"S'Matter, Pop?"

(Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.))

By C. M. Payne.

Europe Fears Yankee Dollars Will Be Few Abroad This Summer

RAYMOND G. CARROLL.

(Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

London, April 18.

SINCE the sinking of the Titanic there has been one question uppermost in London, Rome, Paris and the other centres of population—"Will the American now stay at home?" Merchants shiver in fear of a diminished rush to Europe from America. Many hundreds in Paris would go bankrupt if the annual crop of purchasers from the other side of the "herring pond" did not turn up. Dressmakers and milliners are growing gray from worry.

The following estimate of eastbound North Atlantic traffic booked for the period between the Titanic disaster and the end of the high season, Oct. 1, prepared for The Evening World by a London maritime official, gives a rough idea of the immense volume of business annually done by the various steamship companies:

Names of Steamship Lines.	Estimated Bookings for 1912. First Cabin Passengers.	Second Cabin Passengers.	Sailings From American Ports.
Cunard	17,600	24,200	74
White Star	18,000	25,000	97
French	5,500	18,700	47
Hamburg-American	13,200	27,500	46
American	4,400	7,700	25
Holland-America	6,600	14,300	23
Red Star	4,400	14,300	34
North German Lloyd	18,700	37,400	54
Miscellaneous, including Allan, Leyland, Anchor, Fabre, Scandinavian, Atlantic Transport, Italian and others	76,600	35,500	1,800
Total	165,000	204,600	2,200

Total number of Americans (not including steerage) scheduled to leave home eastbound for European ports between April 15 and Oct. 1, 1912, 369,600 souls.

According to the same authority, 334,945 first and second cabin passengers, as well as 510,565 steerage, all westbound, were landed at the port of *New York alone* during the twelve months of 1911. This is not an estimate but an actual count. In short, 845,510 human beings passed through the principal gateway of the New World, out of which only 19,841 were aboard the boats of the American line. The rest paid tribute to foreign companies, rode on foreign boats which flew foreign flags and were manned by foreign crews.

Millions Paid by the United States to Foreign Steamship Lines.

The year 1912 promised a grand total of 500,000 eastbound passengers and 1,000,000 westbound passengers for the twelve months. As the average charge for a passage one way is about $35 per passenger, it can be seen that $52,500,000 was the harvest of dollars, principally American, to be reaped by the competing steamship companies. Is it a wonder that to reach into this pile of gold records were tried for and luxuries were heaped up and boatage cut down as a bid for the public patronage?

But will these promised figures materialize? The feeling in London is that the bottom will shortly fall out of the eastbound ocean travel.

Only just returned to London from a trip through Italy and Austria, France, Switzerland and Germany, the writer was amazed to discover everywhere the importance of Americans abroad to the life of these countries. In every community the inhabitants were busily engaged in whipping their old stock of goods into shape for the expected tourist rush of 1912. Before May 1 the Alpine peasant wears ordinary clothes, and it is not until the tourists come that he dons his picturesque apparel and begins to yodel. Figures show that one-fifth of these visitors are from the United States. Last year 500,000 persons altogether went sight-seeing to the Alps.

In Vienna two of the principal hotels on the Ringstrasse—the Imperial and Grand—are in the hands of an army of artisans, rushing work on the construction of private baths for their rooms, as the American always insists upon having abroad what he gets at home, and he usually has to pay twice as much for the same thing. In the suburbs of Vienna the new manager of the Park Hotel Schonbrunn, who formerly ran a hotel in Hoboken, N. J., has ordered an American bar because, he says, "I was hired to increase business here, and if we are to pay dividends we must have American guests."

All Scrambling to Get the Influx of Americans.

To study the tastes of Americans in their home cities a son of the proprietor of a string of Swiss and Italian hotels is now in the United States. His father told the writer that he owed every dollar he had in the world to his American guests. He graded Americans first as the best patrons a hotel could have; then came the English, Germans and the French and Italians in the order named.

