

## SAN FRANCISCO TO MANILA.

If we did not make trouble, how much easier life would be! Countless imaginary obstacles obstruct our way, but when we reach them, the shadows only linger. We smile and pass on to dream of more; and such will always be the condition of most ordinary mortals.

Sunday morning, Oct. 1st, I stood by the United States pier number one; along side was the steamer Glenogle, an old ocean tramp, and when she became useless as a freighter, I suppose they turned her into an army transport to carry the best America can give, across the deep.

I do believe that Sunday morning was the longest I ever spent. Would the boys never come? Had something turned up and they were checked off until some future date? Sitting there upon the dock, I sweated, waited and fretted as the hours went by. At last they came down the street. Marching along in the rear was Brown, the cook, a big hearted, red whiskered fellow, with his face all covered with dust and perspiration.

As I came up he said, "We are going this time sure. What a ride it will be! Traveling is what strikes me." I quite agreed with Brown, and together we walked down the pier, up the gang plank and aboard. Then I went below and tumbled into the nearest bunk. I could breathe freely once more. What a relief it was!

Four bells rang out. The tug boat, Albert, was made fast to our bow. The howsers creaked and slipped. The ship began to move along the shore. San Francisco bid us farewell and wished everyone Godspeed. I can never forget it, for one seldom finds a city where people, with one voice, cry out, "We are your friends, ask what you will."

The surgeon-major stood on the hurricane deck with a pair of marine glasses to his eyes, watching his wife until she disappeared in the crowd. It was a look of long farewell. She followed him shortly eight thousand miles across the Pacific, only to find a poor lifeless body. Back she went to her native land, alone with her sorrow and her dead.

## The Golden Gate.

I watched the city until it passed behind the hills. Looking around I found myself almost alone. To the right and left were great mountains of jagged rock; it was the Golden Gate. The sea was getting rough. Over the starboard side, the waves broke into blinding spray. At daybreak the ship was running at about twelve knots; the compass pointed southwest by south; the barometer was going down; land was nowhere in sight and we were truly at sea.

I venture to say one might take a voyage of a hundred days on ship board and if land was not sighted and the weather continued fair, you could not recall a single day; you only remember

that once you were very sick and that now you eat enormously and are very happy; and so one day breaks into another and time flies on.

I do remember the long rows of berths, made with simply a piece of canvas, stretched from two beams, with knapsacks and blankets scattered everywhere. To the right and left were the port holes, through which the water came one night and drenched us all. The boys would sit on the main deck under great sheets of white ducking, playing cards, reading or telling stories. In the evening the band would play for an hour or more. I would listen to sweet music, watch the spray break over the fore-castle head, feel the trembling of the propeller shaft; look over an endless plain of liquid green; ah! it makes one feel how small he is. I cannot recall much else, but those were happy days.

One afternoon I was lying on top of the sky light when I heard a shout, "Look, fellows, there's land." Sure enough, in the distance indistinctly rose a line of darker green. Before night we rounded Oahu, one of the Hawaiian group, and now I will take a few words from sketches made at the time.

## Honolulu.

Oct. 8th.—On every hand are high mountains and nestling down at their feet I gaze for the first time on Honolulu, while the hills seem to whisper, "In dreamy Hawaii." As soon as breakfast was over, I started out to see the place. I expected to find a semi-barbaric city of thatched roofs and bamboo poles, but imagine my surprise when I found myself in an intensely modern town, electric lights, trolley cars, and paved streets. But the shock was yet to come, for in going round a corner, there appeared in great red letters upon the fence, "Use James Pyles Pearline, for Easy Washing." Sitting down on the curbing I lit a cigarette and tried to collect my scattered senses. Down the street upon a sign board I recognized a familiar face, which underneath read, "Don't fail to see Clay Clement in his great play, 'The New Dominion'"—where won't washing compounds and theatricals go? I don't remember what else I saw that day—surprise sometimes robs a person of memory, and I had but a short time off, for now I was cook in the ship's gallery.

Oct. 9th.—I went out this p. m. to see the beautiful side of the city. I looked for beauty and found it. Broad drives and parks were everywhere—long avenues of cocoa, palms, palmettoes innumerable, banana trees in blossom, myriads of tiger lilies and other flowers. Around many of the residences were low stone walls, hidden by creepers. Towards evening I climbed the mountain side and looked over the city. It made me think of a mighty green house set down beside the sea.

I went down town that night, the

band of Honolulu gave a concert. It was composed of fifty pieces and the harmony was perfect. I never listened to better music. At the close, one of the dusky maidens sang a song like this, "I Love Somebody Just Like You". Her face was far from beautiful, but she possessed one of the sweetest voices I ever heard.

In returning to the ship I passed the queen's palace; a low, gray, stone building. At the gateway lay a form in kakee brown. I recognized him at once as one of company C. Taking hold of his shoulder I tried to make him get up. In a little while he opened his eyes and in a husky voice said, "Gee Bill, but I feel good." It took me over an hour to walk that fellow back to the ship—a quarter of a mile.

Oct. 10th.—I was told this morning the coal bunkers were nearly full. The little blue flag floats from the main mast. That means the ship leaves port in twenty-four hours.

Going ashore I spent the day in studying the people, Kanakees, (the name given the people). They are hard working, intelligent people, with a tendency in middle age towards obesity. Japanese and half castes control a great portion of the business. Prices were very high but the population appears well contented, especially the younger generation, who paddle in the water all day. In every creek or water hole, one is certain to see a dozen or more little black heads popping up here and there. Sometimes the little fellows would lie for whole hours in some shady corner, without moving. They reminded me of a lot of alligators I saw down in the Florida everglades.

In passing a large, stone mansion, that morning, I saw several soldiers in the yard, and they motioned for me to join them. In their midst sat an elderly lady by a table which was covered with small tumblers. As I came up she said, "I invite all the boys to drink with me." Then she pressed the juice from a small pod into a glass of water, sweetened the same, and handed it to me, saying, "Drink, you will find it splendid." I did so. It was splendid, tasting very much like coco cola. As I thanked her and handed back the glass, she said, "You are the fifteen hundredth American who has drunk at my table this week. See, here is my tally book." This is the way she amuses herself from year to year.

It was time to prepare dinner when I went on board. Part of my work was to make the coffee. Going to the tank, I found the old grounds had not been thrown out. Being in a hurry, I tried to dump it all at once, through the port doorway. I shall never know how it happened, but strainer and all fell overboard. Here was a nice mess. The water was over six fathoms deep. Securing a grapple, I tried to hook it, but