

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1908

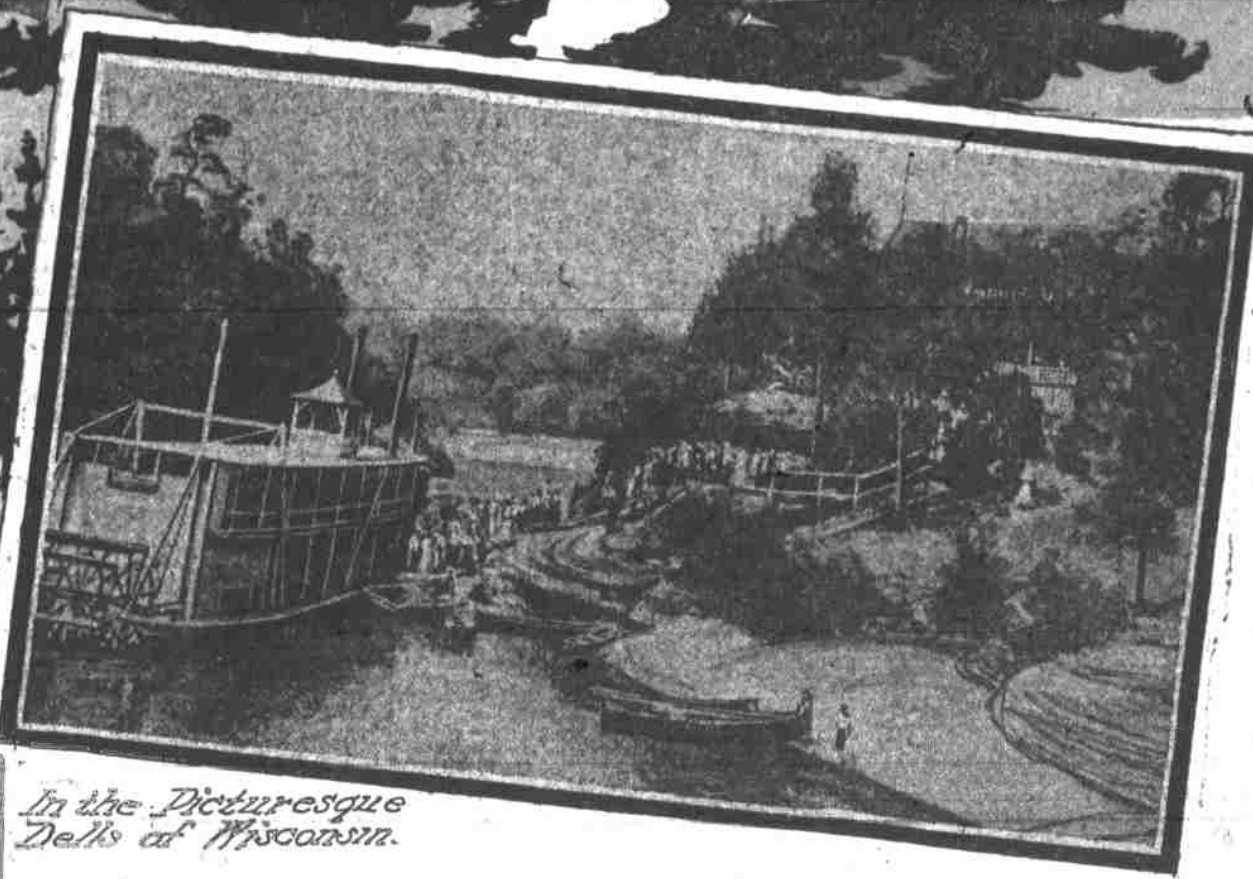
The MID-SUMMER CALL to the OPEN

America's Glad Revel in the Outdoor Life

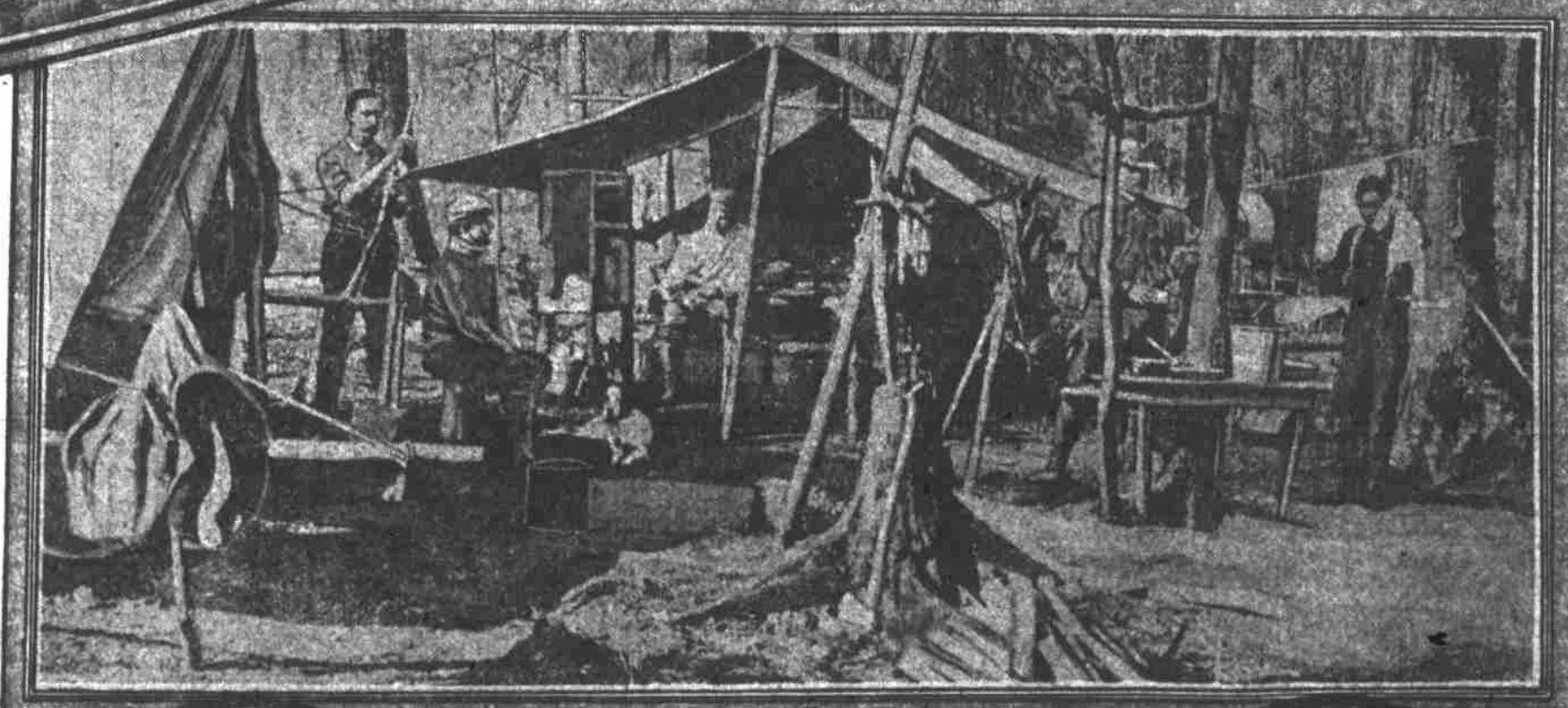


The Joy of Life at Atlantic City

Whittling Away Hours at Bar Harbor



In the Picturesque Dells of Wisconsin



Surcease from Toil—Vacation in a Canadian Camp



Peaceful Moments in the Eastern Mountains



Just for the Afternoon—A Coney Island Scene

THEY spoke of it in the old days as the call of Pan.

They felt it tugging at their heart strings when summer drew near; they felt it stirring in their blood as the sap quickened the flowers and trees, and they obeyed the irresistible yearning of their souls for the green forests and open fields; they experienced the wonderful exultant thrills of a joyous summering—when the world is glad and wants to play!

In those days emperors hid themselves to their villas by Lake Como or the Aegean sea, and summer resorters no doubt thronged Capri and Cyprus. Today we do the same thing, practically, taking our hegira, at the call of the goat-footed god, to Bar Harbor, Atlantic City, the Adirondacks, the farms of the middle West, the woods of Canada and Maine, the Dells of Wisconsin, to seaside and lakeside and woods.

Alas! however, in our day we look in vain for nymphs; Silenus no longer peers from behind green boughs, and Bacchus no more leads his hilarious train through the forest green. But Pan calls just the same—at least the fever of the summer gets in our veins; and we are drawn to one of the nation's playgrounds. And

All the singing of the streamlets as they whisper to the stones, All the quiver and the tremor of the thousand undertones In the fugue of forest rapture—I can hear them every day. Calling, calling in the city from a thousand miles away.

YOU see a man coming down street some morning, whose feet lag, who perspires freely, who greets his friends with a grunt and looks so discontented that you feel sorry for him; you go to his office, he lets you know he doesn't care whether school keeps or not; his conduct is reprehensible, to say the least. If you know human nature, you will realize that that man simply is suffering from summeritis. It is the prevalent disease after June

and lasts until the cool breezes of October. He may not know it, but the sea or the forest is calling from the distance. He may blame the malady on many things—even the offending lilliput of an office boy. Tell him to take a vacation. Or you may observe undefinable symptoms in your wife, daughter or stenographer. She walks in a listless way, her manner is drooping; she talks in such a languishing manner, and perhaps complains that she is very tired. No, she isn't sick. Her digestion is all right. There are no headaches. What is the matter?

