

## HOW TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY.



It is obviously true that holidays are best enjoyed when they follow a period of work more or less hard. The very contrast from a routine of labour, whether by head or hand, is in itself an enjoyment. Liberty—that is the first delightful feeling when the desk-

lid is closed down not to be opened for three weeks, or the school girl or boy turn their back upon lessons. Just the sensation that they need not be awoke from their slumbers at the usual hour the next morning, and that the ordinarily busy minutes will be at their own disposal, has a charm that for the first few days is sufficient in itself. Never mind the weather, never mind the fact that the lodgings by the seaside are not all they desired; they have nothing to do, and can please themselves.

But after a couple of days or so this delight palls, and people want something besides it to make the holiday a success. The seaside place affords them a variety of occupations, and on fine days they are independent of any suggestions of this paper. Wet days, however, will come, or a trifling illness confine you to the house; and it is for this contingency that I would offer a few hints. Always start for your holiday with some occupation to fall back upon. It is all very well to say, "Oh, we shall read nothing but novels at the sea," or in the country, for, except to a mind vitiated by the excessive reading of novels—however good—and nothing else, this line of reading will weary.

Wise as it is very often to lay aside all mental work in the way of study, it is very dreary to have nothing to read but novels if you have many hours in the house when you cannot go out.

Whatever may be your special attraction in the way of study, it is well to have some book on it in your trunk; still better is it if you, on your holiday, intend to pursue your favourite hobby, and gather fresh information with regard to it. Then, any spare hours in the house will be welcome, for you will have your dried flowers to classify and arrange, or your geological specimens to sort, or your aquarium to see after; and the time that otherwise would be on your hands will quickly fly thus filled up. Besides these, there are many things which can be done during holiday-time.

Often when Christmas is near, and demands are made for Christmas gifts for the poor, an excuse is ready, and often true enough, that there is not time to make anything. When away at a seaside or country place where you will be established for a few weeks,

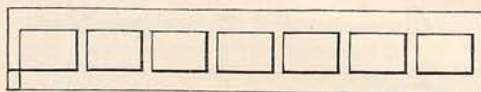
it will be well if you can take some materials to work up in view of Christmas. Certainly it will add to your luggage; and materfamilias, thinking despairingly of the already large array of boxes being emptied and made ready to be packed for the journey in prospect, thinks with alarm of an addition to it.

However, if she is clever, she will manage to pack other things closer, and have one box filled with materials for occupation on the inevitable rainy days. How often she will be thankful for having done this, I leave to her adoption of the plan to discover.

Fancy and plain work for the girls, and materials for making nicknacks, will be very useful; and scrap-books, always easily made, are a never-ending source of pleasure to children, who take to pasting as flies take to honey.

Cheap scrap-books can easily be had, and pretty scraps are very inexpensive. Then, you can take old magazines and Christmas cards to be cut out and used. Paste need not be boiled, and sticks just as well if made with plain flour and water. A very good way of using up old *stout* post-cards is to make scrap-books out of them.

This is easily done by cutting a length of glazed calico twice the width of a post-card, and then laying the post-cards, slightly pasted—enough to make them adhere to the calico—at intervals of a quarter of an inch each; the cards to be placed in the centre of the calico, thus—



Then cut out the corner marked, and turning over the calico, paste it down neatly, and fold the book back like a screen. When dry, the scraps can be pasted on; if the writing shows through, it can be completely hidden by a larger picture. But if dark red or dark green calico is used, the writing is rarely seen through, and never enough to be legible.

Larger-sized scrap-books can be made on precisely the same principle, by cutting out pieces of cardboard and laying them on calico. Three or four sections can be used, or more if preferred. At drapers' shops they will often gladly give you the pieces of millboard used for rolling stockings upon, and these make excellent scrap-books. All these are made, as will be seen, at very small cost, and at Christmas-time will often have a welcome for prizes and Christmas-trees.

When the holiday is taken by going abroad, and perhaps in wandering from place to place, it must be enjoyed in a different way. But all the same, to have some provision against a rainy day at an hotel, where perhaps there are no congenial people, is an immense boon. So that I should advise some books and work taken as weapons of war against dulness.

