

A Seasickless Voyage

The society columns now are taken up considerably with the goings of our fellow townsmen, who will spend the summer in Europe or will take a trip to some fashionable resort up on the great lakes or on Puget Sound for a period.

For the man who wants to spend his summer vacation that way we have the profoundest respect and wish him well. The writer sympathizes with those who spend their vacations drinking tea and wearing starched collars. He has done both, but he likes much better to get out on the water and ride through the waves. For others who like the same kind of sport, or who think they would like it if they had a chance, this article is written.

Every great city of America is situated on or near a navigable stream; that is navigable for some sort of craft. A craft, according to the man who wrote the dictionary, is a vessel, and vessel is designated by the same man as being anything that will float, from an ocean liner to a rowboat or canoe. Spending your vacation in a row boat is first-class fun. It is still more fun to spend it in a canoe. But both these conveyances require hard work if one wishes to get from one place to another, so the writer would suggest using a motorboat.

With a motorboat one could have more fun in a week than he could in a year on an ocean greyhound. Boating of any kind on our American waters has advantages. At a summer resort you are in danger of attacks by mosquitoes. Mosquitoes do not fly over the water. In your motorboat you can anchor in the stream and sleep soundly at night. On the ocean you get seasick.

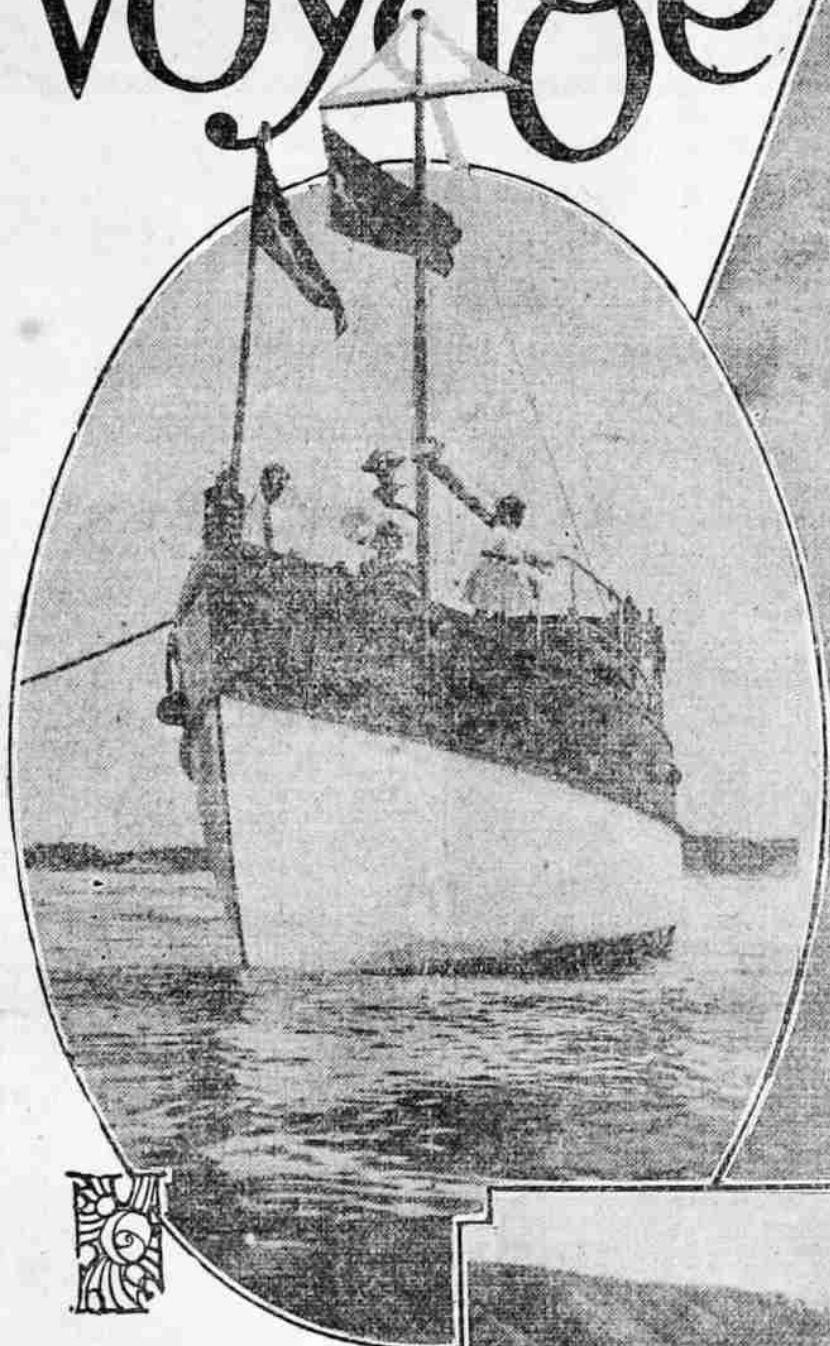
When it comes to economy, travel on the river is much cheaper than travel on land. An automobile eats more benzine than a motorboat. It costs many times more for the same quality of engine. Motorboating is the poor man's sport.

