

GEORGE ADE IN PASTURES NEW

Life on the Ocean Wave, With Modern Variations.

BY GEORGE ADE.

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A month before sailing I visited the floating skyscraper which was to bear us away. It was hitched to a dock in Hoboken, and it reminded me of a St. Bernard dog tied by a silken thread. It was the biggest skiff afloat, with an observatory on the roof and covered porches running all the way around. It was a very large boat.

After inspecting the boat and approving of it, I selected a room with southern exposure. Later on, when the sailing was over, I was still unable to tell which is starboard and which is port. I can tell time by the ship's bell if you let me use a pencil, but "starboard" means nothing to me. In order to make it clear to the reader, I will say that the room was on the "haw" side of the boat. I thought I was getting the "gee" side as the vessel lay at the dock, but I forgot that it had to turn around in order to start for Europe, and I found myself "haw." I complained to one of the officers and said that I had engaged a stateroom with southern exposure. He said they couldn't back up all the way across the Atlantic just to give me the sunny side of the boat. This closed the incident. He did explain, however, that if I remained in the ship and went back with them I would have southern exposure all the way home.

The unexpected manner in which the boat turned around has suggested to me a scheme for a revolving apartment house. The building will be set on gigantic casters and will revolve slowly, so that every apartment will have a southern exposure at certain hours of the day, to say nothing of the advantage of getting a new view every few minutes. It is well known that apartments with southern exposure and overlooking the Boulevard command a double rental. When every apartment may have a southern exposure, think of the tremendous increase in revenues! I explained my scheme for a revolving apartment house to a gentleman from the building and he has agreed to give it financial backing.

Our ship was the latest thing out. To say that it was about seven hundred feet long and nearly sixty feet deep does not give a graphic idea of its huge proportions. A New Yorker might understand it if told that this ship would reach from the Flatiron Building to two Flatiron buildings spliced end to end. Out in Indiana this comparison was unavailing, as few of the residents have seen the Flatiron Building and only a small percentage of them have any desire to see it. So when a Hoosier acquaintance asked me something about the ship I led him into Main street and told him that it would reach from the railroad to the Presbyterian church. He looked down street at the depot and then he looked up street at the distant Presbyterian church, and then he looked at me and walked away. Every statement that I make in my native town is received with doubt. People have mistrusted me ever since I came home years ago and announced that I was working.

Evidently he repeated what I had said, for in a few minutes another resident came up and casually asked me something about the ship and wanted to know how long she was. I repeated the Presbyterian church story. He merely remarked "I thought 'Bill' was lyn' to me," and then went his way.

It is hard to live down a carefully acquired reputation, and therefore the statement as to the length of the vessel was regarded as a specimen outburst of native humor. When I went on to say that the boat would have on board three times as many people as there were in our whole town; that she had seven decks, superimposed like the layers of a jelly cake; that elevator carried passengers from one deck to another; that a daily newspaper was printed on board and that a brass band gave concerts every day, to say nothing of the telephone exchange and the free bureau of information, then all doubt was dispelled and my local standing

boat was quite new and extravagantly up-to-date, perhaps some information concerning it will be of interest, even to those old and hardened travelers who have been across so often that they no longer set down the run of the ship and have ceased sending material post cards to their friends at home.

In the first place, a telephone in every room, connected with a central station. The passengers never use it, because when he is a thousand miles from shore there is no one to be called up, and if he needs the steward it pushes a button. But it is there—a real German telephone, shared like a broken pretzel, and any one who has a telephone in his room feels that he is getting something for his money.

