

HOW GEO FRANCIS TRAIN HELD UP THE GERMAN MAIL.

DRAMATIC INCIDENT AT YOKOHAMA THAT RESCUED THE SWIFTEST TOUR OF THE WORLD FROM FAILURE.

BY S. P. WADSWORTH.

real way round the earth—the short way. Do you drink and carouse around?"

I told him I was simply a plain newspaper man, but that I would do the best I could.

Train had been an irrepressible joker himself up to this time. He said: "On the contrary, I do not drink anything myself, and we must keep our heads about us for this business. We will travel like princes, but we will be very busy at every post. We must make absolute connection everywhere or the enterprise will fall flat."

For sixteen days we plunged through bleak and stormy seas, with rain and snow accompaniment. We had counted on fourteen days across. There had been no plan beforehand, however. We knew nothing of the sailing days of ships westward in the Orient. It was simply a trusting to Train's "psychics"—another name for luck. The loss of two days on the Pacific did not disturb him in the least. He was the same philosopher in mid-ocean that he had been in Madison square.

On the 2d of April, fourteen days out, a faint line of purple came into the western horizon. As Train and I stood at the ship's rail watching it, he with a glass and his big fur-collared coat buttoned about him, he said: "That is Japan. In forty-eight hours we begin business. Running forty miles an hour, across the American continent—I was conducting a party of notables over the first Pacific road in China, a sniff at the spices of Ceylon and Araby, a glass of wine in Paris, a

passport, there would be very little use in ordering anything rare. A banquet without the host would be too novel to attempt in the Orient and they might as well— A whirlwind swept some napkins to the floor and George Francis Train despatched seven waiters in search of oysters and snipe and wine, and begged his guests to be seated.

"We have forty minutes to eat and drink and talk and catch the train," he said. "The passports? Certainly. I don't eat meat; myself, waiter; bring me some Lyonnaise potatoes and a biscuit. And speaking of passports reminds me of the last time I was at Tokio, in '70. There was an English minister, Sir Henry Parkes, who moved in greater splendor than the Mikado.

"His carriage was drawn by four white horses, and he had a more brilliant retinue than Thomas a Becket. He rode through the streets looking straight before him, not noticing native or foreigner except of the higher order. He was the most mighty thing in all Japan—the English Minister—that just after Commodore Perry and I had made it possible for him to come ashore. I saw him drive by once, and my private secretary, George Pickering Bemis, now Mayor of Omaha, stepped to one side to make room for him. 'Never do that again,' said I. 'To-morrow at this time you come here with six white horses, and when you make this ambitious Minister turn out for you, he will probably ask you who you are. Then tell him you are my private secretary.' Waiter, some more wine for these gentlemen."

As a part of the singular luck that followed us round the world this train that we took that afternoon was the last that was to travel over the road until the fourth day following. The Emperor had been reviewing his troops at Kioto, the demonstration was over and the Government was to take charge of the road for the distribution of the troops.

"The train ran into the station at Kobe a little after 3 o'clock. It had not come to a full stop when the door swung open and a lusty German voice said, 'Are you Mr. Train?'"

"Where is your baggage? I am the agent of the Norddeutscher Lloyd. We have been waiting for you and want to get you aboard as quickly as possible."

Our string of satchels and trunks were piled on two trucks, we mounted the ever-present rickshaw and a beautiful race took place to the quay. There a customs officer just glanced into one of the trunks, we tumbled into a sampan, and a few moments later stood on the deck of the General Werder, which, with steam up and anchor weighed, was standing in the roadstead. Thus, by the capture of the German mail, with its complete line of connections round into the Mediterranean, the swiftest tour of the world was made reasonably certain.

He heard his little Japanese maid pull back the bolts in the hallway, and heard men's loud insistent voices and heard her remonstrance that her master must not be disturbed; he heard footsteps approach his own bedroom, and then an alarming knocking upon the panels of the door. He sprang out of bed.

"Who's there?" he cried.

"George Francis Train, sixteen days from Tacoma, bound round the world in sixty days. Come! let me in."

"What do you want? I'm in my night-shirt."

"Very well; keep it on! Come, let me in, I'm in a hurry! I want to catch the Werder."

"The General Werder sailed two days ago."

"Oh, come, open the door! Don't you suppose I know that? I want to catch her."

Doubtfully Herr Leopold turned the key in the lock, and then the door was pushed open from the other side and three men walked in. He of the conversation was a tall, large-framed man with snow-white hair and gray mustache, extremely rapid in manner and speech, faultlessly dressed in a gray suit, brown overcoat, gloves and patent-leather shoes. The line of argument was generally interrupted.

