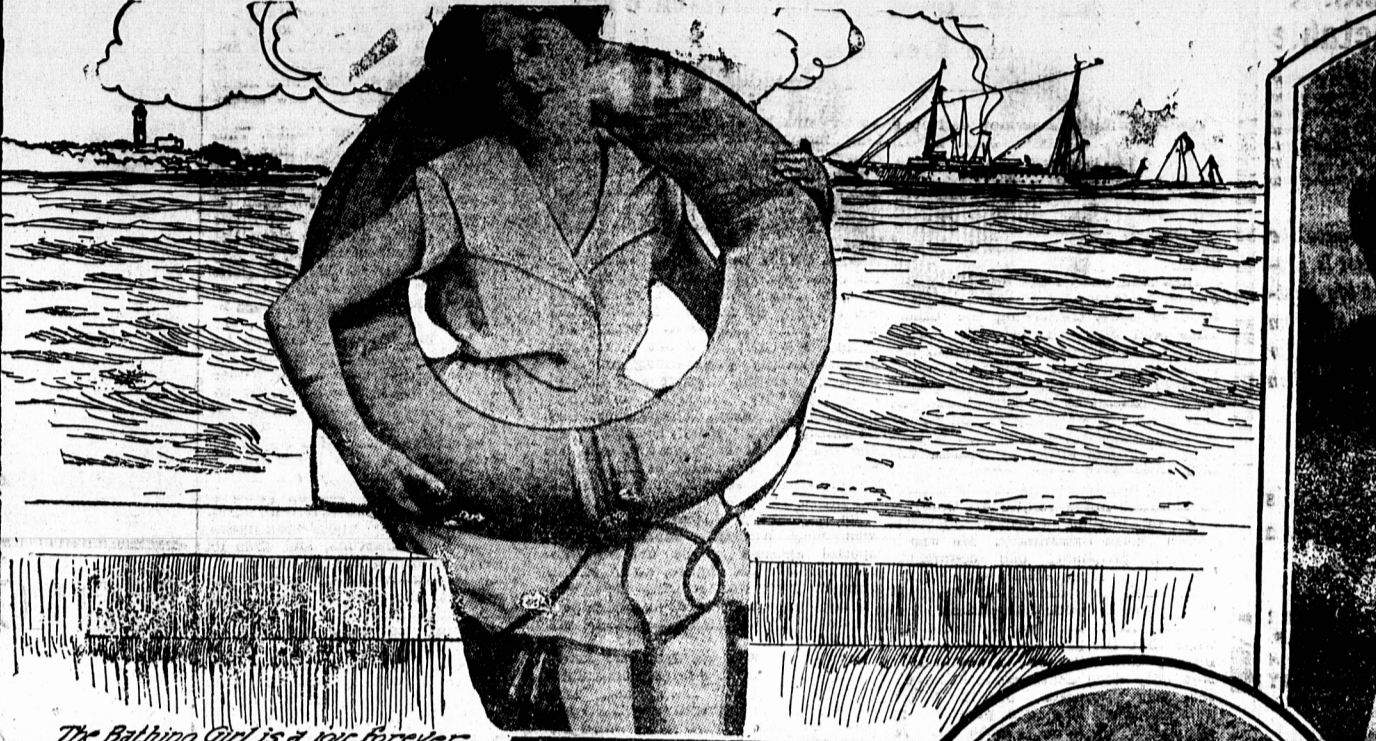


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Why Does She Make the Summer Holiday Such a Strenuous Time?

A HOT midsummer sun beats down on the parching turf. Not a leaf of a tree stirs; not a breath of wind fans the flushed faces of a score or more young women standing about the links.

Yonder a graceful, athletic maiden twirls a stick; swings it with the terrific force of an Amazon, and jumps back with a cry as the ball goes speeding across the grass.

Heigho—the summer girl! Energetic, athletic, brimful of life and craving excitement, in the summer she has her playmate.