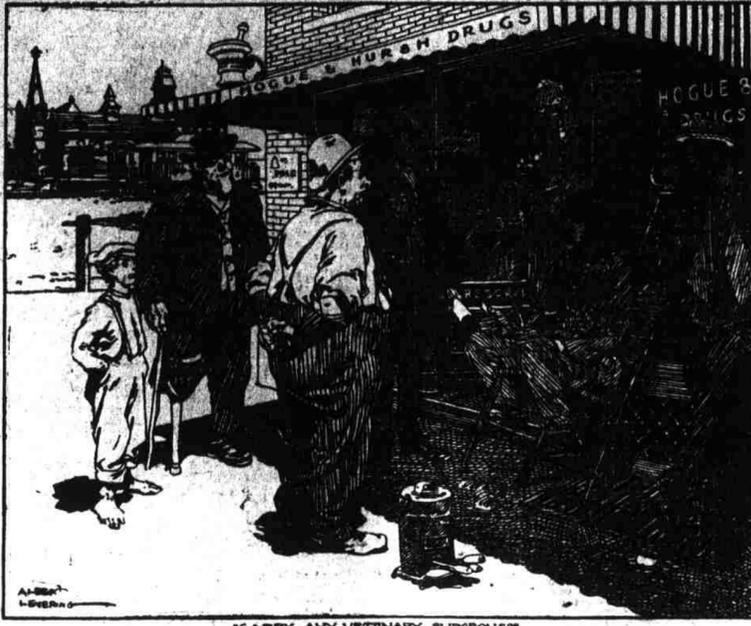
On the whole, I think our telephone system is superior to that of any foreign city. Our telephone girls have large vocabularies for one thing. England the "hello" is never used. When an Englishman gathers up the ponderous contrivance and fits it against his head he asks: "Are you there?" If the other man answers "Yes" that stops the whole conversation.

Travelers throughout the world should rise up and unite in a vote of thanks to whoever it was that abolished the upper berth in the newer boats. Mahomet's coffin suspended in mid air must have been a cheery and satisfactory bunk compared with the ordinary upper berth. Only a trained athlete can climb into one of them. The wood work that you embrace and rub your legs against as you struggle upward is very cold. When you fall into one of these clammy sheets you are only six inches from the ceiling. In the early morning the sailors scrub the deck just overhead, and you feel as if you were getting a shampoo. The aerial sarcophagus is built deep, like a trough, so that the prisoner cannot roll out during the night. It is narrow, and the man who is addicted to the habit of "spreading" feels as if he were tied hand and foot.

In nearly all of the staterooms of the new boat there were no upper berths, and the lower ones were wide and airy—they were almost beds, and a bed on board ship is something that for years has been reserved as the special luxury of the millionaire.

We really had on board the daily paper, the gymnasium, the florist, the bureau of information, the massage parlor and other adjuncts of a going that would have been regarded as fanciful dreams ten years ago. Next to the elevators the most novel feature of the new kind of "liners" is the a la carte restaurant. It was on the Kaiser deck. The topmost deck was called the "Kaiser" to indicate that he ranked next to the heavenly bodies in grandeur and importance. The old names of "upper deck," "promenade deck," "main deck" and "lower deck" cannot be applied to one of these new fangled monsters. Next below the Kaiser deck came the Washington deck, then the Roosevelt deck, then the Cleveland deck, then the Franklin deck, and after that a lower deck and several more that do not concern the passengers living in the upper stories.

The restaurant was forward on the Kaiser deck—a gorgeous pocket edition of Sherry's or Delmonico's in New York, the Carlton in London or the Ritz in Paris. Formerly on the North Atlantic, and especially during the winter season, the only persons who dressed for dinner were misguided Englishmen, who would rather take a chance on pneumonia than violate any of their national traditions. The new type of steamer is housed in and steam heated and all the people who dined in the glittering



"CARRY ANY VETERINARY SURGEON?"

After two or three lessons any American can use a foreign telephone. All he has to learn is which end to put to his ear and how to keep two or three springs pressed down all the time he is talking. In America he takes down the receiver and talks into the phone. Elsewhere he takes the entire telephone down from a rack and holds it the same as a slide trombone.

In some of the cabins were electric hair curlers. A Cleveland man who wished to call up the adjoining cabin on the phone, just to see if the thing would work, put the hair curler to his ear and began talking into the dynamo. There was no response, so he pushed a button and nearly ruined his left ear. It was a natural mistake. In Europe anything attached to a wall is liable to be a telephone.

Mr. Peaseley was riding through the tidy thoroughfares and throwing bouquets at the street cleaning department.

When he arrived at the Victoria he was met by the proprietor, who wore the frock coat and whiskers which are the universal insignia of hospitality.

"Your brother-in-law in Rotterdam told me to come here and put up with you," explained Mr. Peaseley. "He said you were running a first class place, which means, I suppose, first class for this country. If you fellows over here would put in steam heat and bathrooms and electric lights and then give us something to eat in the bargain, your hotels wouldn't be so bad. I writing the stationery for your visiting rooms, and the result, when by your waiters is certainly all right, but that's about all I can say for you."

