SPAIN OF TO-DAY

JOSEPH THOMPSON SHAW

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"The Mecca for Pleasant Sunday Afternoons"

SPAIN OF TO-DAY

A NARRATIVE GUIDE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE DONS

WITH SUGGESTIONS
FOR TRAVELLERS

By
JOSEPH THOMPSON SHAW

ILLUSTRATED

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CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

SUGGESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS

THIS little volume is not a work of fiction. On the contrary, it is compiled from memoranda written each evening after we had returned from a day of exploration and sightseeing. The impressions, therefore, were gained on the spot and were not drawn from memory and a study of notes after our return to America. They represent the country and the people as we saw them, and their commendation as a picture of scenes and conditions drawn without glamour has encouraged me to hope that their presentation here may be welcome as a plain description of a country a little out of the ordinary line of travel.

It is not entirely a trip of pleasure to see the whole of Spain. Trains are frequently slow and sometimes lacking modern conveniences of comfort; the waits are interminable, while even in the larger cities the hotel accommodations are not always pleasant, and everywhere the food is of a character to which a stranger does not become easily accustomed. Unless the greatest care be taken, indigestion is the

least of the certain results to follow. There is an unappetizing taste to almost every article of edibility, cooked or uncooked, that makes one long for some simple home-made dish. Even so secure an object as a boiled egg seems infused with the essence of the national herb, while the olives appear to gather it in from the very atmosphere. After a few trials one goes discouragedly through the list, seeking the plainest fare, quite satisfied to leave unsolved the mysteries of some wonderfully odorous casserole.

A trip to Spain should most assuredly be thoroughly planned before the start, and not be considered as a side-journey from Paris or the Riviera. It should be borne in mind that for all practical purposes Spain is nearly a circle with the geographical center just without the gates of Madrid. From this spot, roughly speaking, four hundred miles in any direction takes one to the periphery; to Gibraltar on the south, Lisbon on the west, San Sebastien on the north, and to Barcelona on the east. Thus Madrid is considerably out of the line of travel unless one wishes to go directly through the country.

The easiest way in which to see a part of the country—and the most enjoyable part for that matter—is, of course, to approach it from Gibraltar, proceeding thence to Seville and up the Mediterranean coast. This would include, also, Malaga, Granada —which is inland—Valencia and Barcelona. Likewise this route may well be reversed and steamer taken from Gibraltar. Such a trip, taken in the Spring when the foliage is most beautiful and the festivals

bring the people out in their gayest colors and happiest moods, would give one a most favorable impression of the Spanish country, but would not, at the same time, give a true picture of the land or the race. Yet this is the route that I should follow if I were merely on pleasure bent, and I purposely omit Madrid, for while there are many things worth seeing were one actually in the capital, still only the incomparable gallery of the Prado really warrants the tedious ride thereto.

With all the beauties of the south and the towns of the coast in mind, it is, nevertheless, the note of sombreness that strikes loudest in my memories of Spain, and this was gained only by pursuing the course which our most excellent courier mapped out for us, through the heart of the desolate country. By comparison the brighter parts of the Peninsula seemed all the more attractive, but cannot entirely blot from the mind the vast wastes of the north. There, in appearance, the people are akin to the land, swarthy, rugged, burned brown as the soil, and not even picturesquely attractive. The bright, carefree faces belong to the south and the coast provinces, and it is there one should confine his travels if he would not be depressed by the sight of a wasting people.

Spain can be done expensively or otherwise. One can time one's trips from town to town to escape the expresses which are far more costly than the ordinary trains of local accommodation. The latter have the three classes usual to European trains, and the Span-

iard ordinarily travels third for the reason, it is said, that there is no fourth class. However, the third class should not be attempted, although the second is not so bad, especially for short runs when a compartment can be obtained alone. The Spanish train, with first and second class carriages, is not unlike those encountered in England and elsewhere on the Continent. The compartments stretch clear across the car and have upholstered seats facing each other, each accommodating four and even five passengers on a side. There are usually four compartments to a car, and for easy riding choose those not over the trucks. Unlike the English carriages, however, along the outside of the car is a running board and often when the train is at top speed, perhaps at the rate of twenty-five miles to the hour, you are surprised by the sudden appearance of the conductor, who unlocks your door and enters for your tickets.

The cars are heated (?) in cool weather by flat, metal foot-warmers filled at the start with hot water. If you are travelling in the cold months do not fail to take plenty of warm wraps. You will find your steamer rug as welcome here as on board ship.

The sleeping cars have the same arrangement of compartments, which are shorter than those of the day coaches, permitting a passage at the side of the car in which seats let down at frequent spaces, allowing, in the day time, a much appreciated change from the tedious seats of the stuffy compartments.

The Sud Express, the train which runs between Paris and the south of Spain, is quite an institution

by itself, particularly where it runs through Spanish country. It leaves Paris daily, and with few stops covers in a little over twelve hours the run to Irún, which is the Spanish town on the frontier where passengers pass through the customs and take another train on the broader gauged Spanish tracks. Returning, the north-bound train disembarks the traveller at Hendaye, the French border town, where one's baggage is examined by French customs officials.

The matter of passing the customs is not an onerous one, especially if you have a smattering of French or Spanish, and reply to the inevitable queries, "Have you anything to declare? Have you tobacco, cigars, liquors, perfumes?" I have found it most desirable in England and France, as well as in Spain, to place any articles of doubt at the top of one piece of baggage, break open the box of cigars, unstop the liq—perfume, and indifferently invite inspection.

If you are accompanied by a courier, leave it all to him and do not complain at the item for *pourboire* in his bill.

From Irún the Sud Express runs to Madrid and the south, while one section is cut off at Medina del Campo, a junction well to the north of Madrid, and sent to Lisbon.

The accommodations on the Sud Express are really excellent. The berths are comfortable and the *Wagon-Restaurant* affords a comparatively good meal *à la table d'hôte*. There is, however, an extra charge for this train amounting to fully one-third more than the fare by ordinary train, but for long runs, such as the

fifty-hour trip from Paris to Seville, the Sud Express is certainly worth while.

The best seasons in which to visit Spain are either in the early spring or late fall; at other times of the year the climate is not especially liked by the Spaniard himself, who, if he can, seeks other countries or watering places. At the time of the visit of which I write, late fall, the weather in the northern provinces was on some days quite cool; in the south, that is, in Seville and the lower Mediterranean towns, it was most mild and springlike. Even then there were days when one did not regret a warm coat, for at times the air becomes damp and chilly and the cold penetrating. Particularly when visiting the old buildings, a warm wrap or coat should be carried no matter if the day outside is mild.

