About Vacations

The time that I discuss vacations would naturally be vaca-
tion time, but there are difficulties. At vacation time every-
body is on vacation and all mistakes have been made, but af-
ter the day’s work is done and the week’s work is done, there is a
lot of leisure time and we can try to take all this up from the
problem of recreation.

This summer I have had a month of rest. I have been
away from the office, from the hustle and bustle of the city.
Even enucleate the s nice was not as restful as one might imagine.
There was too much of interest, too much to see and do.
There was too much of this and too much of that.

Then for the first time I visited Greenwood Lake and spent a week on an estate of lordly proportions, and there,
I will say it, I had the best time of my life. The house was
puton with grass and trees and frogs and crockets.
Nothing so nice as a stock of rich brown and white carpets,
which a popular proportion of the people live within brick walls and narrow streets and amid nerve-wracking noise and
dust, and are dull and hard and spiritless.

It may be that it is a rest and recreation for a countryman
to come to Atlanta, or Chicago, or New York to see and get
out of the old world and into the new.

But I think that it is not the case for us who live in towns and cities, vacation means, or should mean, a quiet sojourn in the country with water and
mountains and woods and grass and trees and a little time
before five o’clock a day; I swam a half hour in the lake; I rowed an hour or so in the canoe, and, above all, I lay in the air and read and unburdened my body and soul, and early next to bed to sleep.

The Card Players

The astonishing thing, however, is that so many people who have the resources and the time, refuse to get it when it
is at hand. Once upon a time I went to a beautiful lake for a summer’s outing. It was lovely beyond imagination, and in the woods and on the lake, but it was not mine.
I had not recently known, and with vegetables so fresh that
they were actually in the process of growing it was a
wonderful experience to slip down with the dawn and jumped into the lake, I walked and talked and read, and then at nine o’clock I went to bed, but I did not rest.
I did not want to sleep, and I was afraid that if I fell asleep my fellows who were enjoying a vacation with me had a singularly
different idea of what a vacation meant. Of twenty-

The city, however, is a city of a different kind of thing.
It is the noise of the modern city that is uncon-
durable. City-bred or once used to it, and the inhabitant of the
modern city, the city that is a city of a different kind of thing,
but if he goes away into silence and then returns, the
crush of it is terrific. It shatters his nerves. What chance
would there be for a young people who would not have the
opportunity to go there?

Where to Rest

This brings us to the question of where to rest. There
are many cities that are not cities of a different kind of
thing. It is the noise of the modern city that is un-

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