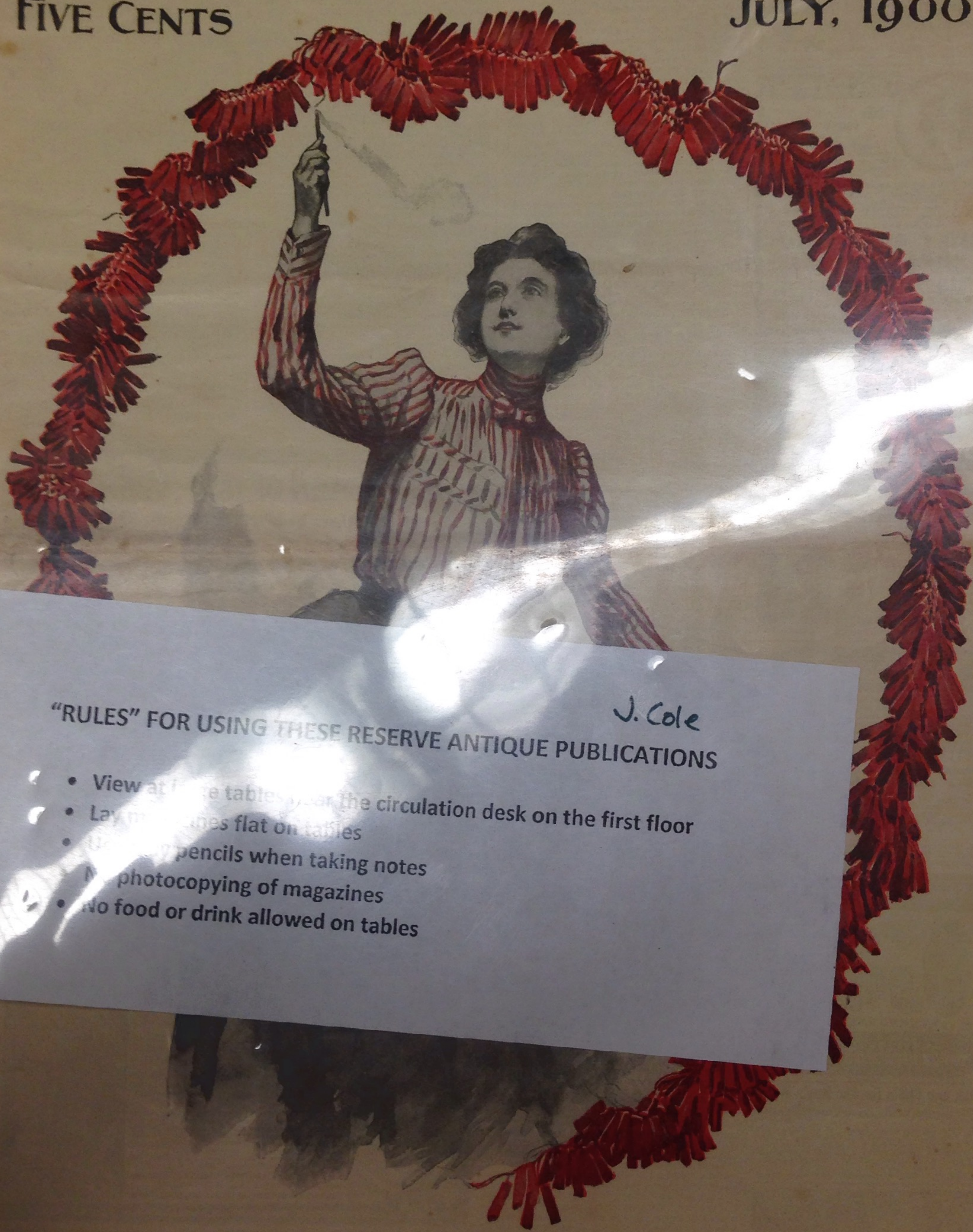


THE LADIES' WORLD

FIVE CENTS

JULY, 1900



J. Cole

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[All communications relative to this department requiring a personal answer, and of which the editor should be addressed to Mary Sargent Hopkins, 27 West Street, Boston, Mass.]