"Where is the Werder now?" asked Train.

"At Kobe."

THEIR FAVORITE DISHES.

Gastronomic Tastes of Some European Sovereigns.

In a recent issue of Cassell's Saturday Journal is an article which records the gastronomic tastes of some of the reigning sovereigns of Europe. Queen Vic-

torial, it appears, is devoted to oatmeal soup. She likes pickled cucumbers, and roast beef is always served. She drinks white sherry out of a silver cup.

According to a custom instituted by George II, the name of the cook who prepared a dish is announced when it is placed upon the table. The King and Queen of Italy, when the royal guests are exclusively Italian, revel in spaghetti, garlic, onions and oil. Fritto is another favorite dish. It is made of artichokes, chickens' livers, calves' brains and cocks' combs. The Grand Duchess of Baden makes her own coffee, while her husband grows his own wine and is his own head cellerman.

Both delight in lentil soup, seasoned with vinegar, and Frankfort sausage. The Pope is very simple in his tastes. His breakfast consists of a roll and cafe au lait. For dinner, which is eaten at 1 o'clock, he has soup, meat, pastry and fried potatoes or other vegetables. At this repast he drinks a single glass of old Burgundy. At 6 o'clock he takes a glass of claret and bouillon, and at half-past 10 a supper composed of cold meat and another cup of bouillon.

King Oscar of Sweden preserves the national dish of raw salmon liked in earth and a soup composed of boiled barley and whipped cream. In case he is deposed he

remained ever since. He studied with the best masters, and it was not long before he was able to make use of the vast amount of knowledge he had acquired while in the still-life subjects, and always selected those with plenty of color in them. After about two years of study he went to Munich and worked under a number of the best masters. He then made two trips to Japan, and is, perhaps, best known by the work he did there. Mr. Wores' work is very well known in this City, but whenever he has exhibited in the great art centers of the world he has always had the most favorable criticism. He was one of the pioneers in Japanese subjects, and his pictures have been sold for large sums. At present he is in New York, engaged on some important orders with which he feels greatly honored.

Julian Rice is also an old San Francisco student. He worked in the School of Design for several years, but demonstrated to himself that he would do better in landscape than anything else. He soon ranked as the best in his field in the State. All of the grand California scenery has been painted by him, but he did not achieve fame until he went to New York about five years ago. He at once sprang into prominence, and to-day is at the head of his profession. Some of his later work has been declared to be magnificent in tone and, at the same time, having an originality of execution that places it on a level with that of the great masters of the world. His work is reproduced to a large extent and sold all over the country.

Miss Lotz was one of the first pupils of the School of Design. She worked there for nearly six years before going to Europe. Her talent was discovered by Dan Cook, who provided several years' instruction for her under the famous animal painter, Van Mark. She produced several good pictures that sold readily and has been constantly improving. All of her work has been confined to animals. It is of a high order of merit and gives her a strong position in the art world, but as yet she has not produced a masterpiece.

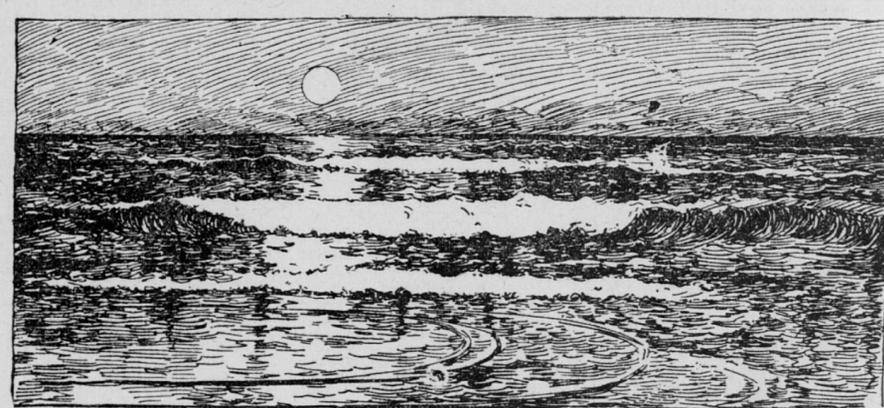
Miss Lizzie Strong bears a high reputation in the world of art as a painter of dogs. She went to the School of Design about 1876 and remained there for over four years when she went to Paris and studied in the schools and under different masters. Her work is known all over the world and several of her pictures are owned



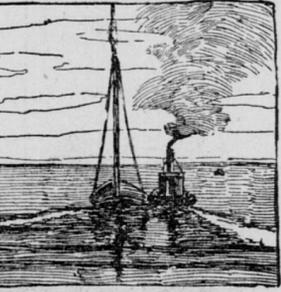
THE year 1872 can be set down as marking the beginning of art culture in San Francisco. It was then that a little group of talented fellows began to form plans for getting some sort of study. They started the Graphic Club, laid the foundations for the School of Design and began a struggle that has led several of them to fame.

