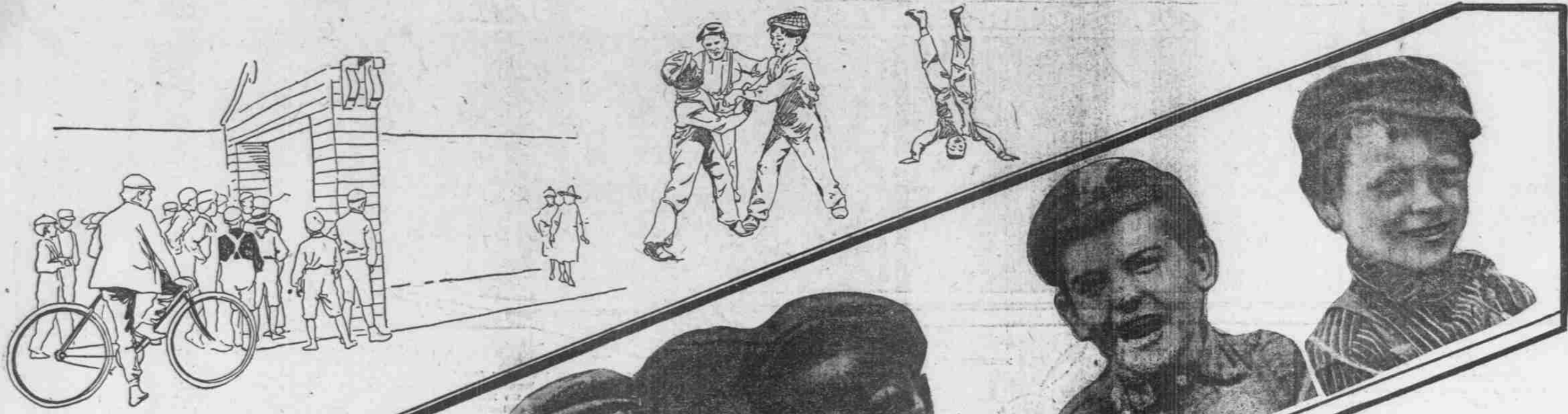


The Summer Sport of Portland Street Arabs

Favorite Games of Urchins Who Are Never Home Except to Eat and Sleep By Marion Mac.Rae.



TYPES OF PORTLAND OLD STREET ARABS.



THIS IS ALDIE'S TO RASTUS



CHANCE DECIDES WHO GOES FOR THE MEAT

the paper to come from press by a little pitch and catch.

It is particularly noticeable that games always spread, like the measles or whooping cough. Marbles are popular only by periods. The popularity of mumblepeg spreads over the land like the grasshopper pest, then dies out to make room for other games and sports. Tops are generally the rage when school is in session, but the old-fashioned games which require no expenditure—not even the investment of a solitary nickel—are always popular with the small boy whose principal residence is the street, and who goes home only to eat and catch a few winks of sleep.

Hide and go seek, or hi-spy is an old game which still retains its popularity with the street gamins. It is frequently called by other names, and sometimes played with variations, but the principle of the game remains the same. The boy who is "it" stands with his face against the wall of some building or street, and while he is supposed to be counting 99 with his eyes shut, he is making every possible effort to peek so as to see what directions the other boys go, that he may easily locate them and beat them on the race home. Sometimes he only has to find those in hiding and call out in lusty tones, "Hi-spy on you! hi-spy on you!" but it is also played with a run to base, the first one "it" beats there taking his place the next time. Who shall be "it" is generally decided by counting out.

"Meeny—miny—moo—me,
Catch a nigger by the toe!
If he hollers let him go—
Meeny—miny—moo—me!"

One—two—three—
Out goes he!

This lyric is repeated until there is but one left in the line and he is the unfortunate "it" so necessary to every game.

A street urchin is never too young to enjoy a game of craps. Its strongest recommendation for his favor is the fact that it is strictly forbidden by "de cops." The inexplicable joy of getting ahead of blue-coated, brass-buttoned enemies of all small boys makes any game or pastime forbidden by them the greatest to be desired. In the vicinity of the Union depot the crap game has proven very catching this Summer. I came upon a group of small boys on a side street in that neighborhood, who were so interested in throwing the dice that they did not see me approach. A laughing-faced little colored boy whom they all dubbed "Rastus" was throwing, and the crap instinct which had dominated the family blood for generations before him was strongly alive in this youthful sport.