The proprietor smiled and bowed and said he hoped his brother-in-law in Rotterdam was in good health and enjoying prosperity, and Mr. Peaseley said that he personally had left with the brother-in-law enough money to run the hotel for another six months. After Mr. Peaseley had been in Rotterdam a few days he had been

restaurant far from the common horde of the main dining saloon were attired to the limit. The usual Hungarian orchestra played horrid music and what with the Swiss waiters and the candelabra, the fresh caviar and other luxuries of high living it was difficult for one to realize that he was riding on the high seas at the most inclement season of the year. It was all Fifth Avenue—even to the check.

On the steamer I met an old friend, Mr. Peaseley of Iowa. We first collided in Europe in 1895, when both of us were over for the first time and were groping our way about the Continent and pretending to enjoy ourselves. About the time I first encountered Mr. Peaseley he had an experience which in all probability is with our parallel in human history. Some people to whom I have told the story frankly disbelieved it, but then they did not know Mr. Peaseley. It is all very true, and it happened as follows:

Mr. Peaseley had been in Rotterdam for two days, and after galloping madly through churches, galleries and museums for eight hours a day he said that he had seen enough Dutch art to last him a million years at a very conservative estimate, so he started for Brussels. He asked the proprietor at the hotel at Rotterdam for the name of a good hotel in Brussels and the proprietor told him to go to the Hotel Victoria. He said it was a first class establishment and was run by his brother-in-law. Every hotel keeper in Europe has a brother-in-law running a hotel in some other town.

Mr. Peaseley was loaded to the train by watchful attendants, and as there were no Englishmen in the compartment he succeeded in getting a good seat right by the window and did not have to ride backward. Very soon he became immersed in an American book. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, not heeding the flight of time, until the train rolled into a cavernous train shed and was attacked by the usual energetic mob of porters and hotel runners. Mr. Peaseley looked out and saw that they had arrived at another large city. On the other side of the platform was a large and beautiful bus marked "Hotel Victoria." Mr. Peaseley shrieked for a porter and began dumping Gladstone bags, steamer rugs, cameras and other impedimenta out through the window. The man from the Victoria put these on top of the bus and in a few minutes Mr. Peaseley was riding through the tidy thoroughfares and throwing bouquets at the street cleaning department.

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edeker and very carefully read the introduction to Brussels. Then he studied the map for a little while. He believed in getting a good general idea of the lay of things before he tackled a new town. He marked on the map a few of the show places which seemed worth while, and then he sailed out, waving aside the smiling guide who attempted to fawn upon him as he paused at the main entrance. Mr. Peaseley would have nothing to do with guides. He always said that the man who had to be led around by the halter would do better to stay right at home.

It was a very busy afternoon for Mr. Peaseley. At first he had some difficulty in finding the places that were marked in red spots on the map. This was because he had been holding the map upside down. By turning the map the other way and making due allowance for the inaccuracies to be expected in a book written by ignorant foreigners, the whole ground plan of the city straightened itself out, and he boldly went his way. He visited an old cathedral and two art galleries, reading long and scholarly comments on the more celebrated masterpieces. Some of the paintings were not properly labelled, but he knew that although the methods prevailed in Europe—that a civilization which is on the downhill and about to play out cannot be expected to breed a business-like accuracy. He wrote marginal corrections in his guide book and doctored up the map a little, several streets having been omitted, and returned to the hotel at dusk feeling very well repaid. From the beginning of his tour he had maintained that when a man goes out and gets information or impressions of his own unaided efforts he gets something that will abide with him and become a part of his intellectual and artistic fibre. That which is ladled into him by a verbose guide soon evaporates or oozes away.

At the table d'hotel Mr. Peaseley had the good fortune to be seated next to an Englishman, to whom he addressed himself. The Englishman was not very communicative, but Mr. Peaseley persevered. It was his theory that when one is traveling and meets a fellow Caucasian who is shy or reticent or suspicious the thing to do is to keep on talking to him until he feels quite at ease and the entente cordiale is fully established. So Mr. Peaseley told the Englishman all about Iowa and said that it was "God's country." The Englishman fully agreed with him—that is, if silence gives consent. There was a lull in the conversation and Mr. Peaseley, seeking to give it a new turn, said to his neighbor: "I like this town best of any I've seen. Is this your first visit to Brussels?" "I have never been to Brussels," replied the Englishman.

"That is, never until this time," suggested Mr. Peaseley. "I'm in the same boat. Just landed here to-day."

