

FRUIT and TRUCK GARDENING on an OCEAN LINER



Storeroom on the Hamburg. Some of the supplies used by the Roosevelt Party.

The Latest Addition to the Luxuries of Travel by Sea

THE INVALID, her husband, her doctor and her nurse hovering solicitously about her steamer chair as she reclined in her appointed place on the promenade deck, while the maid stood resignedly awaiting any chance to be useful, gazed beyond the smooth green swells to the far, clear-line of the horizon. She shook her head fretfully.

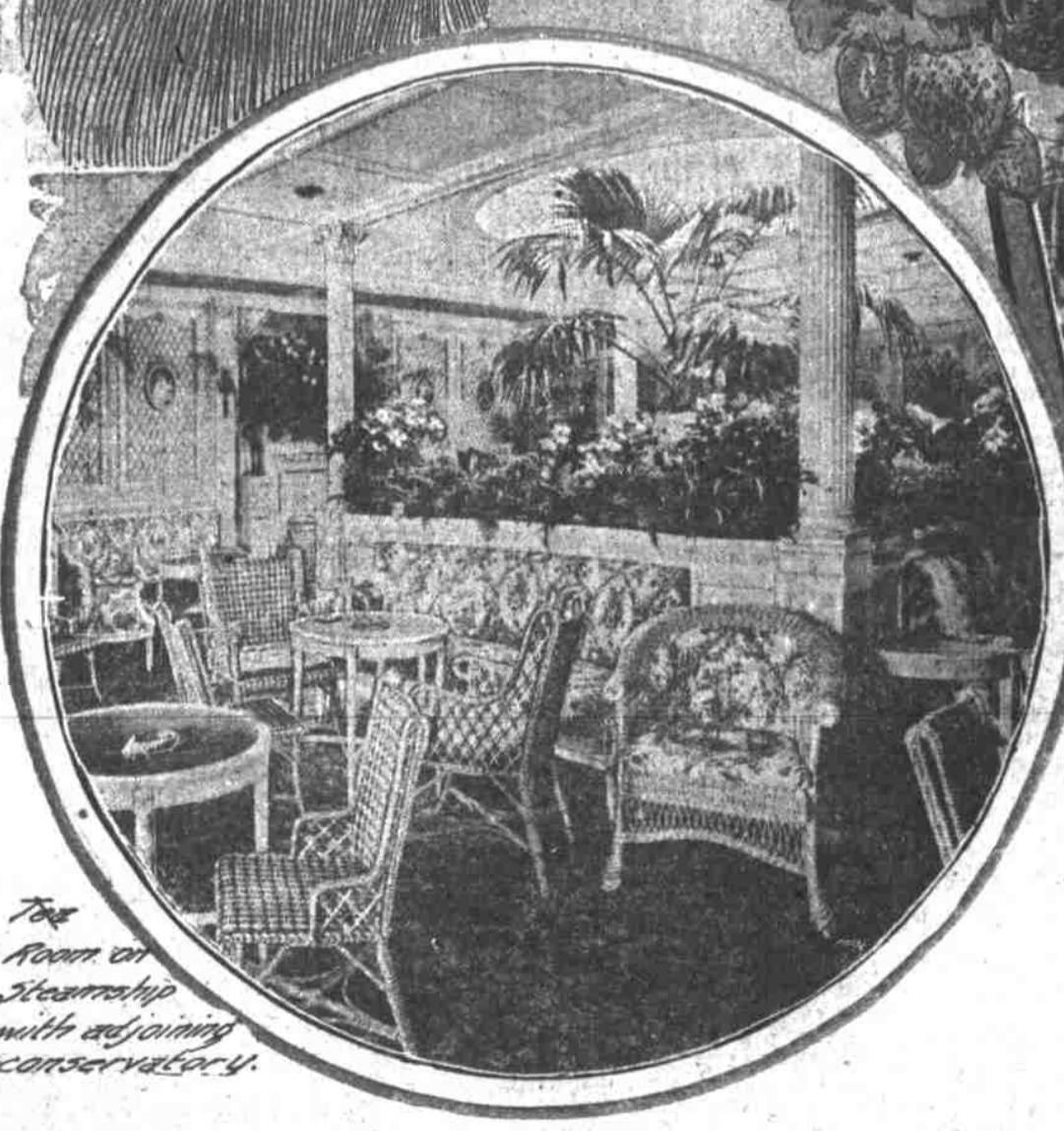
"No," she reiterated. "Nothing—I can eat nothing at all. I wish"—to her dutiful husband—"our whole ten millions were at the bottom of this wretched ocean and I was picking strawberries again on the farm." Her face brightened. "I'd steal them then, as I used to while I picked."

"Come and steal some now," suggested the husband.

"What! In the middle of the Atlantic ocean?"

"Sure! Come on; I'll help you." Her husband on one side and the eager maid on the other, she allowed herself to be supported, protesting incredulity, until she reached what looked to be—and really was—a greenhouse on the steamer's sun deck.

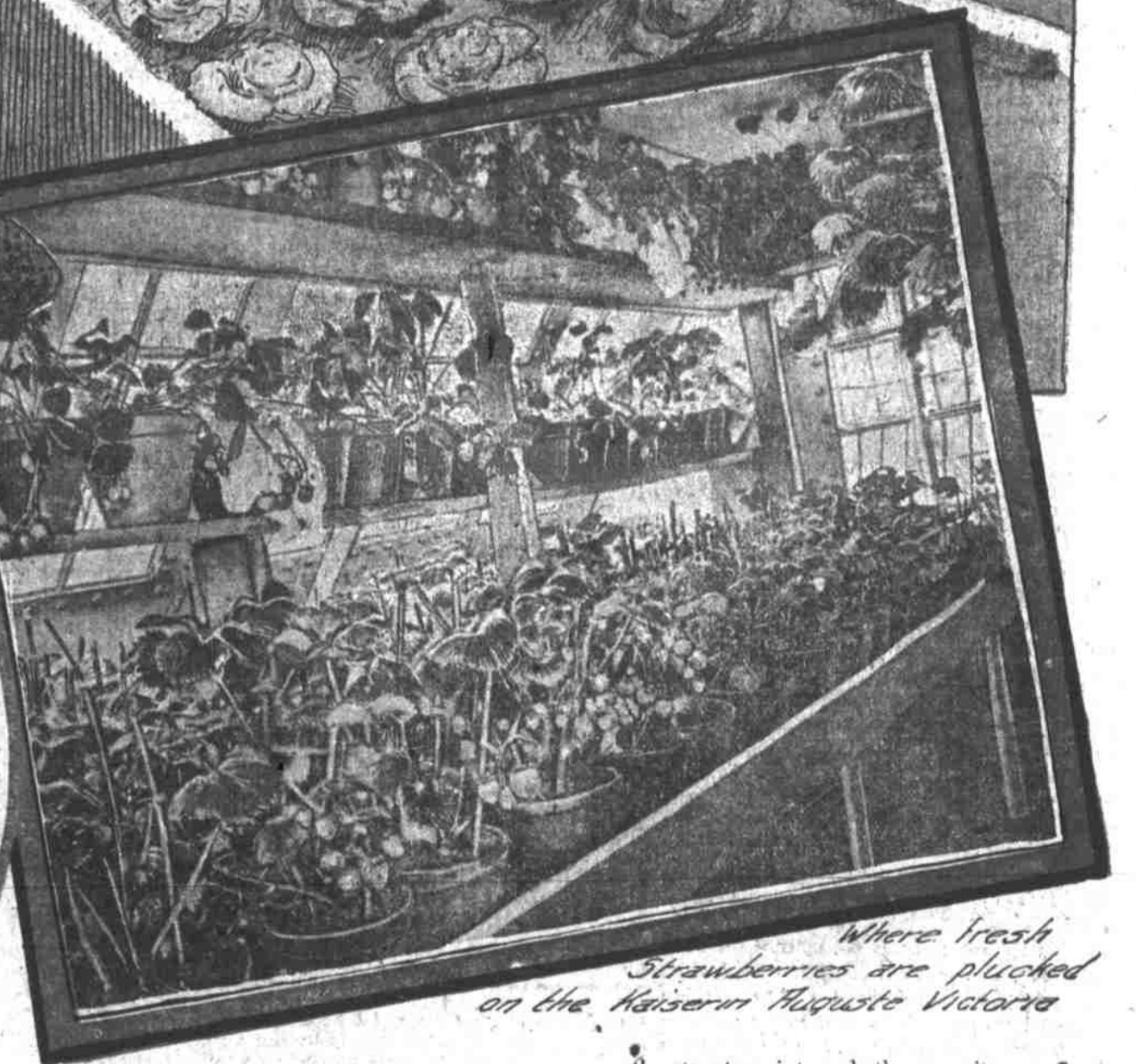
There, blushing pink on their vines, were plenty of the most luscious strawberries that ever tempted an invalid.



The room on the steamer with adjoining conservatory.



Conservatory with flowering plants on the Amerika.



Where fresh strawberries are plucked on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria.

PLENTY of other voyagers bound for Europe this spring and summer have enjoyed the delicious proofs of the senses that money can work miracles in the widest waste of waters.

Palm gardens, truck gardens, fruit gardens, flower gardens—yes, and by one fortunate hap, butterfly gardens—the latest floating paradise, that masquerades under the name of the ocean liner, has accomplished this year all of these, and so much more that, unless one experiences their manifold luxury, he feels impelled to remain a doubting Thomas still.

The garden and the truck farm are innovations on the Hamburg-American liners Amerika and Kaiserin Auguste Victoria; but they are far from isolated examples of the amazing luxury to which transatlantic travel has attained.

When the Lapland, the 18,500-ton steamship of the Red Star Line, began her voyages between New York and Antwerp, equipped for the accommodation of 750 cabin and 1700 steerage passengers, she had among her officials a totally new functionary of the sea in the pretty person of Miss Livingston Broom, an American girl, superintendent of an ocean department store.

CAN GET WHOLE WARDROBES

So thorough is that establishment that, if a passenger were to come on board in haste and only the clothes she stood in, she could purchase and have fitted before the first nightfall at sea a complete and ultrafashionable wardrobe and be in perfect readiness for the evening dance in the ballroom, inclosed with glass on one of the promenade decks.

The mingling of conveniences and grandeur to be found on a liner such as the Cunarder Mauretania has been widely heralded, from the series of decks that use up the advance guard of the alphabet in their nomenclature to the black-and-gold elevators that insist on completing the illusion of the floating hotel.

A floating hotel—and that of the most elegant kind—is what the first-class liner has evolved into this summer; and it is along that trend of development that the steamships Kaiserin Auguste Victoria and Amerika have carried the elegance of entertainment to a level which has astounded the most wealthy of travelers—not that wealthy travelers have not enjoyed such luxuries elsewhere, but that even

riches have their limit, and Mammon is sensible enough not to expect strawberries from the salt seas.

A daily newspaper Mammon learned to count on as a sort of curiosity of travel. Mammon got his first real thrill when his steamship paper appeared with the daily market reports and the exciting fact that Steel preferred had risen two points.

Mrs. Mammon first felt positively safe when she betook herself to the purser and with her own hands put her wealth of pearls in the steel safe-deposit box of the solid ocean bank vault which was assigned to her suite.

But along with these things came all the comforts and adjuncts of the great hotel—baths, gymnasias, social halls, handsmen's bedsteads in place of the seadog's bunk refined into a berth, and then—joy of the exclusive and gastronomic—individual tables and a restaurant a la carte.

On the better class of boats, at least, the restaurant is conducted on the same scale and by the same management as applies Napoleonic skill to the Ritz and the Carlton, in Paris and London. Afternoon tea made its soothing debut in the exquisite palm garden on the upper deck.

All these things, by dint of having the freshest of fish and meats awaiting a long line of trained porters in England, and the freshest of

fruits, butter, eggs and milk at Cherbourg, and countless tons of ice always on board, were practicable for a steamer whose voyage might last a week at the utmost.

But there were refinements of living to which hotel management forever aspires, even though they be forever beyond its achievement. Mr. and Mrs. Mammon must be convinced that not only is the sea safe, but, to their unlimited purses, as benign as any Garden of Eden they ever paid \$10,000 gardeners to run on land.

Modestly, after their triumphs of system and refrigeration, the modern Vatel's determined to take a little fall out of Apicius, of ancient Rome, in the matter of fish.

FRESH FISH AT SEA

They built in the Amerika and the Kaiserin Auguste enormous tanks, each 15 feet long, 3 feet high and 3 feet wide, located on the boat deck, divided into two compartments and roofed and partitioned with perforated steel bulkheads to prevent the escape of water in heavy weather.

Into these tanks at the beginning of every voyage were put a ton of fish, many of them trout and varieties equally delicate of health and flavor.

To any one familiar with the difficulties of supplying fresh water on shipboard and of keeping fresh-water fish alive in anything except their native streams, the daring of that attempt bordered on the dive after the Rhinegold, and old Apicius must have grinned as he yanked another lamprey out of the waters of the Styx. But, marvelous to relate, all the fish lived and stayed fat and hearty until, figuring at the tables of the epicurean Mammons in the restaurant, they enabled hundreds of luxurious travelers to get fatter and heartier.

The adventures of the table after that victory over nature felt like the Wright brothers after their first glides downhill. They engaged a highly expert gardener named Petersen, made him a member of the regular staff and turned him loose, with carte blanche to spend anything and do anything if he would only guarantee to provide fresh fruits, salads and vegetables.

Anybody who knows the difficulties of flower gardening and trucking along the seashore can form some idea of the courage that attempted to do it with land a thousand miles away.

Yet it has been done this season, and done on so extensive a scale that the strawberries fresh from the vines are mere incidentals of ocean travel today, although they are among the newest and most unexpected of its delights.

Right on the sun deck of these giant steamships rises the greenhouse, built of staunch steel, with a profusion of windows equal to that of any greenhouse ashore. They can all be opened to the air and the sunshine. In inclement weather they are as readily kept closed; and during the winter coils of steam pipes convert

the structure into a hothouse quite as effective as any conservatory on land.

There several hundred strawberry plants are installed at the end of every voyage, so gauged in their development that they ripen during the trip. There, too, spring up overnight the mushrooms and various greens that are used in the restaurant, including the lettuce, which supplied 100 orders during a single trip, and all the flowers and decorative plants needed for the beautifying of tables and apartments.

BUTTERFLIES BOBBED UP

Could there possibly be anything else in the way of ruinously expensive simplicity which Mrs. Mammon and the Misses Mammon might crave?

Ah, yes! Was there not some Haroun Al Raschid dream of a butterfly dance at the Bellevue-Stratford, in Philadelphia, where live, gorgeous butterflies were released in the palatial ballroom to complete the gay and picturesque scene? But that, alas! was a Parnassian flight beyond even Mammon's range.

Foolish despair! Nature, perhaps stung to rivalry by these bold upstarters of her laws, took a hand herself. About the middle of May, when the Amerika was three days out on her way to New York, several hyacinths, taken aboard at Hamburg, opened their buds in the palm room of the restaurant.

A few hours, and the travelers beheld, hovering about them, great butterflies with darkly velvet wings spotted with crimson and gold, the very souls of animate nature come, by sheer accident, to dazzle ambitious man with the loveliness of his own creations, and a source of amazed delight until the ending of the voyage.