A courier of the best sort is always desirable and in some places, like Toledo and Cordova and old Granada, is absolutely necessary, especially on the first visit to the country. To make the trip most enjoyable and profitable it would be well to engage a reputable man for the entire tour rather than to depend upon the local guides. Our courier, who accompanied us while we were in Spanish territory, is a native of Gibraltar. He exhibited a most intimate knowledge of all the places we visited, and of all things Spanish of which we inquired. Indeed, Señor Michael Beñunes is known to many Americans and is most cheerfully recommended to anyone fortunate enough to secure his services. Where dependence is had upon

local guides, only those who are recommended at the best hotels should be engaged.

Spanish money is based upon the decimal system. The peseta, the unit of all value in reckoning, is equal in value to about eighteen cents, or a little less than a franc, and is divided into one hundred centimos. Its persuasive and propitiatory power is, however, a constant source of wonder and will win anywhere most grateful *gracias.* A most useful bit is the fifty-centimos piece, equivalent to about ten cents, which will reward any ordinary service, while even the copper ten-centimos pieces are never "refused."

Like the other Latin country, counterfeit money is frequently in evidence in Spain, and is most often encountered in scrip and in the five-peseta piece, which latter is of the size of our silver dollar. It is no idle suggestion that you ring your change before accepting it. At all the principal railway stations on the frontier, there are regularly kept up offices for the exchange of money, but here the full rate of exchange is not always allowed, while one should know his currency thoroughly and should allow no false pride to prevent its immediate examination for character and amount.

As to scrip, which is in denominations of twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, five hundred and one thousand pesetas, no notes should be accepted that are not issued by the Bank of Spain, and even then they should be obtained preferably from a banking house or a well-known agency. As a matter of fact, Spain is

now fairly well covered by branches of the Credit Lyonnais, of Paris, the American Express Company and of Cook's, whose employees are most courteous and obliging and who often extend accommodation that we would hardly expect to receive in our own country.

In the cities, the best hotels, having a range of prices similar to all first-class European hotels, can possibly be avoided and well-recommended *pensions* sought out. Second-rate hotels should not be attempted.

Everywhere throughout Spain, the café habit is popular, and can be practised with surprising economy, besides affording a welcome variation from hotel fare. In the hotels the *table d'hôte* meal is the usual thing. For breakfast, invariably taken in your rooms, you soon become satisfied with merely coffee, rolls and fresh butter, to which English marmalade adds a desirable flavor. Lunch is a modest affair—your constitution must be sound and your appetite a hearty one if you long for mealtime here—but at dinner you have many things from which to choose, and abundance of time for your coffee and cigar before seeking evening distraction at opera, theatre or promenade. Ordinary water is to be avoided, while the native wine should be drunk sparingly. Bottled mineral water can always be obtained, of which we preferred the water d'Evienne, common to Paris cafés.

A smoker should take with him all of his favorite brands that the customs will allow and depend not at all on the native cigar. The Spanish cigar is im-

possible and one cannot remain long enough in the country to become accustomed to it. If sweets are a necessity one should not rely too much upon the native product, for while there are some chocolate factories whose cakes are passable, the ordinary confections are not for our taste, although of wonderful delight to the little Señoritas.

Tipping, even in the slightest measure, is a customary part of all payments for service, but, unlike in our own country, at the hotels it can be deferred until one's departure, when all servants who have contributed in any way to your comfort come in for their regular *pourboire.* A solicitation of alms is one of the daily experiences, even in the museums, and while a compliance is altogether a matter of personal decision, a judicious gift of a few coins will often save annoyance. One soon finds that a reputation for dispensing charity is quickly acquired in places where you are a frequent visitor, and you often find the same beggars waiting for you on your return to your hotel. The most annoying feature about the begging is the crowd of little rascals who gather about your vehicle or press about you when you walk. They can, however, be easily scattered by a gruff "*anda,*" or by a handful of coins thrown at a distance, when their scrambling is most amusing.

The opportunities for pleasure, as we view it, are not many in Spain. There is always the drive for the pleasant afternoons, when fashion vies with beauty and society goes forth to be seen. For the poorer classes there are the cheaper theatres and the music-

halls with their native gypsy dancers, the latter being an especial feature of the south. The frequenter of these places makes no pretence of his appearance, but unshaven and unshorn he crowds around the tables and dissipates, to your surprise, in a single cup of coffee and his inevitable cigarette, and maybe, now and then, in some local beverage.

For the better grades of society there are the theatres for dramas and the operas, and in the principal cities the clubs where the men of wealth and position spend most of their nights in gaming.

For all classes there is, in every town or city, the inevitable bull-ring, the mecca for pleasant Sunday afternoons.

The language is easily acquired, at least a sufficient vocabulary for all ordinary requirements, and you will find that even a simple "*gracias*" will make your way pleasanter. At the hotels, in the larger cities, English is invariably spoken by some attendant at the desk or in the dining-room, but on the trains, if you are unaccompanied by one who can act as an interpreter, it is essential that you have some knowledge at least of French. In fact, a study of both languages will prove a source not only of pleasure but of profit.

SPAIN OF TO-DAY

BIARRITZ AND SAN SEBASTIEN

THROUGH my window shines a golden crescent —the first real moon since *Adriatic* nights.

If you could but look from the balcony where I sit.

The lights below and near at hand; that moon paling the arcs and bringing out the roofs and the trees with their shadows of mystery between; the gleaming stretch of sand to the point of storm-worn rocks, while the constant pounding of the surf sends inward sheets of glistening foam and makes familiar music to the ear.

The soft night comes through my window on the light October breeze. All sounds are distant and subdued to the monotone of the breaking waves.

Beautiful Biarritz. A night of dreams. Ah, well.

Early last evening Mr. T—— and I left Paris on the "Repeat," the train which follows the "Sud Express" some hours later. This morning at "ha'f pass two, t'ree, four," the guard, who is also conductor and cook, brought us coffee and rolls and wakened us to the fair stretches of Southern France.

Presently we arrived at the station which is two miles or so from the sea now, although the spur that is building will land passengers right at the beach.

Loitering to practice my stumbling French upon the obliging guard, the rest got ahead and took much amusement as I came whistling through the barrier followed by the cries of the drivers. One was so insistent that I turned upon him in vexation to discover an apologetic official who, cap in hand, respectfully begged my "*billet.*"

A drive of fifteen minutes took us by pretty country villas and pretentious mansions, passing en route donkey-powered milk carts to whose drivers—feminine and plain—one could not resist a "*bon-jour.*"

Whirling through a gateway and over a gravelled approach, we drew up gallantly before this Hôtel du Palais, built in 1856 for Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie, destroyed by fire in 1893 and re-erected and enlarged ten years later to the satisfaction of Edward VII. and other less renowned *voyageurs.*

The dining-room looks to the sea—a clean, airy half-moon of a place with big windows on the bow. Your appetite grows as you look. An exceedingly well chosen room.

