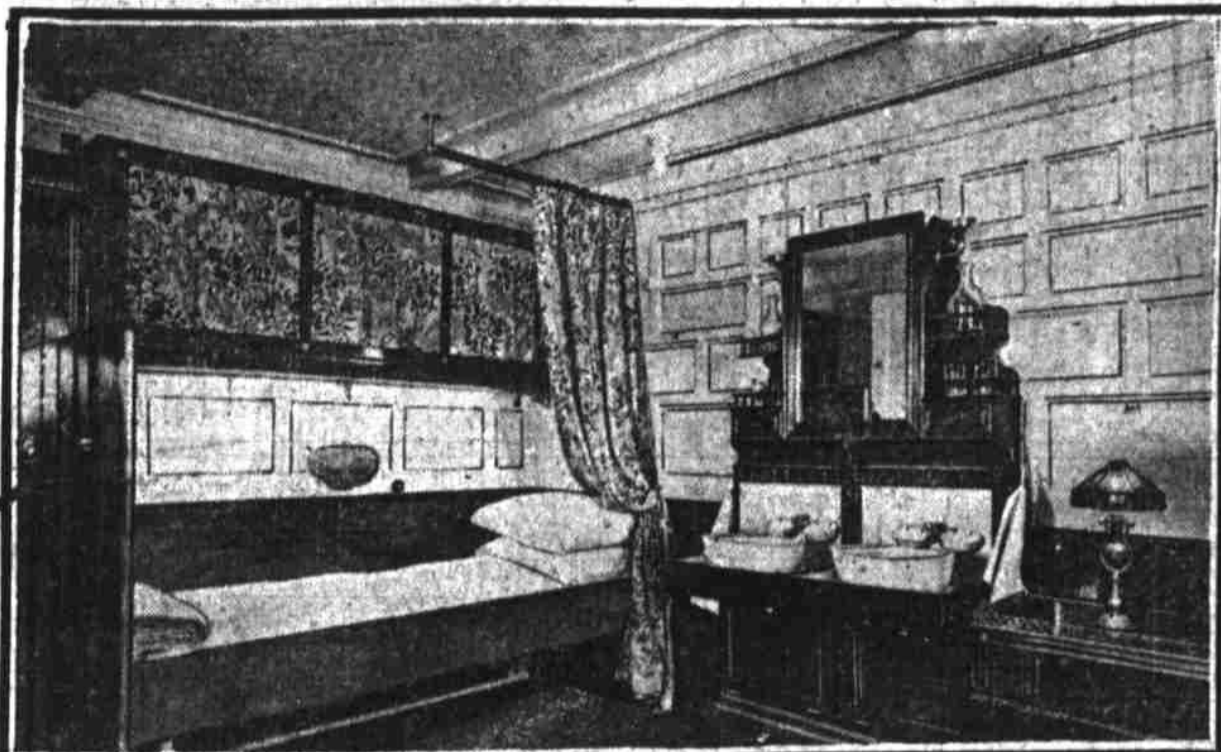
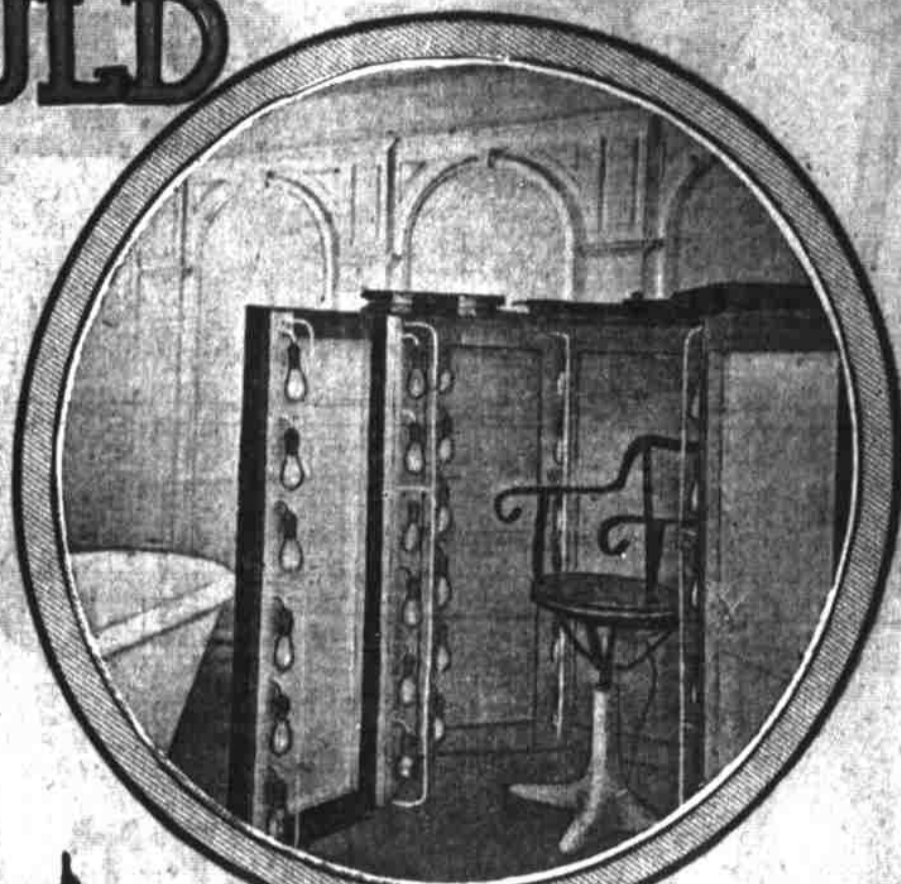


PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1907

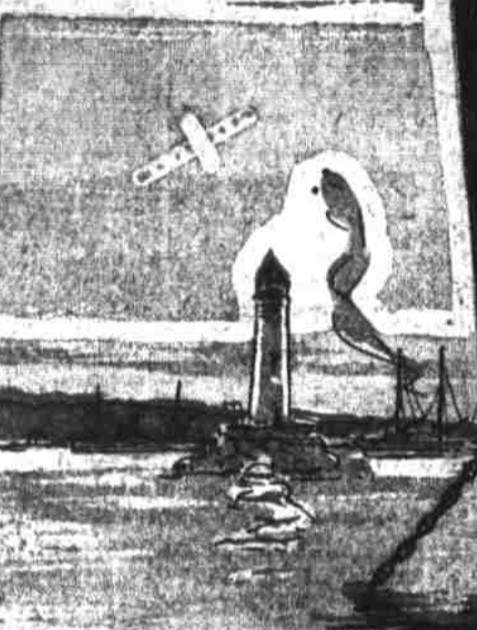
WHAT WOULD FULTON SAY?



Stateroom of Suite on Modern Liner



Bathroom of a Suite on Modern Passenger Ship



The Clermont at her Best Alongside the Adriatic



Naturally, one expects to hear of changes on old Neptune's bosom since Fulton's day; but the actual facts placed side by side startle any one. The Clermont was 133 feet long and 18 feet wide.