FOR THE LADIES' WORLD

A CO-OPERATIVE VACATION

TEN INDEPENDENT DAYS BY THE SEASHORE

[NOTE.—I am in receipt of a number of letters asking about inexpensive ways of spending a vacation. The following letter was the result of an actual experience, and shows one way of enjoying such a rest and change, without the expenditure of very much money, either in preparation or for living. The rent of the cottage was one dollar per day; this and other expenses were divided. Some provisions—canned goods, etc.—



"JUST AS IT LOOKED WHEN WE DISMOUNTED"

were carried, and as little as possible was bought at seashore prices, sea food of course excepted. The whole outlay, not counting traveling expenses, was less than a dollar a day for each person.—EDITOR OUT OF DOORS DEPARTMENT.]

DEAR COUSIN MAY: I am going to tell you about our last summer's vacation at the seashore, and ask you and cousin Louise to join us this season. You know brother Irving and I had only ten days last year and very little money to spend, and as we wanted to make the most of both, it was some time before we hit upon a plan that would be both pleasant and inexpensive. We were assisted in our choice by receiving a letter from Harry Brown, who with his mother and a party of friends had spent a very pleasant time the season before in a little beach cottage, not many miles from Duxbury, Massachusetts, where they proposed going again. The plan was to divide expenses, and Mrs. B. was to chaperon the young folks as well as to keep house for them. This seemed the most feasible thing which had come to our attention, so we accepted.

I resolved to wear short skirts, as we were going for rest and a good time and there seemed to be no need of anything except the most convenient and comfortable. The fashionable young lady would have scorned what I found to be a most seasonable and complete outfit. I sponged and pressed my brown cycling suit for travel by rail and wheeling. This looked as good as new freshened up with pretty shirt waists and a new brown felt tourist hat. Then I took my white golf suit, which I had worn but a few times, for "dress up," and my brown cloth bathing suit made up my stock of dresses.

I must tell you about that bathing suit. It was the prettiest one of the kind I saw last summer, and did not cost a cent. You remember that handsome tailor-made brown broadcloth dress I had two or three seasons



"HARRY SNAPPED HIS NECK JUST AS HE WAS COMING DOWN"

ago. It had grown too shabby for street wear, so I ripped it up, washed and turned it, and with the aid of some pieces of the white cloth left from my golf suit, I made a very fetching costume. It was not so extreme but what I could wear it all day if I wished, among the rocks and sand. The waist was a

with a band of the brown; a shield of white banded with brown reached to the waist line in front; this with a wide band of white around the skirt and a white belt made the ornamentation; the sleeves were short.

I took an old pair of boots to wear scrambling among the rocks, so as to save my pretty new kid cycling boots, for one's feet are so conspicuous in short skirts. I think the only folly I indulged

in was taking my suede slippers, brown, with open-work stockings to match. And I did enjoy them, for we travelled around quite a good deal on our wheels, and I find there is nothing so restful as a change of foot gear after a hard day's jaunt.

You see I could make quite a good many changes, in the combinations of brown and white. I bought a light broad-brimmed pearl gray hat, trimmed with soft folds of white silk, to wear with my white cloth suit. This was the extent of my purchases, except a brown and white necktie and white wash-leather gloves. Having taken great care of my cycling and golf suits of the season before, they looked as good as new. I find it pays to buy good material, as it looks well until worn out. I had no occasion for petticoats; brown bloomers for wheeling, white for the golf suit, and black tights to wear with bathing suit, taking their place.

We found just before we started from the station in Boston that our wheels must follow on a later train; travel was heavy and all baggage must be put on first; then as there was no more room, the wheels could not go. There were a number of other wheels besides ours, piled in a heap upon a truck in most picturesque disregard of handlebars, spokes and pedals, and we had to go off without them. We were not the only sufferers, and everyone was talking of their wheels and of how provoking it was to be obliged to

proceed without them. We arrived at the station where Harry was to meet us about noon, and weren't we hungry! I had eaten a very light breakfast. Harry came a few minutes after our arrival, and he too was nearly famished, having ridden from his home, nearly thirty miles. The wait for the wheels was unexpected, and no provision had been made for lunch. So the boys went on a foraging expedition, returning with a few hard and ancient "gum-drops," this being all of an edible nature which they could find. Evidently, hungry travelers were unknown in that locality. Mamma had tucked



THE GRAVE OF MILES STANDISH

a few ginger wafers in my bag, so with these and the gum-drops we made a sumptuous repast.

