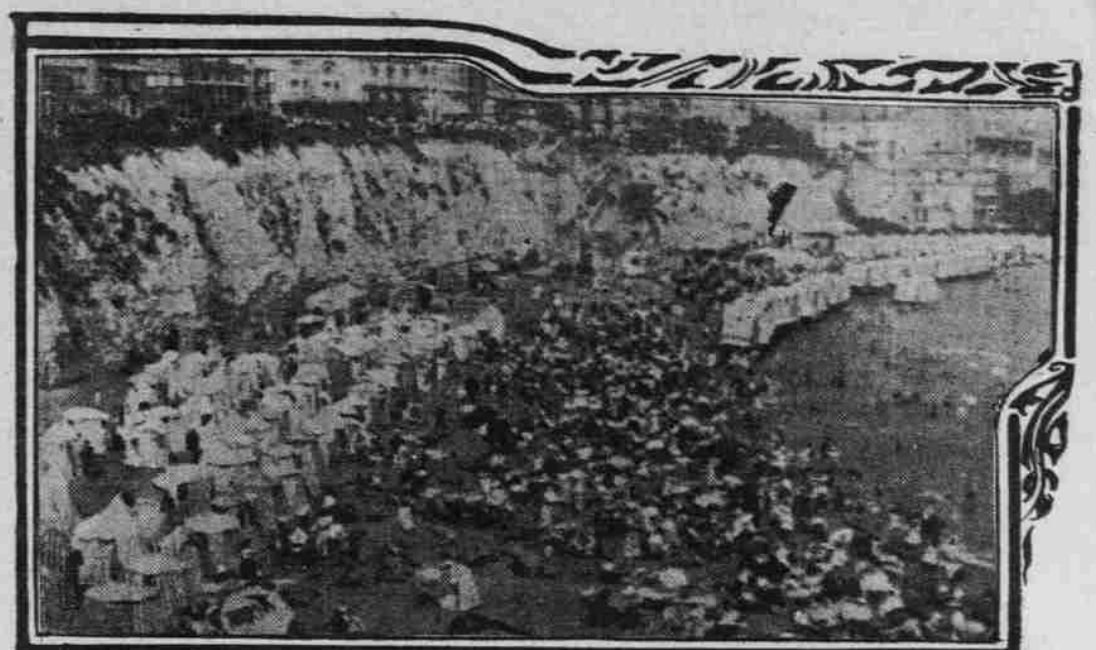


AGITATION OVER WOMEN'S BATHING SUITS.

British Town Councils Take Up the Cudgels Against "Feminine Indelicacy in Natation."



TYPICAL GROUP OF ENGLISH WOMEN BATHERS—ABOVE PHOTO WAS TAKEN AT MARGATE—IT REPRESENTS THE CUSTOMARY COSTUME OF WOMEN BATHERS AT ENGLISH SEASIDE RESORTS—IT IS PRACTICALLY THE SAME AS MEN'S COSTUME IN AMERICA.



BOATING FROM THE BEACH AT A SEASIDE RESORT—SAILING BOATS ARE LAUNCHED RIGHT OFF THE BEACH AT MOST PLACES IN ENGLAND—THEY ARE FIRST FILLED WITH PASSENGERS—WHEN A HEAVY SEA IS RUNNING SCENE IS OFTEN EXCITING.



BROADSTAIRS BEACH, THE FAVORITE RESORT OF THE PRESENT KING—BROADSTAIRS IS ONE OF THE MOST SELECT SEASIDE PLACES IN ENGLAND—KING GEORGE HAS JUST BOUGHT A VILLA THERE—NOTE THE BATHING MACHINES AND TENTS ALONG THE BEACH.



DURING THE SUMMER UMBRELLAS ARE MUCH USED BY BATHERS—SWIMMERS IN ENGLAND OFTEN TAKE THEIR UMBRELLAS WITH THEM IN THE WATER. ABOVE IS A SNAPSHOT OF AN "UMBRELLA RACE" AT A POPULAR RESORT.

