both assert that they have made many a voyage but "never were in the like of this." At 10 o'clock last night moments seemed to abide with us like hours. Many feared that the "Empress" was struggling in the embrace of a typhoon. The machinery ceased its accustomed motion as we were driven, although the pilot kept the prow toward the line of assault. One man declared that his head bumped the ceiling at one dropping or sinking of the vessel. We are thankful that it is no worse for on a former trip the good ship had her side smashed in, her smoke stacks crushed and the life boats torn loose. The deep is more quiet now and my text is, "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Psalm 107: 29-30.

MONDAY.

The good ship now speeds quietly through the glassy waters. "Like a painted ship Upon a painted ocean."

In reply to my question as to why she steams so swiftly, the officer replied, "On our departure from Vancouver we cabled under the Atlantic and Indian oceans to Japan stating the precise hour we would arrive in Yokohama, and, in spite of the delay on account of the storm, the "Empress" will poke her snout around the nook of land and be entering Yokohama harbor just as the signal gun fires the 8 o'clock salute on Monday morning, November 17th. She is now making up lost time."

Stepping out upon deck before breakfast, I noticed four sailors carrying something rolled in a blanket. "I wonder what that is," said I to the second steward, who responded, "That's nothing but a stiff, and its the third person they now have rolled in blankets. But that's only a common occurrence." Thus this Chinese steerage passenger went unwep to his casket. They are not buried at sea like white people but are carried to destination of ticket for Chinese will not patronize any steamship line that will not contract to carry each corpse to land for burial. Chinese are usually stowed away in the hold as Asiatic steerage—700 of them are thus stowed away on this ship, all returning to their native land. When an American or European dies aboard ship he is cast overboard as food for sharks. On such an occasion the ship runs at half speed, the captain reads the burial service, the corpse, weighted with bars of iron, is then slid into the deep and is seen no more by human eyes. "White man chucked overboard; yellow man carried into port," is a sad but true saying. I understand that some steamship lines carry every corpse into port regardless of color, but with us is a passenger who says he has witnessed a burial at sea on every voyage he has taken, having crossed the Atlantic only a month ago. The following verse is full of meaning at this moment:

"Wrecks are darkly spread below,
Where with lonely keel we go:
Gentle brows and bosoms brave
Those abysses richly pave.
If beneath the briny deep
We, with them, should coldly sleep,
Savior, o'er the whelming sea,
Take our ransomed souls to thee."
I shall, now retire and not waken till Wednesday morning, this being Monday night, although I do not expect to sleep longer than usual.

WEDNESDAY.

We have crossed the 180th meridian, which is the International date line, where a day is dropped going westward, and it is now Wednesday, November 14th. Hence this week will have only six days for us and Novem-

ber only twenty-nine days. If we were sailing eastward and should cross this line on Monday, we would rise on the following day and it would be Monday also, making the week have eight days. Going west a day is dropped; going east a day is repeated.

To be on the ocean today is pleasant. The ship moves proudly over the placid waters. Whales ventured within 150 yards of us today in a school, playing and gamboling in semi-circular contortions to the delight of every beholder. One person approximated their length at seventy or eighty feet and worth \$5,000 each.

THURSDAY.

Today the ocean is decidedly rougher and, as we skip over the billows, my mind turns back to the scenes of my childhood. Among the incidents which float within the horizon of memory are many in which my cousin Will and I figured most prominently. Once I deceived him over to my home and we were playing in the barnyard to our young hearts' content, when suddenly I heard a thump. Turning quickly, whom should I see but Will's father actively administering to his runaway son an unexpected booting. Will immediately began a quick retreat homeward, crying, and so was I on account of the fright, whereupon I was warned that I had better look sharp as I would be given a ditto. But space will not permit a rehearsal of our adventures, nevertheless our lives were almost inseparably locked like unto David and Jonathan. When older I remember of having gone to the fields with books strapped on my shoulder to be read while the horses were resting. If perchance no books were provided, I would utilize spare time by making speeches to the cornstalks, horses and cattle. Often weary hunters seeking rabbit, squirrel and wild fowl, would approach unknown to me, and cheer by the clapping of hands when the perorations were ended. I also remember the censorship exercised by my painstaking mother over my articles written at the age of 12 for publication in the papers. As it has always been my desire to smash everything that needed smothering, she acted as a brake to prevent a too radical action as well as to prevent my sending out errors either grammatical or rhetorical. Surely no one is so much interested in a person's welfare as a mother. No commencement day ever brought me greater gladness than, when at the age of 14, I was commissioned by the Daily Ohio State Journal to write for its columns. Those days have hastened into the forever past and here I am at the age of 31 years upon the billowy deep, misnamed the Pacific (peaceful), and now I shall end this before breakfast reverie by recommending the advice set to verse by Horatius Bonar:

"Begin the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn;
To him address thy lay.
"Take thy first walk with God!
Let him go forth with thee;
By stream or sea, or mountain path,
Seek still his company.
"Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all thy day be love."

FRIDAY.

