

# TIPS ON OCEAN STEAMERS

## The Customary Exactions Aboard Atlantic Liners.

### FACTS AND FIGURES

Good Rules Which the Person Who Does Not Believe in Tipping Should Read—Customary Rates—Tippers and Tipped Aboard—How Some Evade Payment.

Many of us have met abroad a fellow countryman who makes us blush, and who entirely forgets that "in Rome one should do as the Romans do." He exacts great services, and then, when, as he is leaving, and is asked for a fee, he proudly asserts that he doesn't believe in that sort of robbery. If the servant persists, explaining that otherwise he will go unpaid, the traveler has been known to tell him that he's "a blamed fool to live in such a country," when the Land of the Free is only across the ocean. Without commenting upon the emptiness of such talk (as if every man were a vagabond that could pick up and wander hither and thither as the spirit moved him), it may be said that, according to the foreign system—good or bad—many servants are paid no wages at all, and in numerous places they pay well for their positions because the holders of them receive handsome fees.

Servants less luckily placed are the great sufferers. Their employers screw down their wages, and the patron who doesn't believe in tips "does the rest." Indeed, said patron has been known to flee while the servant isn't looking. One remembers, too, three pretentious feminine nobodies as a certain ship steamed towards New York's Goddess of Liberty. The extra last meal was almost unnecessary any way, but the passengers might be detained, so it was furnished. The three in question, after they had eaten complained that the last dish was not properly served. They ordered it removed and a pot of coffee brought. While the steward was getting the coffee they fairly ran out of the dining saloon, to the disgust of all at that table. No doubt it is this same type who steals glass and silverware, for which the steward has to pay and calls it souvenir collecting, says The Philadelphia Record.

The 10 per cent. rule is usually a very safe one, and the traveler should beware of reckless tipping, as it marks him or her as "easy."

The following, by Myra Emmons, in Good Housekeeping, seems to be a fair rate per person on shipboard. Of course, if a passenger be ill for some days, requiring fruit and food served in berth, or if a feminine voyager need much personal service, rate should be higher.

If you travel in a specially equipped floating palace you must expect to pay at least \$25 for steamer tips. On regular first-class steamers, however, the following are customary and will be ample.

Stateroom steward, \$2.50; state-room stewardess, \$2.50; dining-room steward, \$2.50. These are obligatory. On the cheaper first-class steamers they may be reduced to \$1 each and be entirely dignified. It all depends on the boat. By talking with other passengers you can readily learn the customary scale for your steamer. If you use the bathroom regularly pay the bathroom steward \$1; if less frequently this might be cut to 25 cents a bath. If you read books from the library, give the steward a tip varying from \$1 down to 25 cents, according to grade of steamer and frequency of his service to you.

The deck's steward's gratuity is a variable quantity; he has opportunity for getting tips from so many people that he fares better than inside stewards, who are restricted to a certain number; hence do not be uneasy about him. Give him what you think he has earned in waiting on you, according to relative service with the other stewards. A dollar is the maximum expected on ordinary boats.

Thus your total tips need not exceed \$10 a voyage and may not be more than \$5.

**License Fees in England.**

The average rate of license taxation in 122 towns of the United States having a population exceeding 30,000 is \$885, as against an average of \$176 charged in similar towns in Great Britain.

If the comparison be made with particular States or certain geographical divisions, the difference is even more pronounced.

The average license duty in twenty-one New England cities, says the Independent, is ten times the average rate in similar cities in the United Kingdom. Naturally, the revenue thus received is much greater in this country than in Great Britain.

In the 164 British towns having a population of 30,000 and upward, the proceeds from this source is approximately \$4,080,000; whereas, in the 122 American towns of the same size it is \$36,975,000, or more than nine times as much. The number of retail liquor places in Great Britain is less to-day than in 1830, though the quantity of liquor sold is much greater. The policy of limiting the number of public houses has resulted in creating a monopoly of the liquor traffic and has increased enormously license values, without a similar increase in the scale of taxation.

## KIPLING AND AMERICANS.

Says We Are the Finest People on Surface of the Globe.

Let there be no misunderstanding about the matter. I love this people, and if any contemptuous criticism has to be done I will do it myself. My heart has gone out to them beyond all other peoples; and for the life of me I cannot tell why. They are bleeding-raw at the edges, almost more concited than the English, vulgar with a massive vulgarity which is as though the Pyramids were coated with Christmas cake sugar works.

Cocksure they are, lawless and as casual as they are cocksure; but I love them, and I realized it when I met an Englishman who laughed that they were all wrong, from the tariff to their go-as-you-please civil service, and beneath the consideration of a true Briton.