WOMEN WADERS ON MARGATE SANDS, ENGLAND—MANY WOMEN WHO DO NOT BATHE GO IN FOR WADING, USUALLY THE COMMONALITY. ALL AGES INDULGE IN THIS PLEBEIAN AMUSEMENT.

WOMEN'S bathing suits is the subject of a big agitation recently started in England at some of the seaside resorts. Some of the members of various Town Councils have taken up the cudgels against what they call "feminine indelicacy in natation."

It has not been much of a question of the garments actually worn by the ladies as the topic of "mixed bathing." Mixed bathing in England seems to have different kinds of meanings to different kinds of minds, but, generally, it applies to speak technically of the simultaneous use of the same body of water by men and women.

Some English seaside resorts will not tolerate mixed bathing in any shape or form, and if a man wishes to plunge into the briny he must go to the bachelor end of the beach. Of course, in France, Belgium and Continental seaside places mixed bathing is such a commonplace that no one thinks of it. You would not know a French bathing resort from an American one.

Bathing suits of French women are very similar to those worn by Americans—that is, with wide collars and long skirts. In England, however, the bathing suits for women are almost identically the same as those worn by men in America—practically all one piece, and often extremely tight fitting. As a local wit remarked on the beach one day, "The women's bathing suits taken altogether—or rather in the altogether—are simply a matter of form."

Why there should be such a furore raised about mixed bathing and nothing whatever said about the present form of English women's bathing costumes is one of those peculiar mysteries known only to the British intellect.

The English Summer resorts, from the American standpoint, possess a number of features which can only be described as peculiar of their kind. All the amusements indulged in appear to conform to the French saying that "the Britisher takes his pleasures very seriously."

At the same time, it is a question whether or no the Englishman does not get more for his money than the American. Bathing in England is a seaside has been reduced to a luxury. For the modest sum of 12 cents one may hire not only a bathing suit, but a mysterious-looking object called a "bathing machine." It consists of an enormous wooden box fitted with a seat and clothes pegs. You go into this box, an attendant shuts the door, and while you are undressing the affair is pulled down into the water by a horse. You open the front door and you are bathing machine and there is the ocean right at your feet. There is no walking over rocks or fragments of glass bottles or pebbles, but you can plunge in from a species of springboard and return to your machine without having to call for extra water with which to get the sand out of your anatomy.

It is one of the oddest sights in the world to see a beach strewn with these ungainly-looking bathing machines. At first glance they seem quite ridiculous. Once they are understood, however, they are sure to be appreciated. All Americans who have gone in for bathing in England this Summer have pronounced the British bathing machine "simply great." When you have enjoyed your dip in the ocean you return to the machine and it is pulled back high and dry on land. There is no conspicuous walk along the sands to the bath-house, as in America, and you are not gazed at by admiring eyes, or otherwise.

Doubtless there is almost a direct connection between the brevity and simplicity of the English women's bathing suit and the bathing machine. There is no chance of a woman making herself conspicuous from a bathing machine far out in the water. There is thus no reason why a woman should not wear pretty much what she pleases. A bather in England is nearly all the time either under water or in the bathing machine and consequently there is little occasion for the exhibition of personal charms.

Where mixed bathing is much indulged in—particularly at such places as Brighton and Bournemouth, bathing machines are much in evidence. But where you do not find so many bathing machines there is generally some objection to mixed bathing. This is because people who do not use the bathing machines are much in evidence. But where you do not find so many bathing machines there is generally some objection to mixed bathing. This is because people who do not use the bathing machines are much in evidence. But where you do not find so many bathing machines there is generally some objection to mixed bathing. This is because people who do not use the bathing machines are much in evidence.

One thing to be said in favor of the English system of bathing—no one seems to care a rap about personal appearance. The one idea seems to be to have a good dip in the sea and to enjoy the bathing for its own sake. You do not see, as in America, women in gaudy costumes walking up and down the beach simply for the sake of attracting attention in bathing suits in which they never intend to go into the water.

