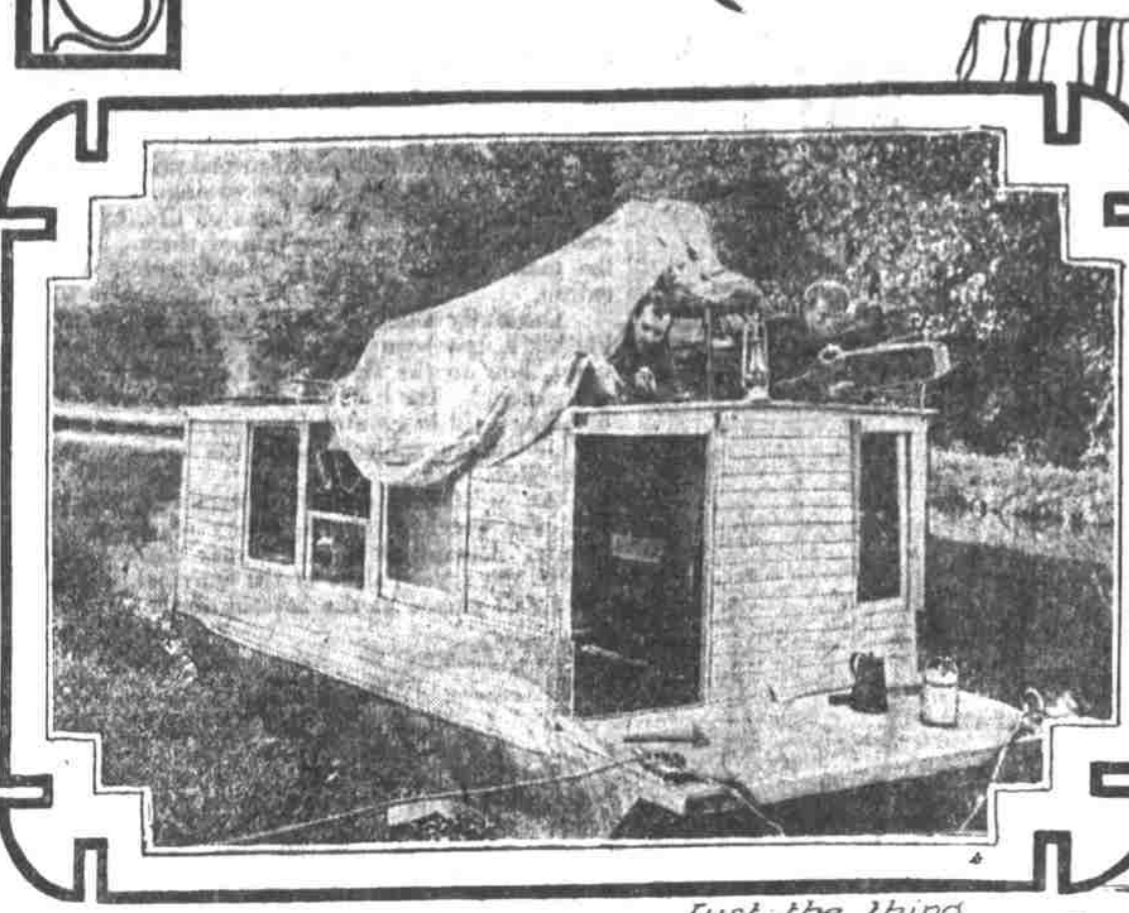


# SUMMER JOYS OF A HOUSE-BOAT HOME



Just the thing for a Bachelor's Outing.

## The Inexpensive Form of Outing That Is Growing in Favor

WHEN the summer has drifted its lazy, sultry way along to August, the monotony of the weeks of heat and dust and uncomfortable toil begins to press heavily on the city business man and his family.

August, the great vacation month, is hailed with pleasure for its promises of rest and relaxation, rather than for expected enjoyment of ideal weather. With those who turn to the water for rest and recreation the houseboat is increasing in favor.

Some who care for the water are more interested in yacht racing than in anything else; others, whose business cares call them constantly to the city, favor the steam yacht, if they can afford it. But for perfect rest and quiet the houseboat man feels that he is the winner.

A houseboat is really a sort of summer cottage that one anchors in quiet, picturesque nooks of bay, river or lake, or in which he journeys placidly and idly along peaceful waterways. There is a special charm about such a life that cannot be found in any other way, declare those who have tried it.

