

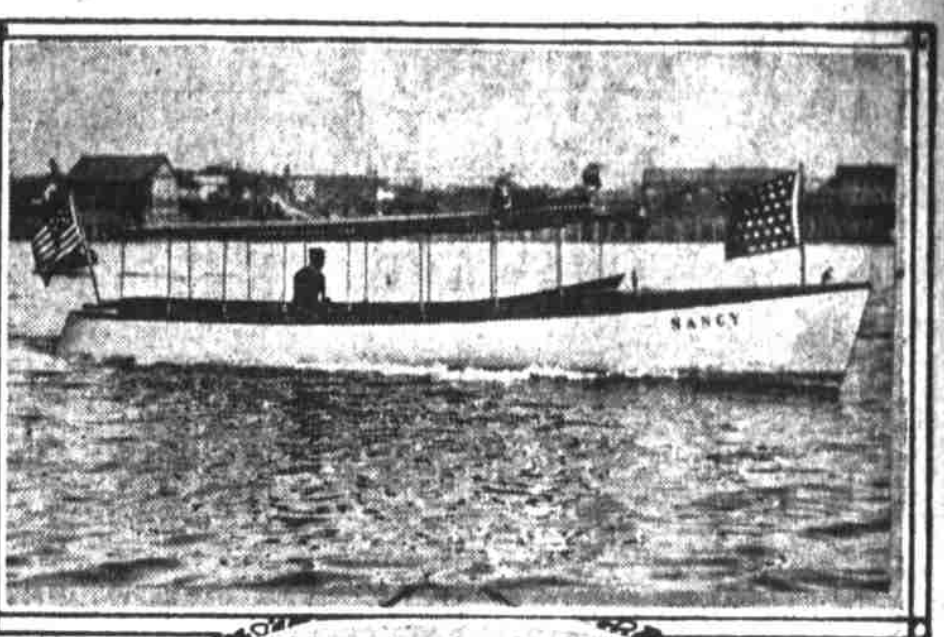
MOTOR BOAT RACING LATEST DIVERSION IN PORTLAND WATERS