The British bathing matron is a very matter of fact person. From her bathing machine, or her tent, she makes a

bee-line for the water and stays there until she is ready to return. It is true that at one or two of the somewhat "vulgarily popular" resorts one may see bathers entering the water in costumes which might shock the American sense of propriety. Women have been known to bathe at some of these places in muslin suits but they are not encouraged in the use of this material and very often people on the beach will signify their disfavor.

Taken altogether, it cannot be said that the British bathing costume is not as sensible as any other, considering the inconspicuous manner in which it is used. Of course, the same bathing costume used on American beaches would doubtless create a sensation. But as women bathers in England go into the water for the actual pleasure of natation they may be excused for investing themselves in the costumes at present worn.

English bathing resorts have many attractions, of a somewhat sedate kind, compared to American places of a similar character. For instance, nearly every place has troupes of pierrots (pronounced "piroets") musical comedy companies, minstrel shows and other entertainers. Little music stands are erected here and there on the beach by these troupes and for the most part one may be amused for an hour or two listening to these performers.

The minstrels are often regular "institutions" in certain places. For instance, the town of Eastbourne has a troupe known as "Uncle Ben's," while Broadstairs is kept in good humor by "Uncle Mac" and his company of patriotic performers. These minstrels, of course, use burnt cork in profusion and there are the usual end men with their bones, tambourines and banjos. They are very similar to American minstrels.

The pierrots aspire to a higher class of art. They do not indulge in burnt cork, bones or banjos. These bands of musical comedy artists are generally made up of would-be operatic singers who have missed metropolitan engagements. Some of them even display well-cultivated and truly musical voices. Each troupe of pierrots usually resides all the year around in particular towns along the sea coast, and are well known in those places. Once a year they are given what are called "benefits," to which considerable sums of money are contributed by the public, together with floral wreaths and other forms of public approval.

Broadstairs, which is quite close to Margate, the famous Channel bathing place, is one of the most exclusive English seaside resorts. It is a favorite stopping place of the royal family. The little Prince of Wales has been spending most of his Summer there and he "mixes in" on the beach with other children. His little brother, Henry, is immensely popular and plays with the ordinary citizens as if there were no class distinctions. Little Henry is often seen on the beach building sand castles or wading in the water. Having a delicate throat, he is not allowed to go in swimming, however, which he looks upon as a great hardship.

The present King has just bought a seaside residence at Broadstairs and the family will spend much of their time there on account of the health of the royal children. Another form of amusement much enjoyed by the British seaside resorters, are trips on the water in small fishing smacks. Strange to say, these boats are piloted by a crew of men, and when they are launched out among the breakers.

Launching the boats under such circumstances, especially when a good bit of sea is running, is often highly diverting, especially to on-lookers. One seldom naturally thinks that these boats would be pounded to pieces on the beach but they are handled so cleverly by their crews that accidents seldom occur.

For 25 cents, or one shilling, a passenger may enjoy a ride of three or four miles, often on a very choppy sea. Not infrequently sea-sickness is one of the "pleasures" of these trips but then that's part of the game of course.

There is little other amusement at an English seaside resort so far as the beach is concerned in the day time, but at night a walk on what is called the pier is a very popular amusement. The pier is a long bridge extending over the water, at the end of which is a casino, where one may hear really good music. There are also on the pier theatrical performances of a far higher order, of course, than those supplied by the pierrots or minstrels. Admission to the pier is free, but the pleasure of the promenade costs 4 cents.

One of the more or less plebeian pleasures of the British at seaside resorts is riding on donkeys. These little animals are really intended for the children, who can have a long ride for 2 cents. It is not unusual, however, to see men and women—usually of the coast type—riding on these over-burdened animals, which, however, seem to take their lot quite philosophically and

trot along very swiftly under their burdens. Another pleasure indulged in mostly for the children is the goat cart.

One or two of the more intellectual English towns go in for higher classes of amusement than those mentioned here. For instance, at Eastbourne, which is owned by the Duke of Devonshire, there is a very fine orchestra, which the Duke himself has organized and frequently presides over. Some members of the Duke's orchestra are drawn from the best singers on the continent and are really very highly

paid artists. One of these gets as much as \$5000 a year, while others are paid in proportion.

The Duke's orchestra plays every afternoon and gives sacred concerts on Sunday at a place called Devonshire Park. The grounds of this park were given to Eastbourne by the Duke and are kept up entirely at his expense. It cannot be said, however, that the dual efforts are entirely philanthropic, in view of the fact that he derives an income, estimated at \$1,000,000 a year, from the town of Eastbourne, which he really owns. The Duke has built the

promenade on the sea and he practically runs the entire place. He has admitted many times quite openly that all that he has spent on Eastbourne in the way of supplying orchestras and improving the sea-front has been done for purely business purposes. Devonshire Park has also a splendid skating rink and the charges for admission are very low.

Taking the English seaside resorts altogether, it must be admitted that they present many attractions of a superior kind to those offered by sim-

ilar places in America, especially for one seeking rest for a few days.

The "week-enders" habit is very pronounced throughout England. Nearly all business men go away from Saturday to Monday and many thousands even leave their offices Friday afternoon. Though the Britisher is supposed to be a very slow and methodical worker, an immense amount of genuine hustling is done every week in London and tired nerves need recuperation. During the Summer months the British seaside resorts draw immense populations and the big London

railway stations on Saturdays are simply crowded to overflowing with business people of every description anxious to rebuild their forces.

The charges for board and lodging at English seaside places are very moderate. You can secure a really good room, including everything, for the two days of the week-end for about \$5. There are no brass bands on the beach and the frankfurter sausage is a Coney Island is an unknown quantity. Real comfort seems to be the object aimed at and the Britisher certainly knows how to attain it.

HEROIC MOTHERS OF PIONEER DAYS.

AWFUL VENGEANCE OF HANNA DUSTIN

BY MARY W. AND HARRY C. GREEN.

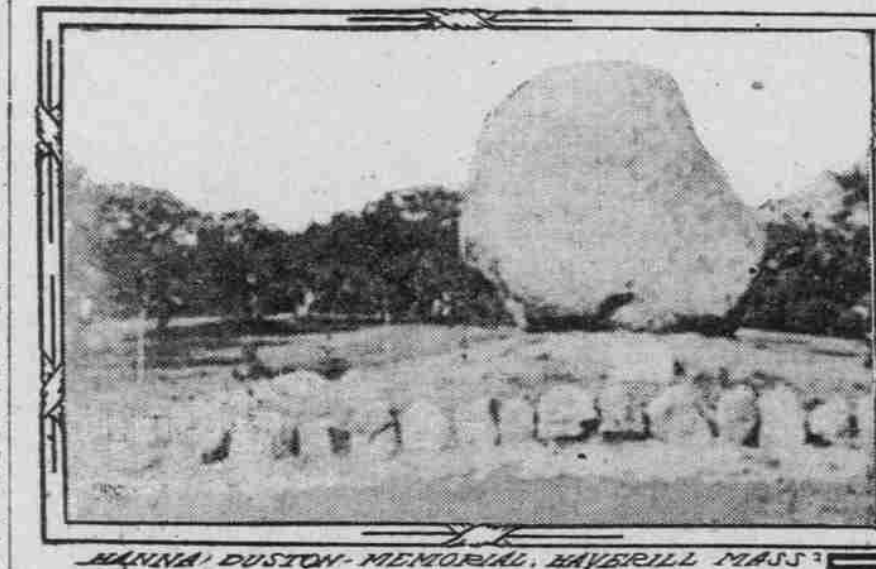
Nearly four score years before the Declaration of Independence a deed of blood was wrought by a woman of Massachusetts, so daring in its conception, so ghastly in its execution, yet fraught with so much of retributive justice that her name has been held up to honor in many lands, and in her own and neighboring states monuments and tablets keep ever green the memory of her heroism.