Little Biarritz—of world-wide fame, with its mere half-mile crescent of beach guarded by a succession of hotels and the casino set in the center "*ou on joue au bacara.*"

Upon our arrival at the hotel we were received by our courier, a grey-haired, *distingué* gentleman in the sixties. Mr. T—— and he are two young men, fresh and keen.

Señor Beñunes, El Corrèo, recommended himself to

us in glowing language, promising all the marvellous beauties of Spain to unfold while he recounted the noted gentlemen he had escorted,—Mark Twain and Pabst, the brewer.

This august person seems to know all tongues, all people and all things.

He has planned,—he plans and we try to do as we like,—he has planned a most comprehensive trip through the center of Spain, Morocco, French Africa, the Mediterranean towns of Spain, and Southern France. But we shall see.

Here at Biarritz almost all is French with some Spaniards yet around the cafés and at the casino. A few still bathe while the sun is high, watched by the bathmen, who are fine-looking fellows, strong and tanned. Children and nurses are playing in the sand.

Now, however, the place is practically deserted, for the Fall season is well over, although Biarritz is beautiful under any conditions. But you know the pleasant thoughts induced by a deserted seaside resort and this is nothing else. There is no business except to cater to visitors and incidently to relieve them in the most expeditious way of any encumbering wealth.

To-day—two delightful drives in the surrounding country, and at the Hotel, some delicious, fresh little sole—incidents worthy of the chronicling.

Last evening, after dinner in the beautiful but deserted dining-room, we went to the casino and watched the gaming for an hour or so.

There may be a fascination in the play itself under other circumstances, but not among that crowd with their drawn, worn faces, playing for their little stakes as if for an heritage; the remnants of the Season's throng—scavengers after the pack has gone.

Once in a while a big wolf yet comes. Young R——, night before last, was said to have won twenty thousand francs and yesterday to have lost that and ten thousand more. But they tell such stories you cannot be sure.

The cool morning, well advanced, found us en route for San Sebastien in a fifty "C. G. V." I am sorry that I exhausted my adjectives and threatened your patience upon Biarritz, for the Spanish country and town are the more beautiful.

San Sebastien is the capital of the fertile Basque Provinces, independent since the Visigoths and having to-day their own soldiery and control of their affairs.

The people are workers. From daybreak to dark they till their lands and make more snug the little stone houses whose curling smoke invites them from their toil to noonday repast or evening meal.

They are close to thrifty France—so near that the peoples seem of the same race and customs. Were it not for the guards at the border line, or the word of the passerby spoken in another tongue, you would not readily distinguish the difference.

At a word from the courier, we diverted from the main road and whirled up the quiet streets of the little old town of Fuentehabia with its church built before Isobella, the Catholic, sent Columbus on his discoveries.

This is probably all so familiar to you through your travels elsewhere on the continent, but to me it had the charm of first acquaintance, and the age-colored walls, the narrow, paved streets, the stone houses whose musty odors you cannot escape, workmen and women in their strange garbs,—all made for an interest impossible to obtain through another's eyes and pen.

A look at the crumbling castles and fortifications, a fight through the horde of pernicious little beggars where the efficacy of "*anda*" first proved itself, and we were off again.

Wonderful hills and valleys of arable land!

Women with huge baskets on their heads, chatting and even knitting as they walked along; women on little donkeys well-nigh lost beneath the skirts and baskets; women in the fields working with the men; soldiers in the vivid uniform of the country, loitering lazily by the roadside or at attention before the guard houses, all added life to the panorama of cultivated land.

Sapristi! What motor roads. I have never seen their like.

Ever and anon by the side of a road which we Americans would pronounce perfect, appeared piles of stone of cobble size for further improvement. A little beyond we would find the cobbles crushed for macadam filling and presently would appear the "crusher," a stalwart peasant steadily swinging his heavy hammer and working out his taxes to the glory of his country and the delight of automobilists.

Well across the frontier we stopped at El Passage,

a town built on both sides of a little harbor whence one gains the sea through a narrow, winding channel between precipitous cliffs.

Here our courier, whose motto is "the quaint or nothing,"—did Mark Twain teach him that word?—engaged a "girl" to row us to the entrance, for the women did the work here in the ancient days, and it was a custom not unpopular with the stronger sex.

This, however, was too much for us, and despite the protestations of the disgusted Corrèo we insisted at least in stroking that lubberly old craft while the "girl" maintained a very strong bow oar.

The channel winds tortuously seaward. As we pulled leisurely by, to the right, on the bare, rough rocks, a crowd scurried at the sound of a whistle, and after much delay a blast shot its white cloud viciously upward and scattered fragments of stone into the water, sending up showers of foam.

To the left, across channel, a little crucifix marks the spot where an English steamer half way to her goal of safety struck the jutting ledges and was wrecked with a loss of eighteen. The bare rocks gave no possibility of assistance to the watchers on the hill, but now steps lead from the water's edge and are lost behind an upper ledge.

Further out, at the very entrance, the cliffs rise to their greatest height, rough and repelling. At the summit are the lighthouse buildings, square, white and of great prominence. Across channel are little shelter houses for the coast guard.

As we gained the open sea, a steamer's smoke

smirched the far horizon. The Bay of Biscay was tranquil. Only the long rollers lifted our heavy craft as we swung about, suggesting the mighty strength that now lay slumbering.

Landing, we retraced our steps to the motor and were presently rolling down the quiet streets of San Sebastien.

What an atmosphere of ease and indolence greets you even here on the very threshold of Spain! There is no hurly-burly bustle. Everyone loiters by the cafés, saunters along the seashore or rolls by in comfortable carriages. The whole place suggests plenty of time in which to do—nothing.

The hill behind the town affords a wonderful panorama of this nature's fairyland. The frowning fortifications on the rock which guards the right entrance lend a tone of severity that is belied by the little bay smiling under the warm Autumn sun and the richly foliaged hills which well-nigh embrace it.

Alfonso's Summer Palace on the sloping landscape looking toward the water occupies no more prominent place than many another mansion, yet stamps the seal of royal approval upon the gayety of San Sebastien.

On the beach close to the water's edge is a building, beautiful in design and well worthy of a better purpose than to encourage the vice of gambling that is the heritage of this excitable, courageous, indolent race. This is the casino with its lavishly decorated rooms.

With the afternoon sun streaming in and the soft sea breeze blowing through the rooms, the strained faces of the players in tense groups around the tables

formed a picture even more repelling than that of the night before.

Some were women garbed in black who seemed to be staking their very chances of livelihood. Nearly all were eager, tense and silent.