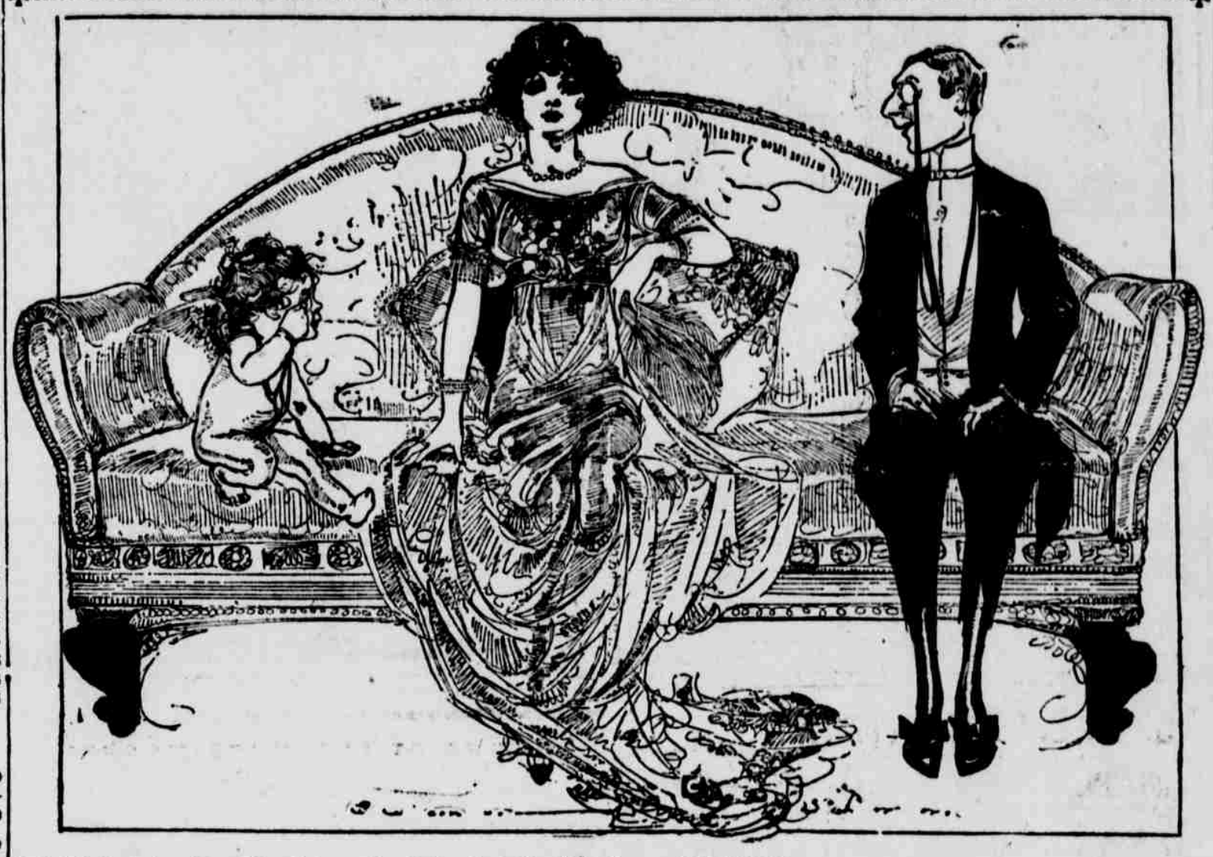
London has become a vast language school for waiters from France and Switzerland, Germany and Italy. After picking up a smattering of English in the restaurants and hotels of the British capital they return to their homes joyous, well equipped, they think, to serve the rich American and grow wealthy upon his generous tips. Paris is nothing but a show staged for Americans after dark.

Fear that the American may take it into his head to visit his own country this summer is causing grave concern in London, Paris and Rome. If he did, there is a certainty that next year his coming would be attended by every precaution as to boatage in ocean travel, and some adequate return in consideration of his importance to trade would be rendered to him when he landed upon this side of the ocean.

The Kind of Man for Me

(THE DUDE) (Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.))

By Eleanor Schorer



He hadn't the brains of a rabbit, which wasn't as bad as his habit
Of showing how very little he knew by every word he said, every turn he'd do.

Her impatience came near to explosion when, lacking in every emotion,
He sat smiling and dumb, stiff-backed and mum,
For Bessie considered this dreadful bore a brainless loon, nothing less—
nothing more.

When things grow stupid infatuation wanes; Bessie now wished for a man
who had brains—
One who knew something to talk about. That dude could sit a whole evening without
Saying one word to any amount; such men will ne'er be of any account!

A college professor—that's the plan! A college professor is the man.
Age matters not. He may have a bald spot; if he only has brains;
That henceforth is the main, by far most important quality
In finding THE KIND OF A MAN FOR ME!

