

ODD BOATS IN MANY LANDS

PECULIAR MEANS OF NAVIGATION THE WORLD OVER

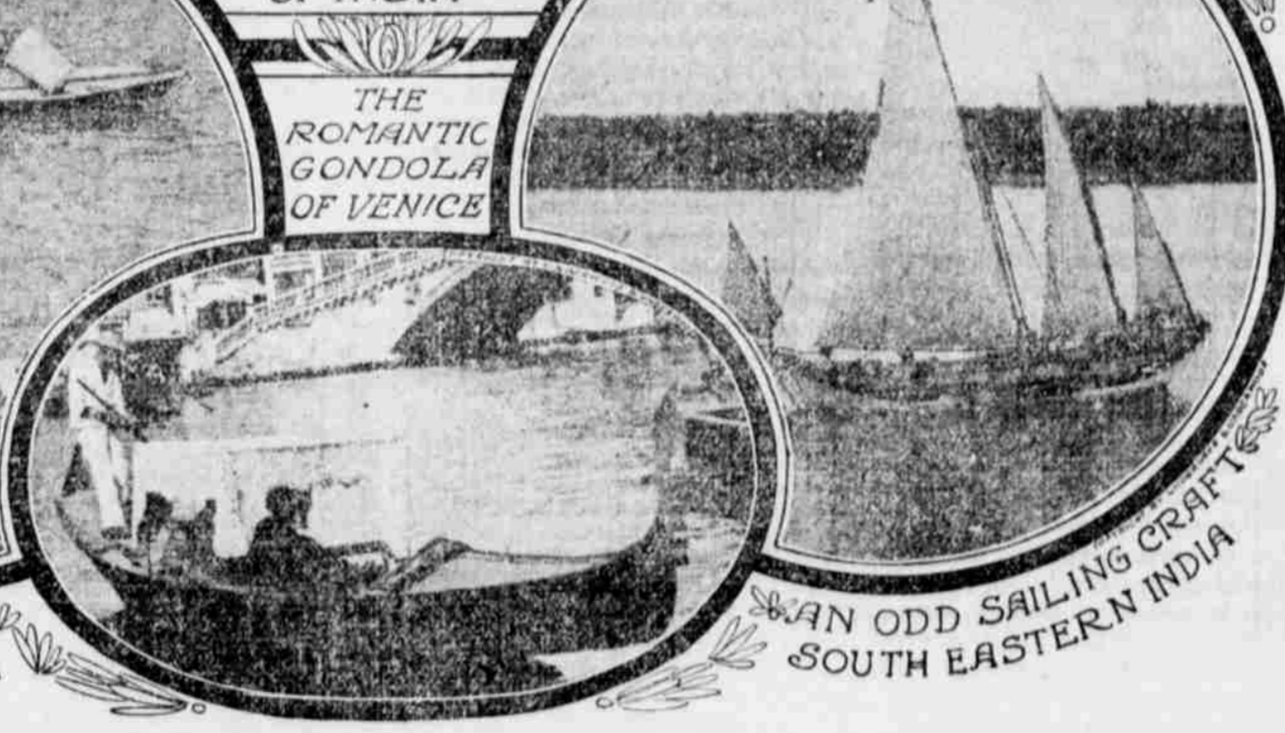
BY J. B. GAIRING



THE NATIVE CANOE OF HAWAII



THE STRANGE ROWBOAT OF INDIA



THE ROMANTIC GONDOLA OF VENICE

THE STRANGE CATAMARANS OF CHINA

AN ODD SAILING CRAFT SOUTH EASTERN INDIA

TO any observing tourist who might journey around the globe the various types of sea and river craft that he would see on such a trip are as distinctive as the costumes of many of the countries he would travel through.

Few Americans there are who are not familiar with our present styles of water craft, such as the common rowboat and sailing yachts, but there are many who, if told that these boats set down on some foreign stream would excite considerable curiosity, would be greatly surprised. However, if they would stop to consider that these boats were evolved from the primitive crafts of our forefathers and that the various conditions in different lands would make these boats impracticable, the surprise would be somewhat tempered.

