

So much for the safety of twin screws.

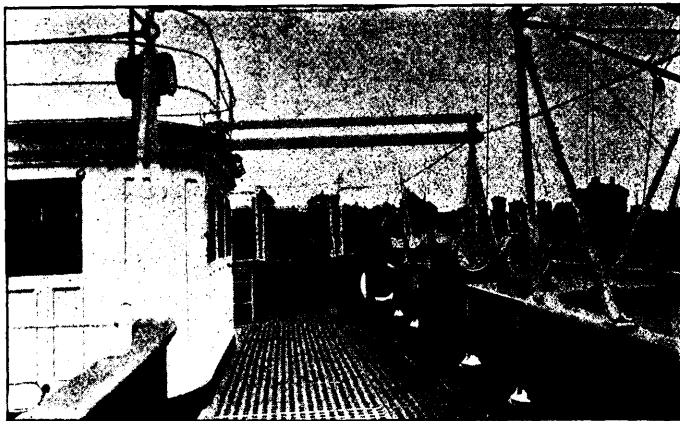
But these beautiful ships of ours have other attractions. Those who, like the writer, have been in the habit of crossing the Atlantic twice a year for nearly a quarter of a century, will appreciate them fully: but some may now be only anticipating their first sea trip.

In the early Cunarders, the little "State-rooms," so amusingly described by Dickens in his "American Notes," were only six feet square; they contained two bunks like coffins, two wash-basins and jugs, the latter having a knack of pouring their contents over your bed, two little mirrors, two brass

place over the boilers, called the "fiddle," where the stokers were hoisting the ashes, and where you often got soused with salt water. There were a few books, and very good ones too, but they were kept under lock and key, and a special application was necessary to get one. There was no piano, or organ, or bath-room; the only promenade was on top of the deck-house and only sixty feet long, and at meals you had to climb over the backs of long benches to get to your seat. The Allan boats had larger saloons and a better promenade, but the saloons were right aft, where the "racing" of the screw was often

extremely disagreeable.

Now mark the striking contrast to all this in the *Empresses*. The state rooms are large and well ventilated by fans and patent ventilators, which always admit fresh air, but exclude the sea. The beds fold up as in a Pullman car, and by day your room is converted into a cosy little sitting room



VIEW OF BRIDGE, SS. EMPRESS OF INDIA.

with a comfortable sofa. Instead of the rattling jugs, you turn a tap and get a supply of hot or cold water; you touch a button and your steward instantly appears, without a word being spoken. Neat wardrobes enable you to banish your portmanteau or trunks to the baggage-room. You turn a switch and you get an electric light; and if you want a nap, or wish to retire early, you can turn it off in a moment. If you have plenty of spare cash and are willing to part with some of it, you can have a "day cabin" on the upper deck, where you can entertain your friends, or enjoy a game in privacy. You can have the luxury of a morning bath, and a pro-

pegs, and a seat. Of ventilation, there was practically none, except on very fine days, when the "sideports" could be opened. The peregrination of one's portmanteau, the gyrations of one's hat, and the swing of garments on the pegs were maddening, especially to those suffering from sea-sickness. No books or hot water could be had, nor even your light be extinguished, without bawling for "steward" perhaps a dozen times, when the reply would be in the distance, "What number, sir?" (A wag on board the *Canada* once changed all the boots late at night, and the scene in the morning was indescribable.) If you wanted a smoke, you had to go to a wretched little