

## AN IDEAL WINTER TRIP.



A VACATION in midwinter has become almost as much a necessity to a great number of tired Americans as a summer outing. There was a time, not so very long ago, when only invalids were to be seen at so-called winter resorts; to-day the well, who go for rest and pleasure,

so far outnumber the sick, that one wonders if all the invalids have not really found the health they went to seek.

We are learning to get more pleasure out of life than our great-grandfathers knew about. We have more opportunity and more money. We work hard when we work, and we rest thoroughly when we rest; and of all the ways of resting, travel, with the relaxation that comes to the tired brain through change of scene, brings most delight. Those great-grandfathers of ours found little pleasure in travel. To jolt in a stage-coach from New York to Washington was a hardship. To roll down to Florida in a "vestibule limited" is a delight.

Where shall we go *this* winter?

When you think of it, there is much that is stupid in the life at our great American hotels. We may rest our bodies in the big piazza chairs, but our minds are seldom refreshed. We sit about; we eat enormous meals; we drive, and see the local sights. If we are young we dance in the evening; if we are older we play whist, or gossip. By and by we go home,—better for the outing, but without having done anything or seen anything worth an after-thought.

To those who have tried this and are tired of it, and to those who have not tried it, but are thinking of running away somewhere for a few weeks this winter, we have a suggestion to offer: Why not try Spain?

"Oh, but that is going to Europe," you say at once. "We cannot go to Europe for our

short winter vacation; some time, of course, when we go abroad for a year, we shall see Spain; now we must be content with Old Point, or Aiken, or St. Augustine."

*Why not try Spain?*

Does it take long to go there? Eight days in a splendid steamer, with all the comforts of the best hotels,—eight days of blue water and sweet air, escaping the storms and winds and fog of the North Atlantic,—eight days of happiness and rest, and your ship drops anchor under the shadow of the mighty Rock of Gibraltar, and you are in a new world.

"Eight days" may seem like more time than the misleading "five days and fifteen hours" of the record-breakers, but the actual voyage to England is

not much shorter than the trip to Gibraltar; for "five days and fifteen hours" is only the time from Sandy Hook



A SPANISH RAILWAY-CAR.

to Brow Head, and Brow Head is at the corner of Ireland, and a day and a night from Liverpool; and Liverpool is only a place to get away from as soon as possible. So that one may add a day or two at least to the six days of the actual "record."

If one is obliged to go to England, and then down by steamer through the tossing Bay of Biscay (of unhallowed memory), or by rail through the length of Europe, the journey to Southern Spain is a serious matter; but since the North German Lloyd Steamship Co. has put on a line of ships between New York and Gibraltar and Italy, southern Europe and northern Africa have been made as accessible as Paris and London, and far more agreeable to reach in winter.

Leaving New York on Saturday, the North German Lloyd steamer will drop anchor at Gibraltar, or "Gib," as they call it there, on Sunday night or Monday morning of the following week. Even in midwinter the voyage is comparatively warm, and often the passengers spend all their time on deck without overcoats or wraps. The managers of the line do not insure against storms, but the chances are favorable to good weather. The ships are large, well built, and well manned, and the saloon is in the best



IN TANGIER.