

JACK TAR EATS HIS WAY AROUND THE WORLD

THE GASTRONOMIC JOYS--AND
SORROWS--WHICH THE MEN
OF THE GREAT FLEET ARE EN-
COUNTERING IN MANY LANDS

A BARGE LOAD OF
PINEAPPLES FOR
THE JACKIES

THE FIRST TASTE
OF TROPICAL FRUITS

By Lindsay Campbell

Living in San Francisco, the city of the cosmopolitan bill of fare, it is difficult to appreciate the novelty with which the foods of the different lands visited must have appealed to the bluejackets of the Atlantic fleet on the cruise around the world. A meal like mother used to cook and cooked by a native of the motherland in the old familiar way can be had for the asking in San Francisco, whether that mother hailed from France or Germany, Mexico or Point Barrow, Italy or dear old Lunnon, Scandinavia or the South sea islands. The commissary department of San Francisco's combined culinary interests is the nearest to a universal storehouse that any one place in the world holds, and your typical San

Franciscoan is a cosmopolitan feeder. He knows the dishes on which the German hausfrau prides herself as well as does the kaiser himself. The kaiser knows everything. The newly imported French chef can spring no surprise on the San Francisco palate, and the native son can go into a Mexican restaurant and order a meal that President Diaz himself would accept with grateful appreciation from his own kitchen. The Latin style of cooking stands probably in highest local favor, but a Scandinavian repast is as easily available within the city limits as a French dinner, and if he knows where to go the South sea islander can get his pot, the Eskimo his broiled whale's blubber, and the Celestial his bird nest soup in San Francisco.

But the men that man the ships of the battlefleet were not recruited in San Francisco. San Francisco in fact was one of the places where they surprised their stomachs, which must have been in a constant state of excitement since the cruise began. The first surprise of course was when the ships began to roll and unseasoned stomachs lost their stability, which was followed by a loss of all the navy rations that had not been assimilated when the law of gravity was suspended or reversed. Then came Trinidad with its tropical fruits. Leaving Hampton roads in the depth of winter, the bluejackets after a few days at sea found themselves in the West Indies, where many of them saw and tasted sugar cane for the first time in their lives. Bananas, which they had always seen in fruiterers' windows or on bucksters' barrows, were here growing in wild profusion, and the back yard was poor indeed that did not boast a cocoanut tree. The fleet stayed in Trinidad only five days, but after the ships sailed the medical staff was called upon to quell 50 different kinds of stomachache, the product of as many varieties of fruit and vegetable in which Jack had indulged freely. Not so much because he liked them as because he never saw nor tasted them before. It was at Trinidad that the boy from the middle west sat down for the first time in his life to a meal composed of unknown elements. From soup to nuts it all seemed one long dessert, and

Jack ate everything that offered. The next surprise for his stomach came at Rio de Janeiro, where he found coffee with a hitherto unsuspected flavor, and navel oranges that appeared to be in the embrace of clusters of yellow barnacles. At Rio also he greeted his old friend the banana fresh from the growing plant. Trinidad had worn off the novelty of hothouse productions growing out doors, and at Rio Jack accepted what the gods provided as a matter of course and brought to the feast a discretion born of that Trinidad stomachache. Even at Rio, however, he found much to surprise his palate. When he patronized a shore restaurant he found a bill of fare in an unknown tongue, and although much of what he ordered looked familiar, it tasted different from anything that had passed his lips in little old New York or in the busy little middle west town to which from every port he wrote a full account of his wonderful feasts. Punta Arenas left Jack in a mood rather patronizing. The most ambitious restaurant in that bleak hamlet offered even less variety than the mess table of his own battleship. At Punta Arenas he found a climate very closely resembling the weather that prevailed at Hampton roads when the fleet sailed, and Punta Arenas lacks the facilities of Hampton roads for obtaining supplies from lands where the skies are kinder, and the winds less cruel. Then came Callao with almost as little variety as Punta Arenas, without the bracing atmosphere that whetted the appetite in the bleak settlement on the straits of Magellan. Here Jack made the acquaintance of tasteless beef, beans in varieties not dreamed of in Boston, and beverages beside which wood alcohol was a mild tonic. Soon after leaving Callao the fleet's

supply of potatoes began to disappear and by the time the ships reached Magdalena bay there was not a spud in the larder of any of the ships. Magdalena bay, a beautiful body of water almost entirely surrounded by desert, is not a promising place for new things to eat, but Jack's stomach experienced a few surprises even here. From San Jose del Cabo, in weather worn schooners, enterprising natives brought tons of panache, the manufacture of which is San Jose's main industry. Statistics show that Jack is extravagantly fond of candy, and the panache found a ready market, and its rapid consumption in no way affected Jack's ability to hit the targets on the big gun range. It was at Magdalena bay that Jack made the acquaintance of mescal or tequila, the potent liquor in the fumes of which the native Mexican celebrate his joys and drown his sorrows. Tequila has the qualities that appealed to the Irishman who accidentally swallowed a pint of Worcestershire sauce and with the remark "no whisky takes howld and bites like that sthuff," proclaimed himself the discoverer of a new drink. It also possesses the quality that appeals to the British farm hand. A visitor to an English farm where haying was in progress expressed surprise that the field hands could drink an evil smelling liquid that was served out at frequent intervals. "Do they like it?" he inquired of the farmer. "Dunno as they do," was the reply, "but it muddles their 'eads and that's what they want." Tequila "takes howld and bites" and "muddles the 'ead," as more than one bluejacket can testify who bought from the black and tan tempter on the shores of Magdalena bay.