"SOPHIA" CHESTER MURPHY'S CRUISING BOAT



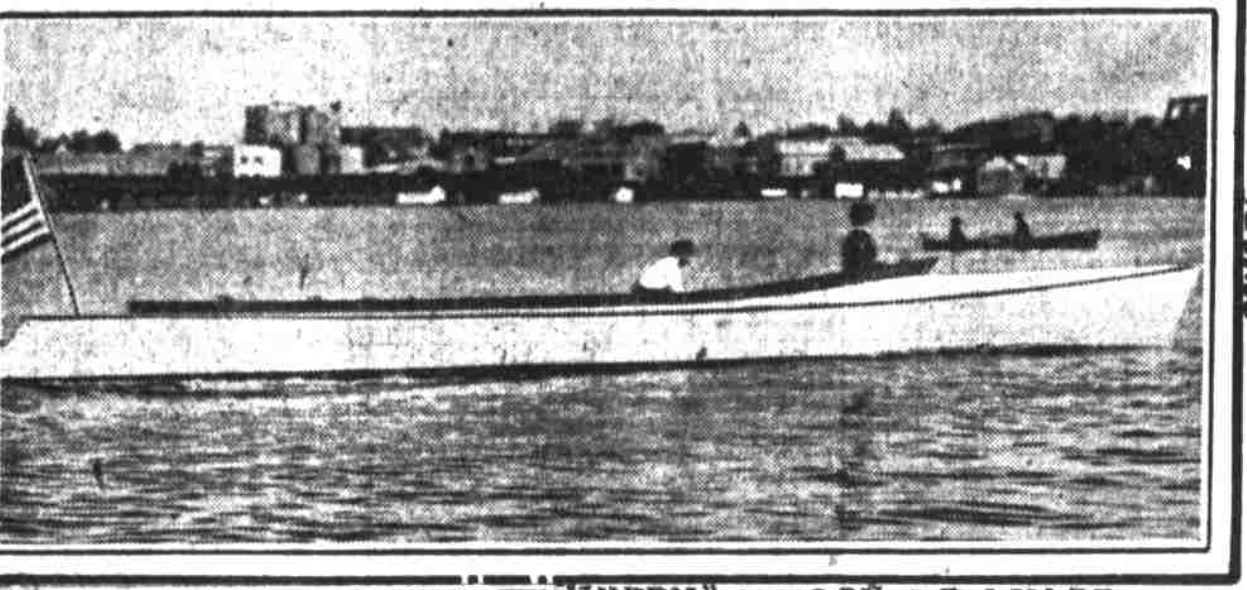
FLIRT OWNED BY FRED LINDS RACER



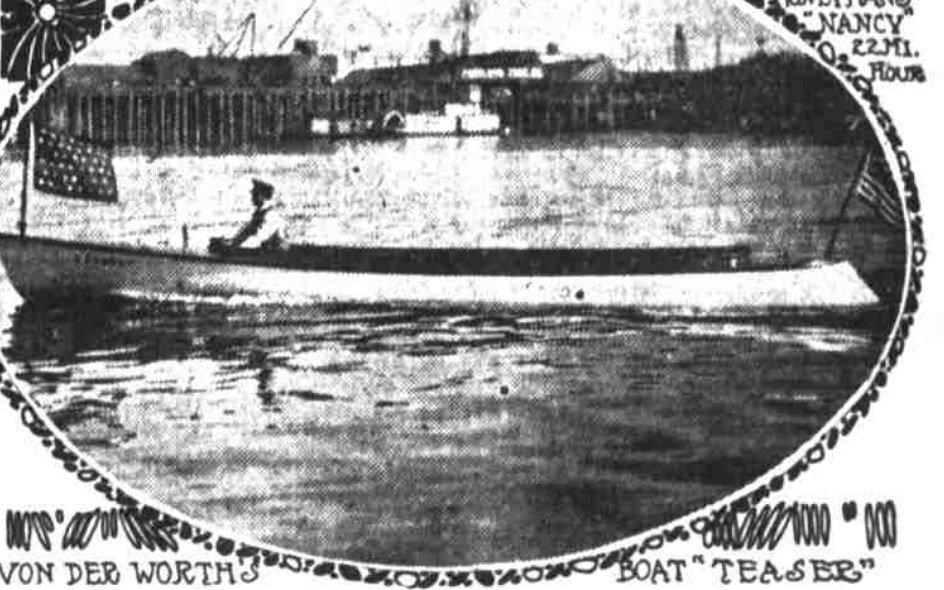
WALTER HONEYMAN'S "NANCY" OWNED BY J. E. WOLFF



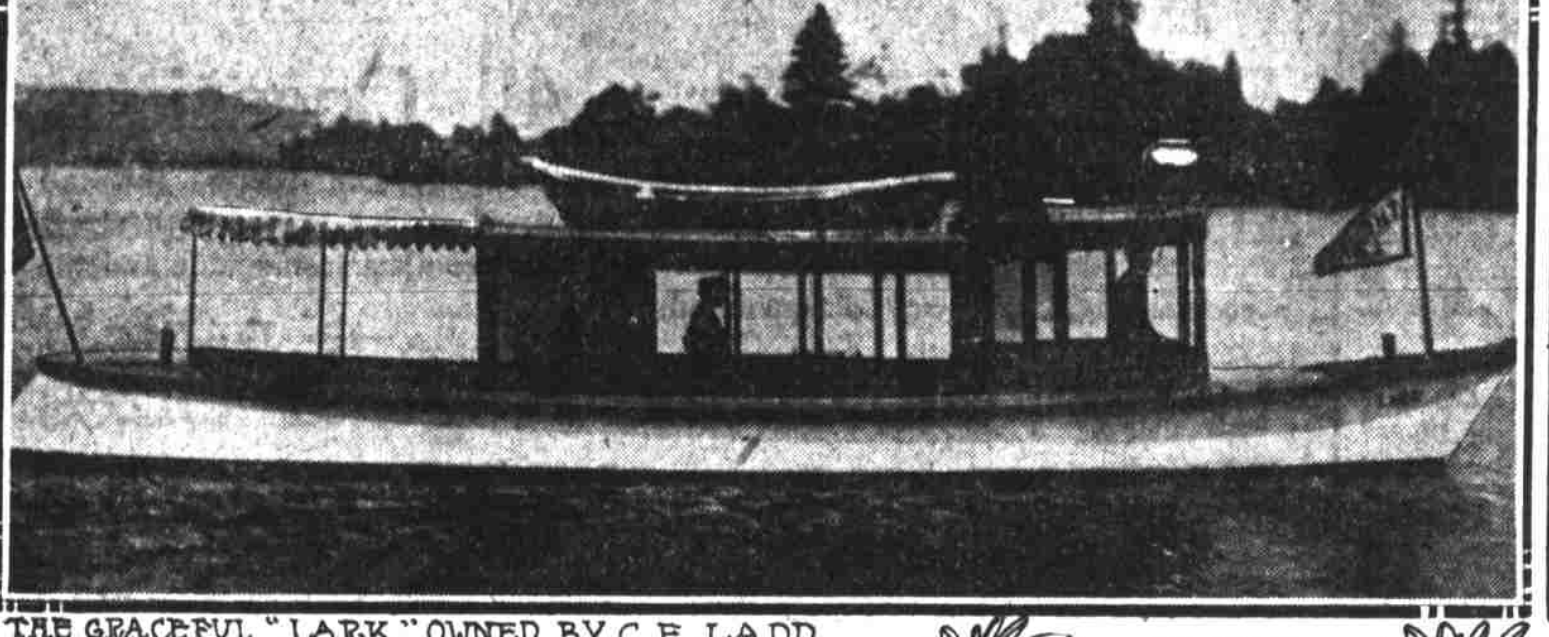
JOHN C. AINSWORTH BEATING THE CAMERA WITH HIS "ROCHESTER"