One of the engineers invited me to accompany him today, promising to insure me a sight that I would never forget. I was taken down a hatchway into the hold where the 700 Chinese steerage passengers are packed. I shall remember the scene "till Gabriel's final foot." About 600 were stretched out in their bunks, some sick, some smoking while the other 100 were either gambling or looking over the shoulders of those who were gambling. Some climbed upon boxes and stretched their necks that they might see who won and lost. Being accompanied by an officer, we marched up to the table and saw the gambling kings taking in the hard earned cash from the men who had labored for years to obtain it. One flickering light in the center of the table dimly revealed excited eyes and faces quivering under the terrible strain. Men resembled demons as they moved back and forth under the vessel's rocking, housed away below the water line where perpetual gloom prevails. I am reliably informed that men, having lost every dollar in that gambling den, have been known to rush upon the quarter-deck and leap

into the sea, preferring to offer themselves as food for the sharks rather than return penniless to China.

We are now three days' journey from Japan, yet the ameliorating influence of the Japan current is felt and the thermometer rises to our entire satisfaction as we have had a medley of weather since embarking. After the storm of Saturday which absolutely baffles description, we were treated to rain, sleet and snow, and now a warmer climate is appreciated and welcomed as a long absent friend.

SATURDAY.

The fire bell sounded at 4 o'clock and the ship's crew hastily assembled on the upper deck, manned the life boats and directed four streams of water in as many directions. It was a false signal and the bugles soon gave the call "To your places" and the excitement was soon over. The full number of men (when all places are filled) in the crew is 300. From what I have seen during the past two weeks, I am thoroughly convinced that these fire fighters are never handicapped by a water famine. A false alarm is turned in frequently, I am told, in order to drill the men and fit them for any emergency.

SUNDAY.

If this day had been made to order, I am confident that the venerable Hicks of almanac fame could not have improved upon it. At this time last Sunday we were emerging from the greatest storm with which this vessel ever fought. I am told today by an officer that the storm of Saturday night has no parallel in the ship's history, although the ship was damaged much more severely in a previous encounter to which I alluded under another date. I had often read about the severity of ocean tempests and the danger connected with ocean navigation, and for months I have thought about how tame it would be to make a voyage myself without experiencing at least enough rough weather to test the skipper. I now have no complaint to offer. I am satisfied, and will be perfectly happy if the weather continues as it is today for the next sixty days' voyaging yet before me. Nothing preventing, we shall reach Yokohama tomorrow morning. Not a ship has been sighted the past two weeks; no evidence of civilization has come to our notice excepting some rope which may have been the last vestige of some weaker ship that failed to weather the blast.

MONDAY, NOV. 17, 1902.

It is now past 4 o'clock and we are in the Bay of Yeddo. Numerous towering light houses to the right and left tell us where we are as the lights flash across the quiet water. The scenes give me a new conception of the meaning of the verse.

"There are lights along the shore
That never grow dim."

These great lights indicate great expense. But why consider the expense if they keep the ship from cutting her throat on the rocks and from sending to a watery grave a thousand people? We are anchored outside the Yokohama harbor waiting the approach of the quarantine officer. His boat arrives and every passenger is examined before being permitted to land. We are at breakfast as the doctor enters and one look at us is sufficient for no symptoms are present except increasing appetites.

The steerage passengers are examined thoroughly for among them disease is most often found. The examination consumes one hour and a half. The words, "all right" are spoken and the vessel creeps into the harbor, where boats from the hotels meet us. In ten minutes we are ashore in a foreign land, ready for the customs examination of baggage which takes only a few minutes. Then come the jinrikishas, each ready to wheel us to—they care not where. A jinrikisha is a two-wheeled baby buggy intended to carry grown-up people. Here men do the work of horses, over a million men being thus employed in Japan alone, a country of 45,000,000 people, and having an area equal to California.

The jinrikisha rate is 10 cents per hour, and the rate at which those men run with a heavy man is a surprise to strangers. At 12 o'clock tiffin (lunch) was announced and it surprised me more than even the rikisha men with their running. Lunch consisted of seventeen courses and I am frank to admit that I never saw its equal elsewhere. Three other Americans join in the same verdict. The room assigned me is princely. I was never assigned a superior, and the total cost per day is three yen, or \$1.50 American. Those who have followed me thus far observe that I avoid generalizing and present particulars. I have read the writings of travelers for years and all were given too much to generalities to the painful exclusion of particulars, hence I desire to strike an unstruck chord on the liter-

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ature of travel. "An honest confession is good for the soul." I propose also to write more about the people than about cathedrals, temples, etc., yet those creations of man's genius shall not be slighted.

Surrounded by scenes and life totally different from any I had ever dreamed of or anticipated, I shall halt and write more fully when I have completed my survey of the city and its surroundings, and have accustomed myself to actually believe that I see what I see.

"Pass not unmarked the island in that sea, Where nature claims the most celebrity, Half hidden, stretching in a lengthened line

In front of China; which its guide shall be, Japan abounds in mines of silver fine. And shall enlightened be by holy faith divine."

E. C. HORN.

Yokohama, Japan, Nov. 17, 1902.

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