By the year 1870 the School of Design was on a fair basis, and Harrison went in for a course of instruction. He remained two years, but his studies were not considered of any great importance. His studies from nature made at the time are also lacking in many of the things that go to make up a genius. The painting from which the accompanying drawing was made is a very weak piece of work. The water is flat and dry, and the drawing of the boats is very poor.

Alexander Harrison left San Francisco in 1879 for Philadelphia, where he remained for about two years studying in the School of Design there. He then went to Paris, where he has practically re-



"LA CREPESCULE," ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S BEST AND MOST FAMOUS PAINTING.



MORNING ON THE BAY. [From a picture painted by Alexander Harrison in 1873.]

gained ever since. He studied with the best masters, and it was not long before he was able to make use of the vast amount of knowledge he had acquired while in the still-life subjects, and always selected those with plenty of color in them. After about two years of study he went to Munich and worked under a number of the best masters. He then made two trips to Japan, and is, perhaps, best known by the work he did there. Mr. Wores' work is very well known in this City, but whenever he has exhibited in the great art centers of the world he has always had the most favorable criticism. He was one of the pioneers in Japanese subjects, and his pictures have been sold for large sums. At present he is in New York, engaged on some important orders with which he feels greatly honored.

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PALMER COX WHEN A STUDENT AT THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN. [From a drawing made at the time by Thomas Hill.]

homes and when they thought they had enough "stuff" to exhibit they "clubbed" in and rented a hall for one night. It was thrown open to the public and hundreds came to look at the pictures, but in those days purchasers were mighty scarce. As the years went by the artists became more and more strongly banded together. Everybody with any talent tried to make use of it and encouraged others. Art never struggled against greater odds nor had less advantages than it did here in San Francisco, but the result is most gratifying and encouraging and still further proves the old theory that genius can exist anywhere and will not be suppressed.

Three men whose fame to-day is world-wide did their first studying in San Francisco. Two women have climbed high on the ladder of National fame, and several young men have taken rank with the best in America and promise greater things in the future.

Tracy, the great painter of scenes in America's hunting-fields, has been most strongly identified with the art growth of this City. Before there was any thought of organization Tracy was a hard worker. He had no fundamental instruction at all, but simply worked from nature, and painted such things as pleased him. When the Graphic Club and School of Design started he was one of the men who devoted considerable of his time to study and also to the instruction of others, and as far advanced as himself. In some way Tracy seemed to know what was good in art, for he made steady improvement as the years went by. In the latter part of the seventies Tracy moved to St. Louis, where he did well in a financial way, and brought his work to such a high standard of artistic excellence that it soon attracted attention. In 1883 he went to New York and at once took a position as one of the great painters of this country. Since then his fame has constantly been on the increase. Every picture he paints is sold before it is off the easel, and there is a constant demand for reproductions of them. His "Hunting Grounds" is perhaps his most famous work. The landscape is full of light and color, and the figures of men, dogs and birds are painted in a masterful manner. When Tracy was in San Francisco his work sold at any price he could get—from \$5 to \$25. Now he seldom gets less than \$1000 for even a very small work. His "Autumn in the Fields," one of his late works, sold for \$5000.

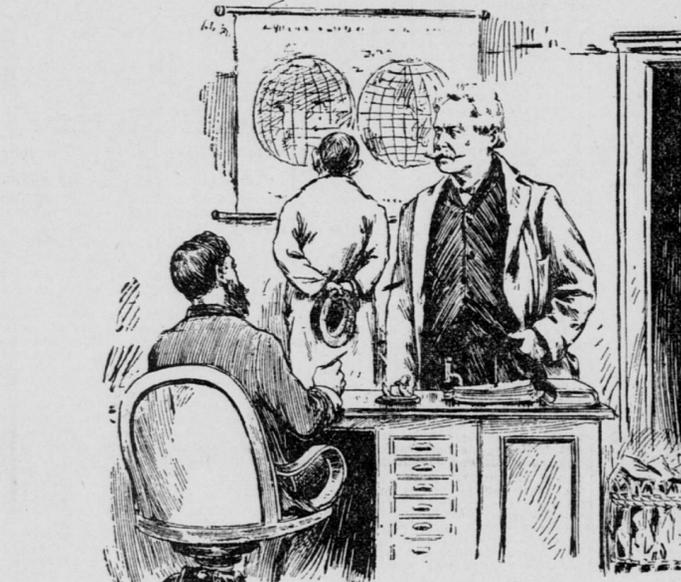
Alexander Harrison is conceded to be one of the greatest marine painters in the world to-day. He is also an old San Francisco art student, who began his career on his own account. He first made sketches around the bay, and realizing that he had talent he joined the Coast Survey for the purpose of studying water. This undoubtedly did him a great deal of

ing brilliancy. One forgets that one is in an art gallery, and seems to hear the low murmur of the surf pulsating through the evening atmosphere. Harrison has never stopped in his art, but is constantly making improvement. He exhibited a picture about a year ago that the great Mesdag declared to be a masterpiece.

