

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

TIMELY REFLECTIONS FOR NEXT SEASON.

BY MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

MEETING in the city street on a hot day last summer, one boot-black said to another:—"Well, who would a thought of meetin' a gentleman like you, as late as this, in New York."

"Oh, I'm only here for a 'pintment. I'm out of town all right—'shinin' down at Long Branch, with the other swells."

Following the fashion, even at long range, is not such a bad thing if it increases one's self-respect. But is there really any wisdom in this universally conventional habit of rushing out of town? Is there really any stronger necessity for it than the love of change, which is cultivated at the sacrifice of home life and home associations? Is it not largely reducing our populations from families to units who think only of their own inclination and seek only their own pleasure? But it is undoubtedly difficult to swim against the current—not to do as others do. The habit of "going away for the summer" comes with the season, and goes through a community like measles or mumps. It would make Asiatic cholera hustle to thin out a city in quicker time than does this going away habit when it gets down to business.

The epidemic generally breaks out in this way:—The man of the house comes home some evening a little more tired than usual, and the woman of the house, knowing an opportunity when she sees one, says:—

"You are not looking as well, dear, as you did this time last year. I am afraid we cannot put off going away as late in the season as we thought we could."

"As late as we thought we could,"

he echoes. "Why I had not thought anything about it. You said last summer you had such a perfectly awful time, you would never go away again until the children were big enough to leave behind."

"Yes, I know dear, they did worry me awfully, but it is on their account and yours that I now want to go. The change will do you all good."

Just tired enough to pity himself, and maybe to remember there was a possibility of her being tired too, and being a man susceptible enough to begin to feel typhoid symptoms at the first mention of his not looking well, he is in the mood to entertain the proposition. So, for the moment unmindful of the fact that "going away for the summer" means for him two weeks at most, or more probably only from Saturday night until Monday morning of each week, he says:—

"But where shall we go? Do you want to try the same place again?"

"Mercy, no! I would not be slaved, as I was last summer at that hotel, with dressing myself and the children three times a day—for anything in the world. I want, this time, to try the real country. Do find us a place where clothes are not a consideration."

The place in the country is found, and near enough for the typhoid sufferer to go out each Saturday; the windows and doors of their comfortable house are closed and barricaded, and it soon becomes known they have "gone away for the summer." Straightway preparations fast and furious begin for a general exodus of their circle of aping friends, and the first instalment of widowers *de grace* is ready to begin taking their meals at