The Annual Rush to Europe Luxuries on a Modern Liner

HARD times? Panics threatened? Country going to the dogs? Don't you take any stock in such talk. Mr. O. U. Grouch may sit on a cracker barrel and croak as much as he wants to in that direction, but many facts are coming to light that tell a vastly different story. For instance, take the annual rush to Europe that is now on. What has for many years been regarded as an unfailing sign of this country's general prosperity or the lack of it is the volume of travel that makes its way across the Atlantic. And this year, just to prove that panic times are over, the record of the banner year 1907 seems about to be broken, as indicated by the number of persons that have already gone this season or are booked to go before the middle of August. In fact, the steamship lines that were started some seventy years ago for the purpose of bringing emigrants to this country have now been obliged to face right around the other way to meet the streams of traffic that originates on this side of the ocean.

Here are a few figures bearing upon the subject. In 1907 the outgoing transatlantic travel from New York consisted of 100,706 who traveled first class, of 108,272 who went in second cabins and of 557,233 who crossed in steerages. The statistics for 1908 showed a marked decrease, as did those of last year; but, as stated, all records for ocean travel promise to be broken during the season of 1910.

THE KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA.

Few realize what this influx of traveling means to Europe, but figures are suggestive. One hundred thousand tourists traveling for an average length of three months and spending, say, $500 apiece for that time, which is an average very low, would bring the total amount spent by Americans on pleasure travel in Europe each summer up to $50,000,000. And in all likelihood the actual amount is much greater than that.

Whether you are contemplating a trip to Europe or whether you wouldn't give a button to make the journey, the great progress being made by steamship builders should prove of interest. The big liners of today are literally floating cities, with every comfort and convenience known to man. In fact, the luxury of ocean travel has now reached such a state of perfection that land bred and timid passengers may almost delude themselves into thinking they are still on shore, although far out at sea. It is difficult to realize that only a few years ago people on a transatlantic boat were deprived for five days of all the elementary luxuries. They suffered the lack of nearly all the little comforts that pertained to a costly existence ashore. A voyage was a necessary evil between two ports, and the gourmet risked his digestion in the interval between hotels. The traveler in midocean called vainly for the delicacies of civilization, but not so today.

Now on the modern steamship elevators save languid limbs the fatigue of climbing steps, the wireless morning newspaper is served in bed with the coffee, and a telephone is at your elbow, handy for summoning your valet or sending a business message thousands of miles over sea and land. There is a push button to turn on the heat of the electric stove. The barber arrives to shave monsieur. The hairdresser will reconstruct madame's coif. You may drop in at the manicure's after spending half an hour at the gymnasium. The stenographer waits for dictation of a business letter. An orchid for the buttonhole at the florist's and then a little stroll on the promenade deck to glance at the ocean and observe some chic morning costumes.

Almost motionless is the ship to the senses, only a slight vibration being noticed. Some statistical bore remarks that there is a population of more than 3,000 aboard and that the vessel's funnels would contain a railroad train and that it would take 68,000 horses to equal the power of her four turbine driven screws. But who cares to know these details?

While the steerage passengers are made comfortable and the second cabin passengers enjoy many luxuries, it is those who travel first class, of course, who get the choice accommodations, for which they pay vast sums. The best suits aboard a modern liner come high, but it must be remembered that the space occupied is even more expensive than it would be in Broadway or Fifth avenue. A suit of four rooms—a parlor, bedroom, dressing room and bath—may be had in the season for about $1,600 for the trip. There is practically no limit to the number of rooms which may be thrown into a single suit, and it is not uncommon for as much as $3,000 to be paid for a suit for a single crossing. In case the ship selected is a five day boat the rate will therefore range from $300 to $600 a day. The suits may, however, be occupied by two and in some cases three persons without extra charge.

