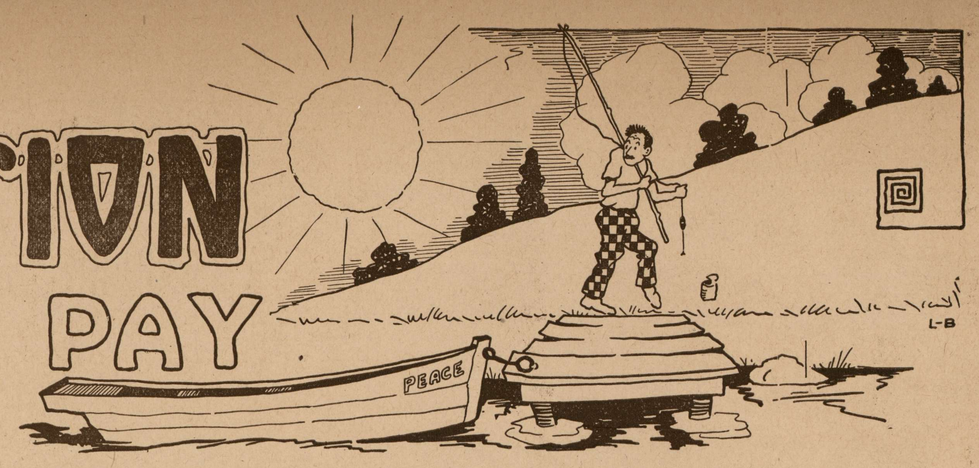
TWO WEEKS VACATION WITH OR WITHOUT PAY

IS ONE OF WIFE'S WOES

BY NANCY HANKS



One of the other troubles I've got besides my perfectly good husband is being compelled to take a vacation every year.

Jack gets the vacation, but I'm the one who has to take it, the same as with his pay envelope and any cold in the head he happens to pick up.

We've been to Atlantic City, Niagara Falls, points in Canada, Boston, Jacksonville and where not, so this year we decided to rent a shack along the water front of Baltimore county, where the mosquitoes could pepper us with bumps and we could watch the excursion steamer "Louise" go up and down.

Honest, it just terrible what some folks will go out and get. Cold feet, raises in salary, ideas on the Presidential campaign and all. But once a year they get two weeks off with pay, and some time without.

Being a _married _woman, _I don't get any vacation. I am not working only, for doing the family wash, cooking and mending, outside of which I'm supposed to have a most agreeable disposition.

If the cook has a sore thumb, why of course I am always willing to help out dishing up the dinner—it's all the same to me—ask me any little thing around the house and I can turn my hand to it. Sometimes I would prefer to turn my fist, but I am pretty well broke in, and generally meek as the lamb that is brought to the slaughter pen.

Anyhow, before I commenced to live this married life of leisure I worked in a millinery store, and of course I got the normal two weeks with; and generally May and myself, that was my girl friend, used to go to Tolchester, and say, maybe we didn't have a wow of a time! Mornings we could hardly wait to get the rats in our hair before commencing to make fun of the other boarders.

Of course, we two were different, and the life of the place, dashing down to the village and buying sodas and things in the morning, dashing up to the hotel shop to buy cards and cones in the afternoon, getting rides down to the pictures, evening, on the back of trucks, sitting together at the pictures and making the funniest remarks about them, and stopping into the ice-cream parlor to buy a dish of frozen slop.

Well, them dissipated days have dissipated, and now I got to take my husband's vacation like any other wife does.

Of course, we have had some pretty good times at that, like the summer Jack's friend, Joe Smith of the Cross Club, and his wife took the cottage together with I and Jack down at Betterton. It was just the cutest cottage all made out of match boards, or match boxes, or something, and the name of it was Idlewild.

Well, the name was correct, all right, on account before we had been there one half of the first week I and Mrs. Joe Smith was both idle and wild, on account that woman never even begun to do her share of the work, and I decided to be darned if I'd get it done for her, and she felt the exact same about me.

This cottage, which it was alleged to be a furnished one, was equipped with pretty near everything except the necessities. I bet the party that furnished that cottage did so on Clean Up Week, while the stuff was all out on the sidewalks, and before the city dump wagons had a chance to get around.

Jack and I had a bed with a tenor voice, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of the Cross Club, had one with a kind of nickelodeon attachment. There was one thing that house didnt have, and that is one of those dictograph machines by which a person can find out what is being said in the other room.

As for the bathroom, well, it was one of them four-door sedan models where you never remember to unhook any except the door you go out by. A shared bathroom has ruined more than one friendship, and ours up to Idlewild is one of the causes why I and Mrs. Smith now call each other that woman instead of my dear.

Another summer where we had a pretty swell time was the vacation we took at Look Out, up on Mount Tree.