Vacationitis. She wants to play! Some time in June, usually, the peculiar malady manifests itself among the American people. It gets in their blood and fills them with languor; it hinders their work; sometimes it makes them disagreeable.

The first symptoms appear when the tall office buildings begin to glow with heat, when the wind becomes languid and almost too lazy to stir, and the flies buzz at the windows.

And a strange reaction begins. The intense strenuousness of the winter and early spring is replaced by a "hang-tomorrow" attitude; the hustling, bustling energy of the business season changes almost to a "go-as-you-please" indifference.

In the city, high up in the skyscrapers and down in electric-lighted basements, people hear the far-away call—their blood thrills with the keen yearning for forest nooks, for the glorious freedom of riding on an ocean-bounding billow or to revel in a bathing suit, for pulling a wriggling trout out of a stream, or loafing in a cabin in the still forests. Pan calls—and lo! the summer vacation is on.

America, after its head-over-heels, breathless, panting, mad gallop of business activity, takes its rest. It pauses for a breathing space—for two weeks, for two months, maybe, but whether the rest be extensive or brief, it is necessary.

And the business man doesn't get over his grouch, nor the bookkeeper over his sulks, nor the stenographer over her tantrums, nor the wife and daughter over their uneasiness, until

they have had their summer play. Where they shall go for the summer recreation depends, of course, upon the time at their disposal and the surplus in their bank accounts. It may be a month at Bar Harbor or a day at Coney Island, a week at Atlantic City or a month in the Dells of Wisconsin.

But wherever they go they will have a good time. The Good Time at the resort of resorters has become one of the Big Businesses. Millions of dollars are expended in amusements, whether they are "Trip to the Moon" places, visited by 150,000 persons a day at a seaside resort, or communities of bungalows in the West. Possibly, the two favorite summer play-

peals to all. For invalids or persons suffering from too close application to work in the city, they are the greatest sanitarium every designed. For the artist there are innumerable scenes of surpassing beauty. For the sportsman there is game in abundance, and for the mere pleasure seeker playgrounds where he may engage in all sorts of amusements.

In palatial bungalows or tents during the summer one will find the vacationists inhabiting all parts of the vast mountain region of the Adirondacks. About Raquette lake one finds many resorters; in the Saranac region are many clusters of camps and big hotels. About the upper and lower Saranac lakes are bits of scenery said to be unsurpassed even in the Alps.

One can take voyage on the waters leading away to Tupper lake or Raquette lake and Fulton chain in the south, or to Lake Champlain in the north. This trip of 126 miles over the Saranac river takes three days. Or, if one likes mountain climbing, he can climb, if he is indefatigable, higher than Jack ever did on the mythical beanstalk.

About the lakes in the St. Regis chain thousands of people live in tents and cottages during the entire summer. From between the trees that embower the cottage or tent by the lake, in this region, one can see St. Regis mountain looming 3000 feet in the distance. Within the borders of Essex county are included the highest mountains in the state—Mount Marcy, of an altitude of 5344 feet; Mount McIntyre, 5201 feet, and Mount Whiteface, which overlooks Lake Placid, 5000 feet.

THOUSANDS IN THE MOUNTAINS

And you would be surprised to learn how many thousands of persons find their chief summer pleasure in struggling up to the rugged summits of these mountains to witness a sunset!

At the hotels in popular mountains such as these one enjoys all the conveniences of city hosteleries; there is music during the meals and dancing in the evenings; there are well laid out golf links and tennis courts, and stage parties are conducted through the mountains. Millionaires favor such places as their summer playground.

It is a far cry from the lofty Adirondacks to Atlantic City. High up in those regions of balsam and firs human frivolity in vain endeavors to disturb the eternal rest, and, despite the hilarity at mountain hotels, a spirit of repose prevails. But at Atlantic City! It is the city of pleasure, unalloyed, unassumed, unrestrained. This city at the sea throbs with the real joy of life.

People begin going to Atlantic early in May; some remain during the entire summer; many for a week or two, and the majority, probably, for a few days. But from the beginning of summer until late in September, night and day, a gay and brilliant throng moves along the boardwalk.

In the morning they sally into the ocean, thousands at a time, and over the tumult of the breakers continuously rise the cries of people at play. They rejoice in the waters and dabble in the sand, young and old. People of all nations throng the boardwalk; they fill the pavilions and skating rinks.

The spirit of Atlantic was epitomized some time ago, when a Hindu, wearing a yellow turban and a beflowered tunic, walked serenely along in interested conversation with a little fat Eskimo and his chunky wife! No other resort can surpass in grandeur some of the hosteleries at Atlantic; indeed, several of them rank with the finest hotels in the world. Atlantic City is the resort of the rich and poor, the millionaire and the hired man—the mecca, indeed, of every one who wishes a rip-roaring good time.

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGES)