

—which is taken for granted in your case—take a “steerage” passage. “A steerage passage! Why, is that tolerable, or even respectable?” methinks I hear you exclaim. Perfectly “tolerable,” and “even respectable” I assure you. Certainly one will not enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of the “saloon” passengers. He will also be compelled to associate with people of the under classes, but if he be a true man and a genuine student, this fact will by no means lessen the attraction, nor detract from the *respectability* of the undertaking. In fact, the jo’liest, liveliest, and most interesting people on ship-board will be found on the forward deck—all the revelry and side-splitting fun originate there. Most likely, if you possess the least spark of nature and love for the “Comedy” of life, you would spend two-thirds of your time here, were you a cabin passenger. The accommodations are plain but sufficient; a berth in the cabin, for which, however, you furnish your own bedding; this can be rented at a moderate cost of the steward; food, plain, substantial, clean and sufficient. You must, however, furnish your own apparatus—a tin plate and basin, a knife, fork and spoon, and you are abundantly equipped! Though you must forego luxuries for a few days, you will have *one* great consolation, particularly, if you are a “land-lubber” traversing the “raging Main” for the first time:—your somewhat tumultuous stomach will not be in a favorable condition to cavil at the quality of the viands! The cost of a steerage passage by the “Red Star Line” to Antwerp is only \$23, while the cost of “Second Cabin” is \$60. I assure you one could not earn \$37 in easier or more interesting employment; besides, the unique experience will constitute one of the liveliest chapters in your biography.

On the continent travel *third class*, both by rail and boat. You need not be at all alarmed about your *dignity*; the great mass of the traveling public journey in this manner. You will have as your

neighbors in the third class coach representatives of every grade of society, from the fat *Bauerinn*, or peasant woman, with her market-basket, to the learned professor or with wife, son and daughter. The rates of fare are about one, two and three cents, respectively, for third, second and first class. To be sure, the cars are rough and uncomfortable—but then *it pays!* By rigidly observing this one point alone, you will lessen the whole expense of your tour by a third.

Never purchase a “through ticket” *across the line* from one country into another. It is usually 20 per cent cheaper, to purchase tickets from boundary to boundary. For example, a through ticket from Vienna to Munich costs about four Marks more, than to take a ticket to Simbach on the Bavarian line and then renew to Munich.

But here comes the tug of war! How shall one safely run the gauntlet of cabmen, guides, and hotel-extortions? Here is where men’s souls are tried, particularly, if the said souls be of an economic turn. No sooner does your foot touch continental soil, than you must organize yourself into a miniature “Dodge Club,” *a la* James DeMille, swear allegiance to yourself, and declare unrelenting war against extortion in all her Protean shapes; and you will have occasion every day of your life to test your fortitude. The hospitality one encounters is decidedly of a Scythian character, and would do credit to the King of Tauris himself;—strangers are counted legal spoil, not only by the Italian Jehn or “Cathedral guide,” but even by the *respectable* German merchant, who will ask you quadruple prices for his wares with infinite serenity. That other rare and much extolled virtue, Truth, assumes here also a classic form, being of the Carthaginian species.

The fact is, the best way to deal with these kind-hearted and interesting caterers to your comfort, is to have nothing at all to do with them. Provide yourself with a good guide-book: the inevitable