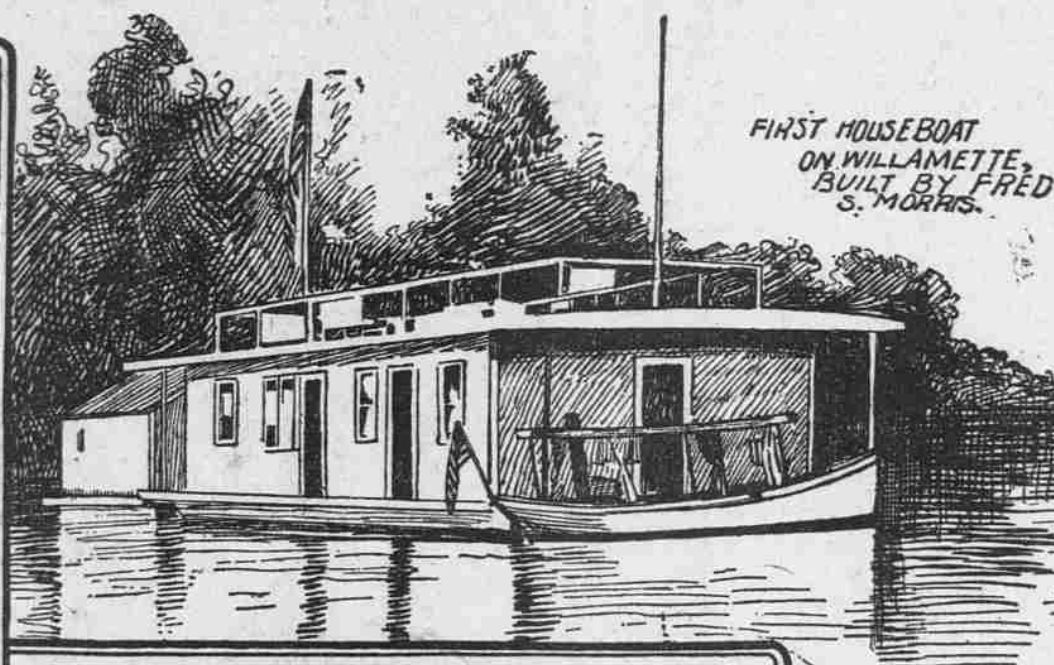
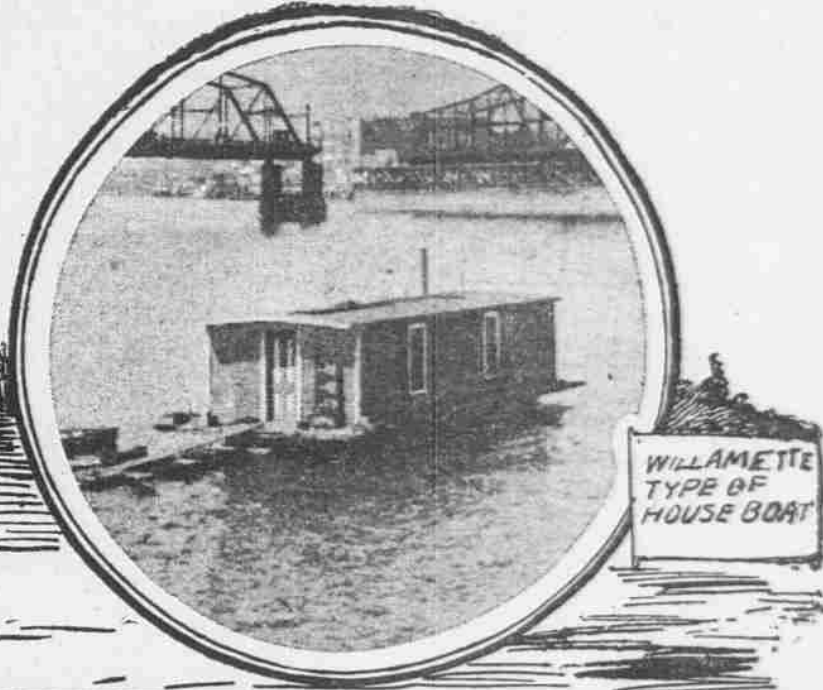




# HOUSE BOATING, AND ITS MANIFOLD DELIGHTS.



FIRST HOUSEBOAT ON WILLAMETTE, BUILT BY FRED S. MORRIS.



