

ONE SPORT THAT CAN GET CHEAP AND VULGAR

Steam Yachting Whose Cost Runs Into the Millions Every Year.



force of stewards, cooks and waiters. Most yachts also carry a doctor. Summing all up the crew, including the officers, is seldom less than 15. The outfit for fuel is heavy. Even when there is no strike to boost prices, the kind of coal used costs about \$4 per ton. A yacht like the Corsair burns about 45 tons per day. Power is required not only for running the vessel, but also to operate the ice plant and electric light plant. The ice-manufacturing plant has an output of 1200 pounds a day, and no matter what port of the tropics he may be in, and how far from land, the millionaire on his yacht is ever sure of a liberal allowance of the Summer comfort. In all the yachts now being fitted out at the Erie Basin special attention is given to the larder. There is a growing demand for more room in which to stow the wines and rich foods that are essential as a part of the cruises. The New York Yacht Club, which takes an equal interest in steam and sail yachting, owns real estate worth more than \$1,000,000, and there is scarcely a coast or lake city in the country that does not have a club devoted to yachting. Sailing yachts do not come as high as the steam variety, though it is a fact that a considerable fortune can be put into them by those owners who prefer the primitive method of locomotion through the water to the devices of later development. A fast schooner of the first class, finely fitted out is worth about \$40,000, and a fair aver-



HOWARD GOULD'S FLOATING PALACE THE NIAGARA III SPEED 16 MILES PER HOUR

JACKIE'S AT WORK PAINTING YACHT "ALONA" FOR A SUMMER CRUISE

JAMES A. GARLAND'S "BARRACOUTA" WAS THE FIRST YACHT TO PASS THROUGH SUEZ CANAL

OVERHAULING SAILS AND GETTING DECK IN CONDITION

STEAM yachting can never have a very extended clientele. It is a sport only for men of millions. None but the very wealthiest can hope to own the floating palaces beside whose immense cost the finest of automobiles is in comparison as cheap as a bicycle. Half a million dollars is a conservative estimate of what it costs to build the kind of yacht fabled by the multimillionaire of the United States, and when to this original cost is added running expenses of \$3000 a month, it will be readily appreciated that there is no danger of steam yachting becoming vulgar. Yet, despite its great cost, the sport is steadily growing in popularity. Twenty years ago there were not more than two-score steam yachts in the United States. Now the number has increased till there are 800 of American registry. All the big shipbuilding companies have commissions to build yachts, and in nearly every instance the expense limit has been taken off and the order given to construct regardless of expense. Fifty million dollars is invested in steam yachts in the United States, and it costs \$20,000,000 more per year to maintain the sumptuous craft. This total is further augmented by another \$5,000,000 in clubhouse and club property. So that, all in all, American yachting costs annually close to \$25,000,000. The edict of society has done much to give the sport its vogue. The steam yacht tour has come to be regarded as pretty near the last word in luxurious enjoyment. Those who have owned steam yachts have profited by their ability to conduct the sort of functions for which invitations have been at a premium. Naturally the man who did not want to lag

behind has been forced to take to the pleasures of the ocean and invest in a yacht. As a result of this the Erie Basin in New York is so crowded with steam yachts now being fitted out for the season of 1906 that sufficient drydock space can hardly be found. Millions in Steam Craft. The ordinary man has no conception of the huge sums that have been expended in putting these wonderful yachts into commission. Howard Gould's Niagara III drew on his purse for a matter of \$750,000 before it turned a wheel. Lawson liked the sport enough to pay \$100,000 for his Dreamer. Henry Walters' Narada ran into \$75,000 more than the yacht of the frenzied finance man, Alexander Van Rensselaer of Philadelphia, one of the pioneers of the sport, went down \$250,000 for the graceful May. H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, recently under the fire of attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, spent the same sum for his Kanawha. John Jacob Astor's Noormahal and P. W. Vanderbilt's Conqueror were each \$200,000 propositions. J. Pierpont Morgan spent \$500,000 for the Corsair, a name that many persons deem appropriate in view of the practices of the famous stock operator; the Margerita cost A. J. Drexel the sum of \$475,000, and O. H. Payne's Aphrodite meant an outlay of \$350,000. Astonishing as are these figures, anyone

who gets briefly on one of these yachts can readily understand wherein comes the enormous outlay. It is not enough that the machinery be the best obtainable. The appointments must equal the most elegant quarters that man can have on land. The ocean liners of the more modern class, whose furnishings seem to go pretty far in the direction of gorgeousness,

present no such wonder displays of art furnishing as these ocean homes of the men who make and unmake American Social life. The greatest artists are hired to do the fresco work or such painting as may be necessary to give the right touch of the aesthetic to the saloon. In most cases the drawing-room reaches across the stern of the vessel, and is a combination of hard wood and marble. The libraries are furnished in the Empire style, and filled with costly statuary. Dining-rooms furnished entire in priceless Chippendale, and the most wonderful services of gold and silver, make the sort of eating place that the most magnificent

hotel in the world would try in vain to duplicate. Really Fine Steamships. The word "yacht" gives no idea of the size of some of these craft. The average length is about 300 feet, and some of them are even larger. As one strolls around the deck it is to get the impression of being on a liner. This impression is further heightened by the army of employes, high-salaried men, whom it takes to handle the ship. There must be an experienced and able captain, usually a graduate from an ocean liner, who can protect the lives of the millionaire guests in any crisis of weather, and moreover, he must be a man of appearance, distinction and reasonable amount of culture, for the delicate sensibilities of the wealthy ladies who are guests must not be offended by the sight of the

rough old sea dog of tradition. Five thousand dollars a year is no uncommon salary for the kind of commanders who do this work. Directly connected with the captain come his two mates, and a number of sailors, the force varying to the size of the yacht. Most steam yachts also carry sails, and in good winds go under this kind of power. Hence a good complement of seamen is necessary. Almost equal in importance with the captain is the chief engineer, who has charge of the motor power of the craft. His staff consists of three assistants, his firemen, oilers and cleaners. Then the head cook. He must be a famous culinary artist, able to get on the water as good a result as if he were on land with all the facilities of fresh meat and vegetables. Such a man commands, often, as big a salary as the captain or engineer. He, too, has a big