For two mortal hours we waited for those wheels, and when they did come, one had a badly twisted handle-bar, one cyclometer had been torn off and tied on with a string, and there were other marks of careless usage, and adding insult to injury was a tag marked, "Received in bad condition." This was the beginning of a day of mishaps.

We expected Mrs. Brown on the next train. She was to go from the station to the cottage by barge, and was to bring a trunkful of good things. So we thought we would wheel over to the cottage, open it, and make ready for her arrival. As we neared the end of the run I noticed that Harry wore an anxious, troubled look, as if he had forgotten something. "Why, how things have changed," said he. "I am sure here is where I used to visit last summer; I am positive that this is the place, but where are the houses?" Irving suggested that the great November storm had swept them away, but Harry still looked puzzled. When he dismounted it was in front of what he declared was his home of the previous summer. I send you a photo of the cottage, just as it looked

when we dismounted. The barn was gone entirely; even the land upon which it had stood was gone. The house, which had been thrown from its foundations, had lost a bay window and piazza and was otherwise damaged. There it stood in the most crooked and unsteady way, its whole attitude indi-

glad of it. It fairly beered at us, as much as to say, "I don't care how tired you are, there's no welcome here. Travel on!" We found the owner, who told Harry that he had intended to write and tell him what changes the storm had made, but he thought he would have time to fix the house before he would want it. (Harry had bargained the season before for the cottage.) "Fain't very bad," said he; "we can shore her up, 't she'll be as good as new, 'cept the barn, 't bay window. You don't need no barn for them hosses," glancing at our wheels. "'t 's for the bay window, I shouldn't think ye'd care what kind of a window ye had, seein' ye ain't never in the house only to sleep 't what it rains."

We suggested that it might be all right after he had "shored her up," but we wanted to know where we could go then?

"Oh," said he, "just come erlong er me. I've got another house up the road a bit, that I guess 'll suit ye. They ain't no danger o' thet's bein' swept away by the water, 't mebbe ye 'll like it better 't this 'un."

So we followed him, and found a little clump of houses a mile up the road back from the beach, standing in a dry, lonesome field. (I have never been able to find out why any one should build even a shanty in such a place.) Our guide stopped at one of them, produced a key which proved a misfit, but in some way he managed to get the back door open. (I have since come to the conclusion that it was



THE STANDISH HOUSE, DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

not locked at all, and he only pretended about the key to impress us with the idea of how necessary it was to lock up such a fine residence.) Of all the desolate looking places I ever saw that was the worst! The dust of ages seemed to have settled upon everything, such a sandy, gritty kind of dust as it was.

"There, guess this 'll suit ye; won't it? They's everything here but sheets 'n' pillar-cases; s'pose ye've brought them, ain't ye? Ye won't be troubled here with what the wild waves is a sayin' one way nor another, 't it's only a nice little walk down to the water for spry young folks like you." And he glanced around complacently, as if everything was arranged to our completest satisfaction.

By this time we were too tired and hungry to resent or contradict anything he might say in praise of this enchanting abode, so we told him that we would stay that night anyway. He left us with a parting hope that we would find everything "nice and comfortable."

Then we looked at each other in comical despair.