WILLAMETTE TYPE OF HOUSEBOAT

### WHERE CONTENTMENT DWELLS.

Why is it, when humanity is so busy paying tribute to those who have contributed to its comfort or pleasure by some invention, that the pioneer of inventors receives not his meed? Sunday page 25—Head from Art Room. Bronze, marble, eloquence, songs and halls of fame keep the memory of its benefactor ever in the mind of the world. There are Franklin and his kite, Fulton and his steamboat, Stephenson and the locomotive. When Edison is no more, the wizard of the telephone and phonograph will doubtless be a subject for the sculptor. Likewise will Tesla, controlling the thunderbolts, or chatting with some neighboring planet. They will probably both be made at home in the Hall of Fame. Even the inventor of the humble, efficient umbrella comes in for his share of honor.

And yet, withal, Noah, the father of inventors, is left out in the cold and practically forgotten. The man who, deluged with overwork and anxiety, is rescued by escaping, in his houseboat—and it is of houseboats and houseboating I would write today—to rest, sends no grateful thought backward to the inventor of the Ark. Nay, nay! He is never immortalized in bronze or marble; his image never even forms the triumphant figurehead of a houseboat. And yet humanity owes Noah a great debt of gratitude.

**Favored by Immortals.**  
John Kendrick Bangs, in his story, "The Houseboat on the Styx," shows that even the Immortals delight in houseboating and will cheerfully forsake the joys of angelhood to indulge in something approaching perfect mortal existence. This, it appears, they are able to obtain, by anchoring their craft somewhere 'twixt the turbid, treacherous mortal shore of the River Styx and the changeless placidity of the other brink.

However enticing such surroundings to the shades, better—far better—inducements offer to mere mortals, on this mundane sphere of ours; nor in all the world can more delightful opportunities be found for houseboating than right here in Oregon, on the Willamette and Columbia Rivers, with their manifold attractions of scenery, sport and picturesque propinquity of Nature's wonders. The waters of these noble streams have pebbly beach or verdant bank, or wash at the base of rocky, precipitous cliffs that frown forbiddingly, fir-clad mountains rise abruptly from the river's edge, while fertile meadows slope down to sandy shores, where fluffy willows bend in friendly converse with the passing waves. On their clear surface, near-by green hills, distant purple mountain ranges, snow-capped peaks, the heaven's blue and each passing, fleecy cloud are faithfully reflected. In their depths, fish are plentiful, while in the adjacent forests game of every kind abounds. Warm, sunny days, unmarred by storms or sudden freshets, and cool, quiet nights complete an environment which is as near ideal for outdoor life as can be hoped for. To quote from "The Houseboat," a poem by Dr. Thomas Browne, which was recently published in The Oregonian:

In the thick city's smoke, can beauty find  
A charm—a solace for the charms resign'd?  
When, at soft sunset, the river that had glow'd  
A flood of sunshine, gazes at it frown'd,  
Bent, where the wood-hung rocks its course  
Invid.



A COSY CORNER.

Sinks into sweet shade, oft seen, oft hid;  
And aims so fresh are flowing, that on high  
Their very breath would tell of waters nigh;  
While through the air a thousand warblings  
Glad echoes answer to the lamb's fond bleat.

**An Ideal Existence.**  
"Mid such surroundings, on a houseboat possessing all the modern comforts, life's discomforts are reduced to a minimum. There are no noisy, dusty streets, no rushing trolley cars, no ringing doorbells, no troublesome agents—only the peaceful rocking of your house upon the water, and the soothing lapping of the waves. Here the weary may find rest, while the dreamer, the artist or the sportsman each may find his own especial terrestrial paradise.

One of the greatest charms of houseboating is the opportunity it affords for change. Built on a scow or float, the house may be towed by a launch, or an accommodating steambot or tug, to any desired place; if it be not too large, two men in a rowboat can manage the trick. Anchors cast, your residence is established until you are ready to move on. Your domicile may form part of a houseboat community, and yet, although it be moored where the lights of Portland can be seen at night, you are secure in the enjoyment of utter rest and quiet. If inclination prompts, remote wild places may be sought.

For those for whom outdoor life has a special charm, there is scarcely any time of the year that a houseboat would not be useful here. In the fishing or hunting season it might be taken up some one of the tributary streams of the Columbia or Willamette and anchored near a neighboring trout brook, or where opportunity offered for bringing down a deer or bagging other game. During the Summer, a busy man could anchor his floating home near the city and go to and from his business by launch or rowboat, or near-by railway or river steambot. Where a number of houseboats might be gathered together, one launch, used in common, would suffice for most transportation purposes. In the duck season, the sportsman could drift down to the marshes and anchor his houseboat where he deemed best for his needs.