On the river we have wonderful scenery. The life on the river is clean. Every night you make a new camp and you can cook your own meal if you wish or eat at a river town. You get up an appetite for your meals, too, and the vacation, if you are an office worker, does wonders with your health. Those who would rather go in a canoe and take shorter stages are welcome. Canoeing is fine sport, but just now we are talking about motorboating.

It is surprising how many spots there are in America where one can go in a small motorboat. Trips frequently are made down the Mississippi to its mouth, along the coast to the St. Lawrence River, up the river and around Niagara Falls to the great lakes, and from Chicago through the drainage canal to the Illinois River, and back into the Mississippi River again. The Eastern half of the United States is an island without the inhabitants knowing it.

IDEAL CENTERS FOR STARTING CRUISES.

What may be said of the large cities of the United States as ideal spots from which motorboat trips may be started also can be said about the smaller cities. Taking New York as an example, the cruiser can ascend the Hudson or ride farther out in Long Island Sound, cooking meals along the shore of Long Island or Connecticut, and enjoying life every minute. Every summer the Hudson and the Sound are filled with pleasure seekers in

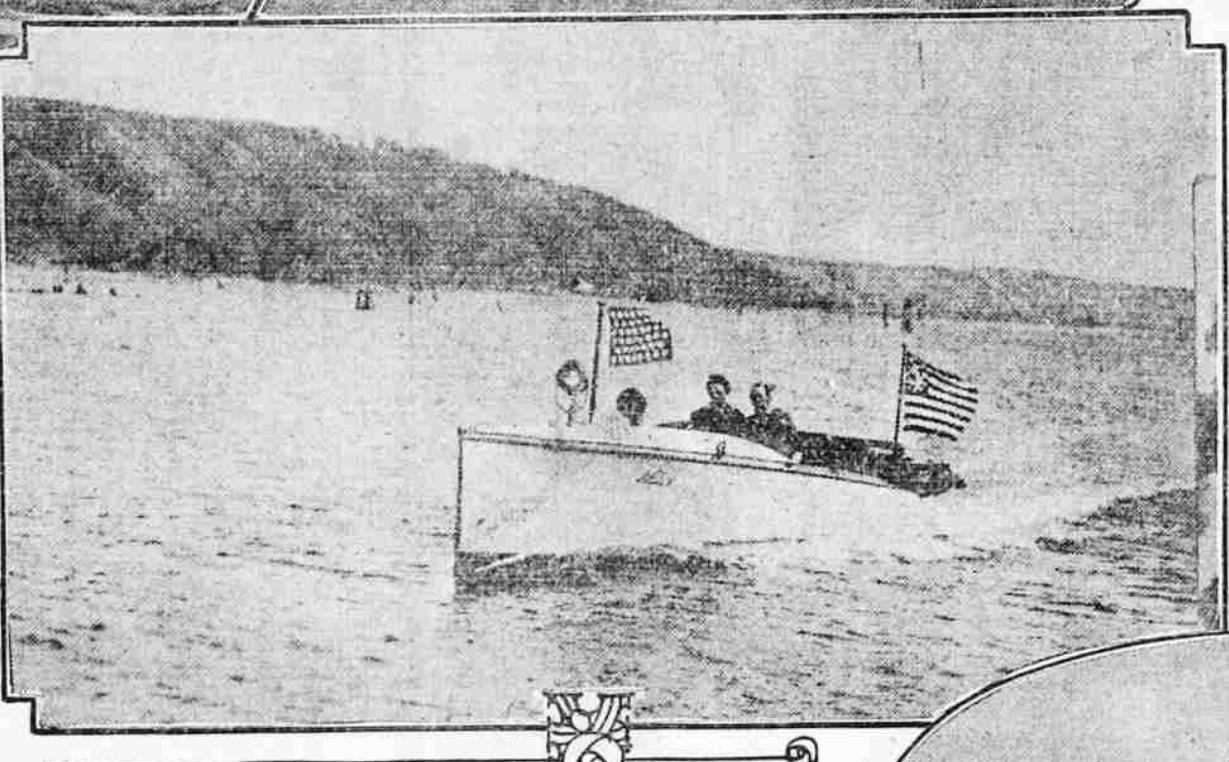


their little boats.

