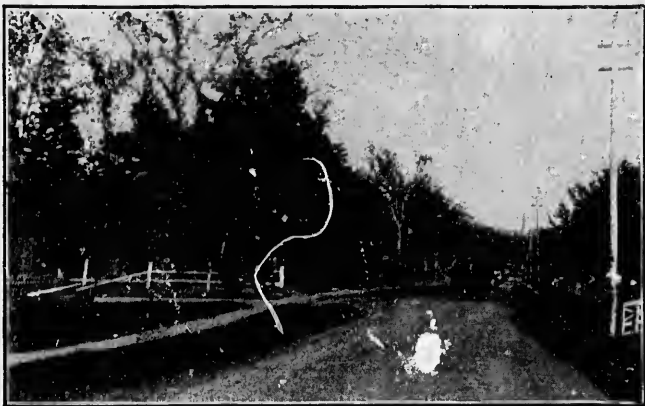


The Great American Rush.

YOU remember what Sydney Smith called Daniel Webster,—“A steam-engine in trousers.” That hits about nineteen out of twenty of us Americans. We’re all steam-engines, and trying, for the most part, to do a mile a minute. To be sure this terrible vehemence has accomplished great things. While a hundred years ago this country was, generally speaking, a howling wilderness, it is now, from Atlantic to Pacific, a humming hive of industry. Where a hundred years ago a man was accounted rich who had glass in his windows



BRIDGETOWN, N.S.

instead of greased paper, now if a man isn't worth at least half a million, he thinks the poorhouse is staring him in the face.

But this continual rush has made us, as a nation, a particularly feverish and nervous lot of people; and what we want above everything else—more than we want a new tariff, or a revised currency—is rest. The American nation should take a good square loaf. Of course it is not to be had anywhere in the country; the atmosphere of the United States is so saturated with bustle and hustle and hurry that to breathe it is to make one start upon the run. To get rest, relaxation and recuperation, you must get out of the country. Now, fortunately, Nature supplies a remedy for every disorder, the antidote for

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March 1880 J. Caldwell for 18