**Life on the River.**  
It requires no special effort to acquire an adaptability for life in a houseboat and an interest in and familiarity with its surroundings. The river waves and currents each have a significance which the women in a houseboat soon learn, and the women, too, are not long at becoming familiar with the use of oar and paddle. The water, ever rippling by, with its air

of some specific intention or purpose, is always good company, and inspires all sorts of dreamy conjectures. The rising and receding tide, with its charm of mystery, reaches sequestered nooks down toward the river's mouth, and speaks of the distant sea.

During the day, steamboats pass up and down. A sailboat flutters by, and as it disappears around a bend, its white wings stand out, sharp and snowy white, against the dark green foliage. A launch or rowboat, with pleasure-seekers, passes gaily by, or maybe draws in to your floating home, where its occupants have come to spend the day. Salmon fishers, with their nets, go out; returning later, with well-laden craft. A log raft drifts by, or maybe a great ocean vessel makes majestic progress up or down the stream, inward or outward bound. Few pilgrims of the water highway pass without giving the modest houseboat a friendly salute. Thus are its inmates made to feel that they, too, are part and parcel of the great, floating world.

Of course, there are no grocerymen or Chinamen to bring food supplies to your door, but there are farms near by, where everything can be gotten perfectly fresh. You may paddle across the water and, after a chat at the farmhouse, return, your boat or canoe laden with eggs, butter, cream, vegetables, fruit, fowls, or what not besides.

**Berry-Gathering Urchins.**  
You may be hailed from the land by a couple of urchins, with purple mouths and hands, who have allowed some berries to escape into their tin pails, and are willing to sell them.

"Oh! Now, if we were only home, how lovely those would be for canning!"  
"But we are not at home, and canning goes to grass! We will just have a nice dish for the table."

The boys are also inclined to tarry and talk over things. They know everything about the river, its shores and the woods. They can tell you where the good swimming places are, where the birds and gophers have their nests, and where the choicest wild flowers bloom.

And they volunteer to bring you some of the latter, the next time they come. They may not come again; or, if they do, you may not be there. Everything about the river is so transient! Before another sunrise, your houseboat may have drifted off into a nook where wild, rocky cliffs jut into the water. An accessible farm will probably be further away than at your previous moorings, but the way lies over clear, placid waters, with many wild places to be explored, so you are immediately occupied. Books and fancy-work that have been brought along, with the intention of making great progress, are entirely neglected. No matter, you are having a glorious holiday.

When the men come home at night, they bring the daily newspaper, which reminds you, with a little shock, that there is a busy, noisy world, full of trouble, somewhere. It must be hundreds of miles away, though. The Empress of China may be putting her small foot in it, and be disturbing the entire world again, and sovereigns of teeming millions that she is, she may be thinking she is having a real, good time. But you know better; nothing could convince you that she is having a better time than you.

After dinner, guitars and mandolins come out; the upper deck is sought, and there, with music and chat, the evening slips quickly away. Stars twinkle overhead, and in the river, stars, almost as bright, twinkle back. Presently the moon peeps above the tree-tops, sending a faint silvery glow over the water, and then it comes slowly on, till the light gathers into a shining pathway, and the shadows along the shores grow black, with the glistening willow leaves above the glistening waves below.

Where there is a community of houseboats, the evening is likely to become a miniature, moonlit Venice. All sorts of small craft make their way from houseboat to houseboat, paying friendly visits and serenading. The more commodious water residences admit of a dance upon the roof deck, card parties, or a formal dining, if you please. One way or another, the evenings are always pleasantly taken up, and even late bedtime comes too soon. But when you do finally go to bed, you fall asleep, in a silence that is broken only by the lulling lap of the water and the occasional night calls of birds.

Houseboating is a very popular recreation all over the world, not with the popularity of a fad, but of the long-tried, come-to-stay sort. In the eastern part of our country, both in northern

and southern waters, lakes, streams, and even the inlets of the sea, are plentifully sprinkled, at one season or another, with houseboats which range all the way from the one-room "shanty-boat" to the costly, floating palace. The boats or houses are constructed to conform to the probable weather of a given locality. Those in Southern waters are quite airy, being equipped with awnings and hanging gardens. Some are accompanied by floating stables of thoroughbreds—and why not? Noah had livestock on his houseboat.