She scorns rest. She laughs at hammocks—except in the evening, when, of course, there is another thing; and instead of quietly reading frothy novels, she prefers the vim and vigor of exercise in the open, if torrid, air.

With the first sign of summer one may see them flocking to the resorts; to the seaside and the mountains; to the farms, the forests and the lake regions.

To the woods, even the laughing, vivacious girls, and to the waters the lovely maidens.

They come from shops and stores and factories, from silk mills and linen mills; from outside curators and from offices—by the thousand.

They come from boarding schools and colleges—students and teachers—by the thousands; they come from city homes and mansions in teeming numbers, and they enjoy, in their playtime, periods of rest from one week to the entire summer.

Of course men take vacations in the summer. They go to the mountains or the seaside or the country, too, but, forsooth, what would summer be without the women?

Without the jolly flirtations, the sight of bevy of white-dressed girls in leafy woods, and the charming music of laughter on beach lanes on star-studded evenings?

Summer time is young women's time—their playtime. Men go to resorts for a week; women delight to stay for the summer. Men tire and begin to think of their offices and lodges and orders—but the women, bless them never tire of play.

Summer vacations in the aggregate cost a tremendous amount of money, and most of it, perhaps two-thirds, is spent by women. Go to Atlantic City, Saratoga, Par Harbor, the dells of Wisconsin, and observe the percentage of women. And when one remembers that the vacation traffic of the Pennsylvania and New York Central Railroads alone runs into several millions; that in one state, New Hampshire, vacationists spend in one season \$3,000,000; that, with the great hotels accommodating 6,000 guests a day during the eight weeks of July and August, with possibly three-fourths women and children, paying \$3 to \$10 a day—well, one can get some idea of what it costs the man-at-home!

In Atlantic City and other big resorts the great hotels number their summer guests by very many thousands, a large majority women. In the Adlon, each one finds accommodations for something like 16,000 persons; in the Taj Mahal, 8,000; at Lake George, 5,000, and in the White Mountains more than 11,000, and most of the patrons are women.

Even in the Maine woods and the Canadian forests, favorite resorts for men who can afford to spend a month or more, one finds the fair summer player much in evidence. And do you see her in hammocks with the "Dolly Dialogues" in her hands? Not at all.

She is playing. She is on the golf links. She is in a canoe. She plays baseball, perhaps. She rides. She dances. She is always playing in some way.

Does she rest? Rest, indeed! Men may rest, but the summer girl, bustling with merriest, after-nooning with vitality, exuberant with happiness, always plays—plays breathlessly, tirelessly, indefatigably.

Assuredly, summer time is no longer rest time. During the spring months the topic of conversation of office girls, schoolgirls, teachers, rosebuds just in from college, of girls of all sorts, young and old, if girls ever do grow old—is what they shall do in the summer.

There are the resorts; there are camps in the woods; there are also excursions abroad. Each year there are cruises to the Orient, Alaska, Sweden, Norway and the Mediterranean. Hundreds of thousands go on these grand parties for sums of \$500 or more a year. School teachers form a great percentage of these travelers, also young women who get a leave of absence from their offices for a couple of months.

And even on board the ships life is not one of repose. There are amusements, games, dances. The summer girl going abroad dances across the ocean, and abroad climbs mountain peaks or spends her days exploring cities or fascinating ruins.

Suppose she goes to the mountains—there are games by day and dances by night; one long, breathless, endless pace of amusements. There are coaching parties, riding parties, fishing parties and hunting parties. The young girl canoes and swims.

A great part of the army of women vacationists is made up of working women. Many of these spend their vacations on farms. Summer boarding is one of the chief industries of New Hampshire. In that state not many years ago 350 farms were purchased and converted into summer boarding places.

A few years ago the commissioner of labor of the state gathered statistics concerning the summer sojourners. He found that the capital invested in summer property alone amounted to \$10,442,352.

