

# ACROSS THE PACIFIC ON A "LINER".

BY BERT LEVY

**M**R. BERT LEVY, who arrived in San Francisco two weeks ago on the Sonoma from Australia, is one of the best-known artists in the Antipodes. For over ten years he was connected with the Sydney Bulletin, one of the largest papers in the colonies, where he made himself famous for his pictures depicting the Jewish character, while for the last four years he has been on the staff of The Age, published by the multi-millionaire, David Symes, in Melbourne, where he gained even greater prominence for his sketches of the Jewish type in particular, and his cartoons of famous men in general, as well as for the able articles from his pen which accompanied all his drawings. At the same time he is known professionally as one of the best scenic artists that has ever painted for the big theaters in Australia.

Mr. Levy is himself a Jew, who was born in Australia, and his present visit, which, by the way, is his first trip across the Pacific, is made expressly for the purpose of closing negotiations with one of the big Eastern publishing houses for the reproduction of a series of his Jewish pictures, among which is the "Tephillah," which is a marvelous study of an aged Jew in the midst of the orthodox prayer, and the "Kaddish," which depicts a Jewish father and his two sons with tear-stained faces turned toward the east while they repeat a prayer for the departed wife and mother. It is the strength and pathos as well as the absolute fidelity to the Jewish characteristics that have won such widespread praise and admiration for these works.

It is perhaps a remarkable coincidence that simultaneous with Mr. Levy's arrival the Sunday Call should be preparing for the publication of "The Fugitive," a new novel, fresh from the hands of the author, Ezra S. Brudno, less than three months ago, but which has already become one of the most talked of books in both Europe and America because of the masterful way it depicts the life of the Jews both in Russia and New York, and which Mr. Somers, the head of the book department at the Emporium, declares will be one of the biggest selling books of the year.

Beginning next Sunday, June 12, it will be published complete in five installments, and in order to make its appearance all the more notable, Mr. Levy has been specially commissioned to remain in San Francisco and illustrate it lavishly from beginning to end in his best style, exclusively for the Sunday Call.

Thus under the Sunday Call's liberal and progressive literary policy of giving its readers the very latest high class literature by the best writers of the day, there has been secured



MARK TWAIN'S DOUBLE FRANK COFFEE, A SYDNEY MERCHANT.

not only a brand new novel, by a writer who is said to have laid bare the inner secrets of his own life in "The Fugitive," but the superb and authentic art work of a man equally famous from another far distant quarter of the globe both brought together for the first time in one edition to picture the sorrows and sufferings, the ideals and the history of their own race, as well as to reveal the secret of the cause and the effect of their ceaseless persecution through the ages.

In the following article Mr. Levy has written of the humors and delights of a trip across the Pacific on a big Oceanic liner and illustrated it with some characteristic drawings which speak for themselves. They are however, mere rapid sketches, giving no idea of the real skill and power shown in his finished work.

**D**AINTY guide books scattered throughout the big ocean liners describe the beauties of the island and paradise on the route from the Antipodes to California, but no mention is made of the chief beauty of travel—the beauty of human companionship that is fully matured on board ship. Amusing, indeed, it is to watch the gradual thawing of the icy manners adopted by some people at the start of the voyage. The sour-faced, sarcastic man who found fault with the nuts and cheese two hours out from Sydney proves by the time we reach



A CAFE ON DECK



"BURRO" HODSON S.S. SONOMA



THE DOCTOR S.S. SONOMA



EVERYONE TAKES ME FOR A SCOTCHMAN



THE CHIEF STEWARD S.S. SONOMA



"TEDDY" TURNER AUSTRALIAN LIGHTWEIGHT CRICKET JOCKEY



THE CAPTAIN WOULD GRATIFY THE OCCUPANT



"PETE" HUGHES APPROXIMATELY AUSTRALIAN THEATRICAL MANAGER



THE CAPTAIN WOULD GRATIFY THE OCCUPANT

Auckland to be at heart (as my young American table-mate puts it) "a regular crackjack of a fellow and real 'white.'" The little cliques that stood (separated like the islands on the map of the Pacific) on the promenade deck as we left Sydney became as close as the United States two days out. The high-toned lady, who considers so-and-so "no class" (and does not keep her opinion to herself) at the start of the journey is seen nursing the no-class one's baby before the vessel has registered one day's run across the Pacific.