"I admit everything," said I. "Their government's provisional; their law's the motion of the moment; their railways are made of balpines and matchsticks, and most of their good luck lies in their woods and mines and rivers and not in their brains; but for all that they are the biggest, finest and best people on the surface of the globe!"

"Just you wait a hundred years and see how they'll behave when they've had the screw put on them and have forgotten a few of the patriarchal teachings of the late Mister George Washington."

"Wait till the Anglo-American-German-Jew—the Man of the Future—is properly equipped. He'll have just the least little kink in his hair now and again; he'll carry the English lungs above the Teuton feet that can walk forever; and he will have long, thin, bony Yankee hands, with the big blue veins on the wrist, from one end of the earth to the other."

"He'll be the finest writer, poet and dramatist, specially d. artist, that the world as it recollects itself has ever seen. By virtue of his Jew blood—just a little drop—he'll be a musician and painter, too."

"At present there is too much balcony and too little Romeo in the life plays of his fellow citizens. Later on, when the proportion is adjusted and he sees the possibilities of his land, he will produce things that will make the effete East stare."

"He will also be a complex and highly composite administrator. There is nothing known to man that he will not be, and his country will sway the world with one foot as a man tilts a sea-wag plank."—From "American Notes."



Dr. William Henry Perkin, who was knighted by King Edward, is one of the greatest chemists of Great Britain and is famous as the founder of the aniline or coal-tar industry. He discovered the aniline colors in 1856 and through this discovery the dyeing industry has been completely revolutionized.

### Alcohol and the Auto.

The industrial uses of alcohol are many and varied, as was demonstrated by an exhibition in Germany a few years ago, which was devoted exclusively to alcohol, its production and its uses for industrial purposes, says the Scientific American. While the general use of alcohol for industrial purposes, heading, lighting, and a vast range of chemical and other manufacturing purposes has steadily increased in Germany, the percentage of the whole product that is used for most purposes is relatively small and, so far from increasing, is said to be rather diminishing, though to just what extent it would be difficult to prove. A few Germans, from patriotic motives, use alcohol for driving automobiles, freight wagons, motor boats and farming machinery. It has been found by elaborate tests that the economy of alcohol as a fuel for gas motors is largely increased by its being carburetted through admixture with a certain percentage of benzole or other product of mineral oil. For a time it was believed that this admixture of benzole could not be safely carried beyond 20 per cent., but more recent experience has shown that a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and benzole can be used, especially in large motors, with entire safety and economical results. For automobile purposes the usual proportion is now about 30 per cent. of benzole or gasoline, but at the previous cost of alcohol it could not compete on the score of economy with mineral hydrocarbons in a country where they were either produced or imported free of duty.

Three out of every fifteen shops in the West End of London, says the Graphic, are owned by men or women in society, who either keep them under assumed names or have a large financial interests in them.

## AN OLD TIME RURAL DOCTOR.

He Was an Autocrat and Had Curative Methods All His Own.

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who was the terror of his boyhood days.

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember once a boy chum of mine became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible."

"Dr. X— was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red hot poker. As he was never questioned or disobeyed, the woman hastened to heat one in the kitchen fire."

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleaming point levelled at the boy's head."

"Open your mouth, sir," he commanded.

The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the abscess and saved his life.

"I have said that Dr. X— was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family attempted to eat his orders in defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors of those days. He went to Holland for a year to study when he was young, and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air."

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room tight. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room, Dr. X— raised both windows, ordering that they be left so."

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, but no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance away Dr. X— happened to look around and beheld what they had done."

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, neither knocking or ringing, mounted the stairs, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed case which he always carried, and deliberately smashed one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away."

"The patient recovered."

### "Undisciplined" Chicago.

"Undisciplined"—that is the word for Chicago. It is the word for all the progress of the Victorian time, a scrambling, ill-mannered, undisciplined, development of material resources. Packingtown, for example, is a place that feeds the world with meat, that concentrates the produce of a splendid countryside at a position of imperial advantage, and its owners have no more sense, no better moral quality than to make it stink in the nostrils of anyone who comes within two miles of it; to make it a center of distribution for disease and decay, an aroma of shabby evasions and extra profits; a scene of brutal economic conflict and squalid filthiness, offensive to every sense. (I wish I could catch the soul of Herbert Spencer and tether it in Chicago for a while to gather fresh evidence upon the superiority of unfettered individualistic enterprises to things managed by the State.)