March 15, 1697, was a cold, raw day in Haverhill, Mass. Snow still covered the ground, and from the east the wind blew chill and piercing. In the house of Thomas Dustin, in the western part of the sparsely peopled little settlement, all was peace and quiet. Mr. Dustin, with his horse and gun, had gone to his daily labor, some distance away. Mrs. Dustin, who had been described as a frail, sweet-faced, gentle-voiced woman of middle age, had given birth to a child but a few days before, and was still confined to her bed. Mrs. Mary Neff, an elderly widow, who was acting as nurse, was engaged in household duties. Suddenly there was a commotion outside and through the window several Indians were seen trying to effect an entrance by the front door of the house.

"Hurry and call your father," commanded Mrs. Dustin. "All of you go and run!" There were seven of the children besides the baby, which lay sleeping at its mother's breast. The eldest, a girl of 18, snatched up her 2-year-old brother and out of the back door they ran.

When the Indians broke through the front door one of them seized the babe from its mother's arms, and, running out, dashed out the child's brains against an apple tree, in plain sight of the mother, who sprang from her bed and tried to save it. The Indians hastily plundered the house, and then, compelling Mrs. Dustin and Mrs. Neff to accompany them, set fire to it and hurried away.

Thomas Dustin, when he received the alarm, started the children toward the garden, about a mile distant, but not before several of the savages had sighted them and given chase. Bidding the children to hurry for their lives, Mr. Dustin rode between the Indians and his fleeing brood, and then dismounting and getting behind his horse, opened fire. The Indians returned this without effect. As soon as the children were inside the stockade, Mr. Dustin turned and rode toward his own home as fast as he could, but he was too late. The house was in flames and the Indians gone, and with them all traces of the mother and nurse. He found the bloody remains of his in-



HANNA DUSTIN MEMORIAL, HAVERHILL, MASS.

fant son where the little body had been thrown, and supposed that the mother had been murdered and left in the burning building.

In the meantime Mrs. Dustin, who was but partially dressed and suffered terribly with the cold, and Mrs. Neff were being forced up the river, together with a number of other captives, making about 12 miles the first day. The retreat continued until the party had reached a small island in the Merrimack at the mouth of the Penacook River about 75 miles from Haverhill and six miles above what is now the city of Concord.

At this point Mrs. Dustin and Mrs. Neff were left in the custody of a small party of Indians, while the major part of the band continued their retreat. In the party which held the two women were two men, three women and seven children, most of them well grown. There was also another captive, an English boy, named Samuel Leonardson, whom the Indians had carried away from Worcester some time before. Mrs. Dustin was told that when they arrived at an Indian town some distance further up the river, they were to be stripped and scourged, and then made to run the gantlet naked. Running the gantlet was in itself a terrible ordeal to contemplate; but the prospect of this additional shame and suffering was too much for the two women to face, and they made up their minds to escape or die making the attempt. So closely were they watched, however, that there was no opportunity until in the last days of April. The Indians were about ready to to resume their journey to the North, and for two or three days

terms how to strike with the hatchet so as to be sure of killing an enemy.

"Ugh! strike here," said the Indian, pointing to his temple, and followed by showing the boy how to take a scalp.