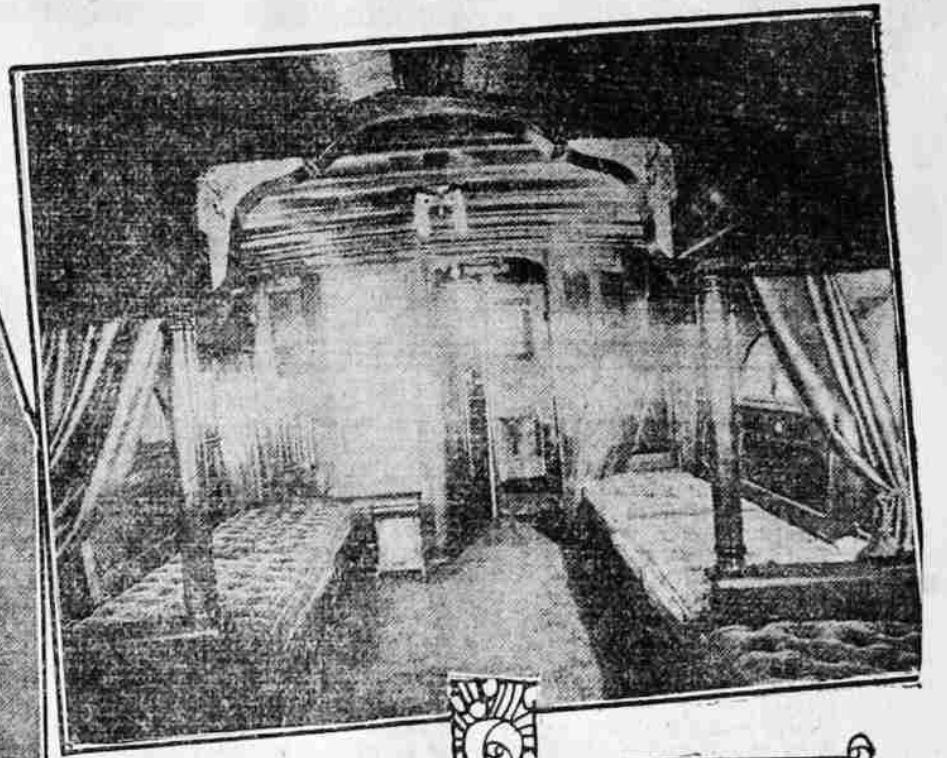
If the cruiser happens to live in Pittsburg he can sail down the Ohio or up two other big streams which unite at Pittsburg to form the Ohio. The White River runs through Indianapolis and joins the Wabash. From the Wabash entrance can be gained into the Ohio and the voyager can float down the Mississippi if he wishes. St. Louis, the largest city on the Mississippi, is another ideal spot from which these journeys can be taken. St. Louis is just a few miles below the mouth of the Missouri. A little above the Missouri is the mouth of the Illinois. Down the Mississippi other little streams join it and finally the Ohio is reached. Rivers branch out on both sides of the Ohio.

Anyone living in the Mississippi Valley has the entire system of rivers of that valley at his disposal for nothing. He can shut up house and without paying high priced rent at a summer hotel, can live in his motorboat or carry a tent along, which can be pitched at night.

A motorboat is impracticable



A Vacation in a Boat Is Little Developed in the United States, Although Numerous Water Courses Make Method Practical



where there are no rivers. It is a joy forever where there are plenty of streams. Our advice to those who cannot afford a motorboat is to get acquainted with a man who owns one and invite yourself to go along on a trip.

The motorboat can be used Sundays for small outings, so when time comes for the big outing of the summer, when the wife and children and friends want to go along for the big frolic, the owner will know how to run it and make repairs when anything goes wrong.

Fitch, the humorist, has told many grievous experiences with his motorboat, which wouldn't motor when he wanted it to. A motorboat is like a human being. It cannot be operated unless the operator knows how.