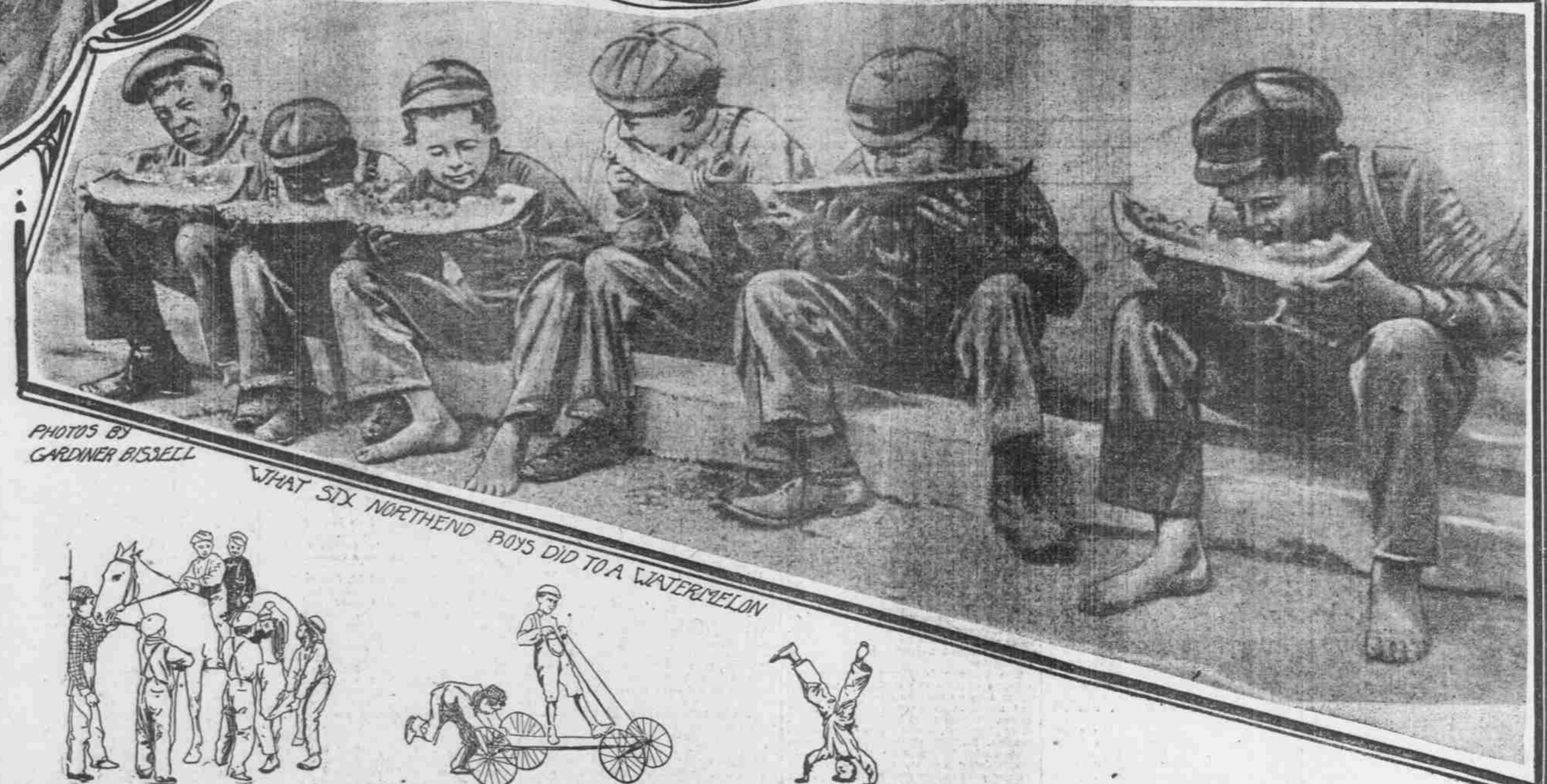
"Come seben! Come eleben! Come fer 'Rastus!"—he would earnestly plead, giving a snap of the fingers as the dice would leave his hands.

