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## Editorial.

## HOLIDAYS.

With the advent of July, nurses' holidays begin to be a serious consideration in hospitals and private nursing institutions, and indeed long before this month they are a subject of anxious concern to the Matron upon whom falls the task of arranging them, with the minimum amount of inconvenience to the institution, while as far as possible studying the legitimate desires of the nursing staff.

One thing, however, is certain—namely, that as holidays must cover a range from May to September, it is quite impossible that every nurse should take her annual leave in August, and much trouble would be saved to harassed Matrons if nurses would assimilate this truism, which seems too obvious to need emphasis, were it not that every year, as the holiday season comes round, the large majority of the members of most nursing staffs make application for leave in this month, and sometimes consider themselves ill used if they cannot get it.

The chief attraction of August is that brothers and sisters are home from school, and professional men usually take their holiday then. Otherwise, there is much to be said in favour of other months. In August all the seaside resorts are crowded, lodgings are dear, and provisions considerably more expensive than earlier or later. Again, in July the evenings are at their longest, and the weather usually fine, while if September is chosen, the close of one's holiday brings one back to town when the hot weather is over, fresh and brisk for the winter's work.

After all, so that we know in time to make the necessary arrangements, does it matter so very much when we take our holidays? All the year round

"The world is so full of beautiful things, I think we should all be as happy as kings."

Whether it is the shores of our sea-girt island which attract us, or the loveliness of its inland lakes and mountains, the charm of its cathedral cities, or the moors, coombes, and rivers of the sweet West country—a country which weaves a spell about all whose good fortune it is to be acquainted with it, so that again and again they return to it with delight—we have within the compass of a few hundred miles the possibility of a variety of pleasures to suit every kind of taste.

To those who desire the complete change of scene and thought to be had by going further afield, the Channel Islands set glowing with colour in the midst of an azure sea, with their wealth of flowers, their quaint folk lore, their kindly people, their invigorating air, and their exceeding natural loveliness, afford all the elements for a delightful holiday; or in Holland and Belgium, which are within the compass of the purse of most nurses, they may revel in the beauties of architecture and art, study history while enjoying their coffee in the open in the Grand Place at Bruges, under the shadow of its famous belfry, or in the cool aisles of the cathedrals of this turbulent little country, which, solid and serene, have survived the troublous times when almost every inch of it was fought over, they may study the masterpieces of Rubens, the Van Ecyks, and other great painters, fittingly enshrined within their walls.

And Holland — Holland is surely a land where a nurse may drink in lessons in exquisite cleanliness and order, in resourcefulness, and intrepid daring, all of which she needs to assimilate, while enjoying life in this charming country, every square yard of which seems to be utilised in the best possible manner. At the Hague, a most pleasant town, may be studied some of the most famous pictures of Rembrandt and Van Dyck, while a short walk through shady avenues brings the visitor to Scheveningen, the quaintest seaside place imaginable. Another object of interest is the famous "House in the Wood," built in 1645, in the beautiful Orange Room of which the International Peace Congress was held in 1899.

The world—so much of it as may be covered in a month, and as our purses will admit of

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