Just how a houseboat may be arranged as a convenient summer floating home is told here by a woman who has passed more than one hot season in such delightful outings on Maine rivers.

### By a Houseboating Woman

IT IS SURPRISING how inexpensive a houseboating summer may be. Novel foundations are now being utilized for houseboat building that bring this ideal form of summer cottage within the reach of the average business man of our large cities.

In California, especially in San Francisco bay, abandoned street cars are used to form picturesque and comfortable forms of houseboats. "Arktown," in that bay, is a colony of such floating cottages—usually thirty or forty.

Each boat, or ark, consists of a flat bottom, or scow, foundation, on which two or four abandoned street car bodies are set, end to end, side by side or two and two.

The original partitions are removed, and the interior divided into rooms by the use of screens or portieres, stationary lamps are fixed in the walls, and cupboards and cabinets arranged according to fancy. When the cars are of the old-fashioned kind, with long seats on either side, the seats are extended and upholstered, making comfortable beds by night and lounging places by day.

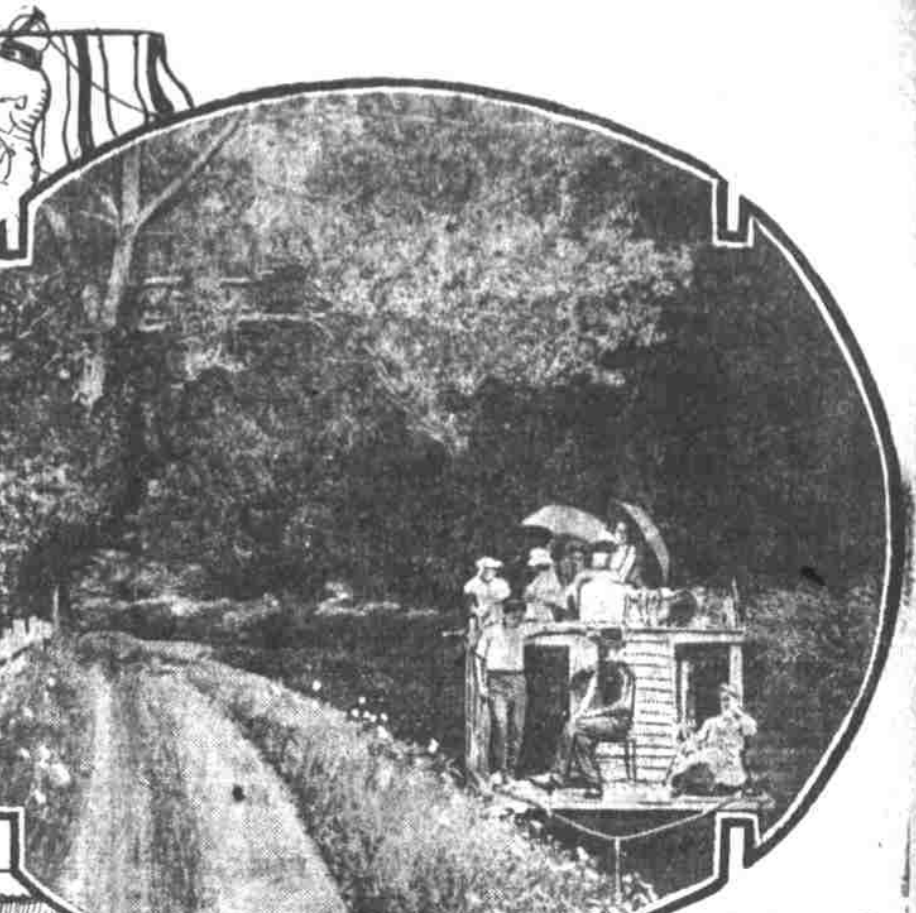
In the harbor of Portsmouth, Maine, the famous "gundalo-houseboats" form most novel river craft. Off the Florida coast, and up along the eastern coast, a very picturesque foundation frequently supports a charming floating cottage—when abandoned mudscows carry upon their spacious breadth inexpensive frame structures, with numerous convenient makeshifts for novel summer camp life on the water.

