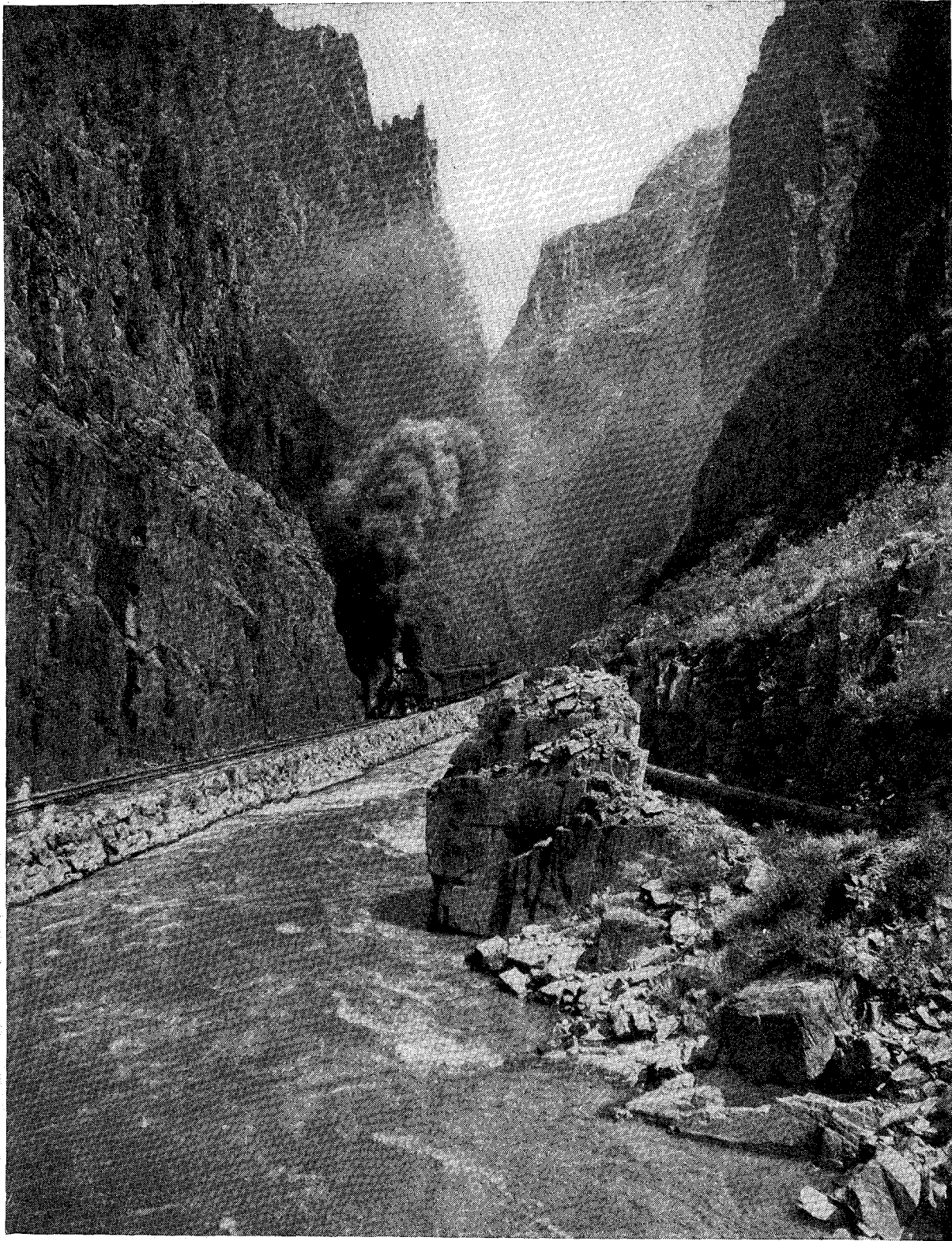


PLAYGROUNDS OF AMERICA

"That's the scene that I would see!"—*Shakespeare*

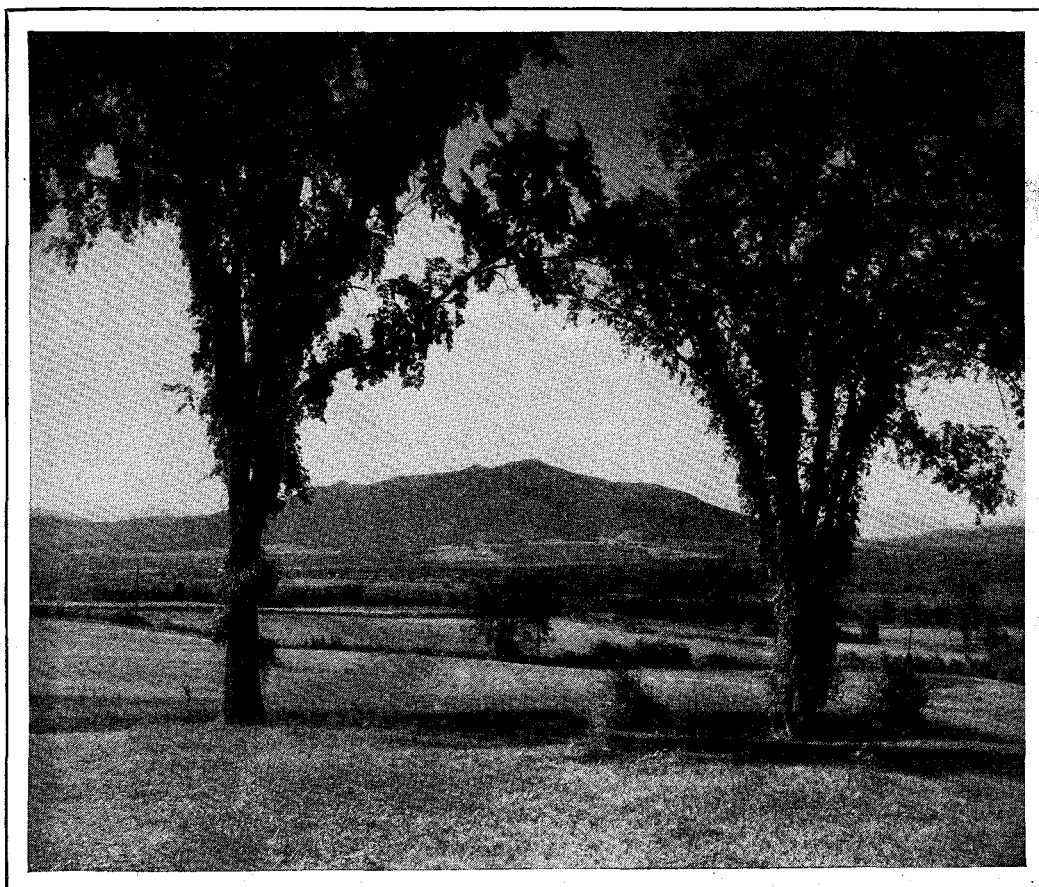


Courtesy of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway

THE ROYAL GORGE, GRAND CANYON OF THE ARKANSAS, COLORADO

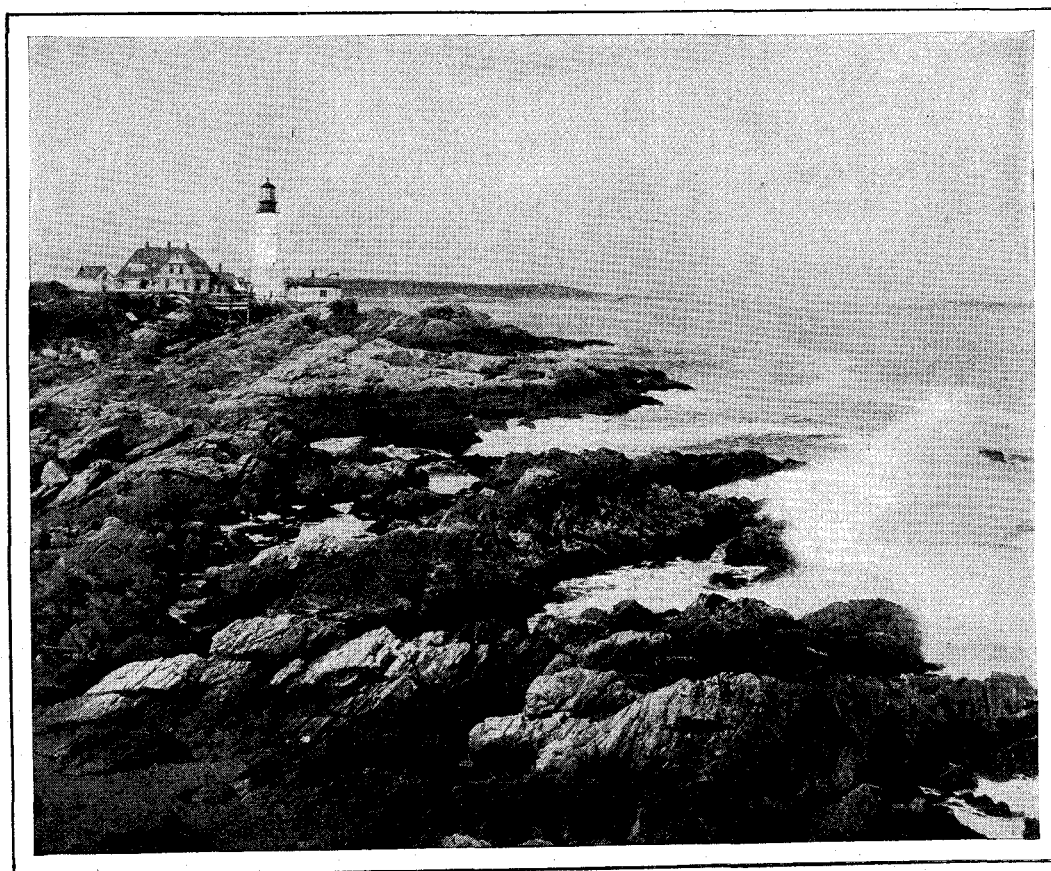
This is declared to be "the most remarkable chasm in the world through which a railroad passes." The height of the walls above the tracks of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is over 2,500 feet. Trains of open sightseeing cars annually carry thousands of visitors through this wonderful chasm

A CLEFT IN THE ROCKIES



Courtesy Boston and Maine Railroad

CHERRY MOUNTAIN FROM JEFFERSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE



Courtesy Boston and Maine Railroad

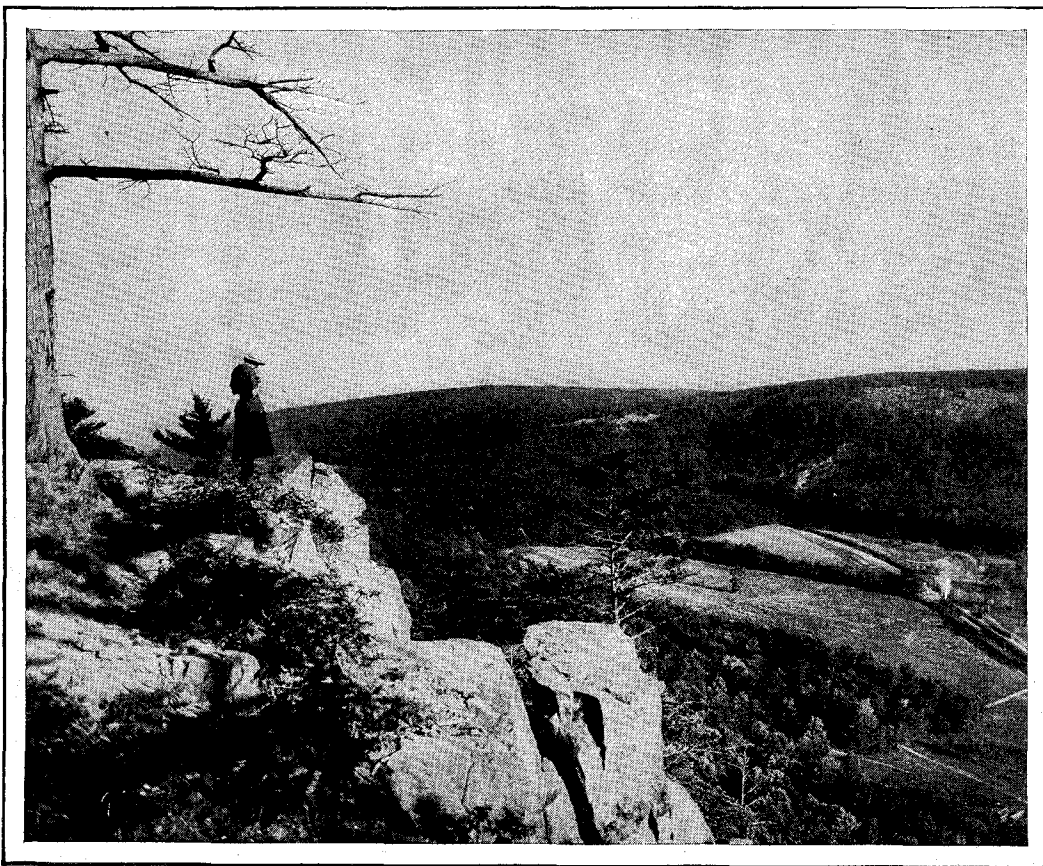
PORTLAND HEAD, MAINE

NEW ENGLAND'S ROCK-BOUND COAST AND THE PLEASANT LAND THAT LIES BEHIND