A few appeared to regard the play as a matter of everyday business. A man, whose appearance suggested one of our own respectable bankers, keeping careful watch of the clock, at the hour of appointment nonchalantly gathered in his balance of many thousand francs and coolly went his way.

On our return as we whirled through San Jean de Luz, on the French border, an acquaintance from some part of the world, left his seat at the roadside café and frantically waved to us, but we were going too fast to tarry and we could not make him out.

En route for Madrid to-night, courier, Albert, bags and all and the "Sud Express" leaves at ten-fifteen.

I wonder if you recall that funny little man, Driscoll, who used to skip so energetically about the decks of the *Adriatic*, attending to every feminine-body's wants until *mal de mer* had disappeared and permitted the appearance of his wife and charming daughter.

They reminded one so much of Gibson's family of Pipp.

Then there were the middle-aged Englishman who never would take a hint, and the young American with the bulldogs, and the Aunt clinging desperately to just under thirty.

The Casino at San Sebastien

Perhaps you remember how this party—*sans* bull-dogs—cliqued.

We all looked for a steamer romance, albeit the days after the *mal de mer* were short and the Englishman perniciously present.

Why do I mention them? Well, Pipp is being educated.

As we came down for dinner we met Pipp—I mean Driscoll—in the hotel lobby.

We shook hands cordially, as all good steamer acquaintances do, and expressed mutual surprise at each other's presence there.

He was just explaining that his family had decided to do a bit of Spain, when Mrs. D. appeared with her daughter.

Wonders of the Nile! Close in their train came the Englishman.

We looked around expectantly.

Yes, the Aunt was tripping daintily down the stairs —as Eugenie was wont to do—with her attendant nephew. Here then was our friend of San Jean de Luz.

Someone facetiously asked, "And what is the matter with the dogs?" but they, poor things, were quarantined in distant Southampton.

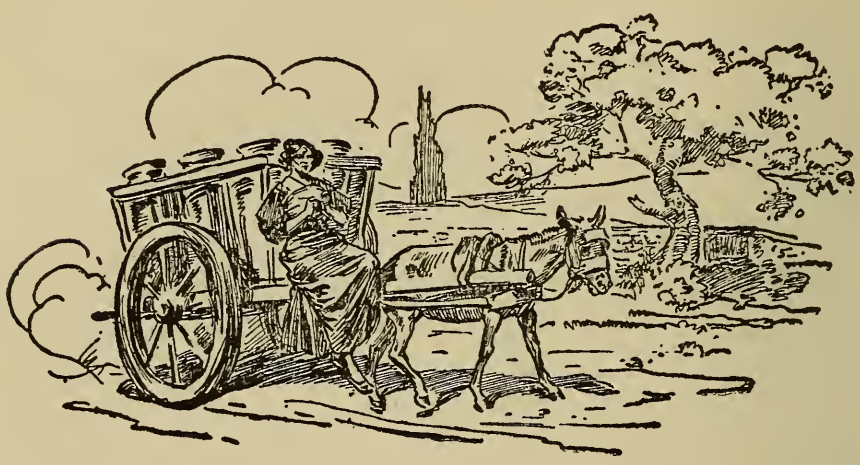
"And isn't it jolly our friends were coming this way too?" rippled the Aunt. Really she is quite interesting.

Poor Pi—, I mean Driscoll, looked longingly at the door that led barwise, but meekly followed the rest in.

We left them all gayly chatting.

Hale, the Englishman, was thrilling Miss Priscilla with some tales of manly endeavor while young America devoted himself sedulously to her Mamma.

There must be method in the youth's madness, or is he but casually interested?



MADRID

IT is so strange to be whisked in a night into a country where even French gives a homelike suggestion and the chattering jabber has neither rhyme nor reason.

When we went back to the *Wagon-Restaurant* for our *café complet* this morning we had come well into the heart of the Spanish country.

Land of all my castles! What a disappointment. Surely the Pyrenees nor San Sebastien had prepared us for anything like this, nor our fancies of the country of the Dons.

The misty grandeur of Spain has tinged every American boy's dreams with the touch of adventure, chivalry, wealth and pride.

In more serious thought one has regarded with respect the country which brought our land to the cognizance of the older world, peopled our earlier settlements and lent its tongue to all that is south of us.

Surely there must remain some virility of the older days; their strength—though broken with the scattering Armada—cannot have faded utterly; the evidences of a once powerful nation must yet be shown in the activity of its industries and the thrift of its people.

But the first glimpse into the wasted core of this vast land reads you a lesson of impoverishment, of a heartless, hopeless struggle under the burden of accumulated wealth and power. After compact, sturdy England, after thrifty, prosperous France, with their busy, independent peoples, this country by immediate comparison seems all the more unattractive.

On both sides to the horizon, everywhere, bare as your hand, stretch arid plains with rarely a vestige of trees or grass for miles at a time. A country burned brown and now all the more desolate as the crops had been gathered. As we whirled along a habitation on the landscape was an occasion, and when any number appeared they came as a surprise.

Imagine toy houses and churches surrounded by a wall set in the middle of a field of brown and you can picture how the towns appeared to us as we came upon them. We would travel miles through level fields of plowed land or vineyards when suddenly, without warning, one of these would discover itself. There were no suburbs to suggest its advent, no roads to lead one expectantly on. Some were little more than hamlets with the inevitable church in the center, and once when we saw no houses a church appeared the only edifice on the landscape.

Once we passed a forest of fir balsams—each tree tapped and bearing the cup to catch the flowing sap. Later, for a short space, we ran through a growth of olive trees dotting hillside and valley and freshening the landscape with their bright color.

Much of the land,—dry as it is,—is under cultiva-

tion clear to the Guadarrama Range, but it is one vast stretch unrelieved by the boundary marks of ownership.

You look in vain for the fenced-off farms, the prosperous individual homesteads that your mind indelibly associates with country land.

No. Here the peasants work for others and their two pesetas a day. Their home at nightfall is yonder in some squalid corner of that aged town.

What hope have they whether crops are good or bad, whether they work long and hard or only as they are driven.

Ugh! What a country.

On the right appeared Avila, city of ancient Spain, girded by a wall with eighty-three towers and having only four entrances still guarded by the stone beasts put there centuries ago to scare an enemy away.

Later we passed El Escorial, a cathedral said to be one of the wonders of the world. This is in the heart of the bare and desolate Guadarrama Mountains.

Take it all in all such a dried up, worthless and barren land you never saw. Save for the stretches of olive trees and of pine, the whole country south of the Pyrenees seems nothing but an arid waste.

Out of all this we came abruptly to Madrid.

There were no flowing, navigable streams to suggest a city's proximity—only the meagre Manzanares—nor other apparent reason for the capital's location—merely a King's fancy centuries ago.

