

# Eastern Summer Resorts Whose Beaches Are Famous the World Over

## Atlantic City, and the Shores of Cape Cod and Buzzards' Bay Are the Mecca of Warm Weather Tourists.

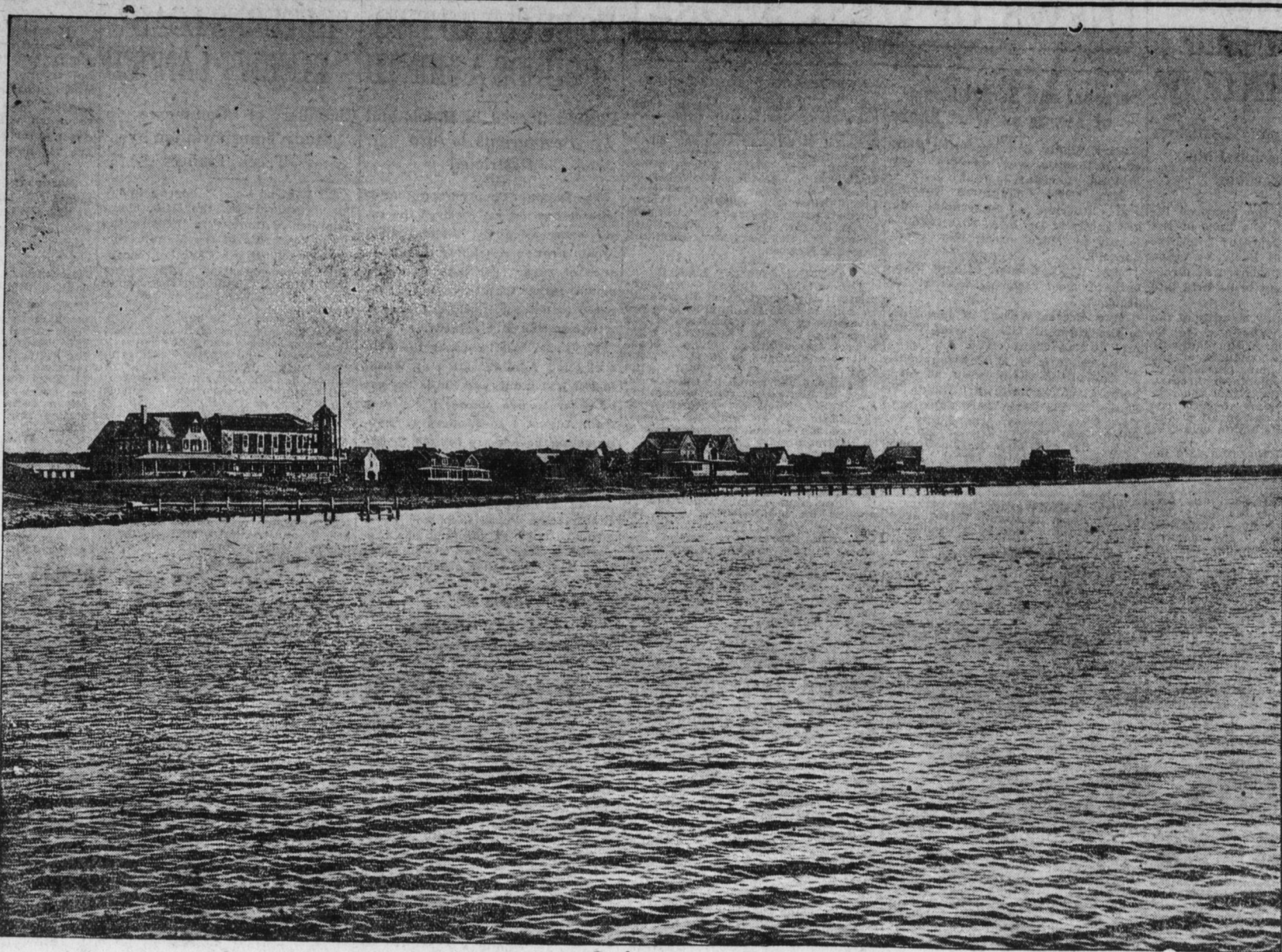
**H**ARDLY another coast the country over is as popular as are the sandy beaches of Cape Cod and Buzzards' Bay. Outside of Nantucket no more quaint settlements may be found than some of the little hamlets somewhat off the beaten trail. And only those who have summered at some of the popular resorts realize the infinite variety of the region. The sand dunes and the restless ocean are of course the principal reasons for its renown. But there are numerous other advantages—the purity of the air and the coolness of the breezes that sweep in from the sea, whatever way the wind blows; the salt meadows, the pine groves, the narrow, winding roads over-arched by stately trees; the numerous lakes and ponds and the inlets stirred into life by the coming and going of the tides.