First, let us consider the gondola of Italy, renowned in song and story. The gondola has probably been drawn oftener than any other boat on record. Crank and black and dismal, with

is swung around, and what was the stern becomes the bow. Proas are from 40 to 65 feet long and six or seven feet wide, and are said to attain a speed of 20 miles an hour.

The junk is the distinctive type of Chinese marine architecture, a somewhat unprogressive science among the celestials. Even before the Christian era, John Chinaman voyaged from port to port in vessels of this build and rig. The sails are made of matting and are reefed in much the same way as a Venetian blind is raised. The junk is built along the lines of an oriental slipper with the curved keel for the sole and the drop aft for the heel. The common river boat or sampan is on the even more familiar model of the inverted flat iron. The modern large junk is a good sea boat and will ride a severe typhoon in safety.

On the streams of India may be seen a type of rowboat which somewhat resembles our American craft. It is, however, of clumsy construction and the oars, which are lashed to

the bright steel beak on the lofty prow, this boat does not appeal so successfully to the nautical mind as it would seem to do to the artistic and poetical one. But on the miles of canals in the city of Venice this craft is peculiarly adaptable. The gondola was formerly the only means of getting about the city, but it is now being displaced in part by small launches. The ordinary gondola is 20 feet long and four or five feet wide, and is flat-bottomed so that the draft is light. The bottom rises slightly above the water at the ends, while at the bow and stern slender ornamental stem and stern pieces reach to about the height of a man's breast. There is a covered shelter for passengers in the middle of the boat which is easily removable. In accordance with medieval regulation gondolas are painted black. The gondolier stands erect with his face toward the bow and propels the boat with a forward stroke, making his way through the narrow and often crowded canals with amazing dexterity.

Throughout the islands of the Pacific the canoe is a common sight. Strictly speaking the canoe is a light boat designed to be propelled by a paddle held in the hands without any fixed support, although in some cases canoes may be seen that have an auxiliary sail to be used under favorable conditions.

The canoes most commonly seen in the waters of the Hawaiian islands are built from a single tree trunk hollowed out with an outrigger as seen in the illustration. Wonderful sailors, too, are the natives who in them often undertake long sea voyages, far out of the sight of land, and passing from one island to another.

The canoes of Samoa are built of several pieces of wood of irregular shape fastened together and cemented with gum to prevent their leaking. The coasts of the mainland of Siam, Burma and China also swarm with canoes.

While the catamaran is a type of water craft that may be seen in several countries, each type as a rule has its distinctive features. The cata-

maran is a favorite of the Chinese fisherman and the larger streams of that oriental country are well populated with these boats. They are constructed of two narrow canoes fastened together and propelled from the stern with a long, narrow oar. In its original form the catamaran consisted of three logs, the middle one being the longest, lashed together. It was used by the natives of the Coromandel coast, particularly Madras, and also in the West Indies and on the coast of South America.

The Fiji Islanders developed the catamaran idea in their war canoes, which consist of two parallel logs joined together with a platform on which a mast is placed. These boats are safe and also very swift.

The flying proa of the Ladrone Islanders is another type of the catamaran made with two hulls of unequal size. The larger hull, which carries the rigging, is perfectly flat on one side and rounded on the other. On this are placed bamboo poles projecting beyond the rounded side, and to their ends is fastened a boat-shaped log one-half or one-third the size of the larger hull. This prevents capsizing as effectually as the Fiji double canoe. Both ends of the proa are made alike, and the boat is sailed with either end first; but the outrigger is always to windward. Against a head of wind the proa is kept away till the stern approaches the wind, when the yard

wooden uprights fastened to the sides of the boat, overlap each other. The natives, however, are expert in the handling of the craft.

In southeastern India, near the Strait Settlements, an odd sailing craft may be found. This vessel is rigged with four sails, the larger one set slightly to the front of the center, while two others of still smaller design are set one at the prow and the other midway between the two. The smallest of the sails is rigged at the stern and is intended to aid in steering the craft.

On the rivers of England and Ireland may be seen several types of the wherry, which is very popular in these waters. Oars are used to aid the single sail in the smaller boats of this type but the Portsmouth wherry, used in the open sea, has a mainsail and jib in a topmast and a topsail.