Courtesy Northern Pacific Railway

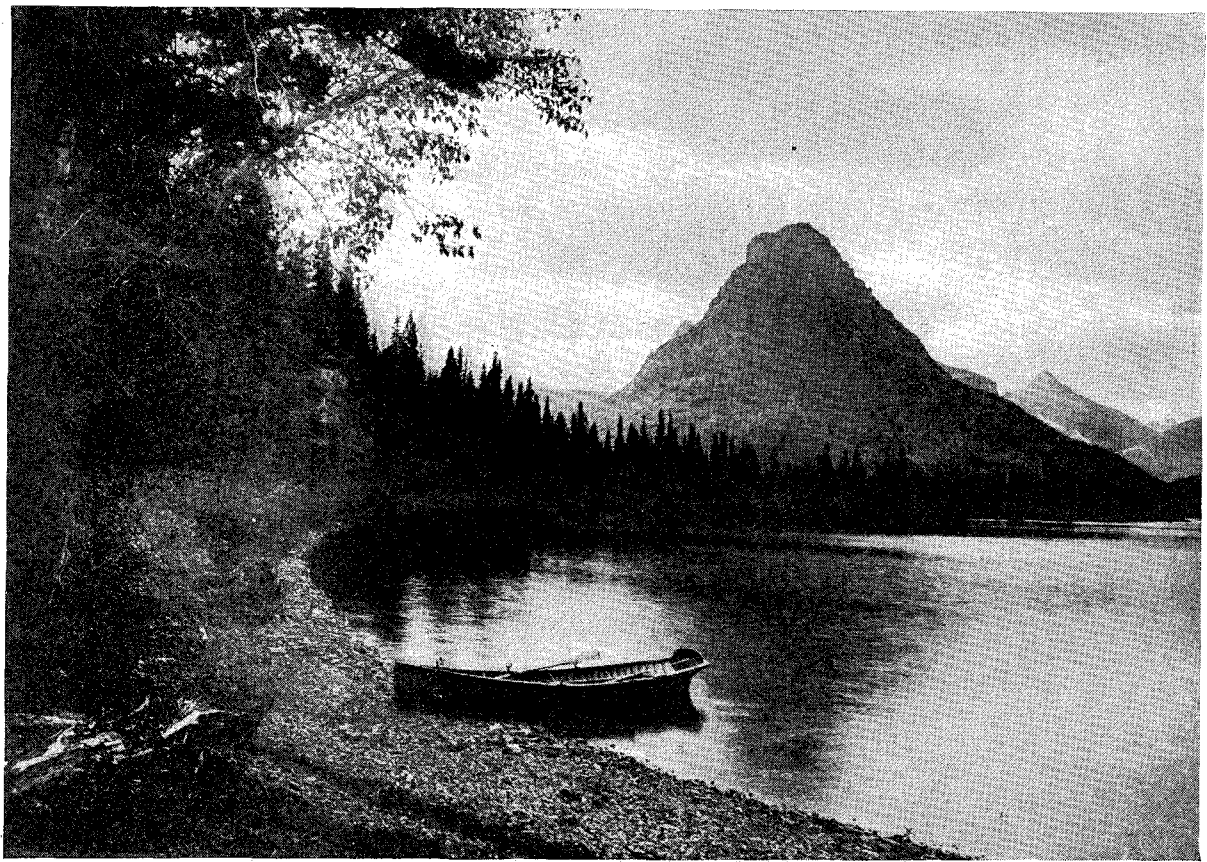
LAKE KEECHELUS, WASHINGTON, IN THE CASCADE RANGE