Table grubbers, as a rule, are beautifully silent after about ten hours have elapsed. There are some people who live on bread and jam all the year round, and when they are invited to a wedding adversely criticize the champagne. This class of table grubber is irrefragable, but gets a bad time from healthy passengers. And no voyage could bring forth more humor than a trip across the Pacific on one of these big liners.

"They say dat Britannia rules de waves," said a sick Jew the first day out, leaning over the ship's rail and mournfully anticipating an internal disturbance. "Well, I wish she'd 'a' ruled 'em straight."

The sight of some bright American boys placing an empty whisky bottle and a glass by the deck chair of the sleeping Archbishop is calculated to bring a smile to the most melancholy face, and when the "Johnny" who has been minutely describing his "twenty-eight voyages across the Pacific, don't you know," and his absolute proof against seasickness, turns pale and sud-

denly dives below for his cigar case (as he puts it), the crowd fairly shakes with laughter.

It is astonishing how quickly people get to know one another aboard ship. Lifelong friendships are bought by the loan of three anti-bilious pills and the giving away of a little bit of corn plaster to one's cabin mate has not only extracted your friend's corn but the pathetically told story of his unhappy married life as well. On land you can run up against the average man for years and only exchange a formal word of greeting now and again, but should you meet that man aboard ship and in a weak moment offer him an apple he almost immediately tells you the story of the love affair that is slowly but surely breaking his heart, and by the evening of the same day you've had several drinks together and its edge-on he has shown you "her" photo and letters, and all he wants in return is—your advice.

"I felt drawn toward you from the first, old man. Yours is a face to inspire confidence (here he tells you the amount of his letter of credit or shows you his bankdraft). "Of course I wouldn't talk like this to a stranger," he adds. (You have known him exactly one day.)

The delights of sightseeing are as naught, compared to the wealth of enjoyment to be extracted in studying your ever-varying fellow creatures, and where else can they be studied to such advantage as aboard ship, and especially on such a delightful voyage as crossing the Pacific affords?

On the fifth day out from Sydney a returning American crack cyclist who had "scoped" big money "out there" was the center of the multifarious group that goes to make up a typical ship's smoking-room crowd. English Johnnies returning home by the "short, quick route" and incidentally taking in the "ah—St. Louis—ah—Exposition—ah"; robust Australians going to have a look at the States; smart young Americans who had made a bit "out there" and are off home to look for novelties for the colonies; big, fine New Zealanders, poked up at Auckland; gentle-mannered Hawaiians who had come aboard flower-bedecked at lovely Honolulu, all went to make up that jolly after-dinner smoking room atmosphere which is one of the most charming characteristics of a trip on a big ocean liner.

The cyclist had "had a corking time out there" and wouldn't hear a word against Australians or the Australian "boys."

"Say," he repeated, "Murica may be God's country, but when God wants a good time I guess he goes out thur."

The cyclist was a bluff and hearty Californian boy, who had made himself extremely popular with the passengers, but had evidently got upon the nerves of a rather elongated, loud-checked, haw-hawing English Johnny.

"T've nevah, nevah traveled with Americans befoah. I think they are extremely clevah, very clevah; but I object to their awful twang—ah," said the Johnny.

But presently the little group of

Americans in the corner got even with the Englishman. He had been "spouting" about his English home, his motor cars and pack of hounds, his shooting-box, etc., but his statement that it was "quite seventeen—ah—miles, don't you know, from our hall door to the gate-keeper's lodge" inspired a subdued chorus (to the concluding bars of "Auld Lang Syne"), led by the cyclist, which was more expressive than elegant. Again and again from the American stronghold rang out that tender and beautiful air and shattered the Johnny's highly-colored pictures of his stately English home.

There is a lady on board who would prove a veritable gold mine of copy to a writer of farce. She appears at breakfast in black satin and diamonds and does not keep the story of her daily life a secret.

"Every morning of my life," she tells her neighbors at the table in a confidential whisper that can be heard above the roar of steam and storm, "my maid brings a cup of tea to my bedside, and then almost in the same breath she summons a passing steward: 'Hey, mister, fetch us a bit more toast.'"