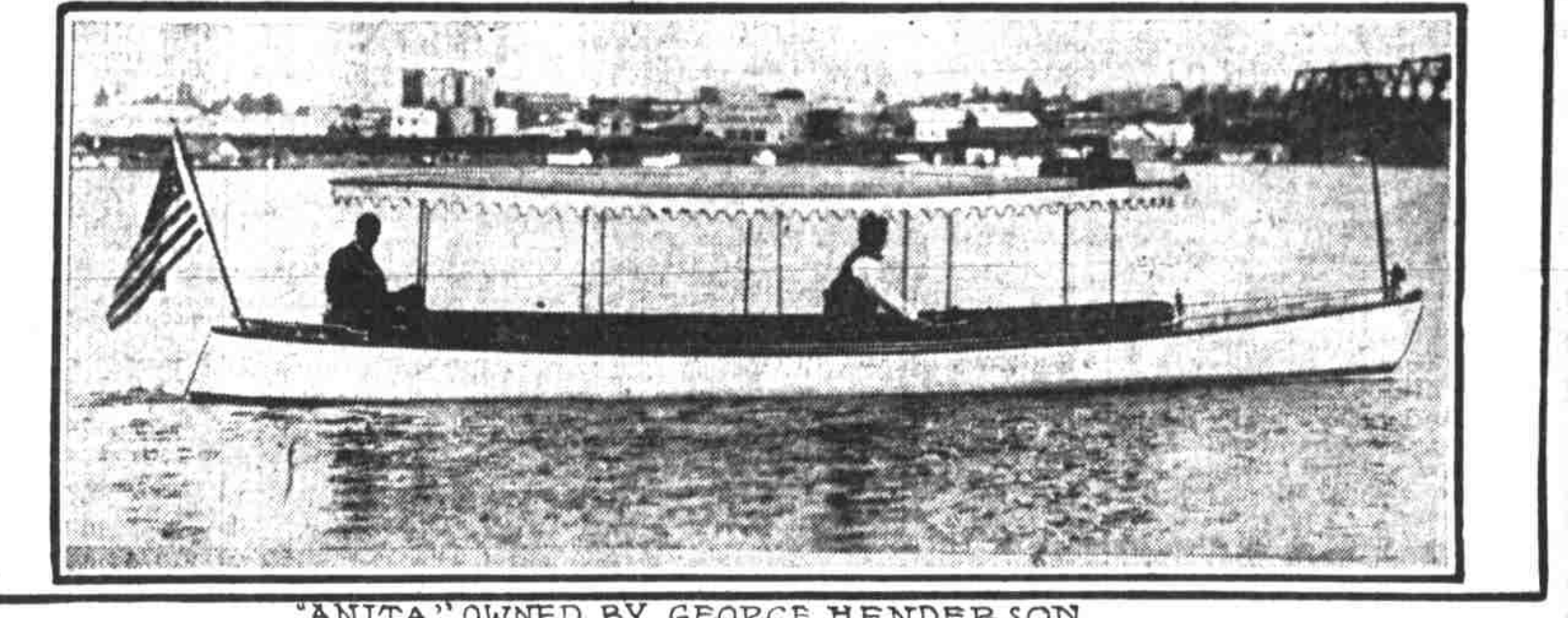
VIXEN OWNED BY J. E. WOLFF



VON DER WORTHS BOAT "TEA-SEE"



THE GRACEFUL "LARK" OWNED BY C. E. LADD



"ANITA" OWNED BY GEORGE HENDERSON

Can't Break Speed Ordinance.