Want of discipline? Chicago is one hoarse cry for discipline. The reek and scandal of the stockyards are really only a gigantic form of that same quality in American life that, in a minor aspect, makes the sidewalk filthy. This key to that peculiar nasty ugliness of those Scholkauf works that dottle the Niagara gorge is the same quality. The detestableness of the elevated railroads of Chicago and Boston and New York has this in common. All that is ugly in America, in Lancashire, in South and East London, in the Pas de Calais, is due to this, to the shoving unfeeling proceedings of underbred and morally obtuse men—each man is for himself, each enterprise; there is no order, no provision, no common and universal plan. Modern economic organization is still as yet only thinking of emerging from its first chaotic stage, the stage of lawless enterprise and insatiable aggression, the stage of prospector's clamp. That is the key to it all. New York Sun.

**Exercise For Business Men.**

The average city business man without physical impediments to fight against can probably get along successfully on such an exercise schedule as the following:

Five minutes each day of purely muscular exercise, such as can be taken perfectly well in one's room without any special apparatus.

Short intervals during the day of fresh air, brisk walking, deep breathing. This can all be secured in the regular order of the day's business. A man can easily spend as much as half an hour walking out of doors every day. This is for heart, lungs and digestion.

The reservation of at least one day a week for rest and recreation, for being out of doors, for playing games, etc. This is essential. This is for both body and mind. A man who thinks he can get along without at least one vacation time a week simply proves his ignorance.

## SALTED WHALE IS A RELISH.

Some Say It Is Better Than Poor Salted Beef.

The preservation and exportation of whale meat is becoming a big industry in parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. For some time past the fishermen of Gaspe have been in the habit of salting down portions of the meat of the whale for their own use when short of other food, but now it is found that the article is eagerly consumed by some of the South American peoples and consequently it is becoming quite an article of commerce.

One company has established a large plant on an island in the region known as Seven Islands, in the north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and maintains a regular whaling steamer to kill and tow in the whales to the factory. Two species of whales are taken, the humped back and the sulphur bottom. They are so plentiful that there is no difficulty in killing and towing to the factory one a day, which is all that the present capacity of the factory can accommodate. Each whale is valued at about \$2,000 so that the business is a very lucrative one.

Formerly the fish went into guano, which is worth \$30 to \$35 a ton. Now, however, the prime meat is all salted down for food, and excellent eating it makes, too, for those who like it, many contending that it is superior to the coarser grades of beef salted in barrels, especially when used in stews and hashes, or served up as corned beef.

China is said to offer an excellent market for the meat, but at present the initial company in the St. Lawrence, which is likely soon to be followed by several others, has a demand for all that it can ship to South America.



**Lord Halsbury.**

At the age of eighty Lord Halsbury, who has been three times Lord High Chancellor of England, has undertaken a gigantic task, the compilation, in well arranged form, of the whole law of England. The compilation will fill from eighteen to twenty large volumes.

**Rustling Life Insurance.**

After all is said and done, we life insurance solicitors do not have such a hard time of it, writes one of them in the American Magazine. We get a drop of appreciation now and then, which compensates for the rebuffs.

"We know no boss and can go anywhere in the world we wish and work for the same company—if we are good."

"We can turn our backs on hard winters and go South—we can go North where the cool lake breezes are and leave our friends to the mid-summer madness, of 'a hundred above.'"

"We know how to enter a drawing room and we know how to sit in a farmer's kitchen and discuss the price of pork while the wife is trying out lard."

"We know lots of things because we didn't, and possibly some which we ought not to know, but men, women and fate conspire to give us wisdom and we would not quarrel with the three of them for the world."

"We are actors, essaying burlesque comedy sometimes and often tragic roles, but always holding ourselves in readiness to smile when we may feel like lightning and to weep when it would be easier to laugh."

"Nothing can disturb us and no human being can bow us over. It is all the same whether you call us wise or foolish, because we know how little we know, which is the beginning of wisdom."

"When we are glad people will know it, and if we have the blues no one is aware but ourselves—and the manager."

"I have been taught a lesson in these twelve strange years—that honesty is the best policy, and more than that, I have found out that the best investment is honesty for honesty's sake alone."

"I have lied in writing insurance, but always found that it recoiled upon me, and if I gained thereby the little increment of commission I straightway lost a hundredfold as much."

**London's Social Climber.**

The social climber in London must, says the Ladies' Field, start equipped with a mansion in one of the most fashionable West End squares, a place in the country, five motor cars, several horses and carriages, three tiaras and a very thick skin.