The passengers at a certain saloon table rejoiced in the possession of an Irish-Australian mining magnate, and the unconsciously humorous remarks that he let fall were as rich and plentiful as gold specks in the wash-dirt of the renowned district from which he hailed.

"Good mornin'," he said, seating himself at breakfast. "We'll pass the Venetoga this mornin', I believe."

One of his table mates ventured the opinion that we had passed our sister ship in the night.

"Oh, no," said the Irishman, "I was talkin' to wan of the officers while he was cleaning the floor in the smoking-room an' he said we'd pass it 'this mornin'."

To leave the crowd of good-natured, happy fellows holding a "Calcutta" on the ship's run and to look at the sad

faces were characteristic of the pick-tortured surfaces of the alluvial fields of old Ballarat and Bendigo, their native towns, were in earnest conversation with morose types of British globe-trotters, and, like the high light on a pleasing picture, was the animated but friendly discussion between an Archbishop and a German Jew. Where else but amid the friendly environments engendered by a long ocean voyage could such ideal conditions prevail?

And now the rattle of wine glasses and the sound of "For he's a jolly good fellow." We are a day off Frisco. In the bright, warm saloon the Archbishop has just proposed the health of the President of the United States of America.

Well, it's the sort of voyage that Americans are taking more and more—this trip across the Pacific in an Oceanic liner. But it is not given to everybody to be a young Australian and to feel the little matches of Hawaiian native airs you hummed have sunk right down into my soul with the beautiful color of the Pall, the Punchbowl and all those other things that make up my dream of the Paradise of the Pacific.

face of the old lady by the bridge companion is a violent contrast in emotion. Her face, Rembrandtesque in its intensity of light and shade, tells the story of many sorrows. She is going to the States to see a son who is "in trouble," we gather (you know how this sort of news leaks out) and everybody about feels sorry and wants to show it. Somebody proffers her a rug, another a book, which she accepts with a smile. (What a feeble smile it is!) She makes a pretense at reading, but presently she puts the book aside with a sigh and sits thinking, thinking, always thinking.

Petty beside this appear the imaginary troubles of a dear little American girl who has been spending a couple of years in New Zealand, which boasts a broad American accent, "everybody is saying that I don't talk a bit like an American. I do hope that isn't true. I want everybody to know I'm an American and that I'm going home."

She sits on the bridge companion steps, her blue eyes looking wistfully homeward. "I do wish this old boat would just hurry," she keeps saying.

One morning our cyclist-hating Englishman nearly worked himself into an apoplectic fit. He had come upon a book of essays on a vacant deck chair and settled himself to read. Presently the crack cyclist happened along and claimed the book as his.

"By gad, sir," said the Johnny, subsequently describing the incident to his clique in the smoking-room, "the boundah actually reads Ruskin, Tennyson and all our othah top-notchers."

There are a few nervous people on board who, in anticipation of their visit to the United States, have "read up" works on America. Foster Fraser's "America at Work," Kipling's "From Sea to Sea," and "A Frenchman's Impressions of America" are much in evidence—as a consequence a few people are making each other for information about "bunko-steerers" and such like dangerous things. For the special benefit of the nervous ones the funny man on board told the following yarn:

"The Amalgamated Bunko-Steerers' Society of San Francisco, which boasts a membership list 15,000 strong, has what they call its intelligence department; that is, it keeps paid members of the society on all boats and trains to put chalk marks upon the backs of passengers worth exploiting. The chalk marks denote to the operating members on shore the extent of the bearer's belongings. Passengers leaving the steamer at Frisco with chalk-marked coats advise the bunko-steerers on wharf duty the exact extent of their valuables and where they are going to put up."

"I'll tell you something in confidence," whispered the low-comedy man, and his listeners expectantly drew closer. "There are seven members of the Amalgamated Bunko-Steerers' Society's intelligence staff on this ship now."

And the low-comedy man left a group of nervous men obligingly looking for chalk-marks on each other's backs.

It was the privilege of the writer to accompany the commander and his officers on his daily tour of "inspection." The progress of the official party throughout the huge vessel is marked by the severest discipline. The care and attention bestowed upon the most minute details is simply astounding. Now and again during the tour the captain would stop to speak a few kindly words to a poor foreigner in the steerage, or, while his eagle eye took in the sanitary condition of a sick man's cabin, a cheery story from