ELEANOR SCHORER.

Them Was the Happy Days

(Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.))

By Dwig

THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD

A ROMANCE OF BROADWAY AND THE SAHARA

BY HAROLD M'GRATH

(Copyright, 1911, by Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A syndicate of clever swindlers go to Egypt to rob a rich young American rug merchant named George Percival Algernon Jones. The gang consists of Ryanne, a dashing adventurer; Wallace and Callahan, two card sharps and sanspiers, and Mrs. Chedsoye, Mrs. Chedsoye's daughter, Fortune, is ignorant of the plot and finds herself attracted to Jones, who at once falls in love with her. Ryanne has stolen from Bagdad a sacred silver rug or carpet known as "The Holy Thlordes." He steals a cablegram addressed to Jones and forges an answer to it. By means of this cable others of the gang can loot Jones's New York house. Meanwhile Mohamed-El Gabel, guardian of the Thlordes, tracks Ryanne down, and seeing the adventurer loves Fortune, resolves to punish him through the girl. The rug vanishes from Jones's room. Fortune has taken it for safekeeping. She and Jones and Ryanne are kidnapped by Mohamed and his men and carried into the desert. Fortune sends to Cairo for the rug to win their liberty. She learns that Mrs. Chedsoye has sailed for America with the Thlordes. Mohamed offers to let Fortune go free and let her choose which of her two fellow captives she will take back with her. Fortune says, "All or none of us." As Jones and Ryanne are talking late that night the latter reveals the characters of Mrs. Chedsoye and her accomplices, mercilessly describing their crookedness. Turning, they see Fortune close behind them. She has overheard. Ryanne tries vainly to deceive her as to her family's worthlessness. He reveals to Jones the whole plot, not sparing himself. Thereupon, Ackermann of a Smyrna rug company appears at the oasis and drives the Arab away. He recognizes Jones as the son of an old friend.

CHAPTER XVII.

(Continued.)

Mrs. Chedsoye Has Her Doubts

"KATE, neither has been in his room since yesterday. If you want my opinion, it is this. Hoddy has sequestered Jones all right, and is somewhere in town sleeping off the effects of a night of it."

"He has run away with Fortune!" she cried. Her expression was tragic. She couldn't have told whether it was due to her daughter's disappearance or to Horace's defection. "Did he not threaten?"

"Sh! Not so loud, Kate."

"The little simpleton defied me yesterday and declared she would leave me."

"Oho!" The Major fingered his imperial. "That puts a new face to the subject. But Jones! He has not turned up. We cannot move till we find out what has become of him. I know. I'll jump into a carriage and see if he got as far as the English bar."

Mrs. Chedsoye did not go upstairs, but paced the lounging room, lithe and pantherish. Frequently she paused, as if examining the patterns in the huge carpets. She entered the reception-room, came back, wandered off into the ballroom, stopped to inspect the announcement dangling upon the bulletin board, returned to the windows and watched the felucca sail past as the great bridge opened; and during all these aimless occupations but a single thought busied her mind: what could a man like Horace see in a girl like Fortune?

It was an hour and a half before the Major put in an appearance. He was out of breath and temper.

"Come up to the room." Once there, he sat down and bade her do likewise. "There's the devil to pay. You heard Hoddy speak of the nigger who guarded the Holy Thlordes, and that he wanted to get out of Cairo before he turned up? Well, he turned up. He fooled Hoddy to the top of his bent. So far as I could learn, Fortune and Hoddy and Jones are all in the same boat, kidnapped by this Mahomed, and carried out into the desert, headed God knows where! Now, don't get excited. Take it easy. Luck is with us, for Hoddy left all the diagrams with me. We need him, but not so much that we can't go on without him. You see, these Arabs are like the Hindus: touch anything that concerns their religion, and they'll have your hair off.

"How Fortune got into it I can't imagine, unless Mahomed saw her with Hoddy and jumped to the conclusion that they were lovers. All this Mahomed wants is the rug; and he is going to hold them till he gets it. No use notifying the police. No one would know where to find him. None of them will come to actual harm. Anyhow, the coast is clear. Kate, there's a big thing in front. No nerves. We've got to go to-day. Time is everything. Our butler and first man cabled this morning that they had just started in, and that everything was running like clockwork. We'll get into New York in time for the coup. Remember, I was against the whole business at the start, but now I'm going to see it off."