The best thing about it, from the standpoint of the outsider, is that the Willamette and Columbia offer such a safe course for the indulgence of the speed mania. There are no unpleasant speed ordinances to be broken, everyone can go as fast as his six cylinders will push him along, and he can make a complete circle with his engine if he wants to and there is no mounted policeman to begin firing at his tires. He hasn't any tires to fire at.

These swift little boats are most of them made in Portland—the hulls of Oregon fir or of Port Orford cedar, ribs of oak and finish of whatever wood is desired. The engines come from various places. Some are made in England, although most are sent either from San Francisco or the east. When a boat-builder gets an order for a fast motorboat he first gets to work and makes a complete model of the hull, making every line of the boat perfect and just as it is to appear in the racer itself. Then the design is scaled off on paper from the drawing moles which are set up every three feet of the desired length of the boat and the boat is then built around the moles.

The bows are long and slender, the beam is seldom more than one seventh of the length and the sterns are rather broad so as to carry the weight of the engines, and are cut off sharply, thus leaving all water behind and doing away with the dead weight of water carried by boats with rounded sterns.

Perhaps the most perfect motorboat in Portland, one that combines high speed with unusual comfort is Walter Honeyman's racer, the "Nancy," built by the Morrison street bridge and darts off up river, leaving a wake of foam but no noise and not a whiff of gasoline.

All the best boats have an under-water exhaust so that the horrible gasolene fumes are never noticeable and the noise of the explosions is almost entirely done away with.

for half a dozen big arm chairs upholstered luxuriously and even a large wicker settee.

It has a powerful searchlight and is completely equipped, even to its brass bell over the wheel. The boat cost about \$4,000, so it might be classed as something of a luxury even in this day of multi-millionaires.

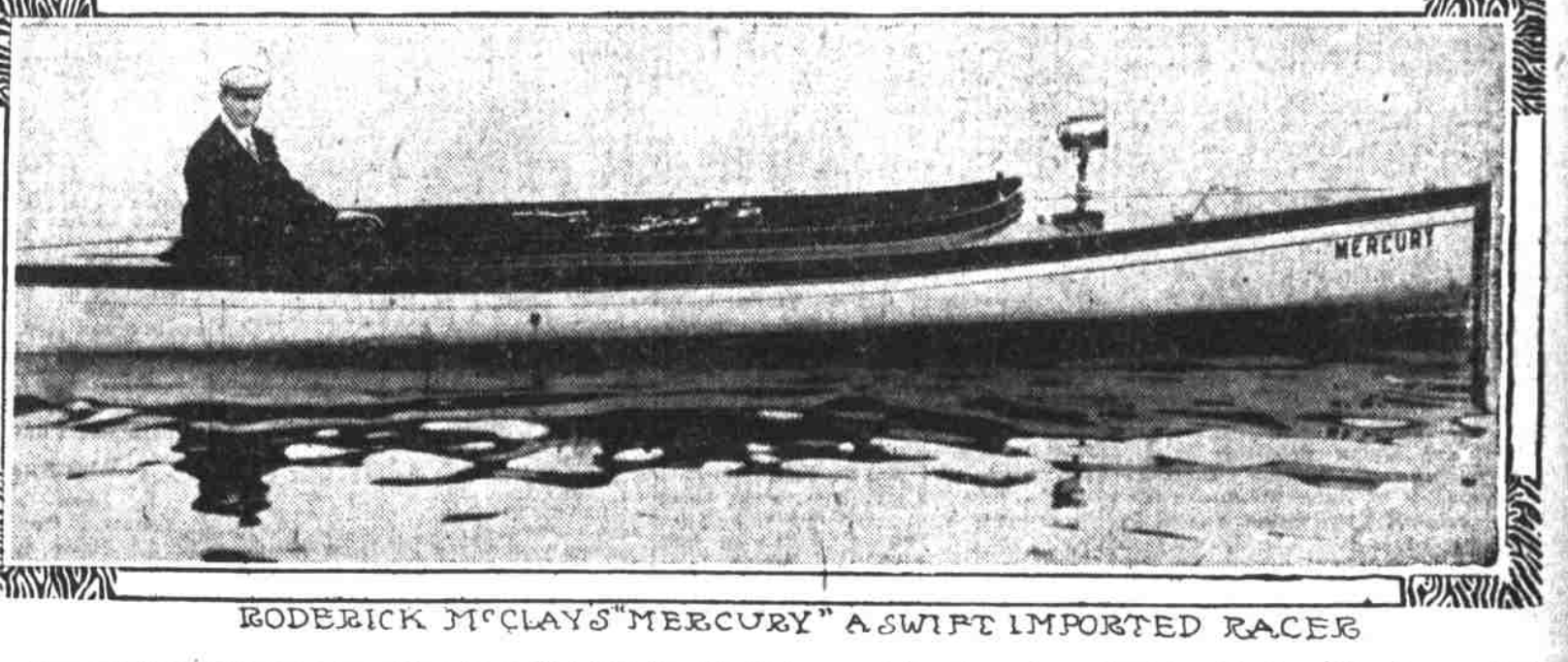
A smaller though scarcely less perfect boat is John Ainsworth's "Rochester." This boat took all the honors in its class in the races on the Hudson last summer. It is 25 feet long, 4 feet 4 inches in beam, and is propelled by a four-cylinder two-cycle Rochester engine, which makes 1,040 revolutions a minute when Mr. Ainsworth turns the lever. The boat will make 18.2 miles an hour and handles with wonderful ease. The slightest turn of the wheel meets with instant response from the little boat, which is small as it carries half a dozen passengers comfortably and seats some of them in big wicker arm chairs.