So many are the towns which double and treble in population with the coming of summer that it is impossible to choose any one as preferable to the others. Within easy walking distance of New Bedford begins the long chain of hotels and cottages that line the shore as Provincetown and then double-backward on Cape Cod Bay to Bourne. Nonquitt is a peaceful spot, but it has appealed to famous fighters, King Philip, whose ambitions so terrorized the early settlers, and General Sheridan of a later era, who spent his summers here. Dartmouth appeals to many and, on the other side of New Bedford, Mattapoisett, once the home of scores of retired sea captains, is now one of the most fashionable summer resorts of New England. Much the same renown attaches itself to Marion where many prominent men from all parts of the country have built summer mansions.

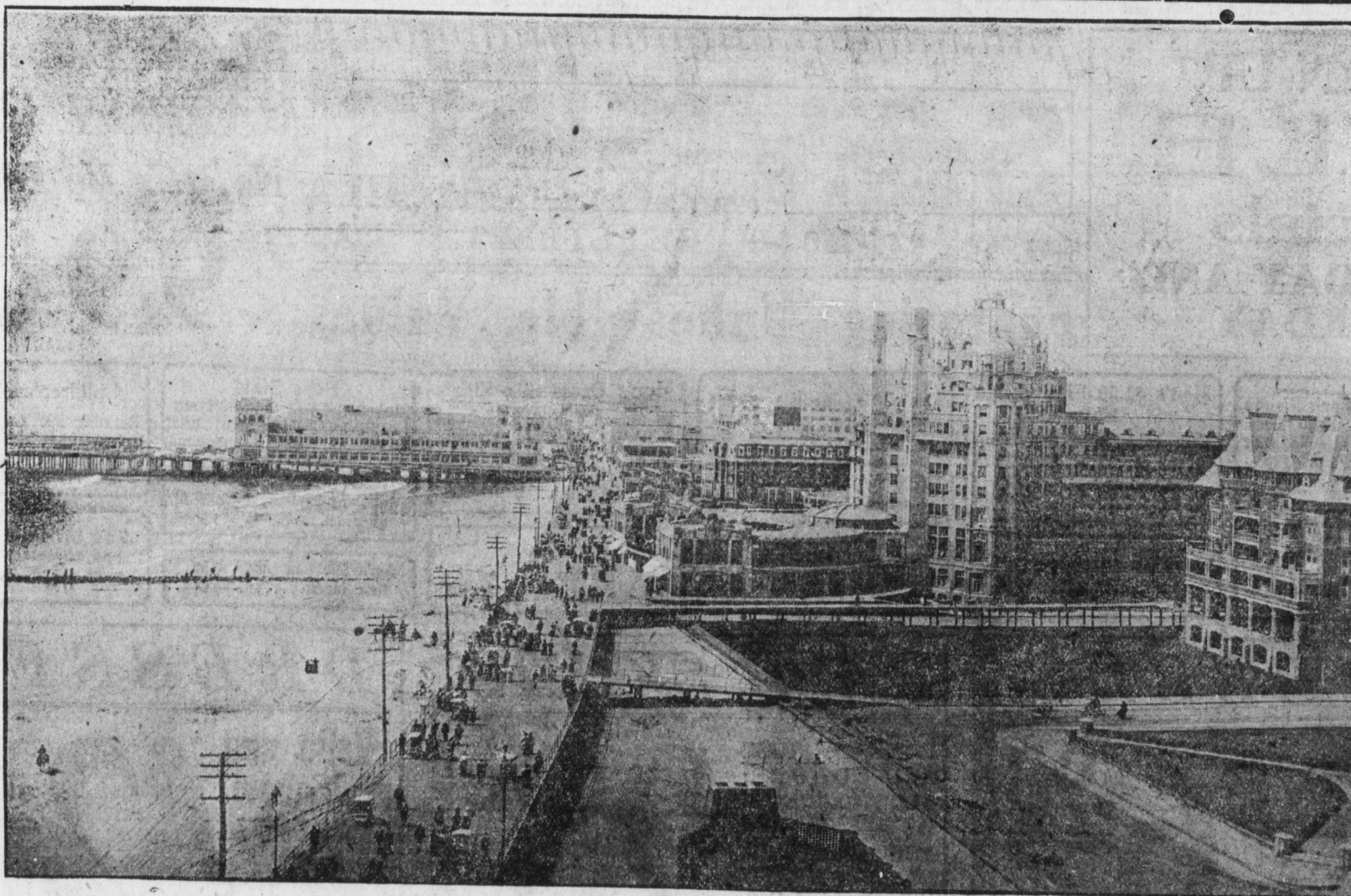
Onset, at the head of Buzzards Bay, between the sea and the pine forests that