### A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER AHEAD

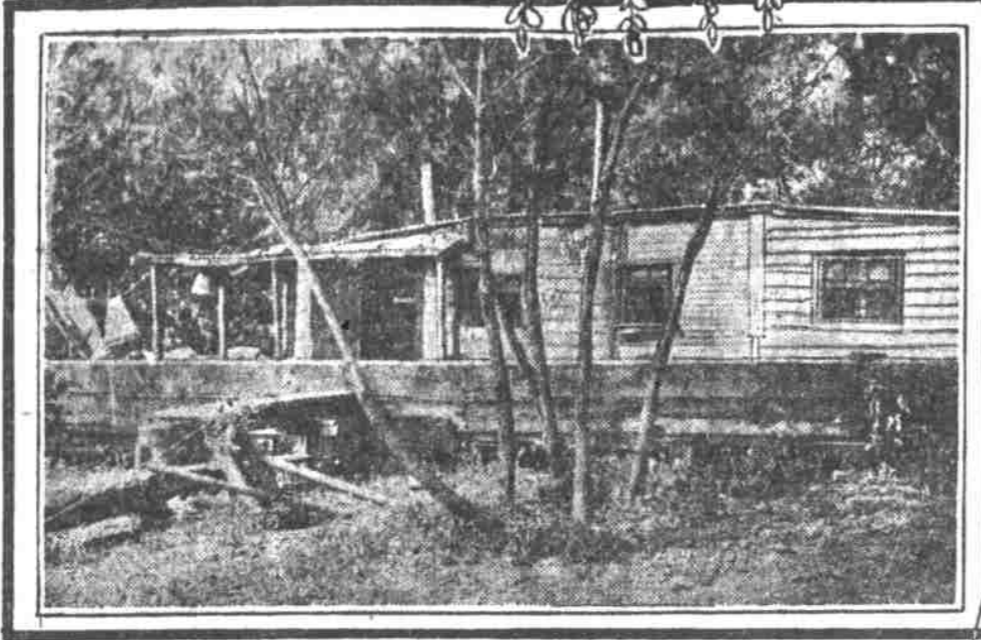
A more delightful summer can hardly be imagined than resting upon the calm waters of an interesting bay (within easy reach of the city office) with something new and entertaining always moving on the waters and plenty of bathing, rowing and canoeing for daily enjoyment.

It was a fresh-air enthusiast, with practical experience, who gave us our first inspiration in inexpensive houseboat construction. His plans were described to a friend, who passed them on to us. It always has been my delight to secure an old flat-bottomed barge and build upon it several rooms, where I could have my friends and books and float into the very heart of some interesting country, where we could be within easy access to business, and yet have plenty of exercise in rowing, canoeing and bathing.

These little-known, but celebrated, gundalos—a corruption of the Venetian name, gondolas—have ever been a picturesque feature of that charming river.



A Merry Life on the Bounding Deep.



Making a Home of a Mud Scow's Foundation.

For more than two centuries before the railroads invaded its banks, these clumsy birds had carried on their backs the famous Dover river bricks, that are moulded and baked in the brick kilns which border the river banks for more than fifteen miles. They are very shallow, flat-bottomed boats, with huge lateen sails, long-handled tiers and ear-flaplike leboards, that skim about over these clayey, slippery flats when the water is quite shallow, and sit calmly upright when the tide recedes.

Now the days of the gundalos are over, and the hoot of the conchshell is seldom heard. The white-pointed sails gliding between the green banks of this inland river are quite rare nowadays. The memory of this picturesque fleet is always a delight to recall, and the satisfaction of purchasing one of these old houses, with all its furnishings, even the conchshell of 100 years' use, from which my boat derives its name, is an interesting outlet for my floating bungalow.

Every part of this graceful hulk is most beautifully adapted to my needs. It is built of solid planking, with a flush deck, two hatches for storage below, a windlass, anchor and endless chain, and a very good pump to keep the hull free from bilge water.

### MAKING THE BOAT HOMELIKE

In all parts this gundalo is sweet and clean, soiled only by the pink brick dust from the last cargo. The old sail, that I have striped off with crimson paint, makes a splendid awning. A little caulking on the bottom of the hull, the old cabin cleared away and floored over, and we are ready to lay out the rooms.

No new floor is needed, as the deck is in good condition for bedrooms and saloon, with a rug or two placed over the roughest parts. My boatbuilder and I scoured through the building materials of all the dealers and secured second-hand sashes, sheathing and framework of a varied assortment.