John Wolff's racer, the "Vixen," is conceded to be the fastest boat on the river. It makes a good 22 miles an hour. The "Vixen" is 40 feet long, five-foot beam and has a 35-horsepower, four-cylinder, two-cycle Smalley engine, which makes 800 revolutions a minute. Mrs. Wolff always steers the boat in races, and is one of the most expert and enthusiastic motor-boat enthusiasts in the country. The boat was built by Mr. Wolff in Portland, after his own design.

Another racer in the little "Flirt," Fred Lind's racing boat, which will make 20 miles an hour. It is 32 feet long, has a four-foot six-inch beam on the water line and has a 20-horsepower, three-cylinder Smalley engine, which next season is to be replaced by a 40-horsepower engine. Mr. Lind thinks will drive him along at something better than 23 miles an hour. The boat was built by John Wolff, who has made some of the finest of the racers on the coast.



ELECTRIC LAUNCH OF R. L. GLISAN



RODERICK McCLAY'S "MERCURY" A SWIFT IMPORTED RACER

Fine Little Racers.

The Honeyman boat is 40 feet long with a beam of five feet six inches, six cylinder Sterling engines furnishing a horse-power of 45-65, and Mr. Honeyman says that he has made 22 1/2 miles with her and thinks she can do better with her new wheel. She is a very handsome boat, and one can be as comfortable on her as they could on any yacht. Aft of the engine there is room

ing the "23," being built for C. H. Rudd, a 28-foot boat with a 15-horsepower engine and a speed of 15 miles, and another for J. M. Park, a 33-foot boat with a beam of 5 feet 6 inches and an 18-horsepower engine. It will make about 15 miles an hour, and in many particulars will be a counterpart of the Honeyman boat. They are also working on an entirely new model for next spring, which they believe will capture all prizes in the regatta being planned for the rose festival week.

Speed and Comfort Combined.

The Anita, George Henderson's boat, is one of the type that is especially designed to combine speed and comfort. It is 31 feet by 5 feet 10 inches, has a 15-horsepower Palmer four-cylinder engine, and makes 12 miles an hour.

Harry Byers' Silver Heels is another racer of the Anita type, and L. Beno has under construction a 35-footer built of Port Orford cedar, which he expects will make a good showing in next season's races.

Of the cruising type of motor-boat is Chester Murphy and Edward Grelle's big boat, the Sophia. This boat is as complete as a steam yacht, and even boasts a brass cannon on its forward deck. Not that they really expect to meet pirates on the Columbia or the Willamette or even in those troubled waters down Astoria way, but it's very fine in firing salutes. The Sophia is

calmly on the operating table and wait for me to attend to him. I expected to see his master follow him into the surgery, but no—Master Roy had come alone.