Turning to Cape Cod proper, one naturally thinks first of Provincetown, at the very tip of the long, crooked finger which projects into the sea. As the first landing place of the Pilgrims, who drew up their historic compact while the Mayflower was anchored in the harbor, Provincetown is sought out by hundreds of citizens from the Western states. The commemorative monument to the Pilgrims is a dominating note in the landscape. The fleet of warships which assemble here each summer gives an added charm to the circular harbor and inspections of the vessels are made by the majority of the summer colony. Truro, Wellfleet, Eastham and Orleans, the other towns on the Cape proper, share with Provincetown in luring vacationists to spend happy hours on the wonderful curving beaches and the picturesque sand dunes. Chatham, Harwich, Brewster, Dennis, Yarmouth, Barnstable, Sandwich, Sagamore and Bourne—these are but names to those who have not spent vacations here, but their charm is so potent to thousands that memories of happy hours passed here often recur long after summer has passed. The future of Cape Cod is as bound up with the sea as was the past, when its mariners were known in all ports of the world. But the sea is now the delight of the summer visitor, whose enjoyment of the open air life, of the kindly, honest and quaint characters that he meets, and of the picturesque scenery, has made Cape Cod a name that calls to thousands who dwell far inland.

Atlantic City hotel proprietors and residents admit that the resort is the most famous and most popular in America. If pressed closely, they will finally admit that it is the most famous and most popular recreation center in the world. When we succeed in establish-



The Beach at Falmouth Heights, One of Scores of Similar Famous Resorts on Buzzards' Bay and Cape Cod.



The Beach, the Famous Boardwalk and the \$1,000,000 Pier at Atlantic City.

stretch to Plymouth, is thronged by thousands during the summer; near Buzzards Bay village are the charming estates where Joseph Jefferson and Grover Cleveland forgot the stage and the arena of politics in their mutual passion for fishing. Monument Beach, Pocasset, Cattaumet and Megansett are deservedly renowned as summer resorts. Of the various settlements included in the precincts of Falmouth, some face Buzzards Bay and others Vineyard Sound. Both hotel and cottage life are highly developed, Mayor Fitzgerald being one of hundreds of Bostonians who have decided that this is the pleasantest location in the state for a vacation. The beaches are the special delight of the children who splash in the water and build castles in the sand almost from dawn to sunset. Off Woods' Hole, part of the township of Falmouth, are the Elizabeth Islands, upon which are many private estates.

ing communication with other planets, Atlantic City will then advertise that it is the premier vacation resort of the solar system. Lovers of quiet and of solitude would not find happiness in Atlantic City. During the summer months the actual population of about 50,000 is swelled to an average of 300,000. Hundreds of thousands of people go from New York and Philadelphia for the day, but it is estimated that at least 300,000 men, women and children spend their entire vacations here. About \$100,000,000 is invested in hotels and other devices to beguile the visitors, who spend about \$110,000,000 at Atlantic City annually. With the exception of the wonderful beach, Atlantic City has received little benefit from nature. Other attractions, like the famous boardwalk, constructed at a cost of \$300,000, and the \$1,000,000 pier, are the handiwork of men. All day long and far into the night the restless

crowd surges up and down the boardwalk. One side is lined with hotels, shops, theaters and other places of amusement; the other fronts upon the sea. The climate is comfortably cool during the summer months, and proximity to the ocean is so effectual a guard against snow that the famous resort is well patronized even in the winter months. The hard beach extends for 10 miles, and it is a dull day when less than 15,000 people are in the water. For the constitutionally lazy, the rolling chairs of the boardwalk are the supreme height of enjoyment. For invalids some chairs are incased in glass. Atlantic City is situated upon an island 10 miles long and less than a mile in width. It was a weary waste of sand dunes until 1854, when the first railroad train reached it. Since that time it has grown steadily but slowly, until the last few years when it has increased in popularity among vacation-

ists by amazing bounds. The permanent residents are practically all engaged in doing something to entertain the transient visitors. Atlantic City, while the most famous, is but one of 50 popular coast resorts in New Jersey. Indeed, the shore is almost one great Mecca for vacationists, rivaling the renowned Maine and Massachusetts sea coasts. Hard, level beaches extend nearly all the way from Sandy Hook to Cape May, a distance of about 125 miles. The coast, almost deserted in the winter, springs into sudden life with the coming of summer. Vacationists come from great distances to some of the better known resorts, but the summer population is drawn most largely from New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. Seabright, Long Branch, Deal Beach, Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Sea Girt, Ocean City and Cape May are among the more famous resorts of this sandy coast.