If a man wants to go in a motorboat and camp on the shore at night he can make the trip after an initial investment of \$200 or \$300 and upwards, depending on the style of boat he wishes to buy. For real cruising with a party it is necessary to buy a yacht for about \$2,000. In Seattle there are hundreds of these yachts along the shore of Lake Washington back of the city. The owners also have houseboats and live in the boats, moving them from place to place with their yachts, or even living on their yachts part of

the time. There are business men who work in the city by day. In the evening they ride across Seattle in street cars to the landings, where they take their motorboats and start across the lake while supper is being prepared. They stop wherever they wish and eat a real supper and anchor where they will, and sleep. The next morning they are ready to ride back to town while breakfast is being prepared. It is a jolly life for a few weeks. It is a change from the natural humdrum of the day.

SPORT UNDEVELOPED, ALTHOUGH FASCINATING.

Motorboating is yet an undeveloped sport. Few people realize the joys of motorboating and that is why few participate in it.

In several parts of the United States there are motorboat clubs which make annual cruises every year. The Puget Sound is a noted fairland for motorboats. The Sound is so full of estuaries there are continuous surprises for the man making the trip.

But the interior of the United States is just as well suited for such trips and because of the warmer days, time spent on the water is appreciated so much more.

A typical boat trip on an inland water was taken a year ago by Judson H. Boughton of the St. Louis Yacht Club in the Elsa II. Boughton left the yacht club July 19 and started up the Mississippi River toward Lake Michigan by way of the Illinois River, the Illinois-Michigan Canal, and the Chicago Drainage Canal.

The trip to Chicago was made in three and a half days and there was no railroad fare to pay. The upkeep is less by boat than by automobile and the fuel bill is less.

The crew of Boughton's vessel consisted of two friends and Boughton, who was master, owner and captain. After reaching Chicago the party journeyed north through Lake Michigan and finally returned after an enjoyable journey without having been seasick or without having any mosquito bites.

Mosquitoes bite on the water only after sunset when there is no breeze. That is a rare occurrence on American streams. A good night's sleep was simply a matter of going to bed. For, although the temperature was in the nineties on shore, on the water it was tempered. The boats were well equipped with cots, so day by day the captain and crew could sleep on deck if they wished.

The trip along the river was livened continually with meeting other craft, some large and some ordinary rowboats. Young fellows with their best girls were enjoying the streams. The Illinois-Michigan Canal passes through towns, farmlands and hamlets. The boat passed within twenty feet of cows who looked on interestedly as the motor chugged. Boys hanging to trees were overhead throwing out fishing lines. The canal was built as a tow-path canal in 1847, and has been partly filled in since it was built. Navigation would open it again if the State cannot afford to improve it without a guaranty of its use.

SADNESS ON BRIDE'S PART AT A WEDDING IN A HAREM

What it means to be a harem bride was told a few days ago at the First Congregational Church in a lecture by Mrs. J. T. Bodfish, president of the women's missionary society of the church, who had attended the wedding of a Turkish boy and one of his many brides.

The wedding, said Mrs. Bodfish, took place in Alexandria, where she was visiting at the time. "For a long time," she explained, "we had been seeing the most wonderful processions moving through the streets and never were able to find out what they were. Finally we found they were the processions of brides-to-be going to the homes of their prospective husbands, who already might have one, ten or forty wives.

"These processions are wonderful things to behold, with their long camel trains, the camels going along in their slow fashion, trappings of gilt and bangles and tassels, with smart little caps on their heads and tiny feather dusters on their noses. Ahead of the procession go the tom-tom beaters and a group of entertainers, such as acrobats, dancers and snake charmers. Then, at the end of the long camel procession is the closely curtained sedan chair in which the bride-to-be is carried.

"As American women, we were terribly anxious, of course, to see just what a bride carried through

the streets in that fashion and going to wed a man whom she had never seen would be like. Also, we wondered about the wedding itself and what sort of life the poor creature was going into.

"By the courtesy of an English physician, our party—four American women—was able to attend a wedding and get a glimpse of the real life of these shut-in veiled women; women upon whose faces no man, except their husband, may look, and women who may look upon the world only at rare intervals, and then only through their heavy veils or from their high-up, overhanging windows; women who live utterly without hope or ambition.