Feverishly Mrs. Chedsoye prepared for the journey. She was irritable to Celeste, she was unbearable to her brother, who took a seat in a forward compartment to be rid of her. It was only when they went aboard the steamer that night that she became reconciled to the inevitable. At any rate, the presence of Jones would counteract any influence Horace might have gained over Fortune. That the three of them might suffer unheard-of miseries never formed thought in her mind. It appealed to her in the sense of a comedy which annoyed rather than amused her.

They were greeted effusively by Wallace, he of the bulbous nose; and his first inquiry was of Ryanne. Before the Major told him what had happened and added his fears, Wallace was greatly cast down. Hoddy had so set his heart upon this venture that it was a shame to proceed without him. He had warned him at the beginning about that infernal rug; but Hoddy was always set in his daredevil schemes. So long as the Major had the plans he supposed that they could turn the trick without Hoddy's assistance; only it seemed rather hard for him not to be in the sport.

"He told me that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to stick his fist into the first bag of yellow-boys. There was something mysterious in the way he used to chuckle over the things when I first sprung it on him. He saw a joke somewhere. Let's go into the smoke-room for a peg. It won't hurt either of us. And that poor little girl! It's a hell of a world, eh?"

The Major admitted that it was; but he did not add that Fortune's welfare or ill-fare was little or no concern of his. The little spitfire had always openly despised him.

They were drinking silently and morosely, when Mrs. Chedsoye, pale and anxious, appeared in the companionway. She beckoned them to follow her down to her cabin. Had Fortune arrived? Had Ryanne? She did not answer. Arriving at her cabin she pushed the two wondering men inside, and pointed at the floor. A large steamer-roll lay unstrapped, spread out.

"I only just opened it," she said. "I never thought of looking into it at Cairo. Here it looked so bulky that I was curious."

"Why, it's that damned Thlordes!" exclaimed the Major wrathfully. "What the devil is it doing in Fortune's steamer-roll?"

"That is what I should like to know. If they have been kidnapped in order to recover the rug, whatever will become of them?" And Mrs. Chedsoye touched the rug with her foot, absently. She was repeating in her mind that childish appeal: "You don't know how loyal I should have been!"

They took the first sailing out of Naples. Twelve days later they stood at the foot of Fourteenth street. There was some trifling difficulty over the rug. It had been declared; but as Mrs. Chedsoye and her brother always declared foreign residence, there was a question as to whether it was dutiable or not. Being a copy, it was not an original work of art, therefore not exempt, and so forth and so on. It was finally decided that Mrs. Chedsoye must pay a duty.

The Major paid grumblingly, very cleverly assuming an irritability well known to the Inspectors. The way the United States Government mulcted her citizens for the benefit of the few was a scandal of the nations.

A smooth-faced young man approached them from out the crowd.

"Is this Major Callahan?"

"Yes. This must be Mr. Reynolds, the agent?"

"Yes. Everything is ready for your occupancy. Your butler and cook have everything shipshape. I could have turned over to you Mr. Jones's."

"Not at all, not at all," said the Major. "They would have been strangers to us and we to them. Our own servants are best."

"You must be very good friends of my client?"

"I have known him for years," said Mrs. Chedsoye sweetly. "It was at his own suggestion that we take the house over for the month. He really insisted that we should pay him nothing; but, of course, such an arrangement could not be thought of. Oh, good-by, Mr. Wallace," tolerantly. "We hope to see you again some day."

Wallace, taking up his role once more, tipped his hat and rushed away for one of his favorite haunts.

"Blounder!" growled the Major. "Well, well; a ship's deck is always Liberty Hall."

"You have turned your belongings over to an expressman?" asked the agent. These were charming people; and any doubts he might have entertained were dissipated. And why should he have any doubts? Jones was an eccentric young chap, anyhow. An explanatory letter (written by the Major in Jones's careless hand), backed up by a cable, was enough authority for any reasonable man.

"Everything is out of the way," said the Major.

"Then, if you wish, I can take you right up to the house in my car. Your butler said that he would have lunch ready when you arrived."

"Very kind of you. How noisy New York is! You can take our hand-luggage?" Mrs. Chedsoye would have made St. Anthony uneasy of mind; Reynolds, young, alive, metaphorically fell at her feet.

"Plenty of room for it."

"I am glad of that. You see, Mr. Jones intrusted a fine old rug to us to bring home for him; and I shouldn't want anything to happen to it."

(To Be Continued.)