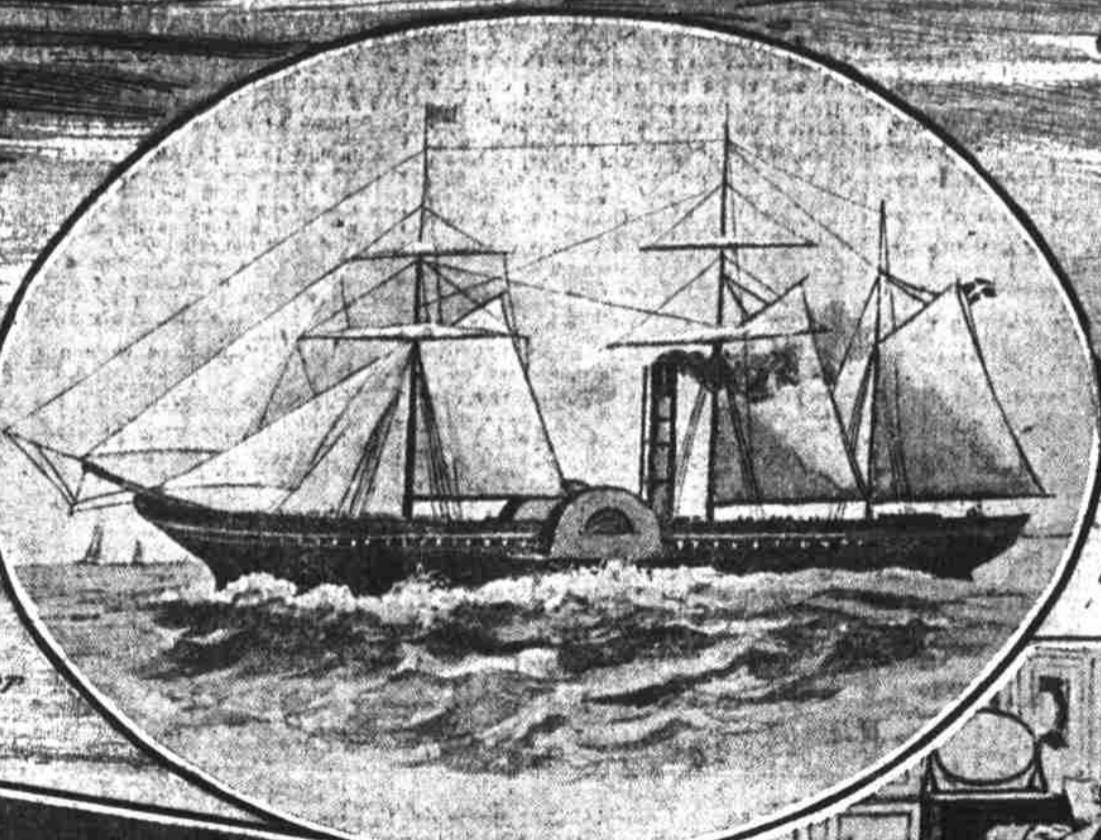
The Adriatic is 720 feet 9 inches long and 75 feet 4 inches wide.

The Clermont, in height, would be comparable only to one of the tugboats that ply in the harbors of our present day ports. The Adriatic, in height, is more suggestive of a row of six-story houses.

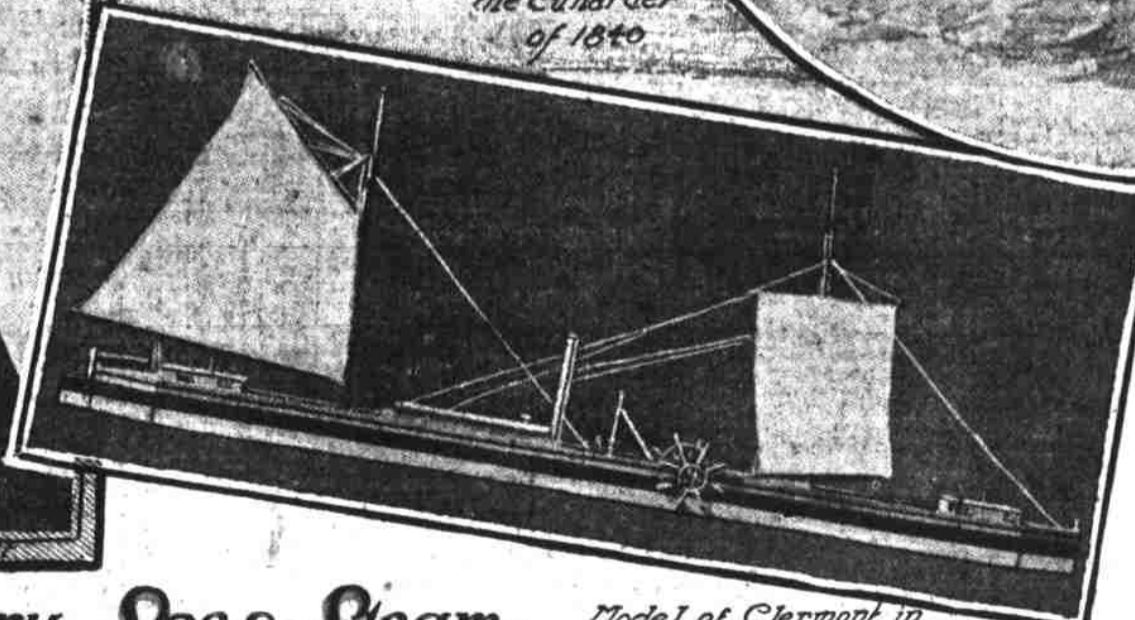
Much like a peanut would look the single boiler of the Clermont beside the battery of ten boilers of the Adriatic, for which the Homestead plant of the Carnegie Steel Company made more than 1,000,000 pounds of boiler plate.