In these rooms the decorations have been designed by artists of taste and experience. The colors are so selected and applied that the general color scheme of the different cabins will be perfectly harmonious. Naturally only the richest materials are selected. In some cases the cloth is especially designed and woven that the harmony may be perfect. It is in the bathroom, however, that one finds the most ingenious luxury. Here you will find bathtubs of rare marbles, the finest of Venetian mirrors, the walls and ceilings completely tiled in elaborate designs, the fittings of polished metals. There are probably no finer bathrooms in the world than are to be found in the imperial suits of these great liners. Every detail is worked out with the greatest care. The bathtub will be carved in some appropriate design, the water, hot or cold, fresh or salt, will run from dolphins' heads carved in onyx; the towel racks will be of the finest cut glass and silver.

It is difficult to imagine how luxury could be carried further on these boats. One of the newest of the liners, the Amerika, is fitted with a complete Turkish bath and a swimming pool and an electric light bath in addition to the regular accommodations. There is, of course, the barber shop, a model in its way, with assistants who will visit you in your private suit if you choose. There is a gymnasium equipped with every manner of mechanical apparatus, so that one may enjoy a horseback ride, a camel ride or a massage of any kind on the seas.

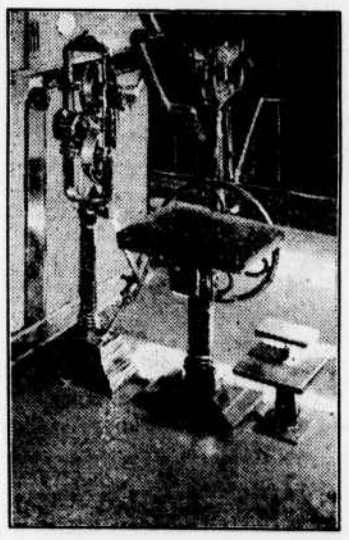
Farewells at the sailings of European steamers are no longer tragic, as in past times, as no one nowadays expects to be drowned and as a trip to Europe is regarded as hardly a more serious undertaking than a visit to one's relatives a few hundred miles from home.

It is most amusing to witness the leave taking of milady. "Goodby, goodby!" she cries, waving a little perfumed handkerchief. "Write me lots and lots of letters. Address them anywhere. I'm going every place there is!"

The Olympic, a new White Star giant now building, will be received in the harbor next June with an almost Rooseveltian blaze of glory, while her sister ship, the Titanic, will follow in August. These ships are to be the largest and most completely equipped vessels afloat. They will be about seventy-five feet longer than the Lusitania. Some of the features that will be included in these new vessels will be new to ocean travel and will rival the best that can be accomplished in the most extravagant hotels on land.

There will be a sports deck on which will be arrangements for golf and roller skating, in addition to the games already familiar to the voyager. Besides this there is to be provided for the amateur athlete an American fitted gymnasium, a swimming pool deep enough for diving and a handball court. A Turkish bath, elaborately decorated in oriental style, will probably be on the same deck as the gymnasium.

For the entertainment of the children there will be a playroom, presided over



CORNER OF GYMNASIUM ON MODERN LINER.

by an expert nursery governess, who will direct the play of the children. All kinds of toys will here await the pleasure of the youthful passenger. The playroom will be furnished with tiny chairs, lounges, settees and tables; it will be decorated in poster style, and the lower parts of the walls are to be padded.

Another innovation in the resources of a ship to meet all physical, social and spiritual needs will be the presence of two chapels for religious service. One will be in the first class section and the other in the third.

SPORT ON ROLLERS.

Most Popular Pastime Abroad Is the Hoop Game.

The roller skating craze has taken a firm hold on the people abroad, especially in Germany. A number of clubs have been formed in Berlin and other cities which cultivate all kinds of sport on roller skates. They arrange gymkhanas at which the agility of the participant is put to a severe test. All kinds of games are played on skates, one of the most popular being the hoop game.

Every player has a long stick, and thin hoops covered with colored ribbons are thrown rapidly from one player to the other. The point is not only to catch the hoop, but to do it in such a way that it can immediately be thrown to the next player and thus complete the circle without stop.

THE HOOP GAME ON ROLLERS.

UTILITY OF AUTO.

Itinerant Fruit Vender Now Does Business in a Car.

The automobile has been utilized in almost every conceivable way of late. We have the auto fire engine and hook and ladder truck, the auto ambulance, the auto hearse, the auto moving van, the auto sightseeing vehicle, and in scores of other ways has the machine been brought into use for man's convenience and business. The latest, however, is the auto fruit car.

Recently a New York itinerant fruit vender decided that the pushcart was out of date and not the proper vehicle in which to display his wares. Besides, it was almost impossible to push it and smoke a cigarette at the same time. Being of a mechanical bent and

LATEST IN FRUIT STANDS.

having saved a few hundred dollars, he purchased a small car, rebuilt it to suit himself and, as shown in the accompanying illustration, now does business in his machine.

As this up to date chap can get over the ground much more rapidly his business has greatly increased, and his enterprise has attracted much attention.

SMALLEST ATHLETE.

Remarkable Midget Who Amazed Emperor William by His Cleverness.

Prince Atom, at present in Germany, but soon to visit this country, is the smallest midget in the world and in

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST ATHLETE.

many ways the most remarkable. While the child of normal parents, he stands just a little over two feet high and is as intelligent as the average person and speaks several languages fluently.

The prince is extremely fond of all outdoor and indoor sports and is quite an acrobat. In Berlin recently he performed before the children of the German crown prince and delighted them by his feats as well as his wit.

BOOK AGENT'S BIG HIT.

Three "Early Christian Martyrs" Sold to One Family.

A PHILADELPHIA book agent canvassed James Watson, a rich and close man living at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.

The canvasser took note that the family was interested in that class of literature and made a mental resolution to see Mrs. Watson during the day, Mr. W. having incautiously dropped the remark that his wife generally did the book buying of the family.

By and by the book agent called, went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy, she being ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back from New York at night Mrs. Watson showed him the book.

"I don't want to see it," said Mr. Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked the wife.

"Because that rascally book agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the same book—two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and"—

"But, husband, we can"—

"No, we can't, either," interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I"—

"Why, there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and"—

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson's, drove by, when Mr. Watson pounded on the window pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens!" he shouted. "You are hitched up; won't you run your horse down to the train and hold the book agent until I come? Run! Catch 'm now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted, "All aboard!"

"Book agent!" he yelled as the book agent stepped on to the train. "Book agent, hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson! Watson wants to see me!" repeated the seemingly puzzled book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants. He wants to buy one of my books. But I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book agent as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens; "just got it, and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book, 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and"—

"By the great guns!" moaned Watson as he placed his hand on his brow and staggered into the middle of the street.—Life's "Collection of Historic Fun."

Some Eastern Atmosphere.

"I suppose there isn't a Turkish bath in connection with this hotel?" inquired the very young grocery drummer on his first trip to Boomburg.

"There ain't been any feller along sellin' them as yet," replied the landlord of the Eagle hotel, "but I kin furnish ye with a Turkish towel, a Turkish rug, Turkish cigarettes an' a turkeyish dinner on Sunday."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Yield For Yield.

"How's the garden?"

"Fine. Dug up enough tin cans to make a load of junk that I traded for a lot of vegetables."

Their First Unpleasantness.

Bridegroom—Let's go up on the hurricane deck, dear, and drink in this glorious lake breeze.

Bride (pale and tearful)—Oh, George, don't talk about drinking anything! That makes me feel worse!—Chicago Tribune.

By the Countersign.

"Why do you call that fellow colonel? He's no colonel," the customer said.

"He's continually saying, 'Charge, charge,'" the merchant explained.—Buffalo Express.

Man Born to Kick.

Eternally 'gainst fate he rails
And vows that things are never right.
Sometimes it's 'cause an empire fails;
Sometimes it's 'cause the fish won't bite.
—Washington Star.

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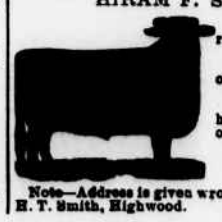

Cattle branded on right ribs.

Horses same brand on right shoulder.

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Note—Address is given wrong in brand book of H. T. Smith, Highwood.

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