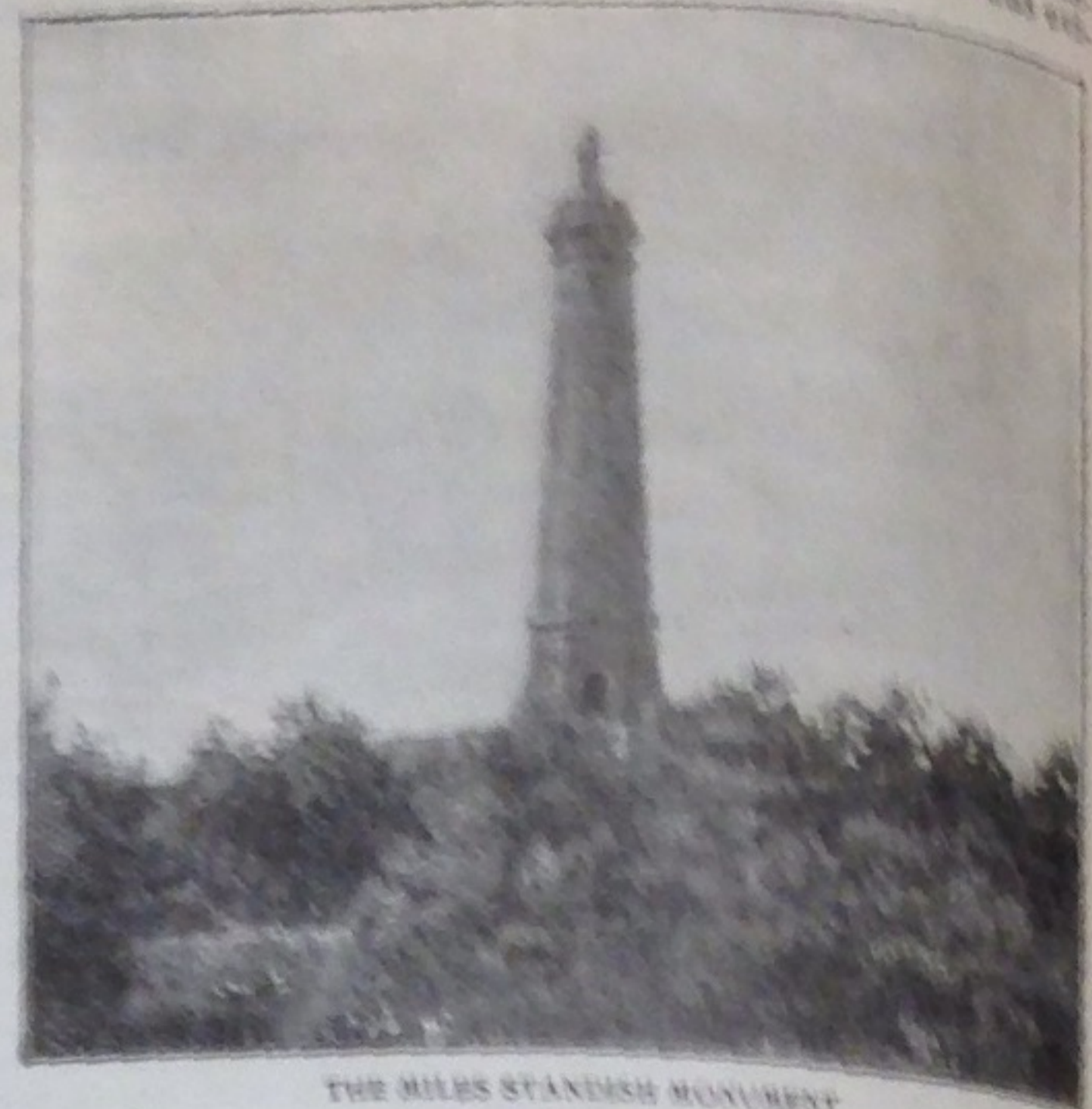
"What will mother say," broke out Harry, "when she sees this place?"

In the kitchen there were some wooden chairs, a table that had evidently never known the luxury of a cloth, and a stove fairly bursting with its accumulation of ashes, which were scattered all over the hearth. In the closet were some dishes, a leaky coffee pot, and some glasses with a suspicious looking sediment in the bottom. There was a stump of a broom, which Harry seized with a sort of a-drowning-man-catching-at-a-straw expression and went to sweeping with all his might. I suggested that it might be better to first clear out the stove and make a fire. We could then heat some water and wash the dishes. This he did and then returned to his sweeping. When we had the dishes washed and plenty of hot water and a fire (it was growing chilly as night came on), we did not dread Mrs. B.'s arrival quite so much. New terrors awaited us, however, of which we were ignorant until we examined our sleeping accommodations. Such beds! and such bed clothing! The ever-present sand and grit covered everything, and the "nether millstone" was as a down pillow compared with those mattresses. "Everything but sheets and pillar cases" indeed. We had hardly finished our explorations, when we heard the barge drive up. "Now we will have something to eat," said Harry, mindful of the good things he had seen stowed away in the trunk in the morning. But nothing of the kind was to be seen.

