

# RIVER RESORTS POPULAR IN HOT WEATHER

Other Places to Seek Relief When the Weather Is Warm; Fancy Stunts of Daring Swimmers and Roguish Pranks of Youthful Bathers; Come on in, the Water's Fine

Crowds Frequent Public Baths and



COME IN THE WATER IS FINE.

THIS is the season for the popularity of the water and every afternoon and evening find the bath houses and swimming tanks up the river frequented with crowds of men and women, boys and girls, who do not wait long to gaze admiringly on the cool, rippling surface beneath. In what time it takes to don swimming clothes they are splashing around in the water with cries of delight.

The Portland public baths are the nearest of the various swimming tanks and the most easily accessible. Certain hours every morning and afternoon are given to the boys who may refresh themselves in the cooling waters of the Willamette without money and without price. Other specified hours are given free to men, women and girls and certain evenings and afternoons with a small price to men and women who wish to be "far from the maddening crowd."

The Oaks swimming tank and Captain Bundy's place are scarcely less popular though there are no "free for all" days. Various swimming feats of note have been watched there and high dives, shoots, somersaults and fancy tricks in the water are enjoyed. "Come on in; the water's fine," is the by-word of every one inside and every one outside looks on and smiles longingly but fearfully. And gleeful shouts and

little startled cries of delicious fear sound through the air as young people smile roughly at one another and kick up the water playfully into the faces of people whom they have never seen before and will never see again, but whom they have met once on a "common ground."

Any one rowing up the river in the cool of the evening may see cozy bonfires studding the shore at long intervals. They look comfortable, too, at this hour of the night in this land where the

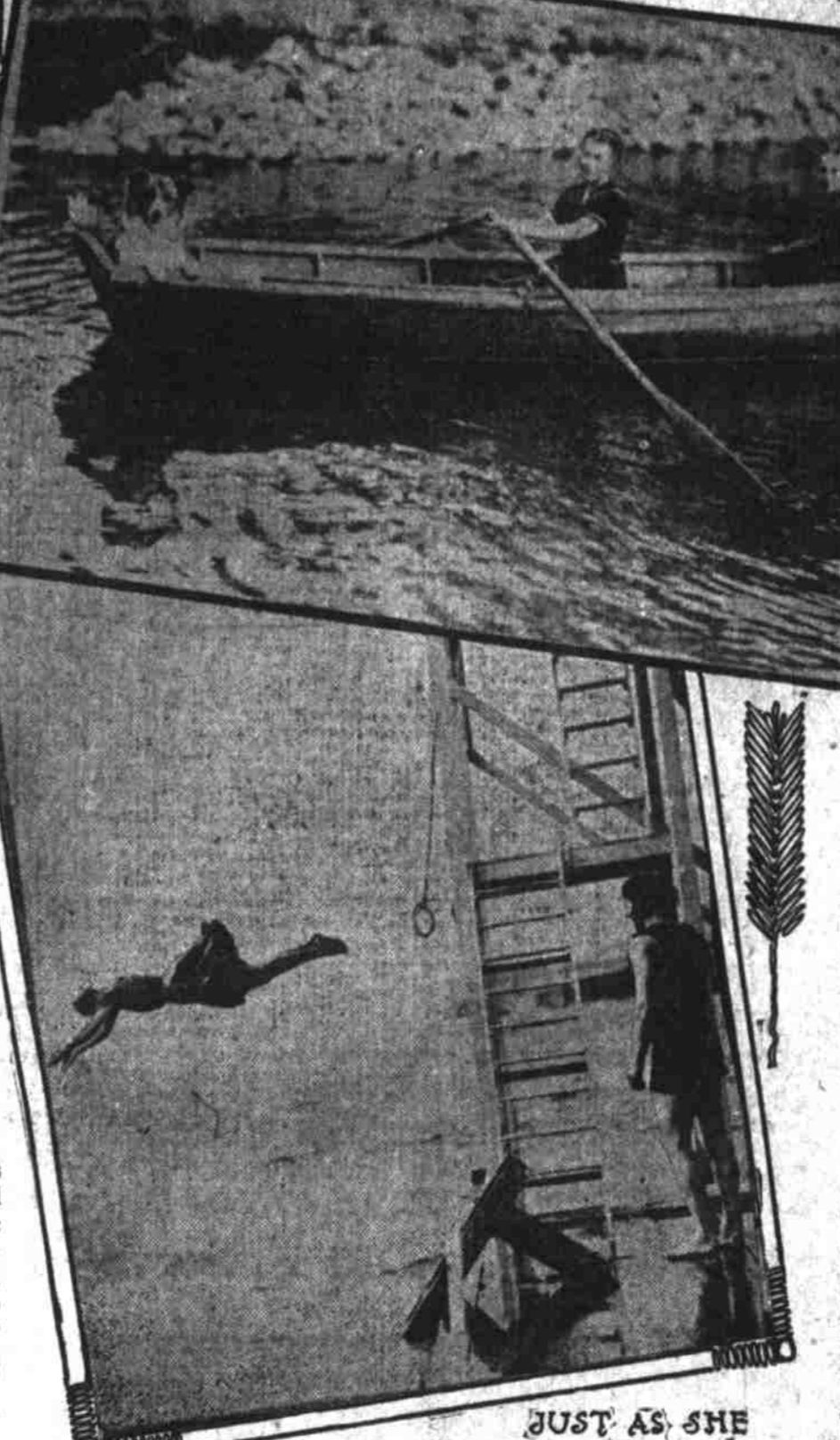
heat of the day so quickly fades from the coolness of evening. And gathered about the fire to dry are myriads of little boys who plunge into the cold water and out again in a minute and run to the fire to dry and warm up for another plunge. These spots, made sacred to this use by several summers' habitation, are dearer to the hearts of the boys than are even the swimming tanks. Occasionally the boater may pass and hold converse with an ambitious swimmer who is doing the river