Facing you, as you leave the modern station, is the Royal Palace, monument to the poor people's burden. Across the way are the barracks for ten thou-

sand soldiers. Between, winds a broad avenue with its modern trolley tracks.

The narrowing streets leading through the main part of the city disclose ordinary buildings, rarely over five stories in height.

In the heart of the city is the Puerto del Sol, through which pulses the traffic of business and pleasure, and at one end of this we found our hostelry—Hôtel de Paris.

I fear that Beñunes has a bit of the national strain of vanity. This afternoon he had a most "doggy" rig waiting at the hotel door, with its gallant driver and footman and span of smart horses.

Madrid is a place in which to drive. No one walks unless he be alien or poor.

The fashionable promenades and the beautiful public park are most attractive. The library building, the art gallery, the building of the Bank of Spain, give promise of something worth while. We saw also many beautiful private residences of the nobility—veritable palaces in size and outward appearance.

But our feeling to-night is one of keenest disappointment. Our hopes were so high of something grand and rich and beautiful, the common conception, I believe, of Spain, that this little city of half a million, the country's capital, suggesting so little of enterprise and usefulness, is certainly discouraging.

It is true that the streets are thronged, but the people appear poor and worn. The crowd is augmented by the peasants advantaging themselves of a Saturday night in town, until the Puerto del Sol seems the busiest

square in the world, but the contrast is thereby all the more strong.

One looks to see a hopeful, prosperous people in such a throng, ever coming and going through this main artery of Spain, but you scan the faces in vain for that strong, proud, virile type you hoped to see.

Spain is in a period of transition, so it is said. But actually it seems more a drawing apart of the two great classes—the wealthy and the workers; modernity for the former and degeneration for the latter.

Think of oxcarts rubbing hubs with automobiles; ancient mule teams with fine modern equipages; goats feeding next door to up-to-date buildings, and you have it.

It is of course an error to take a strange country too seriously on first acquaintance. You must coquette with it; pass the compliments of the day; laugh at its oddities and enjoy the smile in return. By and by the unaccustomed tones cease to jar, the grotesque turns to pathos and the eccentricities become fixed in your mind to be treasured fondly at another day when time shall have smoothed the rough contact of intimate association.

We are now assuredly in the land of the onion.

We might almost cry with the Ancient Mariner:

> "Garlic, garlic everywhere
> Except in what you drink."

The very atmosphere seems steeped with it. It is ever oppressively present.

No self-respecting hen could become so imbued with the essence of the herb unless grown up with it from early childhood, and the vegetables—the flavor is more than a *soupçon*, it is an Englishman's hint.

You know there are no music halls here, but instead, one-hour so-called performances are given in the different places of amusement whose audiences are changed in the same houses frequently three or four times an evening. I doubt if even a Madrid audience could stand a whole evening in any one.

After coffee we incautiously ventured to two; the first to see what manner of performance was given,—the second to try and forget the first.

At the former, off the Calle Arenal, a dog standing unprotested in the aisle, thrust his cold muzzle into my hand. The second house was more pretentious, but hardly more interesting.

The beautiful Señoritas, we did not see,—not one.

Well, I hope that we shall find it all more interesting on longer acquaintance. But if you really wish to appreciate the great and glorious country of the Stars and Stripes, come to Spain.

I do believe the only reason that this country is not depopulated, to the consequent disadvantage of our own, is because of lack of transportation or of knowledge.

Our rooms look out upon the Puerto del Sol and from our balconies we watch the passing throng.

The street at the end there, Calle Arenal, the middle one right across the length of the Square, followed

a little way down takes you to the spot where they shot at the Italian Amadeus. As a pleasant way of frightening him, they killed his horses and crowded around his carriage as if to assassinate him. He was not, however, so easily to be scared from his throne. Standing upright, he courageously faced them, and throwing open his coat dared them to shoot.

His advice was not followed, but never succeeding in winning the affection of his volatile subjects he shortly withdrew from the country.

At the further end of Calle Mayor, the street immediately to the left, the bomb was thrown at Alfonso XIII. as he and Victoria returned from their wedding ceremony at old San Jeronimo.

We attended two services this morning; the first at San Francisco El Grande, the most important and practically the only church of prominence in Madrid where there are no cathedrals.

The main part of this church is in the form of a huge dome with another dome at the top, and is beautifully but rather over-decorated. In the older part, which is now the Sacristy, there is wood carving of the fifteenth century and even of the thirteenth century.

Proceeding through the older section of Madrid we drove to the Royal Palace where the guard mount is reviewed every morning.

As we came to the palace entrance, at just the right time, Queen Victoria walked modestly out, attended simply by a companion. She looked like a light-haired, well but plainly dressed American girl,—which is a

compliment, you know. Followed at a distance by a carriage and her footmen she turned to the left and entered the royal gardens.

Passing through the entrance, from which she had just emerged, we entered the court within as the royal guard filed out preceded by one of the best military bands I have ever heard.

The guard mount—albeit tedious—is quite interesting.

The old guard and the relief draw up at opposite sides of the spacious Parade. The bands of each play alternately for an unconscionable time, when at bugle signals the simple movements of the parade are accomplished.

The old guard files out at a snail's pace, the soldiers executing steps like dancing masters as they poise one foot after the other extended at just the proper angle.

The officers are smart in appearance, but, with the exception of the Royal Guard of Honor, the soldiers are a sorry-looking lot, undersized and poorly matched, while their marching is execrable.

The comparison with the snappy, erect French infantry is marked.

Returning to the Palace proper we went up into one of the galleries and were in time to witness high mass in the royal chapel. Much form attended this service, as is undoubtedly customary.

Retracing our steps through Calle Mayor we stopped for a moment at the place where the bombs were thrown. Here they have erected a monument, not

yet unveiled, to the soldiers killed while guarding the royal carriage.

The missiles were launched from an upper story of an ordinary dwelling-house. The first, poorly aimed, struck the balcony below, killing an entire family of the nobility who were watching the procession, while the second exploded at the wheel of Alfonso's carriage as it moved along.

It is said thirty-one were destroyed, but that in all the excitement Alfonso displayed great courage, calling to the people not to be afraid, while poor Victoria was in tears.

The assassin temporarily escaped, but afterwards, cornered by a keeper, shot him and committed suicide.

A wonderful man is Señor Beñunes. Last evening and this morning, regardless of the season, he was dressed in a gorgeous raiment of white flannel. He relieves us from the embarrassment of being gazed at as foreigners, for from his wide sombrero to his long yellow shoes, he is a magnet for all eyes.

Taller by a head than most Spaniards, he should be sufficiently noticeable without the attraction of his dress; which is irresistible to old and young.

