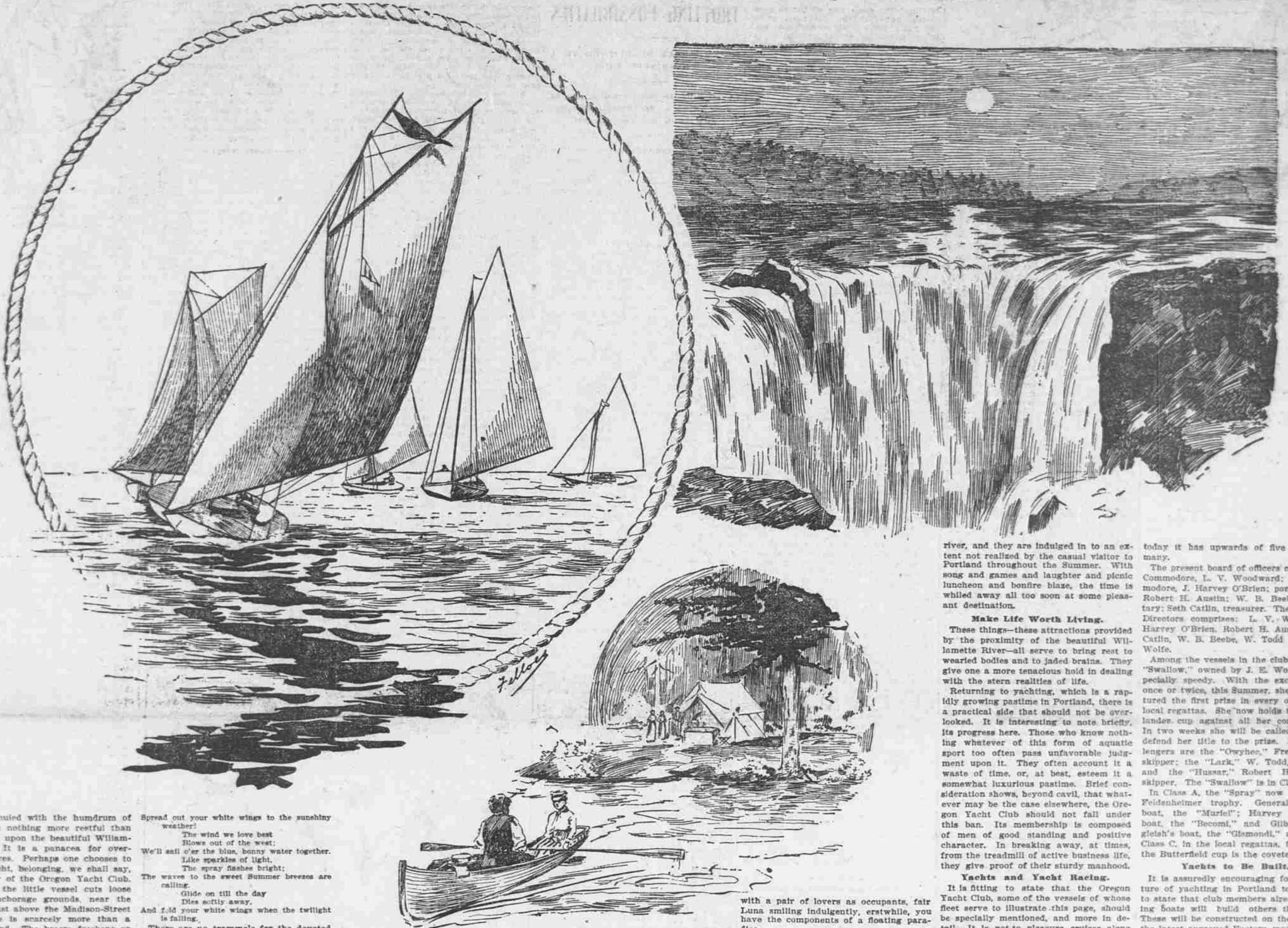




ON WILLAMETTE'S LIMPID WATERS.



To one enured with the humdrum of life, there is nothing more restful than an afternoon upon the beautiful Willamette River. It is a panacea for overstrained nerves. Perhaps one chooses to sail in a yacht, belonging, we shall say, to a member of the Oregon Yacht Club. Perhaps, as the little vessel cuts loose from the anchorage grounds, near the clubhouse, just above the Madison-Street Bridge, there is scarcely more than a capful of wind. The breeze freshens as the yacht swings clear of its moorings, rocking sleepily in the sunshine. Mainsail and jib are in place, and all else is made ready.