We then built a sill about the entire boat to keep out the water, and raised the doors sufficiently high to give headroom to the walls and partitions. This sill, with a strong header, formed two parallel lines around the entire boat, to which we nailed the doors, butting them together and covering the joints with a batten, making them sufficiently tight.

The two top panels of the doors that occupied the spaces for my windows were removed, and old sashes that just fitted the openings were made to slide to either side. The bow and stern have a square pro-

jection, made of heavy planks strongly bolted to the deck, giving a more symmetrical effect and destroying any similarity to a sailing boat, as in this design I have wished to convey the idea of a floating bungalow, rather than anything pertaining to a sailing craft.

The rooms are all ample in size, with a generous living room and plenty of space in the staterooms for single iron beds.

A passage leading from the galley direct to the hall running across the boat leads to the saloon. In this hall, or gangway, we have our breakfast when it is too windy to use the roof garden, and we choose to have a more open space than the saloon.

This last room is painted white, with an old steamer lantern hanging in the center of a beam ceiling. A big Japanese cotton rug covers the center of the floor, with rubber mats at the doors.

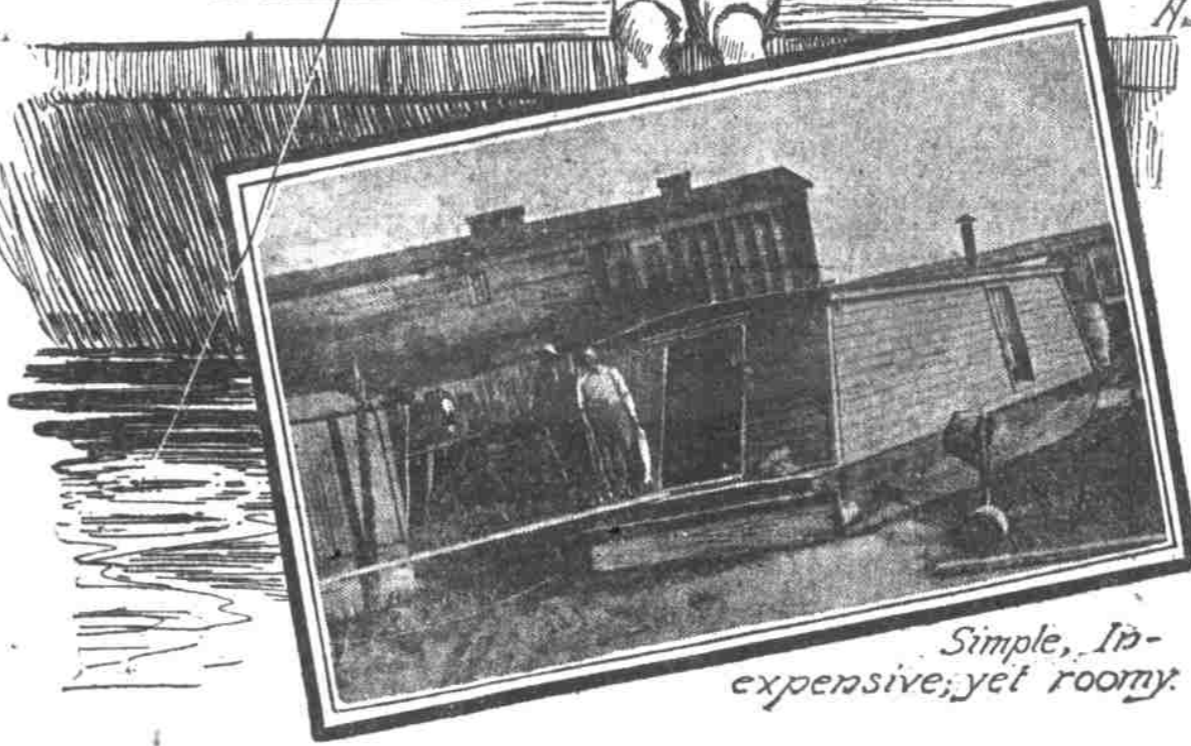
The couch is a three-quarters iron bed, covered with a pair of big crimson portieres that conceal the entire frame of the bed and drop to the floor. This bed, disguised as a couch, loaded down with pillows,

gives a most luxurious, furnished effect to the long wall space.