The number of guests at farmhouses, boarding houses and hotels numbered about 184,000, more than half, and possibly three-fourths, of the number being women. More than 10,000 people occupied cottages during the summer. More than 12,000 persons were employed for the entertainment of the vacationists; the wages paid exceeded \$125,000.

The total amount of money received from the summer business amounted to \$4,917,935. Railroad fares collected in the state amounted to \$100,000 and steamer fares to more than \$60,000. This in one state.

About 62 per cent of the vacationists, according to Commissioner Carroll, stayed only one week. The majority were teachers, store girls, stenographers and



There are Merry Disciples of Water in Peabodys...

typewriters, women librarians and other feminine toilers from the cities.

On Lake Peabodys, in Wisconsin, there is a unique camp. Forty or fifty old street cars have been converted into lodging places, and are always in demand.

All through the West thousands of farms become the temporary homes of summer boarders. In fact, there is hardly a part of the country, hardly a lake or bay size, hardly any available seacoast, that is not made the playground of the summer girl.

In one month at the close of the vacation season about 500,000 pieces of baggage are handled at the Grand Central Station, in New York city; trunks are piled up sufficient to cover acres, and would you look in sixty out of every 100 you would see lawn, felle-rols, powder puffs and outing suits.

CATER TO THE WOMEN

The summer girl has simply discovered summer, declared a writer several years ago. And she is making the most of it.

Take the tennis and mountain resorts and the amusements offered; there are tennis courts, golf links, coaching parties, dance halls, bicycling, canoeing, bathing, fishing and boating. There are minstrel shows and various entertainments. With keen business instinct almost every resort owner arranges his attractions and amusements to make them of interest to women.

Go to the seashore. Boy-rant, fearless, child and dainty in a silken bathing suit and cap the girl fearlessly plunges into the ocean, and like Neptune's nymphs, disperses hilariously in the riotous waves. In the evening peep into the roller-skating rink. Ah! what a brilliant spectacle she calls on skated as brightly as on the ocean waves. Look on the pier. There she dances, too, in dimly lit lawns with men and girls.

Or jump to the mountains. Where do you find her? You wander into the woods, tremulous with the step of leaves and the twitter of birds. Suddenly there is a "PINGING" cry. You peer between the leaves, and there, ubiquitous as ever, she bends over a stream, a great writhing fish dangling from her line. At night she is on the beach, with a bonfire or on a hill, just with a coaching party.



Canoeing is Increasing in Popularity...

On the rolling waves you will find her on the decks of yachts, tackle in hand or at the wheel; on again, and her dancing while an orchestra discourses the "Merry Widow Waltz" as the amateur etienne glides over the water.

From the cities each day you will see her on the busy lines of the great sea, going for a day's outing in the country. She looks cool in white duck and light great lunch baskets with every evidence of joyful anticipation. On Saturdays, in country and city, you will see her going to the beach to get a tan and healthy resort—a joyous as the nature that struts to her.

Back in the city, the summer girl does not rest. For summer is her playtime, a playtime whether there be sunshine or rain, whether she be mistress of the board, or fair, when she reigns supreme, queen of the board, walk revisits, Titan of the forests or mistress of the seas. And she always has a jolly good time.

Some Curious Facts

The chairman of an English insurance company had stated claims which might arise that were little expected. Among them he mentioned claims from a domestic servant who swallowed her false teeth while sitting a manure heap who poisoned her master from constantly handling copper coins, a housekeeper who, sitting down to eat, had a deadly snake, who, although he saw it work out of her apron, in a desperate effort to see it out, was bitten on the hand, and a woman who, by pushing and exerting, was driving from walking in sleep, falling out of the window, and the separation of a leg from the tender embrace of a dog.

The staff of a hotel employs 50,000 servants, and his stable contains 1000 horses for his personal use.