Early next morning, about an hour before the break of day, Mrs. Dustin arose cautiously and found that all the Indians were sleeping. The smoldering embers gave but a dim and fitful light. Moving noiselessly, she secured three tomahawks and then aroused her two sleeping companions. She herself killed the Indian who had claimed her as his slave. There was not a groan nor struggle as her hatchet sank into his brain and none of the others were disturbed. This gave courage to Mrs. Neff and the boy. And they hurried on with their work of slaughter, sparing none, until 10 Indians lay dead—all but one squaw, who, wounded, made her escape, carrying with her an Indian baby, which Mrs. Dustin had determined to spare. The two women and the boy hastily gathered what food they could find in the wigwags, and then hurried down to the canoes. Mrs. Dustin selected one of the largest and strongest and pushed it into the water. Then, scolding the others, they climbed into the canoe and started down the Merrimack. Suddenly Mrs. Dustin stopped and said: "I am going to have their scalps." Pushing into shore, they returned and scalped the dead Indians, wrapping the scalps in a piece of linen which the Indians had brought from their own house. Mrs. Dustin also carried away the gun of the Indian who had claimed to be her master, as well as his tomahawk, knife and scalpel.

The trip down the river was made without incident, and Mrs. Dustin found her husband and children, who had given her up as dead. After she had rested and recovered her strength, Mrs. Dustin, accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Neff and the Leonardson boy, went to Boston, carrying with them the scalps, the gun and tomahawks. In Boston Mr. Dustin presented a memorial to the General Assembly, asking recompense on account of the "just slaughter of so many barbarians," and of his own misfortune, "having lost his estate in the calamity."

The General Assembly awarded Mrs. Dustin \$225 (\$155), Mrs. Neff \$125 (\$82.50), and the same amount to Samuel Leonardson, "for their heroism."

Hannah Dustin was about 40 years old at the time of her capture. She lived to a ripe old age, after having been the mother of 13 children. She, herself, was one of a family of 15 children.

The fame of Mrs. Dustin is commemorated in Haverhill in many ways. The site of the house in which she lived is called Mount Dustin, and is marked with a 30-ton boulder, put up in 1908, and a tablet. There is a Dustin street, a Dustin Society, a Hannah Dustin High School and in City Hall Square a Hannah Dustin monument, an imposing figure of heroic size,

which was presented to the city by one of its most prominent citizens in 1878. There is another Hannah Dustin monument at Concord, N. H., and a memorial stone, about five feet in height, erected in 1902 by the D. A. R., which marks the spot, near Nashua, N. H., where Mrs. Dustin and her companions spent the night on their return from captivity. Descendants of the Dustons are scattered all over the country, and their yearly reunion at Haverhill has grown to be an institution of the town.

Always there have been some to question to the moral aspect of Mrs. Dustin's act, but it never seems to have troubled that good woman herself, nor her descendants. Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia," presents Mrs. Dustin's own views as: "Being where she had not her own life secured unto her, she thought she was not forbidden by the law to take away the lives of the murderers by whom her child had been butchered."

An aged descendant, who was one of the visitors at Haverhill at one of the reunions a few years ago, was asked whether in his judgment the scalping of the Indians was not a departure from the normal delicacy and sensibility so beautiful in womankind.

"Not a bit on't. Not a bit on't," replied the old man with great spirit, "an' I glory in her spunk."

Many relics of the brave woman are preserved in the fireproof vaults of the Haverhill Historical Society, but one of the most interesting heirlooms in the family, a silver tankard, presented by Governor Nicholson of Maryland, is in possession of a descendant living in Newburyport.

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The World's Estimate.

He has a cultivated mind. He has ideals that are high; He is intelligent, refined, And would not stoop or cheat or lie; He never sought by hook or crook To gain an undeserved reward; His page is fair with noble deeds; Where angels all men's acts record, But he's a failure, after all, after all, Because his salary is so small.

His record bears no ugly stains. He bears with children and is glad; He would not sin for worldly gains. The tears of orphans make him sad; The songs of running brooks he hears. His hopes are high, his dealings fair; The trembling drop of dew appears To him a jewel rich and rare; But he's a failure, after all, after all, Because his earnings are so small.

He seems to try to profit by The poor mistakes that others make; He sleeps in peace while others lie Through half their dismal nights awake.

He keeps the spirit of the law. Hates meanness, though 'tis richly dressed, Beholds true worth alone with awe, And grips his honor to his breast; But he is petty, after all, after all, Because his income is so small.

—S. E. Kleier.