Courtesy Chicago and Northwestern Railway

LOOKOUT CLIFF, DEVIL'S LAKE REGION, WISCONSIN

EXTREMES OF THE NORTHWEST, MOUNTAIN AND LAKE



Courtesy Great Northern Railway (C) Fred H. Kiser

SUNSET ON TWO MEDICINE LAKE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK



Courtesy Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad (C) Haynes, St. Paul

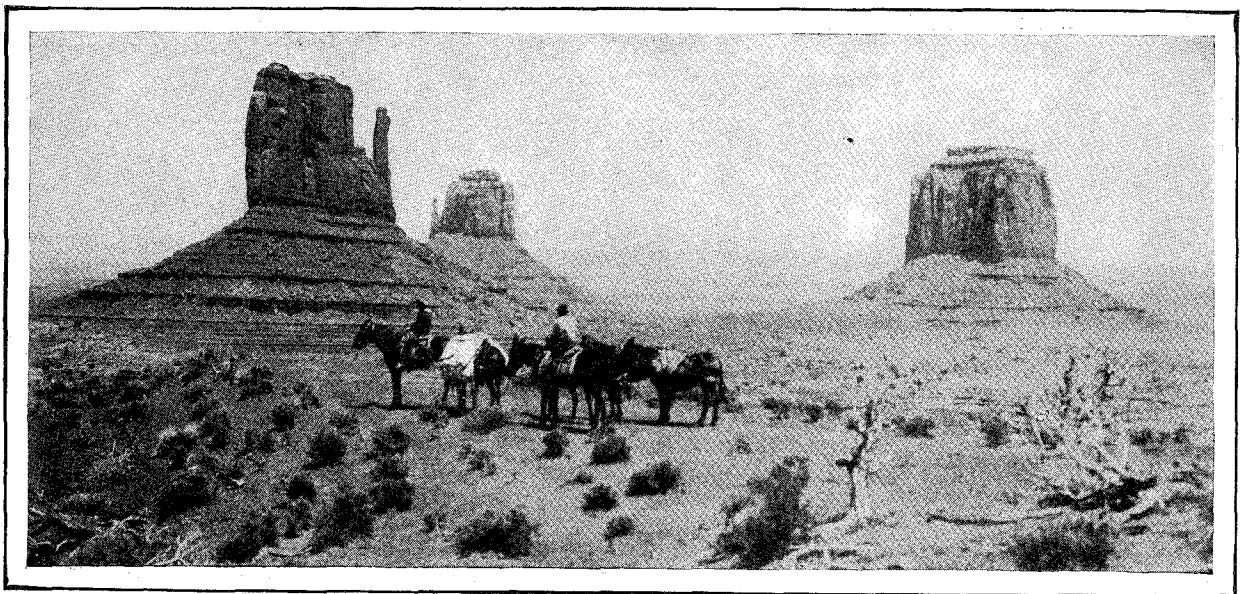
CANYON OF THE SHOSHONE RIVER, CODY ROAD NEAR YELLOWSTONE PARK

OUR NATIONAL PARKS—AN APPROACH AND A VIEW WITHIN THE GATES



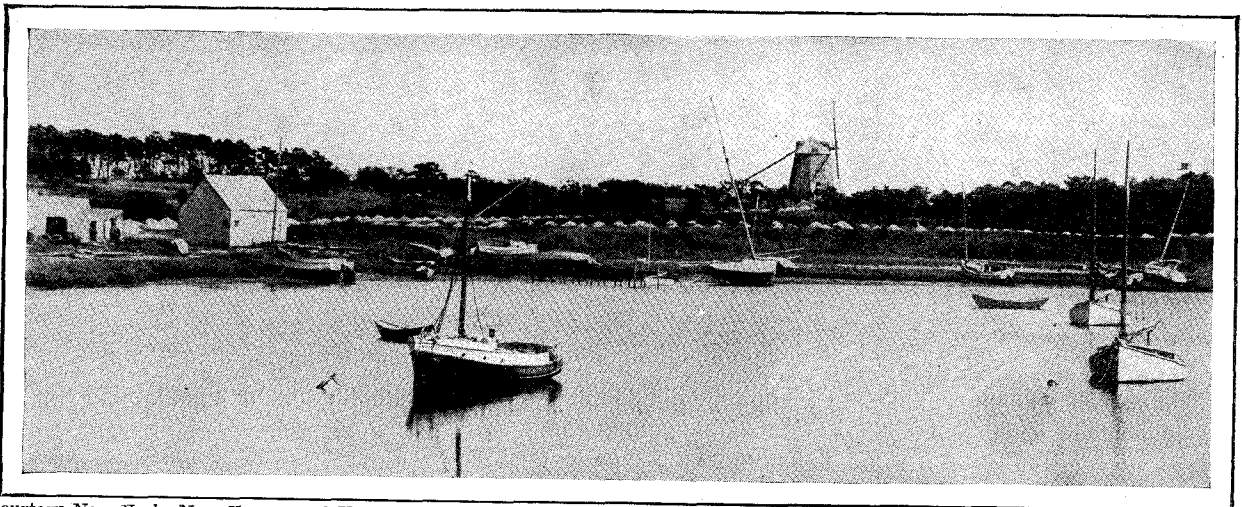
Courtesy Union Pacific Railway

BATHING AT SALT AIR, GREAT SALT LAKE, NEAR SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



Courtesy Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway

MONUMENT VALLEY, NAVAHO RESERVATION, NORTHERN ARIZONA



Courtesy New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad

HARWICHPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

SALT SEAS AND SAND

ON THE ART OF TAKING A VACATION

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK



"THE CUBIC FEET OF STONE IN THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS"

IT is not given to every man to be able to take a vacation even if he tries. As with all other things, there are those who can do it and those who can't. One man spends in vain a thousand dollars and travels in vain a thousand miles in the attempt to encompass a vacation. Another man can put on an old pair of trousers and a battered felt hat and retire to his back yard with a hoe, and, lo! in five minutes the outer world is blotted out, the sounds of the street are hushed, and his mind is as far away as if he were among the Hanging Gardens of Babylon or the Enchanted Islands of the South Seas.

There is an art in it. Either one can do it or one cannot; and in this work-broken world most of us have long since lost the key. When we try to take a holiday, we go so busily about it that we merely substitute one kind of work for another.

Every one recalls the story of the sexton in one of Dickens's books who took a day's holiday after continuous grave-digging for twenty years. He walked over a hill to the next cemetery and spent his day watching the sexton there dig graves. We are all a little bit like that. We carry our grave-digging around with us. Do but observe anywhere the tourist starting on his vacation and you will see at once that he still carries his burden on his back.

A stock-broker has no sooner started on his European holiday than he gets up an auction pool on board a steamship which he makes quite as complicated and as interesting as the Stock Exchange itself.