Palmer Cox, the creator of the Brownies, is known to almost every person in America and England. He began his art career in this City about 1872. At the time he was working at his trade of jeweler, but found occasional opportunities to attend the Graphic Club and School of Design. He was very industrious and worked from life a great deal, but did not show any exceptional talent. He did not show any trace of what he was going to build his fame on. His great effort was always to draw portraits. It was a difficult matter for him, however, and his career shows that his strong point lay in the direction

of caricature. The accompanying drawing of Thomas Hill was made in 1875, when he had been working several years. To give it all the credit it deserves it can only be said to be very ordinary. It shows a lack of the comprehension of form and also timidity in the way of handling the pencil. Of course Palmer Cox can hardly be said to be a great artist, but there is no denying the fact that he is a genius. The Brownies are the funniest caricatures of human beings ever made, and his ability to weave them into peculiar incidents has been one of the things that has helped to make him famous. Palmer Cox's first Brownies were drawn for St. Nicholas about 1879, but his best work was done two years ago. It was a series of articles in the Ladies' Home Journal entitled

FIRST met George Francis Train just two days before I started with him on that sixty-seven day tour of the world from Tacoma to Tacoma. The start was made on the 16th of March, 1890. Going out of Commencement Bay by special steamer to meet the Canadian trans-Pacific liner Abyssinia in the Royal Roads opposite Victoria, we rode into Tacoma by special train from the East on the afternoon of the 15th. An interval of sixty-seven days between the farewaved to the gay crowd of excursionists on the steamer Olympian in the straits of Fuca and the greeting to the other gay crowd with its other brass bands in the streets of Tacoma seemed, when it was done, but a twinkling, and yet, seen through the experiences that had come between, seemed a decade. Figuratively, it was a cup of tea in Japan, "just one more" in China, a sniff at the spices of Ceylon and Araby, a glass of wine in Paris, a



"WHAT!" SAID TRAIN. "THREE DAYS!" [Sketched by a "Call" artist.]

momentary struggle with a London fog, and then New York and the crash of the brass band and cannons on the hills of Tacoma. Literally, it was sixty-seven days' driving behind the world's swiftest engine, sixty-seven days churning the ocean and roaring over rails westward. And none of the peoples of all the earth will forget that sixty-seven-day visitation. It recurs to me like a torch-light procession, with unbroken ranks and skyrocket and red fire and a long trail of astonished natives.

The Olympian and the Abyssinia lashed together in the Straits of Fuca and Train and I stepped from the one to the other. The one backed away, and while the hand played and the crowd yelled, needed for Victoria; the other started her ponderous machinery with her nose pointed toward a stormy ocean and the Orient.

What I had seen of George Francis Train up to that time was simply a man of unusual vitality, a public speaker of unusual capacity to entertain, a man of apparently unusual executive capacity, thinking of a thousand details of his trip and keeping everybody about him busy with preparations while he himself gave his time to every little tot that came into his room or crossed his path. To be sure when introduced he kept his hands to himself, folding them together while bowing in the most courtly fashion. His "eccentricity" in this matter was well known, however, and taken in connection with his abundant good spirits was passed with a smile. Now, however, he and I were alone, so to speak. For, although our sensational entry into the ship had brought passengers and crew on deck, they stood aloof, and we were shown to our two big staterooms on the lower deck and for the first time sized each other up as inseparable for the next two months or so.

"We are going on an important mission," said Train. "We are to show the

and awoke the sleeping train to see the sea of fire. You are rarely fortunate. You will witness the like again. Am about to set the prairie on fire. I have the twist upon the world. I shall enter the United States like Monte Cristo rising from the sea. I have found the riches and the world is mine."

On the morning of the 4th of April we rounded into the harbor at Yokohama. The day was beautiful and as we ran up the bay through the moving line and color of the harbor, dotted with sampans and strange sea craft, with here and there a big ocean liner, the roofs of Yokohama making jagged points along the rim of the sea, while Fujiyama lifted its white cone into the distant sky and the water about us sparkling with light and life, the sensation was like that of drinking wine.