"I'VE BEEN THINKING"

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Breakfast Food Literature. PROFESSOR Erasmus Svelthett, of St. Jacob's University, has written a very learned brochure in which he sets forth an interesting theory; namely, that the reason that children of today are so much more quiet at the breakfast table than boys and girls used to be is because they have plenty to read, while the children of bygone generations, with nothing to do save eat, had perforce to join in the conversation or become ennuyés. There is certainly much to be said in favor of this theory. Children of the present time never obtain the balance of conversation, nor do they ever have to be reprimanded for interrupting or for saying untoward things at the wrong mo-

ment—although it is a question whether the right moment for untoward things ever comes. But even if this fascinating breakfast-literature did not keep the children quiet there would be no question of its stimulative action upon their minds. We who look back over the lapse of years to our own childhood recall that there were no Milton-to-serve breakfast foods with copious directions for use, and chatty paragraphs printed in various-sized type on the yellow box. To be sure, those of us who lived too far away from great centers to be able to buy our condensed milk fresh every day from the itinerant white wagon were accustomed to the circular cans with their Gail-burdened literature in various languages, but in those days Gail Hamilton reigned su-

preme even in the nursery, and her epigrammatic writings spoiled us for the more labored effusions of the other Gail. Then, too, the cans being circular, mother had to keep turning them round if little Willy wanted to read, and this was almost as bad as being interrupted. But now all is changed. If papa is lecturing, if mamma has a headache and does not care to talk, little William, who has long since learned how to read, sits at the mantel and reads quietly and unobtrusively. Better a preter plate and Energy-coke than a golden platter and meat; but a stalled ox therson. If he tires of reading about the virtues of Energy-coke he may turn his eyes to

the corn-tassel-colored box on the right and learn that "Gripe-knots are unlike any other food preparation. Being entirely digested, they naturally wean a strong man from coffee, and can be eaten without practice by teething babies. They contain nothing that will give the stomach the slightest trouble, and persons who have used our food for years do not need their stomachs at all. They are made of devitalized chestnut awdust, and it is possible to eat them without the use of sugar or cream—or anaesthetics. Properly compressed they can be used by the children as building-blocks, and can then be reduced to a powder and taken once every two hours, when they give one all the effect of having eaten without its foolish pleasures." When William has read, and one side is thoroughly digested—for the literature is not predigested, like the contents of the box, mamma will turn it around, and he may read inspiring letters from invalids who have lost their sense of taste years ago and who have enjoyed Gripe-knots ever since; or else on the third side he may learn how to make stimp, innocuous drags of bran. Really literary families seldom content

themselves with one lettered box of patent food, and some cultivated Bostonians have as many as five or six brands, of various shades of yellow and brown, merely that Alcibiades Beacon, tired of reading about Cornelia and its stimulative properties, may turn to the box of Wheat-oats or Puttyjinn's Outcrop, or the box of Noegud with its entertaining anecdote to the effect that "a lady in Seattle, who had not been able to take a step for 14 years, ate a single box of Noegud and immediately took steps to keep it constantly in the larder"—and away from the breakfast table. Or his little mind, unable to cope with his father's arguments to prove Aginaldo a bigger man than Washington, turns with relief to the statement that "Mrs. Bentley, of Shogthoos, Minnesota, was unable to take anything solid without facial paralysis. She ate one box of Noegud, and now says that she would rather eat solid rock than be without it." Mark the subtle sarcasm of her remark. It is dollars to doughnuts that Alcibiades, Bostonian though he be, does not see that if she would not be without it she would not have it within her. Some may carp at the colors of the

packages; some may even wish that the food could be put in china receptacles and the literature set beside each plate in "individual" pamphlets, but no one can say that there are not many aids to conversation among the elders, and much of an improving nature to children in the unobtrusive and absolutely veracious writings of the food-companions. Husbands as Errand Boys. ARE you in the habit of sending your husband to dry goods stores to match things? If you live in the country or suburbs and your husband's office is in the city there is some excuse for it, but if you live in the city and make the poor man do such work as that you ought to have married some one else. His brain is not your brain. To him shades and textures and shapes are nothing. Either he will be conscientious and get the girl at the counter to try and make the exact match, and falling in that will come home without the spoils upon which

you are depending for your morning's work, or else being careless he will get something that could not be by any possibility be made to do. In either case you will judge him from a woman's view point and he will make but a sorry showing. The best way is to write down plainly just what you want him to get and reduce him to mere ignorant errand boy status. Then he, a man who perhaps dominates political assemblies or sits high in church councils or delivers valuable legal opinions, shuffles into the store, meek-eyed and diffident, and going up to the spool counter (after wandering all over the store looking for it) says, "Give me some of that," and pointing at the paper shows it at the young saleswoman. And she looks at him with pitying eyes as a poor fool and, reading the directions, hands out the goods. He goes home with them and ten to one they are wrong, but he is safe. But the best way to do is to go yourself and thus save your husband from encounters that cannot fail to reduce his allied opinion of himself.