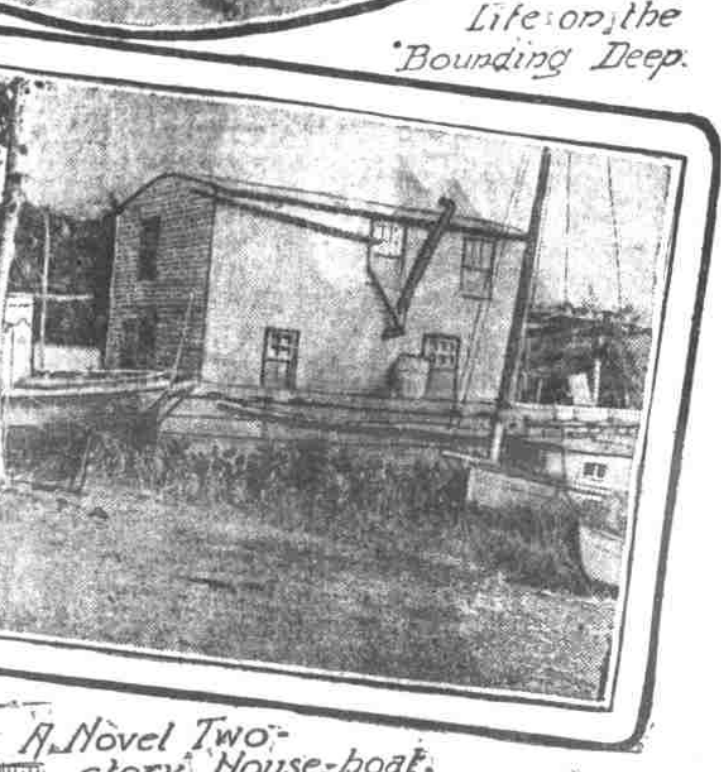
At the sides of the doors there are bookcases, which give generous room for a good library. A large mahogany table in the center for the monthly magazines and incidentals, easy chairs and a half dozen rush-bottom chairs, a serving table, with handy dishes and table linen, the brilliant-hued India cottons on the wall, a few plants, the gibbering parrot and the canaries give this room a most inviting effect.

In the gangway a staircase leads to the roof garden, the delight of the whole arrangement. Here we have flower boxes, forming a solid parapet of green and other vivid colors, including the entire roof. Too much cannot be said of this refreshing effect of color, which the salt atmosphere seems to make more brilliant and the moist atmosphere more luxuriant than you will find in some of our inland gardens.

Each morning the awnings are rolled down over the heavy frame, and the side curtains are drawn to protect us from the horizontal rays of the sun when



Simple, inexpensive; yet roomy.



A Novel Two-story House-boat.

we have our morning rolls and coffee. The canvas-covered deck is painted grass-green, with straw mats and wicker furniture, book tables and steamer chairs. A telescope to discern the names of the many craft that one becomes acquainted with during the summer is an indispensable piece of furnishing for any houseboat.

Two old brass ship lanterns, highly polished, hang from the ridge of the awning frame and give plenty of light for the evening hours as we sit on this dimly-lighted deck, a place well suited for pleasant imagination and reverie, watching the rows and rows of brilliant lights twinkling and surrounding us like a necklace of diamonds, quite Venetian in effect.

The interesting life of the harbor (where the ships sail close to our windows, off to China, England or the southern seas) is ever present, and there are mysterious movements in the black waters of the night and at the early dawn, and is not unlike life on the Venetian lagoons.

### THE MUDSCOW FOUNDATION

The houseboat is painted white, with crimson-striped awning; the hull underneath the sill is painted dark green to match the blinds; in the stern, near the galley, I keep the canoe, and at the side, on a pole, am moored the tender.

A similar plan of construction may be carried out when mudscow foundations are utilized—and there are few sections of the country where river dredging is carried on that discarded ones may not be discovered, having outlived their usefulness in their original capacity.

This foundation may readily be put into good shape for supporting the frame structure, which forms the houseboat. One of the most novel that has come to my notice on a scow foundation is a two-story structure, with sufficient space left on the mudscow deck to walk around the house and a broad space in front roofed over for a porch.

This is more useful than beautiful as it now stands, but plans are being made for window boxes and a balcony to extend around the second story, where vines and flowers may be trained, when funds will permit.

These mudscow foundations also permit of building low rambling structures of the bungalow type upon their decks. No matter what the type, these unique summer cottages may be inexpensively built, and no ground rent or building lot will be required for them.