ON THE COOL WATERS OF THE WILLAMETTE



STARTING FOR A ROW ON THE RIVER.



JUST AS SHE LEFT THEIRINGS. from bank to bank. For this is a popular trial of strength and endurance, and he who can swim



THIS IS NOT A FOUR-LEGGED MAN

## TRANSFORMS CRYSTAL PALACE--To Introduce American Features

(From a Staff Correspondent.) LONDON.—Pandemonium reigns in the Crystal palace. That bustling American circusman, George O. Starr, who has taken over the management of England's biggest and most famous amusement institution, is turning things upside down, to the dismay of his staid British associates. They shake their heads and wonder where the dividends are coming from, but Mr. Starr insists on having his own way, and gets it. He is pulling out fixtures which have been in place since Queen Victoria opened the building. He is cleaning away the dirt and dust of many months. He has ordered from forgotten rooms, statuary, and copies worth thousands of dollars. He has removed immense awnings from the interior of the building, which completely obscured a view of the wonderful arched roof of glass, and he has added a collection of wild animals which cost a mint of money.

And yet when I saw Mr. Starr yesterday he told me he had hardly begun. "Just cleaning up a bit," he said. "It don't cost anything to be clean."

World-Famous Building. There are certain buildings in London that are almost as well known to Americans as to Englishmen, and this, not because the former may have journeyed to these shores and have seen them, but because they are world-famous and fill the public print on many and diverse occasions. Buckingham palace, the Bank of England, London Bridge and Crystal Palace are four such structures, to go no further. It must, therefore, appear somewhat in the nature of a national calamity to the ordinary Englishman to know that an American circusman now rules over the destinies of the last.

George O. Starr is a member of the "Old Guard" of Yankee showmen and a partner and contemporary of P. T. Barnum and James A. Bailey. He has spent an evening in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, and he speaks of for six months but look around. At the end of that time I would suggest many changes and innovations. The time is not up yet, and Mr. Starr would not divulge just what changes he contemplated in the way of new attractions, beyond stating that many of them would be brought from the United States and Europe.