No one, least of all a sympathetic veterinary surgeon, could resist this mute appeal, and without waiting for further developments Mr. Stevenson picked up a bottle of curative lotion.

"Once, without having to be prompted, he turned his head so that I should be able to see the operation," continued Mr. Stevenson, "and after the mixture had eased his right ear he at once bent forward and turned the left for the same treatment." Then, with a gratified bark, the dog raced off home.

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A Daily Visit.

And so ever since the dog has run round to the surgery practically every day and demanded treatment. "It's quite unique, in all my experience," said Mr. Stevenson. "I could understand the dog coming of his own accord for a pleasant syrup or some palatable or pleasant doctored, but the treatment of cancer is necessarily painful, and practically every dog that is treated for it has to be carried or dragged into the place after his first experience of it."

While Mr. Stevenson was speaking a shrill bark and a great canine commotion at the door announced the unexpected arrival of Roy—for one more operation. Directly the door was flung open, the sagacious animal sprang upon the operating table and, looking up into the veterinary surgeon's face, whined eagerly.

Mr. Stevenson stroked Roy's head, but Roy whined all the more eagerly and impatiently till his left hand touched the

CLEVER COLLIE CALLS ON DOCTOR

Dog Goes Daily to Surgery—Remarkable Case of Reason in a Domestic Pet.

From the London Leader.

The old problem, "Can dogs reason?" is revived by a remarkable story which comes from Halloway.

A fine Japanese collie, owned by a gentleman living near Camden road, has earned distinction for itself by its habit of trotting round daily to a veterinary surgeon to be doctored. Suffering from painful ulceration in the ears, it was taken to the surgery of Marcus Stevenson, the veterinary surgeon, of Camden road, Halloway, for treatment about five weeks ago. Each evening for three or four days "Roy" was taken there by his master.

Master of His Fortunes.

Then Roy decided that in future he would not wait for his master to take him to the surgery. One evening, directly the door of his home was opened, Roy dashed out alone. In a few minutes he bounded, all alone, into Mr. Stevenson's surgery, half a mile away.

"No one was more surprised than I was," said Mr. Stevenson to a Morning Leader representative recently, "to see the dog rush through the doorway, jump

HARD FIGHT OF WOMEN'S UNIONS

Considerable Progress in All Directions Reported in British Isles.

From the London Daily News.

One of the encouraging features of the Trade Union congress was Miss McArthur's reassuring statement about the progress of women's trade unions. Miss McArthur was able to state that the last year had seen considerable progress in several directions. This progress is illustrated, and we hope it will be developed, by the prospective publication of a monthly review devoted to the subject, and entrusted to Miss McArthur's very capable hands. The difficulties in the way of developing trade unions among women have been very great, and sometimes they have seemed almost overwhelming. There is the capital difficulty to begin with of marriage. The prospect of marriage is inevitably a disturbing element. If a woman thinks of her occupation as a mere temporary phase, which is to close with marriage, it is difficult to get her to make sacrifices in order to found a permanent organization. Women's trade unions seemed at one time to have a fatality for springing up at a period of excitement and then dying away. A trade union is

at by abjectly while the mechanic pounded and tapped on the alling engine until he had discovered, it seemed to a layman by intuition, just what the trouble was.

But although they can't mend their broken boats, most of the motor-boat owners operate them—they declare that is the chief fun in having one just as it once was in having an automobile.

Walter Honeyman, Roderick McClay and other enthusiasts are at present trying to organize a motor-boat club, and they expect the first meeting will come off in a fortnight or so. There are over 200 launches owned in Portland, and the intention is to get many of these into the club and to adopt rules for the guidance and protection of the members.

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His Attitude.

From the Youth's Companion.

It was difficult to life competent or even incompetent help in Eden Center, and the computers in that idyllic spot had learned resignation.

"James," said Mrs. Crawford, "I haven't seen anything of that man who was to mow our lawn. Where do you suppose he is? There, I believe that's he now, over there in How's orchard."

"Is he standing?" inquired Mr. Crawford.

"Yes," said his wife, "he's looking toward our house."

"That can't be the man," said Mrs. Crawford, "he'd be sitting or lying down."