The Turkish caique is a familiar object in the Sea of Marmora and among the islands of the Aegean. She is distinguished by her peculiar mainsail, which is a combination of a fore-and-aft sail and a square sail.

Pages of interesting reading might be written of the many peculiar boats which may be found the world over. While the essential principle of boat-building must necessarily be similar, various nations and tribes have developed the idea along different lines until to-day the various styles and types of water craft can be numbered by the hundreds.

WHY THE BOY WAS BAPTIZED

At a little luncheon given on the day before his departure for Europe to Joseph Cowen, the English Zionist, the subject of apostasy came up and one man, to illustrate its prevalence, related that only a few days ago the first child in the home of one of New York's wealthiest Jews had been baptized because "the parents hoped by that means to remove an obstacle in the way of the boy's progress." This recalled to another man at the table a story told at Basle by the late

Dr. Theodor Herzl. At a dinner party, so went the story, given by Mr. Stocken Bonds, a precocious child asked the father: "Do all people turn into Jews when they grow old?" "No, my boy," answered the father, who had renounced his faith and become a Christian before the little fellow was born; "no, my boy, why do you ask?" "Well, father, we children are all Christians, you and mother are Christians, but grandfather, who just came from Russia, he's an awful Jew."

CEYLON: THE DOORSILL OF INDIA

The Funny Things One Sees
in
Smiling Round the World
By
MARSHALL P. WILDER

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Beautiful Ceylon! the real and only "gem of the sea"—and the tropic sea, at that. Let not Ireland claim the distinction of being the emerald set in the bosom of the ocean blue. For never was such emerald greenness, such ocean blueness imagined of Ireland's sons or daughters as adorns and encompasses this beautiful island of Ceylon. The doorsill of India! Well, if India is not proud of her threshold—the step over which one passes to her mighty and imperial domain—she ought to be.

The harbor of Colombo is plentifully endowed with natural advantages, but outside of these the English government has constructed an enormous breakwater of tremendous strength, as needs must be, for during the season of the southwest monsoon waves break against it, dashing as high as the masts of vessels that have taken refuge behind its protecting bulwark.

Our attention upon entering the harbor is first attracted by the fleet of native dugout canoes that swarm about the ship, the boys and men paddling them wildly shouting: "Have a dive! Have a dive!" and "One dollah! One dollah!" though if only a penny is thrown over three or four will dive headlong from their tiny craft, their paddles left floating on the water, and in an incredibly short space of time they will come again to the surface, the successful one proudly displaying the coin. They rescue their paddles without tipping them in the least or shipping any more than the usual amount of water that floats in the bottom of each. They are so small that a certain amount is always washed over the sides.

It is amusing to see one of these natives, naked except for a very limited loin cloth, sitting in the bottom of his canoe, paddling with one hand, imploring money with the other and kicking the superfluous water out of the canoe with one foot.

Our coolies who pulled us to the Galle Face hotel stopped at the gate, saying they were not allowed to go inside, but we had heard of this trick and insisted upon being taken into the portico. Here, after making inquiry of the door porter as to their proper fare, we paid them, only to be met with a storm of indignant protestations and refusals. Only when the money was thrown at their feet did they pick it up and go on.

So the hotel has built for the amusement of its guests a very large and comfortable swimming tank, filled with sea water, that is always fresh. The hotel has every convenience, electric lights and fans, large airy rooms and an excellent table, when one considers their limitations. Compared with the Hong-Kong hotel and the Radcliffe at Singapore it was perfect. The Galle Face is further blessed with a splendid manager, Mr. Hoffer, a genial and obliging man, late of the Hotel Cecil in London.

A good many of the chafes wear their distinguishing mark painted on the forehead, and one day at the table I pasted a soda water label on my forehead and said it was my caste



Displaying the Coin.

mark. I quite convulsed Joseph, but fear the Cingalese waiter was rather shocked.