"The possibilities of the Crystal Palace are almost unlimited," said Mr. Starr, as he showed me over the buildings and grounds. "In the building there are about 18,000 people have gathered on an Easter Monday. Out in the park there is a cricket field which can and has accommodated more than 80,000 spectators of a cricket match. Adjoining it is an athletic field of equal capacity, and the number of people who can spend an evening in the grounds listening to the several bands and watching the fireworks is limited only by the number of those who have the price to pay."

"The Crystal Palace represents an investment of about \$3,000,000, and it is worth much more than that. I believe that it is only necessary that it be properly and intelligently and energetically managed to be a success. At any rate I am going to have a try at it."



GEORGE O. STARR, FAMOUS CIRCUSMAN WHO IS AMERICANIZING THE CRYSTAL PALACE ENGLAND'S BIG AMUSEMENT INSTITUTION.

## THE FALL OF JIM CROW--Reminiscences of a Nature Faker by John Kendrick Bangs--Bird That Ate Newspapers

VI. THE FALL OF JIM CROW. (Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.) YOU was talkin' about that tame crow of your son Horissas the other day, Captain," said Si Wotherpoon as the Nature Fakers association of Cape Porpoise gathered about the postoffice stove. "Whatever became of him?"

"We had to lose him, Si," replied the Captain, with a mournful shake of his head. "It come to be a question of killin' him and servin' him up to the boarders as a fricassee chicken, or losin' him, an' as we was too tender-hearted to kill him, an' he was too tough to serve, even biled, we decided to lose him. Horissas took him thirty miles off into the woods one dark night an' left him there on a limb reckonin' 'The Boy Stood on the Burnin' Deck.' 'I tell ye it was a lonesome house he left behind him. It didn't seem at first as if we could stand not havin' him around, but of course, like all other troubles, it wore off after awhile, an' now Jim ain't nothin' more'n a pleasant mem'ry."

"He really could talk, could he?" asked the Postmaster. "Talk?" ejaculated the Captain. "Well, I guess, if you was a settlin' in the room next to where he was you'd a thought a church sociable was goin' on in there. He was a town meetin' for arfymont, an' a seven circle for conderation all rolled into one. Some folks said as how he was most too gabby, an' one Harvard professor that he'd boarded up to our house one season said that either him or Jim would have to go. Mr. Professor went."

"What 'd he talk about?" queried Si.

### Learned to Recite Poems.

"Gee!" cried Si. "Mother dropped the punkin pie on the floor, I made a grab for Jim, an' Miss Scagway rose up an' aweep from the room like as though she was the empress o' Roosia, an' she never come back," continued the Captain. "After that I put fly screens in all the windows to keep Jim out o' the house durin' the summer season. He'd proved that he wasn't fit t' overhear the private conversation o' the ladies an' gentlemen that boarded with us, an' things that sounded like the editorials in the Kennybunk Banner. I told Horissas an' was all right for a crow to get off things on the gentle spring time, an' sonnets on summer, with an occasional blast on the weeds of the country, or the short-comin's of the administration; an' now an' then it was rather pleasant to set out on the lawn an' listen to Jim perch on a tree goin' on about the corruptin' influence o' the railroads on politics. He'd scorch the B. & M. for fair, an' I ain't sayin' I didn't like it, because I sort o' do think that the railroads has too much to say about things in this here country. But when I thought of all the chores they was to be done about the farm it seemed to me that Horissas must be wastin' a tidy lot o' volly-bie time teachin' that there crow long-winded speeches like that. So I says to him, if you'd spend half the time turnin' the woodpile into kindlin' an' diggin' the weeds out o' the truck garden that ye do turnin' that there crow into a leadin' populist stump speaker ye'd begin to earn the pickles an' doughnuts we consume between meals. Horissas is a lad o' considerable mind as a homel, I ain't teachin' him, says he, 'an' you ain't got no business to say I hev.' 'D ye mean to tell me

### Learned from Phonograph.

The Captain paused for a moment to light his pipe. "I can prove it, too," he went on. "If I was to have that story printed an' circled among the children in the public schools, an' the United States senate should want to investigate the truth of that story, I can show 'em the curbstones where I ketchin' Jim eatin' the newspaper, an' what's more, I can tell them the name of the newspaper, though I don't exactly remember the date."