Train had been on deck since daybreak. With his glass he was studying the flags in the harbor, looking for the English or German, for they are fast sailers. We slowed down some distance out and a pilot came on board and told him that the General Werder—North German Lloyd—had sailed two days before to make connections with vessels of its own line clear into the Mediterranean. There would not be another vessel south in a week.

Do you think that rattled the chief? Not a bit of it.

"Well, well, let us go to breakfast," he said. "We will see about it when we get ashore."

The 4th of April happened to be Good Friday, and in this land of Buddha was religiously observed. The town was practically shut up. We took a rickshaw to the office of the Japan Gazette, enlisted the editor, who led the way to the residence of the agent of the German Lloyds. Arrived there we found the door locked and the blinds drawn. The agent was still absent.

He was awakened by a clamor at his door. "It leaves at 11."

"Kobe is 300 miles down the coast and can be reached by rail?"

"Yes."

"When will she sail from there?"

"To-morrow morning."

"She sails with the tide?"

"No. There is plenty of water where she lies."

"It is twenty-four hours from here. What time does a train leave?"

"At 3 this afternoon."

"It would be too late. You must hold the vessel."

"Impossible, sir. It cannot be done. Under any circumstances it cannot. The General Werder carries the German mail."

But it was done. As an excuse for saying all that he did say in the time he took to it Train explained that he was in a hurry. He told Leopold that it meant two first-class passages from Kobe to the canal—almost a third the way round the earth—worth in money \$800; in fame without price. This trip was history; he must get into it. He had a kodak with us; we would take a photograph of the agent in his nightshirt in the act of sending the message that held the Werder.

It was effective. Mr. Leopold rang; his little Japanese girl responded; by his order she brought a bottle of yellow label. Having been won to the enterprise she became enthusiastic in it, and Anglin, the editor, was so delighted that he hugged and kissed the little Japanese girl repeatedly. But he might have done that upon slighter provocation. She only smiled and was still demure.

Then we jumped into the rickshaws again and rode to the Consul's office. There was a little rush of pleased exclamation and reminiscence at the meeting with Consul Greathouse and then Train stated the business: "I am on my every twenty-year tour of the world. I want passports for two."

"Ah!" said Greathouse. "That is red tape. You will have to see the American Minister, Mr. Swift, at Tokio."

"Very well. Can you tell me about the train?"

"It leaves at 11."

"And when return?"

"At 2."

"That will do nicely. It will give me thirty minutes in Tokio. I will give the 3 o'clock train for Kobe."

"The 3 o'clock train for Kobe?" The Consul laughed. "You might as well sit down and be easy, for that is impossible."

"Why? Impossible seems to be very lightly spoken in Japan."

"Well, it is impossible," he repeated. "Minister Swift will have to see the Japanese Minister, and there is a whole lot of noccus poccus. Besides this is a Japanese holiday and I don't think you could get any time in the matter to-day even if they could be found which is very doubtful. A passport has never been obtained under the most favorable circumstances and strongest pressure in less than three days."

"What," exclaimed Train, "three days to sign a paper? It is time, then, that I reduced the limit to about three minutes. You watch me."

I did not go to Tokio, but between 11 and 2 o'clock saw Yokohama. At 2 o'clock a little party of friends, invited, sat and stood about a table in the dining-room of the Grand Hotel watching the clock. The waiters stood by equally anxious. The guests tried their best to make it appear that they did not feel silly. Anglin, the editor, who had been shifting the responsibility of his 200 pounds from one leg to another, made a mental note that the clock marked twelve minutes past 2, and that that was three minutes slower than his watch, when Consul Greathouse laughed outright, saying that if the dinner was to cook until Train came back with a

is well trained to conduct a boarding-house, as the remainders of roasts are made into hash. The Emperor of Austria likes spatzle, a kind of macaroni, and apple wine; while the food of the Empress consists of cold meats, fruits, the juice of raw beefsteak and tea. She is very careful of her diet, and she is solicitous to preserve her figure.

The present Emperor of Russia is a man of moderate habits in eating. To provide for his simple wants he has a French chef, who ranks as colonel in the army. This functionary is profusely decorated, and has under his command at court banquets about 1200 subordinates. On ordinary occasions twelve minutes past 2, and that that was three minutes slower than his watch, when Consul Greathouse laughed outright, saying that if the dinner was to cook until Train came back with a

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A Brownie, the Creation of Palmer Cox That Has Brought Him Fame and Fortune.

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THE AGENT TELEGRAPHS TO HOLD THE GENERAL WERDER.

[From a sketch.]



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