"Oh, we ain't playin' 'r money! Jus' throwin' ter see who'll go after de watermelon we'se gwine 'r buy!"

It fell to the lot of two white boys to make the purchase, and while they were gone "Rastus" and the other boys selected a shady spot on the curb and cleaned their pocket-knives in readiness for the feast.

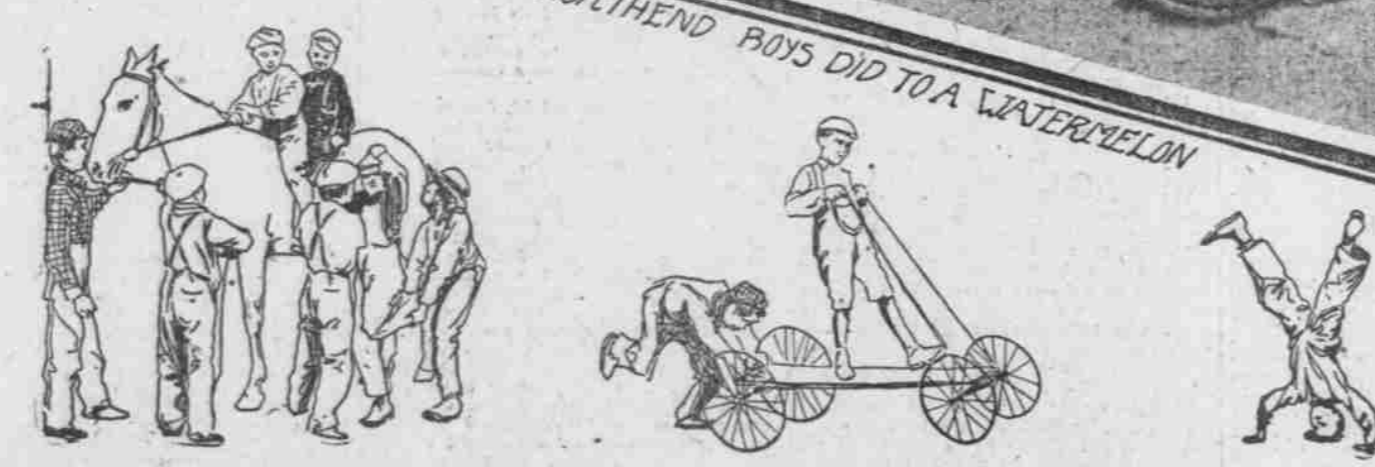
"I'll stand on my head for a nickel!"

(Concluded on Page 20.)



PHOTOS BY GARDNER BISSELL

WHAT SIX NORTHEAST BOYS DID TO A WATERMELON



WHEN the ball epidemic struck Portland in the early Summer, the street urchins of Slabtown and other river-front localities were rather up against it, for a Spaulding baseball calls for the expenditure of the fabulous sum of \$1.50. Occasionally, however, Dame Fortune would smile upon some youngster in the vicinity of Twenty-fourth and Vaughn, and he could pick up a foul which some husky batter had put over the high board fence, and be able to make off with it before the policeman woke up. It was then that this youth tasted of the joys of popularity and had all the gang at his feet! For did he not own a real baseball?—no make-believe or 19 cent rubber affair that! All through June the epidemic raged. It was pitch and catch on every corner and in the middle of every block, until it became somewhat risky to venture into the street without the equipment of a professional catcher. The fever has died out uptown, but the boys of the street still play it, and practice faithfully on curves.

"Aw, g'one! I ain' goin' 't play if Curley's in th' game. None of us kids c'n touch his curves!"

"Curves!—nothin'!! He cant git by me!"

And with this boast a diminutive newsboy of 8 took the plate—which was the street crossing in this instance, and announced himself as ready for the curved balls of the crack pitcher of lower Front street. Up in front of the messenger of news the boys will play, and the newsboys while away the weary waiting for