### Could Duplicate Records.

"I mean jest that," said the captain. "Everythin' down to the least little squeak o' them rubber records, except the Suzy's band music. He could get the tune o' those, too, but when it come down to the trombone an' the clarinet, an' the big base drum, he sort o' didn't have the necessary plumbin' t' bring them out as full an' strong as they was in the 'riginal. But all the little things like 'Tammany,' an' 'The Little Knot o' Blue,' an' 'The Gal I Left Behind Me,' he could sing like a canary, words and music. An' I tell ye, gentlemen, when the winter came an' we was snowed up so we had to leave the house by the skylight on the roof an' dig our way up to the level, it was mighty pleasant to sit in front of a record, an' hear them cold nights an' listen to that there crow renderin' the poplar song o' the day, an' givin' us an occasional minstrel show that ye shun your eyes, ye couldn't hardly tell from the real thing. Sometimes it got a little tiresome when he'd only do one thing, an' kep' at it for several hours runnin'. There wasn't no way o' turnin' him off one thing an' startin' him on another, an' when that happened we used to put him out in the woodshed an' let him entertain himself, but most always he'd give us some variety, an' that would always cheer us up. 'I shouldn't think that you would ever have parted with so talented a bird as that,' I ventured to put in. 'No ye wouldn't,' sighed the captain. 'But it become necessary. Jim got the usual bad habits of crows, an' finally things got so that I was in danger o' the sheriff. It was in Jim's second summer that things began to go wrong."

### Jewelry Disappeared.

"A lot o' joolry, an' spoons, an' all-ve-backed hair brushes an' other things disappeared up to the Inglenook. One lady lost a couple o' gold bangles; another said she'd been robbed of a coral necklace and a diamond ring; an' there

thing more vallyable in life to a man than the good opinion o' his neighbors. It's all right to have a national reputation, but if ye haven't got a local one to back it up there's likely to be trouble. But comin' back to Jim, he was a great comfort to us that winter. Late in August he used to fly up to the village o' nights, an' set on the hitchin' post in front o' Mo' Simmon's drug store an' listen to the phynograph Mose kep' to attract customers to his body water fountain. It stood in the middle o' Mo's front door, an' was chuck full o' songs, an' opery music of all sorts, an' now an' then it would holler out a good line o' nigger minstrel talk, an' Jim he'd set outside there on the hitchin' post with his head cocked to one side takin' it all in jest as if he knew what 'twas all about. Every time it 'd finish up somethin' he 'd do a little flap, his wings like he was applaudin'. That's where he got 'The Boy Stood on the Burnin' Deck.' 'Ye mean to say he got so's he could give what the phynograph did?' asked Si Wotherpoon.

### Just as She Left Theirings.

from bank to bank. For this is a popular trial of strength and endurance, and he who can swim

the river in its widest spot and back again is worthy of the name of swimmer.

controlled its destiny and was, at the time Starr settled near it a "white elephant" on their hands. It was in the natural order of events then that they should turn to the great American showman whose reputation as an organizer and handler of big amusement enterprises was world wide. Mr. Starr hesitated, unwilling for a time to give up his prospect of a good rest, but finally yielded to the pleadings of the directors of the palace.

Is His Biggest Task. "I have handled many big things in my life" he told us. "For instance, I have transported the big Barnum & Bailey show across the Atlantic and all over Europe. I have done the same thing for the big Buffalo Bill Wild West show. Each one of these tasks meant at least two years of people havy work and involved an extraordinary amount of labor which one could not spend an evening in the grounds of a national calamity to the ordinary Englishman to know that an American circusman now rules over the destinies of the last."

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