He tells us that the war with the United States was an unpopular proceeding among the common people of Spain, and that their temporary hatred of the Americans was soon forgotten, if ever held seriously.

It is said also in Spain that our presentation of the $20,000,000 for the Philippines was doubly welcome as a gift and as a relief of an undesirable burden.

I regret that I did not complete this letter before lunch while I was still in a contented frame of mind. "*Esta V contento?*" and you answer invariably, "*Si, contentissimo.*"

It is a Sunday in Spain and no doubt the inevitable suggests itself to you.

Yes, we have been to a bull-fight.

Any sympathy that we may have had for the decadent Spaniard is gone after that spectacle. It was simply fierce.

Next to me sat a priest. They say on the day of an important fight, services are hurried through with. Beyond him were an English lady and her husband. Curiosity undoubtedly brought her as it did us.

Imagine a sand-strewn ring perhaps seventy yards across, surrounded by a five-foot board fence; outside of that an eight-foot walk, with shields every now and then behind which the men can dodge when the bull has leaped the first barrier; then a higher wall of stone topped by an iron railing. Above that rises an amphitheatre of stone seats, ten rows; then, higher still, tiers of wooden seats and boxes,—all capable of holding fourteen thousand people.

Our seats were directly beneath the royal box and judges' stand. Opposite was the entrance for the bulls, and to the left of that, the entrance for the fighters.

A bugle sounded and from the gateway below came two riders, richly dressed and with their mounts gaily caparisoned. They cantered across the ring, made a hasty inspection of the preparations, when one re-

turned to the judges' stand and, saluting with hat in hand, endeavored to catch the key which was tossed to him. A prize of twenty-five pesetas quickened his zeal, but neither prize nor honor was his lot.

Still he was the starter of the performance, as he showed by recrossing the ring and unlocking the door through which the bulls were to come, scampering out of the way at a great rate.

Again the bugle sounded, the door to the left was thrown open and in marched a procession, in gallant rows of threes, of *matadors, banderilleros, picadores*—lancers on horseback—monkeys (not really the animals but men in red jackets without any weapons of defence who require the agility of monkeys to get out of harm's way), and finally teams of mules to haul out the dead bulls and horses.

Saluting the judges, the gaily dressed line broke up, the mules were driven out, the matadors stood nonchalantly to one side and the play was ready to begin.

As your pulses quickened, in spite of yourself, a third bugle rang out, the other door was thrown open, and in rushed a wild-looking bull with a fluttering *banderilla* waving defiantly from his shoulder.

First the men on foot with their red cloaks induced him to futile rushes, stepping nimbly one side as he was just upon them, and flicking their cloaks over his eyes. After tiring him in this fashion until he became less dangerous, the *banderilleros* advanced and with great dexterity implanted the barbed weapons in his shoulders as he lowered his head in the rush.

Enraged, baffled and wounded, he looked around

hopelessly, bellowing his anger, and pawing the earth as his evasive tormentors escaped him.

Soon a poor, old, broken-down ruin of a horse was pushed and beaten until he was directly in the line of the bull's advance, with a bandaged eye towards the foe. Seeing at last something before him that could not escape, the bull charged madly. The victim reeled before the sickening shock while the sharp horns ripped and tore, crimsoning the sand.

Two horses only were sacrificed to whet the passion of the yelling crowd, and these were "merely" wounded, when the bugle sounded their withdrawal to be patched up with excelsior and sewing if necessary, and reserved for later slaughter.

More *banderillas* and then the matador, in gorgeous gold and lace, selected his *espada* and approached the judges' stand.

Cap in hand, in pathetic imitation of the gladiators' salute to Cæsar, he awkwardly addressed the President of the affair: "*Baja; Por Su Señoria y Familia y Por el Publico de Madrid,*" and sword in one hand, his bright scarlet cape in the other, he approached the now weakened and panting bull.

At first concealing the weapon beneath his cloak he baited him this way and that, and after much preparation made the thrust, the blade sinking two-thirds its length in the broad shoulder, but not a fatal stroke.

Immediately the red flags were waved, first on this side, then on that, with sickening purpose, but another and yet another stroke was needed before the mules dragged him from the ring.

I could tell you many more disgusting details attending this national sport,—the Spaniard's chief existence,—details of peculiar cruelty which from the tellers we knew must be true, but I have only recounted what we saw, and I am sure it will be enough for you as it was for us, for we left as another animal came charging in close on the heels of the first victim.

As we walked out we could not resist the remark for any to hear who wished, that after such a spectacle we were not sorry for Manila and Santiago.

We returned to the hotel after a walk through El Retiro—that section of the public park where carriages are not allowed—where children are taken to play and a favorite resort for all ages.

On one bank of the little lake or pond, in the center of El Retiro, preparations are being made for the erection of a gigantic statue of Alfonso XII.

There is little or no sculpture in Madrid. The few statues, and the broad streets and avenues afford excuse for many, are as a rule worse than mediocre.

One of the best, of Isabella Católica, founder of most of Spain's cathedrals, is in the Paseo de la Castellana—another favorite drive of the nobility.

Such a strange jumble of modern and ancient vehicles. It is a peculiar sight to see a huge, lumbering, two-wheeled cart with a big mule in the shafts, the next one in front of him a shade smaller, and so on, until the leader at the head of three, four or even five in tandem, is a little donkey who goes seriously on his way, ears flapping, knowing exactly what the driver

means when he calls from the cart and schooled by the stick to obey.

Everywhere is a moving crowd, for the most part in the working clothes of the peasant and of the lowest type; a degenerated people. Beggars are on all sides.

With the exception of the fashionable quarter and the Palace, in its outward appearance Madrid in no-wise resembles Paris, to which some imaginative people compare it.

We are come to believe the stories of the beauty, wealth and grandeur of this country are founded purely on that same imagination.

Confound that bull-fight!

TOLEDO

THE peasants around here have a saying: "See Madrid, then go to the sky." We think tonight we know the reason therefor.

We have been to Toledo.

We had thought that Madrid was dirty, ill-smelling and slovenly. By comparison it is the acme of beauty, cleanliness and modernity.

Shortly after leaving Madrid this morning, we passed a church on a hill which Philip II. erected to mark the geographical center of Spain. Here he would have had the capital, but the ground was unsuitable. Ergo, Madrid.

After a two hours' run,—made short by Mr. T—— and Beñunes recounting their experiences among the Pyramids and in the Far East,—we came to the little station of Toledo and found a *cochero* to take us to the city.

Crowning the first hill to our left, as we followed the winding road, are the ruins of the thousand year old Castillo de San Servando, yet frowning at the city beyond the cañon of the yellow Tagus.