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"Why, I've been all over town to-day with a guide book, and"—He paused and a horrible suspicion settled upon him. A waiter from the table he rushed to the outer office and confronted the manager.

"What's the name of the town I'm in," he demanded.

"Antwerp," replied the astonished manager.

Mr. Peaseley leaned against the wall and gasped "Well, I'll be—!" he began, and then language failed him.

"You said you had a brother-in-law in Rotterdam," he said, when he recovered his voice.

"That is quite true."

"And the Victoria Hotel—is there one in Brussels and another in Antwerp?"

"There is a Victoria hotel in every city in the world. The Victoria hotel is universal—the same as Scotch whisky."

"Am I now in Antwerp?"

"Most assuredly."

Mr. Peaseley went to his room. He did not dare to return and face the Englishman. Next day he proceeded to Brussels and found that he could work from the same guide book just as successfully as he had in Antwerp.

When I met him on the steamer he said that during all of his travels since 1895 he never had duplicated the remarkable experience at Antwerp. As soon as he alights from a train he goes right up to some one and asks the name of the town.

OBSERVATIONS.

Written for The Observer.

"The Confessions of a Trust President," will probably be the next startling announcement of some of our enterprising magazines.

It is better to be sick once in a while than to become a slave to the health rules and regulations that get sick just as often anyway.

The man who is "from Missouri" often gets "shown" as per his request.

There is plenty of the sense of humor in the world but it refuses to come out for a cheat.

One would certainly lead a contradictory sort of life if he attempted to follow out all of the "Don't" paragraphs that are being ground out.

Those who take pride in being different from other people should flatter themselves by thinking that non-resemblance is any proof of superiority.

If the labor unions could get all that they demand the name borne by such organizations would undoubtedly be a name.

That woman is to be pitied who is led to the altar as a consolation prize.

The difference between egotism and variety seems to be principally a matter of sex.

It was some men ride hobbies puts the best speed records into "innocuous desuetude."

If optimism keeps on slinging mud at the pessimist there is going to be at least one exception to the rule that everything has a bright side.

The economical housewife might cut down the gas bill to a considerable extent by lighting her husband's breath when he comes home at night.

The man who marries one woman just to spite another is taking his spite out of a wrong woman.

All the funny little stories that are published about the Senators and Representatives are true. Congress must certainly be a formidable assembly of wits.

It is sometimes a pretty good sign of one's approaching dissolution when he sees an automobile headed towards him.

In many instances the man who is not master of himself has a wife that is.

That which appendicitis will not do for a person the treatment will, and he will surrender as soon as the pinch comes. Quite likely, Uncle Joe can surrender when it is inevitable with much alacrity, though with little good humor. He and his committee on rules and resolutions and Representatives. The Senate is well aware of that. The House never deliberates, and when it legislates it is to do things Cannon, Dalmell and Grosvenor order it to do.

Uncle Cannon is threatening them with the pork-barrel again. He expects to drive enough of them to do his bidding to send his bill to conference, where he can get it kept until he is ready to surrender with a little humiliation as possible. There was nothing but outrage in the Roosevelt-Cannon-Beveridge proposition. It was their purpose to make a monstrous State out of New Mexico, and Arizona more than 1,000 miles from extremity. With a deal of dogmatism they contend that Arizona can never have population sufficient to make a decent State. The same was said of California and Colorado. The wish is apparently the father of the thought. If these folks should succeed in their project it is to be hoped that the people of the proposed new States will refuse to hold a convention to make a State constitution, and that would circumvent the whole scheme.

When Queen Elizabeth heard of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, she ordered her court into mourning; when Philip II. heard of it he ordered a Te Deum Laudamus. When Theodore Roosevelt heard of the "Battle" of Jolo, he sent Gen. Leonard Wood a congratulatory dispatch. When "Hell-roaring Jake" Smith threatened to do what Gen. Wood did do he was recalled—probably from talking more of serving humanity when he kills 600 Moros armed with bow and arrow and bolo against his machine guns, repeating rifles and field pieces. That is the way we practice humanity of course. When are we heroes for but to show the men, women and children how to be civilized? When they refuse, what can we do but shoot civilization into them? "Eloquent" Torquemada, when he caught a fellow Spaniard who was not religious on the Torquada plan, arrested him and burned him at the stake. Torquemada believed he was serving God, and doubtless Gen. 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