In taking a holiday abroad, it must be remembered

that some knowledge of the language of the country adds very considerably to both pleasure and profit of the time. In view of this, if some winter evenings were spent in learning the language of the country which you propose visiting in the summer or autumn, you would find the benefit to be very great indeed.

As far as my memory is right, it was Lord Bacon who said that he who goes to travel without some knowledge of the language, goes to school, and not to travel. How much pleasure is lost by English people abroad who cannot understand or make themselves understood! So much is shut off from them. Seated next a foreigner at a *table d'hôte* or in a train, if they can speak his language, how much they may learn from him, and how pleasant their intercourse may be! for friction with those of other countries always does the insular mind a great deal of good.

However little you may know of a language, it is best to speak it, and not at once look out for an interpreter or an English-speaking waiter. Put self-consciousness in your pocket, and if you desire to learn, be prepared to make mistakes, and do not be conceitedly surprised if you do. Little as you understand and can speak the foreign language, you will acquire more by airing what you know in the country than many books and lessons can teach you.

The enjoyment of a holiday will be very greatly added to if you can read up beforehand the history of the places you are going to visit. There are so many handbooks now of art and architecture that no one need plead ignorance; and all you have read will make your travelling doubly interesting to yourself and others. If you have not time to do this before your holiday, then take a few books with you; they are quite worth the weight, and will also provide you with a resource on those days when you are weather-bound.

Of course there are the two extremes. There are the people who make a toil of a pleasure, and in travelling are never seen without a book in their hands. You will notice them in the train as you are speeding through magnificent scenery, busy reading up the history of the town to which they are bound, instead of sensibly looking out of the window and filling their minds with lovely pictures of nature that would be as a mental gallery to them when back again

at work. But, no. They rarely look up, and on the Rhine they miss all the beautiful scenery, for they are too much occupied reading about each castle they pass. As there are a good many, their time is pretty well filled up.

On the Righi, too, where from the height on which you stand you have one of the most glorious views earth has to offer, it is pitiful to see these people carefully identifying the names of the mountains by consulting the map, to which their eyes are wandering, from mountain to map, quite regardless of the wonderful scene Nature is asking them to look at.

The other extreme are the people who travel in utter ignorance of anything of the places they come to. They pick out a little from their guide-book, and vainly rummage in the back regions of their brains to unearth any half-forgotten learning they acquired in their schooldays. They wander through the finest galleries of Europe, conscious that there is a great deal that must be interesting, but their uncultivated minds and untrained eyes fail to indicate the where. Whereas the simplest text-books on art, history, architecture, &c., however elementary they may be, do open the windows and let in light sufficient to make the reader feel that he has something to guide him, and his interest grows as well as his knowledge deepens.

A holiday spent thus is real recreation, and does mind and body alike good. New ideas have been gained, fresh knowledge acquired, and varied impressions absorbed.

And as a parting suggestion: as a souvenir of your holiday, if you purchase photographs and views, do not shut them up in a book. Have them framed, however inexpensively—and a few large pictures are worth a great many small ones—and be reminded in your every-day life of the beauty and magnificent scenery you so enjoyed in your holiday. A holiday when over is not done with, and is one of those things that sometimes we often enjoy most by retrospection.

But even if you do not act upon the suggestions in this paper, there is one thing you must try and find room for in your luggage—that is, good temper. Without this, it would need a miracle for you to be able to enjoy your holiday.

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## THE TALE OF A TRIAL TRIP.

### A PEEP AT THE NORFOLK BROADS.



WE were seated at breakfast, my wife and I, one morning late in the summer—I beg to state that the summer was late, not we ourselves; we were in good time—when a note was put down by the servant close to my coffee-cup.

“What’s this, Anne?” I asked, pausing.

“Mrs. Madden’s servant brought it, sir. She didn’t wait for an answer.”

[Why will some people speak of the servants, the carriages, and even the houses of married couples as Mrs. So-and-So’s? Has not the husband and breadwinner a title to them?]

“What is it about, dear?” asked my wife.

“Oh! Madden wants to know if we would like to join him and his wife and daughter in a little trip.”

“Where to?” asked my better-half. “We can’t go abroad: at least, I can’t leave the children. You will