With bellying sail, betokening an increase in the wind, one finally gets under way. Indeed, the small craft "walks the water like a thing of life." Of to the leeward, the wind being from down river, lies Rose Island. How lovely it appears, green as an emerald in its setting, in the purring stream! Upon its surface, carpeted with a verdure, the sturdy oaks form a retreat, beneath which dryads might disport themselves. Indeed, under the spell of the enchantment of the scene, it would hardly cause surprise to see a troop of fauns emerge from the leafy recesses. It is little to be wondered at that the island is a favorite rendezvous for pleasure-seekers. It is a charming spot.

So blue you winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.
In the pleasant summer season, when the twilight shadows roll down noiselessly over the hilltops, enshrouding the landscape with the mantle of darkness; when the busy hum of the city dies away into faintest murmurs, then it is that Rose Island is at its best.

General Port of Call.
Hither come all sorts of craft. The smart yacht, with its rigging all a-strain, comes sharply into the wind, tacks and silently glides to its resting place. Smaller boats, propelled by brawny arms, here come to a standstill. Saucy, snarling little naphtha launches send out ear-splitting whistles, and then relapse into silence. More pretentious craft churn the waters until the revolving wheels, as though glad for rest, cease to turn, and the white spray resolves itself into nothingness.

So it goes on, all through the summer months. Yachting parties, parties in row-boats, in launches, on steamers, or on barges, pulled along by pert little tugs; find their way by day or night to Rose Island. Here, where all is so sweet, so near to nature, the kindly moonbeams "glide the tissue of fleecy clouds" in "bendison. The twinkling stars, in the over-spreading arch of azure, smile on the crowds of happy, laughing people.

Here and there, along the shores of the island, huge bonfires blaze, dispelling, for a time, the tummy blackness of the night.

"Ah!" says my skipper, "Here comes a spanking breeze, and we continue our voyage with added speed. How smoothly our yacht cuts through the water! Even I, a mere landlubber, can appreciate the pleasure. As I sit in the cool evening air, the words of a song re-echo in my ears from far-off boyhood days. I hum the words:

Echoes of Boyhood.
Hail brave little boat,
In the harbor alone,

Spread out your white wings to the sunny weather!

The wind we love best

Blows out of the west

We'll sail o'er the blue, bonny water together.

Like sparks of light,

The spray flashes bright;

The waves to the sweet summer breezes are calling.

Glide on till the day

Dies softly away,

And fold your white wings when the twilight is falling.

There are no trammels for the devoted yachtsman. Ten years ago J. D. Jerrold

Kelley, of the United States Navy, so aptly put the matter in a nutshell that his words will bear repetition now. He said, of the yachtsman:

The Yachtsman.

"He may elect to cruise or race; to take his outing in our peaceful waters, or off stormier coasts. He may be bitten by the tarantula of matches, be possessed of the fury of mug-hunting. . . . Others struggle till they bleed by the seven veins for prizes and squadron trophies, and when the cruise is done and the mugs have escaped them, they diminish their rigs from clew to earling."

There is no more innocent or charming manner of passing a summer afternoon than to go on a yachting cruise on the Willamette. The statement cannot be too often reiterated that Portland possesses unequalled advantages in this regard. It is gratifying to note that the people here are, every year, finding out more and more that this is true, and, what is better yet, are making a practical application of their knowledge. There is a most magnificent panorama spread out by nature within a short distance of the city. Those who devote a fraction even of their time to local aquatics, find therein a nepenthe and invigorant. It is to just such organizations as Portland's Yacht Club and rowing clubs that the city will, one day, be indebted for a vigorous breed of business men.

Again on the River.

It is a pleasant August afternoon. There is just enough air stirring "to take a sail," as my weather-wise friend, the skipper, declares. Again we are aloft, and again we ascend the Willamette. Our cruise, this time, extends beyond Rose Island. As we glide swiftly over the water, away off beyond to port, on the eastern shore, Oak Point is revealed. As the white House flashes into sight, clear cut as a cameo into its background of green, it adds a charming picture to the scene. The graceful sweep of the sword reaches quite to the edge of the stream, and the clinging grass leaves in the water as it ripples by.

The thought is voiced, Wherein does the true pleasure of sailing lie?

The skipper he stood beside the helm.

His pipe was in his mouth,

And he watched how the veering saw did blow.

The smoke now west, now south.

So with this skipper. He carefully turned the matter over in his mind, and gave the answer:

"Perhaps it rests in the pleasure—the genuine satisfaction of absolute command of one's own craft. It is a delight to go whither one's fancy may dictate, and when, to start with the wind and change one's course at will; to be free to return at whatever times suit best."

To the landlubber, there is something

quite wonderful in the self-possession of the skipper. With all this juffing and reefing, running off and on the wind; this tacking and maneuvering, he brings one safely back to the starting point and makes anchorage.

"There is a knack in knowing how and when to tack," says the wise young yachtsman. "It is a positive essence, too," he continues; "the wind may suddenly shift." Recollections of a boyish cruise flit palpably before the writer, emphasizing the skipper's statement.