## You may be a Genius, yet not be Bald



Jan Kubelik Sir Hiram Maxim Thomas A. Edison Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller Nikola Tesla

AN eager throng surrounded the Great One. Ladies palpitated beneath soft, frourous, and even phlegmatic men pushed forward as The Poet moved toward the dais in the corner of the saloon.

"What doe, he look like—oh, tell me," panted a tall, anemic blonde, craning her neck in vain.

"They tell me he is old," said another, "past 45." There was disappointment, nay, pathos, in her voice.

"Alas, and then he's bald, like most men of genius these days," wept another, taking the fact for granted.

At last the poet was seated, the crowd parted and he unfolded his beribboned manuscript. Forty-

five, yes, with the routh of a cardinal, and great, long fine, silver speckled hair.

A sigh of relief, of happiness swept through the room. The poet and long hair had revived again!

THE baldheaded genius—he has plagued us for years. The eccentric poet, the wild musician with the long locks of more happy days—was eclipsed. He was declared a freak. And strangely the myth of the baldheaded man as a type of greatness obsessed the popular imagination.

But now the man with the luxuriant locks is again coming into recognition. And why? Because it is not necessary that greatness and hair should be divorced.

Temporary banishment of the shock of hair was possibly due to Lombroso, who declared that hair

could not grow luxuriantly on a head containing a fertile and exacting brain. He pointed, with a conclusive air, to innumerable geniuses whose hair was not long, nor thick, if indeed, they had enough to notice. In the meantime, Richard Le Gallienne, having given up his "Quest of the Golden Girl" bravely declared public opinion in America by wearing his hair longer. But there are others, and unnoticed great ones, whose hair went long.

Takes Chief Justice M. W. Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, whose hair is luxuriant, and Thomas A. Edison, whose bunch of hair is almost as fertile as his brain. Both great thinking machines.

Sir Hiram Maxim, inventor of the Maxim gun, a thing to turn one's hair gray, possesses a crown of thick soft white hair. It gives him a curious dignity of bearing, this hair, and is so wonderful, indeed, that many have accused him of wearing a wig.

One of the greatest of electricians, Nikola Tesla, has long, fine black hair, spotted as with silver dust. Tesla is a genius of science. He is tall, dark, wiry,

vibrant with electric energy. As he talks he moves, covered with a shock almost rivaling that of Paderewski.

The man who said that genius should be bald must have suffered from monomania. There isn't a more luxuriantly-haired man in the country than Mark Twain. Edwin Markham, the poet, has long hair. And Walt Whitman, the good gray poet, was so proud of his white streaked hair that, to add to the picturesque effect, he wore a great brimmed seaman's hat.

Among modern musicians Jan Kubelik, possibly, leads with the longest hair. Josef Hoffmann has locks to spare, too, and almost surpasses those of Rubinstein, the great composer. The two De Russkas are losing their long hair, but Joachim retains his Samsonian heritage. Long hair and music are usually concomitant. It seems, and among those who boasted of extraordinary addresses were Wagner, Verdi, Sullivan, Balfe, Anton and Liszt.

Justin McCarthy, the novelist-politician, of England, despite his age, possesses long hair. The noted preacher, Dr. Parker, and Dr. Spurgeon, had long hair. Among rulers, the emperor of Japan and the president of Mexico are blessed by good head coverings.

It was said that Bismarck dyed his hair; he wore it comparatively long and found it a constant delight. Some persons, among them, Sir E. M. Grant-Luff, alleged that "Dizzy," as they called him, wore a wig. "Dizzy's" wig was the butt of many a joke until it was finally proved that his hair was real.

Among great capitalists, John D. Rockefeller is bald, but Jay Gould kept a good head of hair. Financiers and bankers, as a rule, get bald. But the geniuses of science and medicine seem to preserve their hair. No flies better Metchnikoff, the great scientist, and Darwin cling to his hair well.

Isaac Newton, the great English natural philosopher, and the great Belgian dramatist and author of the "Life of the Bee," has a thick fringe of hair covering George Bernard Shaw's head. The noted astronomer, Lord Kelvin, has a thick fringe of hair, and David Belasco's long tresses are as fertile and luxuriant as his dramas.

Napoleon and Washington approve the clean-shaven or Caesar's baldness; that great military commander suffered from loss of hair.

Of literary geniuses, Shakespeare was noted for a shining bald head. Mark Twain, Browning, Keats, Byron, Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson and others had locks corresponding to some degree with the abundance of their genius.