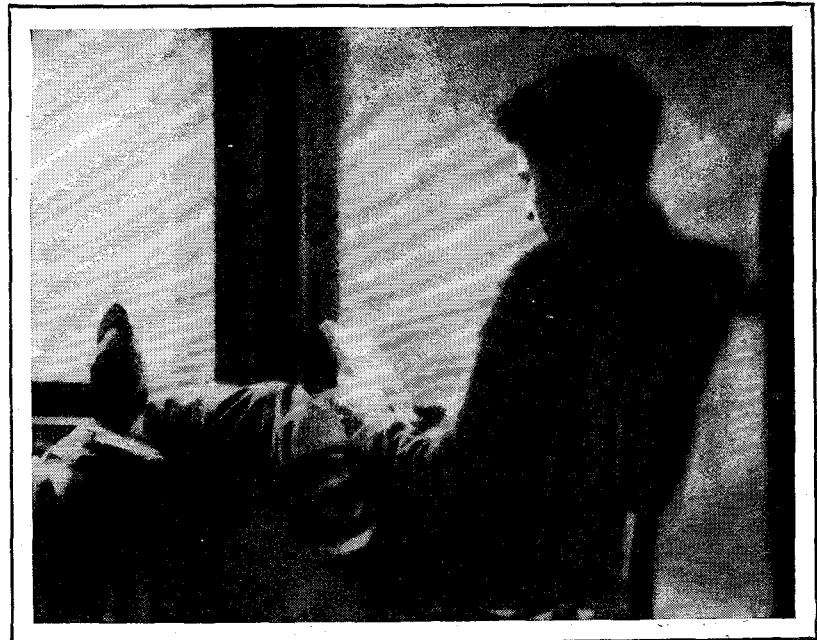
The liberated housewife, when you set her down in the Pitti Palace at Florence, finds a quiet corner, gets out her knitting and two pairs of children's socks, and straightway feels at home.

Near by is her husband, a college professor. They gave him a year of Sabbatical leave of absence to ease his mind from the strain of his lectures. Watch him. He is lecturing to the doorkeeper and a nursemaid on mediaeval Florence. Or behold in the galleries of the Louvre a stout gentleman with a pencil in his hand, ticking off names on a printed list. He is an auctioneer from Kansas City, and he is saying to himself (in his mind at any rate), "Lot No. 1, very fine painting by Van Dook, the great Dutch artist. Come, gentlemen! the frame alone is worth the price, what do I hear?" I remember one day in Paris

observing a man in rusty black habiliments who was saying to a French policeman, "Can you tell me, sir, where Napoleon is buried?" I knew at once that the man was an undertaker.

When I see a member of a State Legislature making speeches in a *pen-sion*, or a contractor figuring out with a pencil the cubic feet of stone in the pyramid of Cheops, or a banker explaining on a Dover-Calais ferryboat the relation of the French franc to the British sovereign, then I know that the nemesis of our working civilization is upon them. They have worked so much that they cannot stop.

Most pathetic of all is the case of those whom a deceitful good fortune has allured into retiring and for whom the close of life is one long and melancholy vacation—a discount, as it were, upon eternity. These haunt like ghosts the scenes of their former activities, if not in body at least in mind. I knew once upon a time a retired banker, a shadowy, mournful-looking man of fifty on whom false fortune had smiled. He lived for the most part on the Riviera and spent his time looking out over the Mediterranean and talking about how he founded the Bankers' Association of South Dakota. When he got well into his topic and described the operations of the Association, its members, and the extraordinary interest of its annual convention, his mind was so absorbed that the blue Mediterranean and the palm trees and the white cliffs above the beach were all blotted out and he was back again in a sunless room in a side street in some mean town of South Dakota—happy. When his talk ceased,



Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

"... ABLE, BY SEATING HIMSELF WITH STOCKINGED FEET ON THE RADIATOR AND OPENING A PAPER-BOUND VOLUME OF CLARK RUSSELL, TO TRANSPORT HIMSELF BODILY TO THE STORMS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"