Memorable Incident.

On that memorable occasion there was a sudden and most unaccountable shifting of the air currents. The mainsail gave a spiteful snap as the boom swung round and struck a certain luckless pate. Impressions received under such forcible circumstances are generally lasting. It is quite alarming to the novice in navigation to have his yacht, miss stays and then to be forced to scull the craft around into the wind, with the canvas crackling like a volley of musketry from a horde of implacable boxers.

The Oregon Yacht Club is made up of most excellent material. During the regular season its members are ever taking cruises. When the stage of water permits, they ascend the river even to the foot of the picturesque falls at Oregon City. In the down-river cruises, clearing away from the spanning bridges of Portland, they leave behind them the heavier shipping and sweep beyond the white freight houses and docks. Away from the reminders of civilization, they sail to where the Willamette loses itself in the broad Columbia. Though the junction is but 15 miles from Portland, it is sufficiently distant to make a most delightful trip. This is the favorite cruise.

Often, of a Saturday evening, several of the club yachts sail for this objective point, with provisions and cooking utensils aboard. With Sunday night they make the homeward run.

Swimming Youngsters.

The people of Portland, especially the younger element, are not slow to appreciate the advantages other than sailing that the Willamette gives them. On sunny days, hundreds of boys may be seen disporting themselves, like veritable amphibians, in the water. Indeed, it requires but slight observation to note that many of the boys, during warm spells of weather, really go without their clothes almost as many hours daily as they wear them. The little fellows are tanned all over—go untanned kids among them. Swimming of every sort they seem equal to. It is rare, indeed, that such a thing as a drowning occurs. As for life preservers, the average Portland boy scarcely knows that they are in practical use. It is no uncommon sight to see a boy

change his mode of swimming half a dozen times in crossing the river. First, he will strike out in the most accepted form. Anon, becoming weary, he will lie upon his back, while his legs may be seen vigorously kicking below. Suddenly he will assume an upright position and perform what is known as "treading water." Then he swims, first on one side and then upon the other. Swimming "dog fashion" is another mode of progression. Having made the trip across the river, the tireless lad, with a hearty laugh, again seeks the water and, amid splashing and jollity, they return to their starting point. Ranged along, at various points, there are bath houses, from which, in the evening hours, men emerge in bathing suits and take an invigorating plunge.

Fun With Rod and Line.

Of course there is fishing, aside from that of the commercial sort, and plenty of it. There is the ubiquitous small boy, perched on the docks, or in some cozy nook far up or down stream, patiently awaiting the nibble of the finny denizens, away down in the dark river depths. These young Isaac Walton contributors no small amount to the larders of Portland's poorer families.

Nor is it the small boy alone who finds pleasure in angling on the Willamette and its tributaries. The full-fledged sportsman, with rod and fly, knows of many spots where a creel may be readily filled with spotted beauties, amid surroundings of greatest charm to Nature's lovers.

On the other hand, in Scowtown, men may be seen at all hours of the day and far into the night, rowing about, trolling lines stretching out from the stern of their boats. Thus are lured many of the finny tribe to their fate. Then, too, there are many fish caught by these Scowtown people, by means of nets and "set lines."

They a-Rowing Go.

At nightfall, when the day's labors are over, young men and young women who have something very special to say to each other seek the river. Once in a rowboat they can leave the rest of the world behind them. Out in the moonlight, or in the deeper shadows, they can tell to each other that "old, old story," which is still forever new. It would be very interesting to know just how many proposals have been induced in Portland within a decade, under circumstances like these. It is an hour—a time and place, when and where affairs of the heart can receive that attention denied them at other times.

Perhaps wise Nature plans that things shall so fall out. At least, it is true that the sentiment of love best voices itself in her own retreats, and there is no place for lovelornings that surpasses the river. Given a boat out on the stream,

with a pair of lovers as occupants, fair Luna smiling indulgently, erstwhile, who have the components of a floating paradise.

A favorite undertaking with many people is to take passage aboard one of the steamers that daily ply between this city and points along the Willamette and Columbia. It matters little which course be followed, whether up or down stream, for both are most enjoyable.

Barge and launch parties on moonlight evenings constitute one of the pleasantest forms of entertainment afforded on the

river, and they are indulged in to an extent not realized by the casual visitor to Portland throughout the summer. With song and games and laughter and picnic luncheon and bonfire blaze, the time is whiled away all too soon at some pleasant destination.

Make Life Worth Living.

These things—these attractions provided by the proximity of the beautiful Willamette River—all serve to bring rest to wearied bodies and to lull brains. They give one a more tenacious hold in dealing with the stern realities of life.