It is a peculiar fact that Africans have never, neither do their descendants, if they are pure blooded, although domiciled in other parts of the world.

The first hotel in Europe for women only, and managed and staffed by women, has just been opened as an experiment in Boston by the Salvation Army.

As he was the only man with voting rights in a district of the county, Oregon, John Larkin formed a school committee, of which he was elected chairman, and his wife clerk. Mrs. Larkin was installed as teacher by the chairman, and the five little Larkins now go to school to their own mother, who is now nominated by the state.

The Australian commonwealth Customs Department has had to engage its boats in order to catch a turtle in fish. An act of the Commonwealth Parliament provides that a bounty is payable on preserved fish, and a bounty on the bounty.

The city of Mexico has a population of 1,000,000 men, women and children. It is called the City of the Fall of Mexico, and has a town hall and a church. The latter has several stories, all of which are covered with gold.

Automatic fire extinguishers are installed in all the Berlin hotels, and in a number of other places. They have collected a large amount of money from them to the school children who give them with their bank books in which the amount is recorded.

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WILL MEN WEAR CORSETS? LONDON SAYS SO

FROM London, next to Paris the center of fashion, comes strange news. It is to the effect that the Britishers will adopt the corset.

West End tailors, it is said, are making tight-fitting suits for men. These, according to dispatches, will fall in folds about the hip, skirt fashion, being out after the style of a lady's tailor-made coat.

American tailors, at present, do not anticipate such an innovation in this country. It is prophesied, however, it will be the summer mode par excellence for men in London. Then, who can tell how long ere it reaches this country? For America generally treads hard on the heels of London's fashions.

Will men ever generally wear corsets? Is it probable that the mode will be started in London with the boys?

Men's corsets, however, will not be so accentuated in shape as women's. In fact, the whalebone or steel will merely give the curve above the hips. They will probably be laced and hooked just like the women corsets. So it will be the duty of every man's valet to see that he is properly laced.

Men in this country, no doubt, find such suggestions decidedly novel. They will write on your way to your club if they wish to be met by your friend, who will accost you thus:

"Ha, ha! good-morning, Cholly! Bah Jove, your corset seems laced rather tight this morning."

And when you arrive at the club, possibly, in a new costume, to hear your friends exclaim: "Good, old man, but you do look stunning, you know. What a corking figure. You're swell, all right, old man."



Harmony is the device in dress, swiftness, sluttish and ties and hose must match in hue.

A new collar is also announced. This is braced by a spring which will keep it stiff and erect and prevent wrinkling by perspiration. The favorite footgear will be a shoe made of white mule. Glistening ties of crepe de chine will find favor. Felt hats of brown, gray or drab, with extremely high crowns, will be worn.

This is all according to the fashion reports. Whether they will be realized or not is a question. In France many men wear corsets. In fact, the curve of the figure marks the French dandy. French and German army officers also use whalebone in their coats, which fit tight, giving them a decidedly military appearance.

Officers of the famous Gustavus Adolphus were, according to Dr. Doran, "the tightest laced exquisites of a suffering humanity." The Prince de Ligne, that famous beau and warrior, always wore stays. Of him Dr. Johnson said: "When he rose he was invested in bodice made of stiff canvas."

With interest people will watch the corset vogue in London—at least, if it does achieve a vogue.

"But in this country," declared one of the best-known tailors in a big city, "never will the corset be worn by men. Londoners, at times, get a craze, and a new fad for a short time becomes quite popular. The French may be likely to take up the corset fad. I doubt if it will attain any degree of popularity in England. No American business man, however, would think of wearing a corset."

"Wear corsets!" another tailor commented "as when men wear inspection-decorated shirts." The proposed London stay, certainly, is freakish. It may be. Undoubtedly the declaration that corsets will be worn by men has excited interest, and the general trade will watch London eagerly to doubt whether sane men will wear corsets. But one can never tell!

OLD OFFICERS LACED

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