In New York, the question has been mooted of a floating hotel, with attendant launches to carry the guests to and from the sun-baked city. The most elaborate and complete houseboat ever constructed was for the Czar of Russia. It has a garden and fountain.

In England there are many very handsome and roomy houseboats, owned by landed and titled gentry, and some of which are capable of accommodating a hundred or more guests. During the season, very gorgeous and elaborate entertainments are given upon them.

It is very fortunate, however, that the pleasure of houseboating does not depend altogether upon the cost, or the elaborate style and extensive accommodations of the boats themselves, but rather upon the capacity of those who inhabit them to appreciate and enjoy their surroundings. A very modest sum will provide a houseboat which will afford every comfort and convenience, and which will yield better returns, in the way of solid enjoyment, for the amount expended, than almost any other form of outing.

Once you get a well-built scow, and any sort of houseboat may be constructed upon it—only be sure to have a kitchen and a roof-deck, with a railing around it. By a liberal use of sailings, the houseboat may be made perfectly safe for children, and no one enjoys houseboating more than they, with the royal opportunities it affords for paddling in the water and digging in the sand.

Not very far from Portland there is anchored a small, two-room houseboat, in which two-pair-or, rather, two married couples—are domiciled; while, not far off, is moored a very commodious and up-to-date houseboat, where a game of solitaire—which, paradoxical as it may seem, is seldom solitary—is in progress. It is nip and tuck who is getting the most wholesome, healthful enjoyment out of the Summer. Suffice it to say, the occupants of both boats declare they have not had a dull moment yet.

EDITH L. NILES.

# "OLD STITES," OF SCOWTOWN, AND BENNY, THE WAIF.

His name, for all any one knew to the contrary, was Stites—"Ola Stites," the neighbors called him. Politeness was not the fashion in that particular part of South Portland where the old scow was moored. However, it was all one to Stites what they called him, so long as they left him to himself, in his own little shanty. He was a silent, unattractive figure, but this was due to a lack of neatness in his apparel. And because he had nothing to say, he did not talk. Many people who know a vast deal more than poor Stites are not so wise in this respect. Nobody knew who Stites was or where

he came from, and nobody cared. His present home, for he was one of those queer creatures who must have a roof of his own over his head, was a disreputable-looking shanty on the deck of an abandoned scow, tied up at the far end of a wharf in South Portland. How any man being could live—that is to say, cook, eat and sleep—in such cramped quarters, was a mystery to all chance observers.

Stites had built his cabin himself out of odds and ends. One window it had, consisting of a single pane of glass, and a door whose hinges were fashioned from an old bootleg. A length of rusty stove-pipe protruded through the roof, and the interior was furnished mainly from the rubbish heap. But—it was home!

Once a week, on Sunday, Stites cleaned house, carefully sweeping out his little dark den and washing the window. The deck of the scow was littered with an assortment of old barrels, empty coal oil cans, bottomless pans and pails and broken chairs. Stites always intended to clear up this accumulation, but, somehow, when he had swept and scrubbed the cabin and hung his stub of a broom against the wall outside the door, he lost active interest for the time being, and put it off till "next week."

Stites had one companion, a dog. This dog, when a puppy, he had saved from a watery grave one Winter night. A gang of street urchins, laboring under the impression that the world was already overpopulated with dogs, tossed this canine infant off the wharf, with a tin can full of gravel fastened to his neck. And Stites, who happened to be dipping up a basin of water at the moment, fished him out and dried him off, and gave him half of his own frugal supper.

The rescued appropriately showed his gratitude by attaching himself to the rescuer. It may be difficult to explain, but it is nevertheless true that the affection of a yellow dog is a possession that a man will not exchange for gold. Stites loved his dog, and the love was returned with interest. Cub—that was his convenient cognomen—had a comfortable kennel in an overturned barrel, with one of his master's old coats for a bed, and he guarded the premises by day and slept with one eye open at night.

Cub's owner worked about the mill, when he felt the necessity for working at all. When he did not, he lounged along the shore and fished and picked up whatever came his way in the form of drift, that was worth picking up. He was not lazy by nature. It was not indolence so much as it was a habit of not doing more than was absolutely needful in order to live—and be independent. A justifiable lack of ambition, perhaps, for when you