Returning to yachting, which is a rapidly growing pastime in Portland, there is a practical side that should not be overlooked. It is interesting to note briefly, its progress here. Those who know nothing whatever of this form of aquatic sport too often pass unfavorable judgment upon it. They often account it a waste of time, or, at best, esteem it a somewhat luxurious pastime. Brief consideration shows, beyond cavil, that whatever may be the case elsewhere, the Oregon Yacht Club should not fall under this ban. Its membership is composed of men of good standing and positive character. In breaking away, at times, from the treadmill of active business life, they give proof of their sturdy manhood.

Yachts and Yacht Racing.

It is fitting to state that the Oregon Yacht Club, some of the vessels of whose fleet serve to illustrate this page, should be specially mentioned, and more in detail. It is not to pleasure cruises alone that it is devoted, enjoyable as these have ever proven to be. The vessels of the club's fleet have been, on frequent occasions, trophy winners. The active season of the club opens yearly with the annual regatta, on May 23, and continues until about the middle of September, with frequent local contests during the summer months. A year ago, the club numbered little more than a dozen members;

today it has upwards of five times as many.

The present board of officers consists of Commodore, L. V. Woodward; vice-commodore, J. Harvey O'Brien; port-captain, Robert H. Austin; W. B. Beebe, secretary; Seth Catlin, treasurer. The Board of Directors comprises: L. V. Woodward, Harvey O'Brien, Robert H. Austin, Seth Catlin, W. B. Beebe, W. Todd and J. E. Wolfe.

Among the vessels in the club fleet, the "Swallow," owned by J. E. Wolfe, is especially speedy. With the exception of once or twice, this summer, she has captured the first prize in every one of the local regattas. She now holds the Friedman's cup against all her competitors. In two weeks she will be called upon to defend her title to the prize. Her challengers are the "Owyhee," Fred Taylor, skipper; the "Lark," W. Todd, skipper, and the "Husar," Robert H. Austin, skipper. The "Swallow" is in Class B.

In Class A, the "Spray" now holds the Feidenheimer trophy. General Beebe's boat, the "Muriel"; Harvey O'Brien's boat, the "Glamond"; and Gilbert Dalgleish's boat, the "Glamond," are all in Class C. In the local regattas, for which the Butterfield cup is the coveted trophy, they give proof of their sturdy manhood.

Yachts to Be Built.

It is assuredly encouraging for the future of yachting in Portland to be able to state that club members already owning boats will build others this fall. These will be constructed on the lines of the latest approved Eastern models. The fleet, thus augmented, will number, next Spring, about 36 vessels.

The Hammond Brothers, who have joined the club within the past year, and who now own the "Agnes," which formerly belonged to Ira S. Hill, are very enthusiastic members. Space does not permit the enumeration of more of the members, hardly a man of whom is not a potent and vigorous factor in club affairs.

As was to be expected of so virile an organization, the Oregon Yacht Club will take part in the Astoria regatta, which will occur August 22, 23 and 24. This is the second successive year the club has participated in this annual event as a club. For 15 years past, individual yachts from Portland have entered the lists, almost invariably returning with a trophy. Yesterday a number of the yachts of the club left for Astoria. Among those which will take part in the regatta are the following: Glamond, Dalgleish skipper; Muriel, Beebe skipper; Lark, Todd skipper; Owyhee, Taylor skipper; Husar, Peebler skipper. It is probable that there will be others.

QUICK WORK.



ICE-CREAM SANDWICHES.

New Dainty Now Being Sold in New York's Famous Bowery.

There are ham sandwiches and salmon sandwiches and cheese sandwiches and several other kinds of sandwiches—a downtown New York restaurant advertises 30 varieties—but the latest in the ice-cream sandwich. As a new fad the ice-cream sandwich might have made thousands of dollars for its inventor had the novelty been launched by a well-known caterer, but strangely enough the ice-cream sandwich made its advent in a humble Bowery pushcart in New York and is sold for a penny.

The idea is worthy of a better field, for the ice-cream sandwich is not only a distinct novelty, but has, it is said, merits of its own. It will be appreciated by the child who, on eating ice-cream for the first time, wanted to have it warmed. While losing nothing of its flavor, the thin wafers which go to make up the sandwich help to modify the coolness of the ice-cream, so that it can be eaten more readily. The ice-cream sandwich as made on the Bowery is constructed in this wise: A thin milk biscuit is placed in a tin mold just large enough to receive it. Then the mold is filled with ice-cream from a freezer and another wafer is placed on top. There is an arrangement for forcing the sandwich out of the mold when complete, and the whole process takes only a few seconds. The ice-cream sandwich man is said to be the envy of all the other pushcart restaurateurs on the Bowery, as he has all the patrons he can attend to and the cart is always surrounded by curious customers.

"Didn't Mrs. Jones' husband die only last week?"

"Yes."

"I saw her yesterday, and she was wearing second mourning."

"I know—she was her second husband."