"It's coming on the next barge," said Mrs. Brown in explanation, and Harry groaned. "Everything seems to be the next, to-day."

When the luggage finally came, we spread clean papers on the table and set it after a fashion. We made coffee in three little tin cups, and with nice fresh bread, a butter-

ing meal, and then we really felt quite happy until we thought of up-stairs and what was in store for poor Mrs. B. Harry had explained why we were here, and she was eat-



THE MILES STANDISH MONUMENT

dearly trying to make the best of it. When we did go up-stairs, she declared that we never could sleep in those beds. Irving said we might sleep on them if we kept our clothes on. So we acted upon his suggestion, and Mrs. B. and I took one room and the boys the other. They put on sweaters over their coats. Mrs. B. and I removed our dresses—only, Mrs.

on Harry's mackintosh and she a wrapper. With the addition of a single ragged cotterette to each bed we tried to sleep. Irving was the only one who succeeded. You know he can sleep under any and all circumstances. Mrs. B. was quiet, but I think it was the quiet of despair, not of slumber, for I heard her say once, "Not even a rocking chair." Every once in a while from the adjoining room would come a voice, Harry's of course, saying, "Mother, are you asleep?" and I would answer, to show the poor fellow that he had company in his misery.

We were all up early enough to see the sun rise, and after breakfast, the boys started house-hunting. They soon came back saying they had found a house in great contrast to the tramp's roost which we were then occupying. It was about a half a mile nearer the bathing beach, and we resolved to move across lots "by hand." You would have laughed to have seen us. Irving and Harry took the trunk and Mrs. B. and I the tray. We each made two trips with our arms full, climbing three stone walls on the journey, but we were all moved by nine a. m. and went in bathing about noon. We all felt in need of a bath after our experience of the night before. Our troubles seemed to be ended after we moved, but it will be a long time before we forget that first day and night, and our many mishaps.

The whole contour of the beach was changed from the effects of the fearful storm before mentioned; some of the houses were swept away entirely, others wrecked beyond repair.

High up on the sand near our house was the wreck of a schooner. It lay partly on its side with a big hole in its bottom, through which Harry and I crawled. We found nothing very cheerful in the interior, and there were so many rats scampering about that I concluded to suspend my investigations and scrambled out.

We were wondering where Irving was when we heard his voice above us, and looking up we saw him perched as high as he could climb, on the mast which overhung the water. Harry got his camera and snapped him just as he was coming down. We went down to the Life Saving Station and saw the men at drill with the breeches buoy. In the station we saw the great life-boats and the life-raft. All the housekeeping is done by the men and everything is as neat and orderly as possible. They are fine, brave looking fellows and gave us every courtesy.

Duxbury was not very far away, and we went over on our wheels, visiting the Miles Standish house, the monument erected to his memory and his grave. From the top of the monument the view is fine. The burial place seemed more cheerful with the flags flying over it than did the house, standing so desolate and alone.

Near here and to be seen from the monument is Melbourne Hall, home of the late Fanny Davenport; and not far away is Daniel Webster's old home in Marshfield. In this locality are the marshes and great dykes famous in history and literature.

Only a few miles away is Plymouth, the landing place of the Pilgrims, worthy a chapter in itself.

We could not bathe near our house, as the beach was so rough; so we would don our bathing suits and ride a half mile to where it was smooth. We were happy in our freedom from conventionality, had not tired ourselves all out getting ready or fretting because we could not have a new wardrobe, and there was great satisfaction in the thought of how little we were spending, and only that needless calls were urgent we would have stayed longer. We fished, we bathed, and when rowed; we wheeled and walked, and when we felt like it we did nothing. "The next day and Louise will join us this year," the boys said, "and the boys expense for each