THE BEST EATERS IN THE
WORLD--UNCLE SAM'S
FIGHTING JAILORS



L'ARBRE
UNDER THE
CALIFORNIA
BIG TREES

At Magdalena bay the Buffalo was waiting for the fleet with tons of potatoes, and admiral and bluejacket dined that night with "Irish stew a la Murphy" as the piece de resistance. As comparatively few of the bluejackets indulged in tequila, and as the panache was accepted as a form of candy, Magdalena bay will be marked in the memories of the cruise as the place where the potato was restored to the bill of fare. Then came California, where Jack found in generous abundance dainties such as even the money kings in the east can not have on their tables every day. His first experience with California as the provider of dainty things to eat in rare variety was at San Diego and Los Angeles. The skip from the parching heat of Magdalena bay to the orange belt is a jump calculated to impress the jumper with a full appreciation for the land of the golden apple. In southern California Jack saw more oranges than ever before rested his eyes and tempted his palate. The people of the south saw to it that those palates were slaked by a steady stream of orange juice from the time the ships

anchored until the fleet resumed its northern way. Los Angeles will be marked in the log of the cruise as the land of oranges where Jack's own people gave him a welcome that taught him a valuable lesson in geography, to wit: that California is American just as much as Hampton roads, and just as much as the middle west, eastern or southern home from which he hailed. By the time he reached San Francisco Jack had acquired a cosmopolitan appetite and he found this the place where he could humor its every whim. Jack on board of ship maintains health, strength and spirits on a diet that some

that costs a dollar and sometimes more for each pear, and Jack's acquaintance with it, if he had ever heard of the fruit, was on the same plane as his knowledge of Mrs. Astor's diamond tiara or Mrs. Vandergold's million dollar dog kennel. In Honolulu he found porches shaded by trees on which alligator pears hung in tempting profusion, and found the pear itself cheap as apples in Illinois. At Honolulu he made the acquaintance of the mango, which one may eat in comfort if he first distillates and sits on the sand so that the juice dripping from his elbows will not spoil the enjoyment of the feast by staining somebody's floors. It was at a hookup given by the natives in honor of the visitors that Jack saw piled up before him fruits whose color, shape and taste were as foreign to him as they were beautiful and luscious. There were bananas in the heap, mangoes, guava, alligator pears, pineapples, breadfruit, papia, ohia and dozens of other kinds whose names I couldn't spell if I knew how they sounded. It was at Honolulu that Jack introduced his stomach to poi and learned to discriminate between one finger poi and the poi that is of the more watery consistency and requires the assistance of several

of us might consider monotonous if not aesthetically plain and simple. Ashore, however, with the price hanging in his pockets, the best is none too good. A few days after the fleet arrived here four bluejackets presented themselves at the St. Francis hotel and the manager handed an elaborate bill of fare, designed and printed on board one of the battleships. It called for a dinner that any well regulated club-mem might have been proud to order and delighted to partake of. It cost about \$13 a plate, and in addition to edibles and liquid refreshments the specifications called for table decorations. "Give this ready at 7 o'clock this evening," they requested. "We want to celebrate the fleet's arrival." The dinner was served in a private dining room and promptly on time the four sailormen drew up to the table. They spent the evening there, in the memories of the cruise as the place where these bluejackets lived over again the time since the fleet left Hampton roads. They talked of the strange new things they had eaten at the different ports of call and compared notes on that Trinidad stomachache and those Rio de Janeiro collywobbs and they dwelt in anticipation on the wonderful feasts to come. They toasted the president and the commander in chief of the fleet, and they expressed their respect to Captain Grant, the chief of staff, and they drank a cup to the keeping of a resolution to maintain their standing in the ranks of the special first class and so insure a maximum of liberty for the rest of the cruise. It was at Honolulu, however, that Jack, who by the time he got there thought he knew all about everything in the eating line, made the acquaintance with mother nature as a really prodigal provider. At the island port he renewed the acquaintance with some of his Trinidad discoveries, but also he was introduced to a seemingly endless variety of good things to eat. There was not only endless variety but an inexhaustible supply, and all free as the air. Fruits, some of which he never did learn the name of, were brought to him in boat loads and wagon loads. Oranges, growing in the hedgerows of southern California had seemed to him like an Aladdin's dream come true, but in Honolulu he found pineapples even more plentiful than oranges had been in the golden state. In New York and other big eastern cities the alligator pear is a luxury regularly between meals.

NATIVES PREPARING
POI FOR THE
BLUE JACKETS AT HONOLULU