The beach at Mount Lavinia, seven miles south of Colombo, is an enchanting bit, over whose golden sands the yellow foam rushes and gurgles to the little cliff set thick with a long file of bending, swaying palms, some of whose long, slim trunks bend forward to the waves at an angle of considerably more than 45 degrees. Here bathing goes on at all hours and, let me tell you, a dip in the Indian ocean is a most soul-satisfying experience. The water is not only warm; in some places it is actually hot. But, oh, my! to be and float dreamily in that bluest of waters, with a dazzling greenery of palms to the right, and a panorama of sky-line, flecked with snowy cloud-flecks to the left, and to breathe the gentle lullaby air till you don't care

whether you float off to the equator or sink to the bottom—yes, sharks or no sharks.

I was always a little "dopy" about the Indian ocean. I once knew a young fellow—he was a French creole, born in the Isle Bourbon, now down on the maps as the Island of Reunion. It is right in the heart of the Indian ocean, and not far from Madagascar; and the way that fellow could reel off yarns in creole French and broken English about his natal isle would have made George W. Cable, late of New Orleans, turn green with envy. He was a handsome chap and sang divinely, and I first met him in Paris, where he was singing small parts at the Grand opera. Then I ran across him in Cairo, where he was singing in a production—if I am not mistaken—of "Aida." Afterward he came to New York with a company that produced "Giraffe-Giraffe" at the Fourteenth street theater, and a very good company it was. But, in whatever clime I met him, his theme was the same—his beautiful isle and its beautiful ocean. He would talk for hours of the "purple fingers of the dawn, stealing up the rose-vermillion sky," and the huge, snow-capped mountain that rose in the center of the island and overtopped the city of Port Phillip, which I think was the name of the sea-port town where he was born.

He told many pretty stories of his home and of his parents, whose only child he was—the Benjamin of their



"The Sun at Midnight."

old age, long hoped and prayed for. So they named him, when he did come, Desiree (longed for). He had a string of other names beside, but I've forgotten them. His desire was to see America and the Mississippi, of which he had read wonderful things by Chateaubriand, his favorite author. Fortunately the opera troupe went as far south as New Orleans and his desire was gratified. He took everything in America seriously and his admiration almost took the form of awe; he would as soon have thought of ridiculing the holy church and all the saints as of ridiculing anything American. As he was of a very happy disposition he would often hum little operatic snatches or Creole melodies while jogging along in the horse cars, and this was very delightful to me until some would-be wag among his New York friends told him that he must never do that on Sundays, as the Americans were very strict in their religious ideas and would take it as an insult and probably resent it. Very seriously he opened his handsome Oriental eyes and, in tones of great surprise, ejaculated, as he had done for the hundredth time, "Wonderful people!"

A little incident, while it was very amusing, showed the romantic side of his nature. The troupe, while traveling, stopped at a hotel in a southern city, where a young lady guest attracted much attention by her hair, which was not only very thick and heavy, but of a rich golden color. My Creole friend, however, was one of the few who had not seen the young lady and, as it happened, no one had spoken to him of her. But as he was about to retire one evening he stepped into the corridor to say good-night to a friend and met the young lady face to face, followed by her maid, just as the bells of a neighboring church were chiming the midnight hour. Saluting the lady with a profound bow, as was his foreign custom, he was about to re-enter his room when the brilliant gaslight, falling full upon the lady's form, disclosed the fact that her magnificent hair was hanging loose about her like a cloak, and every strand glittering like a thread of gold. The young fellow stood rooted to the spot; then, clasping his hands, he said in tones of the most fervent admiration, "I have seen the sun at midnight!"

"What the deuce is the matter with you?" said his friend.

"I have said it!" replied the Creole. "I will return to my country and I will tell them that in this wonderful America I have seen that marvelous sight—the sun at midnight!"

It appeared that the young lady's maid had been giving her mistress' hair a bath and they had been sitting on a rear balcony that the warm night breeze might dry the wonderful tresses before retiring to bed.

Which in why I say that I loved the Indian ocean years before I saw it, and when I did see it brought back these memories of my young friend and his charming and ingenious nature and his frank and honest heart. The sage and the greybeard may attract our maturer mind, but youth has its ever compelling charm; therefore I echo the poet's lines:

"Oh, youth, sweet youth, we love ye! There's naught on earth above ye!"