The labor members of the British Parliament have resolved to begin a pro-Zulu campaign throughout the country. They hold that Natal and not the Zulu is responsible for the present rebellion.

# MAKING SURE.

"How do I know?" repeated the man, visibly embarrassed for the moment. "Perhaps a little bird whispered it to me, as children say."

"But they don't have little birds on ships at sea," responded the young woman with a pensive air.

"Oh, don't they? Why, every woman aboard—you're excepted, of course—is a little bird of gossip. If you could only evoke the confidence of Lady Louisa or Mrs. Martin—though I don't mean to imply that either dear lady constituted the little bird in this case; that might be a breach of faith on my part—she would tell you things about yourself which would literally amaze you. Habitual globe-trotters of the gentler sex and distinctly uncertain age are the most vicious gossips between heaven and the axis of the earth."

"The rumor is that you are going out to marry a fellow you engaged yourself to so many years ago that you've forgotten what he's like."

"That's not a question; that's an assertion. And I'd ask you to reflect before you apply a reference to 'many years' in relation to myself. How many feet in the grave would you estimate I have?"

"Still prevaricating," he muttered sadly. "But seriously," he added, "I should like to know if that is really the reason you are going out alone?"

"Yes," she murmured, the corners of her mouth drooping for a moment.

"And you have not seen him for many—for some little time? I had hoped that—that that is to say, I—well—"

"How tantalizing you are to be sure!" she exclaimed. "After half an hour's talking and pausing—chiefly pausing—you arrive at the point of saying something complimentary, and then, by way of a change from pausing, I suppose, you check yourself. Could you reach my book, do you think?"

He shot a quick side glance at her, and his eyes gleamed angrily as he leaned forward and plucked up the volume.

"May I tell you that I hoped the rumor was not true?"

"Did you?" she inquired.

"Perhaps the prospect is not altogether inviting to you?" he hazarded, with insinuation.

"Oh," she murmured, brushing something imaginary from her skirt with a nervous gesture. "Well, you see, it is necessarily something like a risky speculation after so long a separation, isn't it? I mean that time works great changes in men, and the friends of our youth are apt to degenerate into horses and grorks in maturer years; and since it is possible that my fiancée could have changed altogether from what he was when he taught me how to bare for him—and it is quite possible, of course it is—well, the marriage lottery becomes a lottery indeed. I may draw a first prize, and I may draw something distinctly more discouraging than a blank."

"Then why put yourself into such a lottery?" he asked, after a stilled gasp for breath.

"Oh," she responded, in a far-away tone, "a promise is a promise, isn't it? And he is awfully fond of me, or of his recollection of me as he knew me."

"And," he said, after biting his mustache viciously, "you are prepared to fulfil your promise even at the risk of spoiling your whole life, and rendering his unutterably wretched with the knowledge that you have done so?"

"Yes," she responded, with a little sigh of resignation. "I suppose I shall run the risk, hoping for the best, as everybody does."

"See, when a woman has waited so long as I have—tells she has been a shop-keeper, she is to speak; the glow goes off her, and the wrinkles fade in parts. I am not as young as I was five or even three years ago, and there is not much demand for unreasonable goods."

The man opened his mouth to draw a great breath. There was a long pause. Eventually she broke the silence, braced-faced enough.

"What are you thinking about?" she inquired.

"That—that a girl who may charm one man, and would not appeal to him when she's a woman might seem intolerable to another man as a girl and adorable as a woman."

"I know what you mean," she returned.

Later in the day, in the secrecy of his own cabin, he dictated a letter to his sister in England.

"Dearest Sister: You will be surprised to see that I am aboard this mail ship. The fact is, since Madeline consented to come out to marry me, I have had grave doubts of the wisdom of the idea, and though it was originally my own, it is so long since we last saw each other that I felt sure 'changes must have occurred in me which might possibly prove absolutely antagonistic to changes which time and distance must have wrought in her."

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"I knew you faintly, only for the way she had looked at me. Yet at the same time she ruled her in my eyes. Constantly sure that this woman's regard was true. And this Madeline is as constant as the wind."

"I looked her in the eyes, our marriage to-day, and she was extremely pale. It is clear to me that she is suffering."

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"I decided, therefore, as my appearance has been completely changed since I set for the last photo I sent home—I have grown a moustache—to join this boat at Port Said, and get to know Madeline's disposition and tastes, and, if possible, the view she took of her approaching marriage with me, without her knowledge of my identity. It was not quite scrupulous, I know, but surely the end justifies the means for my sake, which she will be sure to approve."

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