The Lookout House sure was an exclusive hotel. It was exclusive of comfort, exclsuive of scenery, exclusive of gaiety. But its bills were weekly only in the one sense of the word, and its tips were in the Wall Street class. This was the place where we learned the dictionary sense of "vacation." To vacate—to leave empty. Meaning chiefly our pocketbook. In fact, we went there for a change and rest, but the waiter got the change and the hotel got the rest.

Come to think of it, we had pretty near as good a time one other summer at Knockout Beach. We had Junior by then, and they accommodated us over at the Ocean View Hotel. We had four windows opening right on the railroad depot. But the front porch was almost toward the water; in fact; a person could often see the sea by getting up and just going down onto the sidewalk.

This was the summer I took up outdoor sports and learned to rock a chair.

Before the season was over, I could rock and rock as good as any lady on the porch. I had every gait down perfect, from the simple sewing lope to the irregular canter, or gossop gait, or the slow steady single foot, or look-'em-over motion which we all swung into when a bunch of new reservations was dumped on the front steps.

Jack and I made three or twelve dear, dear friends that summer, and we was going to see a lot of each other that winter. And, as a matter of fact, I did see one of them ladies the other day, but I wasn't sure it was her or not until she spoke on account of her having another hat—naturally, after four years!

The summer we took Jack's vacation up to a farm in the "upper end" for its health, though, was some ways even pleasanter. The Jinx Farm was a lot quieter than any place we had yet been, except Broadway and Forty-second st., what with the wild jazz crickets keeping it up all night, the chickens, which was even noisier and sillier than the animals and other boarders.

But one good thing I will say about the place—they set one of the handsomest tables I ever saw in my life. It was of old mahogany, and she inherited it from her grandma, so she claimed.

Where we will take Jack's vacation this year is some humdinger of a place. But I will say it's a lucky thing we got all the rest of the year in which to save up our strength for it. And then, there is always the one part of a vacation that can't be spoiled, which a person can look forward to, and feel safe in knowing nothing can ruin it, no matter where we go. I am speaking, of course, about the relief of getting home.

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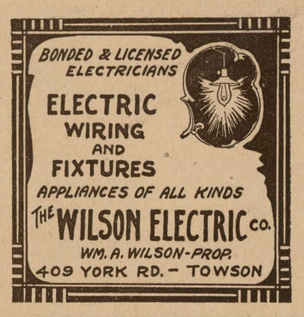
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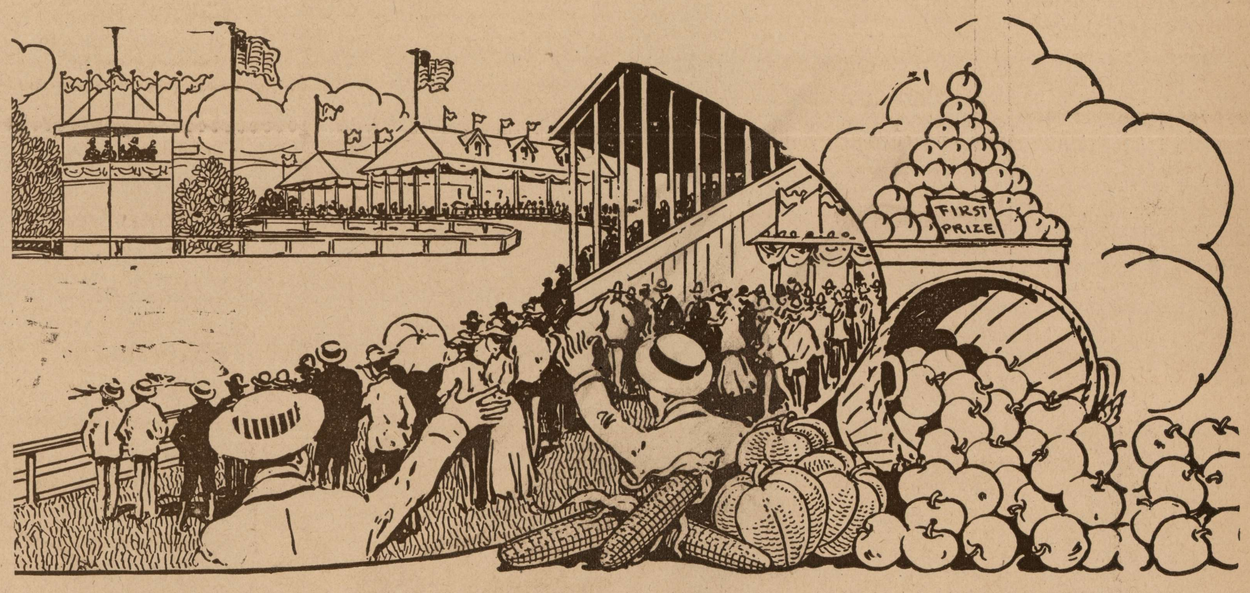

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