"The process of wooing in Mohammedan lands is extremely simple and quite businesslike. When a man desires another bride he merely communicates the fact to his mother, who proceeds to look around for the most likely person for the post. Probably she is very exacting, according to her standards—mothers-in-law have that reputation the world over. But after she has looked over the young woman and duly considered her personal attractiveness and the dowry she will bring, she makes the recommendation to her son, and he and the girl's father sign a marriage con-

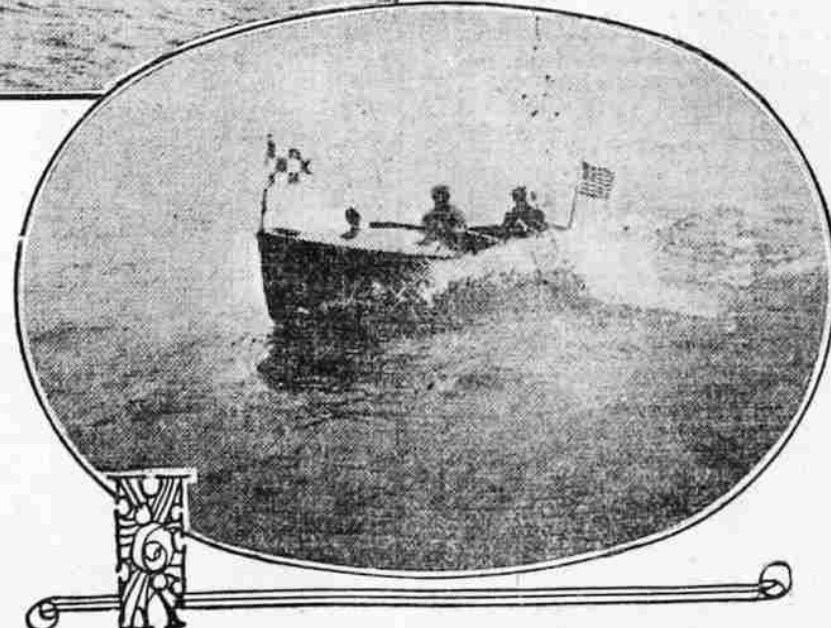
tract, which recounts how much the father gives the bridegroom for marrying the daughter, and the bridegroom thanks him, and the formality is ended. The time is set for the wedding. Next comes the camel procession.

"Accompanied by our dragoman, we went to the house of the bridegroom to attend the wedding. I entered a great room on the first floor, and there was the bridegroom with his friends around him, all drinking coffee and smoking. The Koran prohibits the drinking of alcoholic beverages.

"Through this room we went into another and then up five flights of narrow stairs of stone. At the top our dragoman informed us that he could go no farther, as he had come to the line beyond which no man other than the husband might pass. Left alone, we entered a long bare sort of room, and were welcomed by the bride's mother. She led us into another great apartment, where there were gathered all the wives and their numberless progeny. For the most part they were a dull, weary-looking lot of women, beautifully dressed, with gold trinkets on their hands, arms and ankles which their husband had given them in the first flush of the honeymoon.

"Most of them seemed to be taking the idea of a new wife as of little moment. They had some through it so often that one additional wife made no difference. But one among them, a fine, spirited, handsome young woman, made us know that she was madly jealous of the newcomer. She could speak no word that we could interpret, yet by the common language of emotions in which women of all countries speak, she made us know that, queer as it may seem to us, she loved her husband, and did not wish him to add to his wifely possessions.

"At the far end of the room we saw the new bride-to-be. There was no joy in her face, and none in her heart. She was half reclining on a divan, while two black slave women made her ready for the coming of the bridegroom.



ish sweetmeats, we were entertained by the dancing girls.

"Finally, when it was nearly morning, there was a tremendous clatter. The bridegroom was coming. Even that announcement did not arouse any interest in the bride. The bridegroom came and, raising her veil, looked upon her. He looked her over thoroughly, and decided that she was sufficiently attractive—there is no other standard for a wife in a harem. He announced that he received her as a wife, and her mother went out on the housetop and proclaimed to the rabble on the street below that her daughter had been married by the great bey.

"Then the other wives and their children, chattering, filed out, and the bride was alone with the man

upon whose face she never had looked before."

It is claimed for Thomas Blades of Yarwell, a Northamptonshire village, England, that he is the oldest Odd Fellow in the world. Blades, who is within two years of being a centenarian, has just completed seventy-four years' membership of the Manchester Unity. As a boy of 7 he was working for 1s 6d a week in minding cows and scaring birds from crops. He is hale and hearty, enjoys his pipe and believes that the secret of keeping young is "a contented mind and something in it."

After washing windows, if they are rubbed over with a cloth moistened with salt water, they will have an extra fine polish.