## Reindeer Fair

**T**HE first reindeer fair held in Alaska took place recently at Igloo. It was attended by about 200 Eskimos, all engaged in the reindeer industry on Seward peninsula. The fair was a great success, for it gave the Eskimos a chance to exchange views on such problems as the best way to raise and drive reindeer and the best types of sleds and harness. A herd of 800 deer was exhibited, says Popular Science Monthly. They were not confined in a corral, but were kept in place by a crowd of eager sight-seers, ever alert to prevent an escape. Intelligent, trained collie dogs hovered around the outskirts of the crowd to round up a deer.

The island of Reunion has changed its name four times in less than a century.

## When Bob Dared The Tale of a Cat Tail That Almost Wrecked Dan Cupid's Well-Laid Plans.

**T**HEY had quarreled, and it all came about this way: Ever since his aunt and big bronzed cousin had arrived from the West, much of Bob's time had been taken up in making their visit a pleasant one. And so, Alice, his sweetheart since school days—little blonde and with a pair of deep blue eyes which reflected gentleness and good nature—felt, for the first time, a little bit neglected—try as she would to overcome the feeling which she knew in her heart to be rather unreasonable. But Bob had been so especially her own possession for so long, that the thought of these inconsiderate people (who meant to make a long stay) monopolizing him proved more annoying every day. Even "Tabs," her big, white, sleepy-eyed angora kitten, failed to be comforting on the long evenings when she sat in the cosy little living room, for Bob's armchair stood before the fireplace—empty. Little wrinkles of discontent were gradually growing between her prettily arched brows, as the days passed, but Bob never noticed them or dreamed of their cause, and he had so many funny stories to tell of the Westerners' quaint impressions of the East.

Nearly two weeks had passed since he had seen Alice. Then one evening he came. As he passed through the dimly lighted hall, a white object ran in front of him, and in another unfortunate moment his foot closed on Tab's beautiful tail. A series of agonized "meows" followed, and then a flood of light filled the hallway, and Alice stood before him, her eyes blazing.

"How dare you come here and deliberately be cruel to that poor, innocent cat, Bob Warner? I believe you've always disliked him." (Bob had never been enthusiastic over the blinky-eyed thing.) "But you don't care who you hurt, except your Western relatives—you're thoughtful enough about them. Well, you may go back and stay with them, because I do not care to see you again!" And the sitting room door banged a thunderous finish to this outburst. For a moment Bob stood dazed, then started to follow her, but realizing the finality of the banged door, he reached for his hat and coat and went home.

Many weeks passed, and one afternoon found Bob in the office of Frank Sears, Alice's big, jolly brother, and one of Bob's club friends. He was lonely, but his pride kept him from mentioning the misunderstanding with Alice, and Frank never once referred to it.

The phone rang, and Frank answered. In a moment Bob knew that he was speaking to Alice. The thought of her voice so near made him forget everything. He realized vaguely that Frank

was writing something down. Presently he said good-by.

"Big doings at the house tonight," remarked Frank to his gloomy friend. "It's Alice's turn to give the prize supper. You see, she belongs to a cooking club, and they've started a competition offering a grand prize to the member getting up the tastiest supper—cooking, serving, careful selection and combination of dishes, considered. She has just 'phoned me a list of things that she wants brought home fresh, so I'll have to hustle over to the market and out home in order to get back in town to keep an early appointment."

Bob's face brightened at a sudden thought. "Say, Frank, let me do that shopping, will you, please?"

"All right," said Frank, laughing, "thank you. Good-by and good luck."

An hour later Bob stood on the door step of the Sears home, laden down with all manner of delicacies. He rang, and to his surprise, the latch clicked without any inquiry as to who was there. Bob entered, thanking Providence that he had got that far so easily. Remembering a former encounter in the hallway he moved along carefully. Beyond the kitchen door there was a din of pans and dishes and small feet hurrying to and fro and the odor of good things cooking. He paused a moment, then deliberately opened the door. There stood the fairest cook that ever mixed dough, deep in the mysteries of biscuit making. "How did you get in here?" she asked at last.

"By the front door," replied Bob, depositing the provisions on the kitchen table.

"How dare you come back here? I told you I did not wish to see you again." Her eyes flashed and she continued: "I thought you were Frank. I am expecting him every moment with provisions from the market. I am giving a supper tonight, and I shall be very busy. I have no time to waste talking. Good night, Mr. Warner."

Bob, however, proceeded to undo the packages, and replied pleasantly, "Well, you're a nice sociable little girl, Alice." Then continued gravely, "Your brother had an important engagement tonight, and I happened to be in the office when you called up. He told me all about your banquet and I thought I'd help him out by doing this little errand. I see, however, that my pains are not appreciated," he ended sadly, although his eyes were dancing.

"Why of course your thoughtfulness is appreciated, Bob," exclaimed Alice impulsively, "and just to prove it here's a big—" (deleted by censor) and so the long quarrel was over.

The devil continues to do business at the old stand whether we are willing to give him his due or not.