But one could go on almost indefinitely, making comparisons, without in the end giving an adequate idea of the beauty and luxuriousness of the latest type of transatlantic liner.

German vessels have been constructed in the last few years for the purpose of rapidity, and they cross the Atlantic in five and a half or six days.



Britannia, the Cunarder of 1840



Model of Clermont in National Museum, Washington



Clermont's Centenary Sees Steamships with Turkish Baths, Daily Newspapers, Gymnasiums and all Hotel Comforts

"SHADE of Fulton!"

This was the startled expression of a passenger on the latest queen of the seas, the Adriatic, on her maiden trip from Southampton, England, to New York, not long since.

No wonder. For there were all about him luxuries which the man who built the Clermont, just a century ago this year—imaginative mind though he had—could never have dreamed of.

There were at the disposal of the 3000 persons—a small cityful in themselves—

Turkish baths, plunge baths, electric baths; a fully equipped gymnasium; electric elevator; a dining room where 370 persons at a time might enjoy the daintiest delicacies to be found on land; a great library and reading room; a fairy smokers' dream; hundreds of mural paintings by leading artists; a daily newspaper, receiving news by wireless—in short, nine stories of marine architecture, with 400,000 square feet, or 40,000 tons, of paradise on the water.

Shade of Fulton, indeed! For that old Clermont, back in 1807,

with its little over 2100 square feet of space, was one story, if one may apply land measurements to sea vessels; was open in the middle, and its 100 passengers—when it could get that many—had to huddle beneath questionable shelters, lucky if they could get a box to sit on, and subsisting on what plain victuals could be carried in small space.

What would the shade of Fulton say of the Adriatic?

COULD you have been at the Hudson river dock, at Albany, N. Y., one August day just a hundred years ago, you might have seen a gentleman board a queer-looking boat and approach a plain, nervous man in what, through courtesy, might be called the "captain's cabin."

"Mr. Fulton, I presume?"
"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Can I have passage?"

"You can take your chance with us, sir."

"How much is the passage money?"

Fulton, after slight hesitation, mentioned \$6. It was promptly paid.

But when his hand closed on the money, tears brimmed to his eyes, and his voice faltered as he said:

"Forgive this show of feeling, sir. This is the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for my life-long exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would order a bottle of wine, sir, but really I am too poor."

How many of the passengers on the Adriatic, or any of the other sumptuous leviathans that now plow the deep, give a thought, while enjoying the modern ocean luxuries, to the hardship Robert Fulton suffered to make these things possible?

Do they realize that the 180 tons, which constituted the whole weight of the Clermont, if transformed into coal, would keep the boilers of the Adriatic running but little over half a day—would prove but a momentary flare in the furnaces of the great German ocean greyhounds which eat up 750 tons of coal a day?

The anchors of the Adriatic alone weigh eight tons each.

In planning the Adriatic, the White Star Company, of London, determined to be satisfied with a seven-day trip, and to use up the money and ingenuity in providing such comfort as had never before been attained on the deep.

Much resembling in exterior appearance her sister ship, the Baltic, this latest "biggest ship afloat" is fifteen feet longer, 1124 tons heavier, 1000 horsepower stronger and almost a knot faster.

In the matter of present-day fads, she is unapproached.

She represents a cost of \$3,750,000 in Ireland; but in the United States she could not be duplicated for that.

So perfectly has her tremendous machinery been balanced, that one may submit to being shaved in her magnificent barber shop with as much assurance as in the most delightful shaving parlor ashore.

"The liner, she's a lady," wrote Kipling, and, viewing this noble triumph of the ship-maker's art, one is minded to add, "Yes, a perfect lady."

What would Fulton say to a system of Turkish baths on shipboard, consisting of the usual hot, temperate and cooling rooms, shampooing rooms, plunge bath and massage couch?

And then, the electric baths! Even on land such things have been quite

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE)