

For that matter, the luggage of a man who travels alone, without Madame and her *impedimenta*, is soon examined.

Before leaving the ship, I went to shake hands with Captain Parsell, that experienced sailor whose bright, interesting conversation, added to the tempting delicacies provided by the cooks, made many an hour pass right cheerily for those who, like myself, had the good fortune to sit at his table. I thanked him for all the kind attentions I had received at his hands. I should have liked to thank all the *employés* of the »White Star« Line Company. Their politeness is above all praise, their patience perfectly angelical. Ask them twenty times a day the most absurd questions, such as: »Will the sea soon calm down?« »Shall we get into harbour on Wednesday?« »Do you think we shall be in early enough to land in the evening?« And so on. You find them always ready with a kind and encouraging answer: »The barometer is going up and the sea is going down;« or, »We are now doing our nineteen knots an hour.« Is it true, or not? It satisfies you, at all events. In certain cases, it is so sweet to be deceived! Better to be left to nurse a beloved illusion than to have to give it up for a harsh reality that you are powerless against. Everyone is grateful to those kind sailors and stewards for the little innocent fibs that they are willing to load their consciences with, in order that they may brighten your path across the ocean a little.

* * * *

Everett House, Noon.

My baggage examined, I took a cab to the hotel. Three dollars for a mile and a half: a mere trifle.

It was pouring with rain. New York on a Sunday is never very gay. To-day the city seemed to me horrible, dull, dirty, and dreary. It is not the fault of New York altogether. I have the spleen. A horribly stormy passage, the stomach upside down, the heart up in the throat,