At the foot of this hill by the roadside is a spring. Although modern ways have suggested a pipe for an outlet, still in the ancient way women and girls were filling their stone jugs and carrying them on hip across the bridge and up the steep ascent to the town.

Turning sharply to the right, we passed through the first towered entrance to the bridge over the muddy Tagus which encircles the hill of Toledo like a Moorish cimitar.

Toledo, you know, is built on the crest of a wall-girt hill which slopes sharply on all sides, dipping for half its circumference to the Tagus and for the rest to a flat country beyond.

The old walls are still in shape, while the ancient gates, although renovated here and there, present their former appearance and carry out their early usefulness.

Crossing the Puente del Alcántara and through the second tower emblazoned with the arms of Charles V., we skirted the walls past the old Roman gate—Puerto del Sol—and emerged through another double-towered gateway to the country without.

Following the lower walls to the left, we passed the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre in the fields below and climbing the hill entered the city by another gateway.

As we halted in front of the Church of St. John of the Kings, on whose outer walls still hang the chains of the Christian martyrs, we had a good view of the winding Tagus below, dotted with the old water mills of the Moors. Beyond stretches the country—hilly on this side—rough, barren and uninviting.

In the cloister within the church, or convent, is the most beautiful carving imaginable, much of which was ruthlessly broken in the French occupation.

At a little distance stands the synagogue of Santa

Puerta del Sol. The Old Roman Gate in Toledo

Maria del Blanca, massively built for the size of the edifice. Directly across the way we found an armorer's shop of the ancient time.

Here are forged by hand the real Toledo blades of centuries' reputation, with the wonderfully tempered steel and the costly gold inlaid mountings.

One of these daggers which I now have can drive through a copper piece with ordinary effort and without damage to the blade.

We saw also a dress sword bent up like a watch-spring, while even the heavy cavalry sabres were surprisingly flexible.

Depositing two hundred and sixty pesetas for value received, we proceeded to the Sinagoga del Transito, erected, before his race was expelled from the Spanish country, by Samuel Levy, the rich Jewish treasurer of Peter the Cruel.

In this little temple of worship the work of restoration is showing wonderful carving through the plaster with which the Spaniards attempted to hide all suggestions of another people and another religion.

Coming into the country from the North, Toledo gives practically the first glimpse of Ancient Spain. Beside it Madrid seems modern.

Here the city is characteristically Moorish.

The houses are low and roofed with tiles. The blank walls are only occasionally relieved by little square windows and by grilled doorways opening directly into the center of the dwellings.

The narrow streets are paved with cobbles and are quickly lost in unexpected squares or intersecting al-

leys. They are as aimless as the wanderings of the native goats on the near-by hills.

It is a mystery how even the oldest inhabitant finds his objective point, but, nevertheless, our *cochero* whipped up his horses with a fair show of confidence, and at a word from the Señor, turned this way and that until he finally stopped before a doorway having little peculiarity from its fellows.

We ascended a few steps and entered the audience hall of a Moorish palace, with tiled floor and walls and having a ceiling richly carved.

This appears to be the only room among the dwellings of Toledo of truly Moorish origin, that has retained its former appearance.

The rest of the palace is lost in the odd buildings of Spanish occupancy.

Languid, unimaginative, the Spaniard lays a stone where he finds another in place and adds a wall where three are standing, even though his completed house is rough and inconvenient.

And Toledo is old,—Oh, so old.

A short drive further took us to a little square and the modern Hotel Castilla.

Toledo was once the capital where was held the court of Isobella and Ferdinand in the time when they were completing the conquest of Spain from Moorish control, and when Columbus was making preparations for his discoveries.

In the height of its prosperity Toledo was a city of 200,000 inhabitants, now one-tenth that number.

The four great epochs in Spain's history have left

their record here in ruin or in suggestion—the Roman, the Visigothic, the Moorish and the Catholic Spanish. The Romans came before the Christian era, yielding after four centuries to the Visigoths, who, in turn, gave place to the Moors in the Eighth Century. Several hundred years later the conquering Spaniards began to press the Moslems southward towards the land of their birth and at the end of the Fifteenth Century were in complete possession.

The Roman and Moorish works are still in evidence in ruined walls, bridges, fortifications and mills, and even the city as it stands to-day follows the ancient lines.

Chief of the structures are the Alcàzar—the early residence of the Cid, Alcaide, later the royal Palace and now a military school—the wonderful Cathedral of Toledo and the former hospital of Santa Cruz.

As a tribute almost to the quality of their building, although centuries old, the former now shelters an infant soldiery; the Cathedral is still used as a modern place of worship, while the Santa Cruz, with its marvellous ceilings carved from the mahogany of South America, is being freed from the devastating plaster of the zealots and restored to something of its original appearance.

Fancy a city with its haphazard streets turning, twisting, climbing, doubling in all directions; whose houses, built four hundred years and more ago, yet afford shelter to a slothful people apparently as old, ugly and dirty as the city itself; with the foulest of odors everywhere, and you have an idea of Toledo.

One might rave about Toledo, its quaintness and attractive strangeness, from a distance, but never near at hand.

It has of course its beauty in perspective, the broken levels of its tiled roofs interlaced by the labyrinths of dark alleys, forming a picture almost unique to itself. But its intimate acquaintance is impossible.

The descendants of the city's builders, for the most part ugly as the country, unclean and generously marked with disease, seem content to exist as they may in the ancient dwellings without thought of change or improvement.

One could not help wondering if Toledo were not typical of the Spain of to-day—the slowly fading embers of a slumbering past.

After lunch we drove to the summit of the town, crowned by the Alcàzar, a huge rectangular pile with a spacious open court in the center.

It was in this palace that the Cid—hero of Spain's chivalry—held sway and to which later came the courts of Isobella, Charles V. and Philip II.

Driving down the hill we dismissed our lumbering carriage and traversing one side of the Place of Four Streets, passed through a gateway and came upon the house whence Cervantes started the Crazy Knight upon his travels.

They say it is much as it was then—except the small bust above the second story and the inscription below —and is still used for the same purposes as when Cervantes took lodging here.

In the court forming the lower floor were feeding

mules and their masters, while the carts rested on their shafts at one side. We went no further into the building, but how that marvellous writer drew his inspirations from those surroundings the Lord only knows. It is not difficult, however, to perceive how the sombre tone of the landscape crept into his narrative.

A little below and across the street from Cervantes' hostelry is the entrance to the ex-hospital of Santa Cruz, with its wonderful doorway of black marble and finely carved ceilings and balconies. As its name implies it is built in the form of a cross. At one side there is a court surrounded by an open balcony. There seems no hurry about the work of restoration—proceeding these many years—which promises to reproduce the original form of the structure while effectually destroying its suggestion of age.

These old edifices have their beauty and attractiveness in suggestion rather than in present-day appearance. The crumbling walls are not beautiful but are picturesque and aid the imagination in picturing the scenes of ancient days.

A broken battlement, a war-worn wall, conjures the armed host, the pageant of chivalry, the splendor of power and wealth.

The careless plasterer of to-day, laying aside his foul cigarette, destroys the ancient effect while squaring the wall and rounding the turret.

Rather leave them to crumble with their fading memories and build elsewhere. There is room and to spare in this God-forsaken country.

Returning up the few steps to the Plaza del Quatro

Calles, we followed to the left the principal street of the city, Calle del Commercio, which, a bare eighteen feet from wall to wall, winds down the hill crooked as a ram's horn.

Turning again to the left we entered the cathedral.

This immense building, while not the largest, nevertheless contains in relics and jewels perhaps the greatest wealth of any sanctuary in this Spanish country.

The high vaulting of the aisles and the clear spaces give an idea of immensity that is not to be gathered from its outward appearance.

We were admitted into nearly all the rooms and finally ended our visit by going through the sacristy, which contains portraits of all the Catholic bishops from the eighth century down, and leaving the cathedral by a door opposite from where we first entered.

The treasures here are in greater profusion and more grand than I can readily describe. There was a robe with eighty thousand pearls sewed on it; a wonderful ivory carving of Christ, and numerous relics, old books and precious stones.

The greatest beauty of the edifice, after the choir and the high altar, are the stained glass windows, which are marvellous in their wonderful colors retained through more than three hundred years.

Mr. T——, who has seen most of the cathedrals of Europe and has himself some windows by La Farge in his place, at M——, confessed that they were beyond anything he had ever seen.

Returning to the hotel—a cheerless, uncomfortable place at best, notwithstanding its reputed cost of sev-

eral million pesetas, a la Beñunes—we bestirred our *cochero* into activity and started to retrace our steps to the station.

On our way down the hill we passed herds of goats being driven in after a day in the fields.

Crossing the Tagus and ascending half way to the ruined Castillo de San Servando, we had a good view of the city, ancient, worn and desolate in the fading light, and desolate also the country around it.

We caught our train by a bare two minutes, escaping narrowly an impossible night in the city, illustrating the necessity of verifying anything that may be told you, particularly if it refers to time-tables.

Coming to the broad, cleaner streets of Madrid with its many lights and hurrying crowds, ill-appearing as they were, the comparison yet was strong and our appreciation accordingly.

SIGHTS IN MADRID

WE are rapidly falling into the customs of the country, be they indolent or otherwise. To wit, this morning, as all sensible people do, we had in our rooms our "*café con leche, pan y manteca.*"

At ten, the hour of its opening, we went to the Art Gallery, Museo del Prado, said truthfully to contain the greatest collection of masterpieces in the world.

Our first inspection, preliminary to more leisurely study, was made hurriedly; Beñunes locating for us the best canvases to which we could more easily return.

Even then we lingered for an hour or more among those wonders of paint and brush.

This is not to be a dissertation on art, as there are few to-day who are not familiar at first hand with some wonders of the great masters to be seen elsewhere on the continent, or in America, and who do not recognize when seen, that depth and richness of color which has stood unchanged by the centuries.

The point about this gallery of the Prado is that it contains under one roof the greatest wealth of the masters' works ever brought into one collection, and besides the masterpieces of Velasquez and Murillo, sons of Spain and near-by Portugal, it comprises in profusion representatives of the Italians, Titian, Raphael

and Tintoretto; the Flemish Rubens and Van Dyke; again the Spanish Goya and others too numerous to mention but which fill to overflowing, with two thousand canvases, the two stories and corridors of the large building.

There are a few I must tell you of in particular.

Philip II., vying with his predecessors in their love of art, called for Raphael's best work and there was sent him what Raphael had termed "Las Perlas" of all his canvases. This picture hangs in the first hall to the left as you enter the Museo.

In the same hall but at the further end is the masterpiece of Murillo, the best of his several "Conceptions."

Half way down the main corridor, to the left, is a separate hall devoted solely to that great master, Velasquez. Off this hall is a room where one picture alone is displayed, "La Meninas," the gem of all his works.

Still if it were not for this accentuation you might linger as long in the outer hall before "Las Lancos," surrender of Breda—that speaking canvas of honorable surrender and noble commiseration—and before "Las Hilanderas," portraying workers in the lost art of tapestry weaving.

These three of Velasquez, as you know, are spoken of as the "*non plus ultra*" of painting, while several others in the Salon de Velasquez lose little in comparison even with these master works.

In the main corridor are the three famous portraits of Titian, including the equestrian portrait of Charles V., and such a profusion of Goyas, Rubenses, Tintor-

ettos, Van Dykes and others of less renown that you have difficulty in leaving them until your mind refuses to grasp more.

Indeed, this Museo alone is worth a pilgrimage to Madrid, but one could not help regretting that its gems are set away in a country which has little else to warrant a visit to it.

As we took one more look around, away in the little room at the left we came upon Miss Driscoll and her young compatriot Dalghren.

So absorbed were they in contemplation of "La Meninas" that the little white glove rumpled carelessly in his hand lay unnoticed until he rose to greet us.

How charmingly fresh they looked in the old Museo of the Prado.

A new world come to an old.

Anon we were joined by the rest, Mrs. Driscoll and the young Aunt discoursing heatedly on the "tempora" method, while Driscoll brought up the rear, one hand on the Englishman's arm, in the other the faithful Baedeker.

We made a merry party, to the open disapproval of the many visitors and the amusement of the stolid attendants.

It seems they are pursuing their way carelessly southward with indefinite ideas as to time and place.

Mrs. Driscoll thinks it possible that she may go through to Gibraltar and maybe north again. Mr. Driscoll thinks likewise.

Mr. Hale has mines in the south that—er—need his attention—for a day or so.

After lunch we saw objects of interest of another character.

Thanks to the efficacious, not to say fluent Beñunes, we were able to see the stables of Alfonso alone and to ask as many questions as we wished without the distractions of a crowd.

One hears so much of the wonderful equipages of royalty that an intimate view was anticipated with interest.

Following our uniformed guide we traversed a long passage or so, climbed some steps and passing along a narrow corridor, lined with sporting prints, found ourselves at one end of a hall fully four hundred feet long and perhaps fifty wide.

Here everything was as neat as wax. The floor was scrubbed to the acme of cleanliness—causing some one to remark that it was the cleanest place bv far that we had seen in Spain.

Dismissing the guide Beñunes detailed the different objects of interest with the ease of an indexed catalogue.

Saddles, harnesses, liveries, lances, spurs, bits and riders' accoutrements of every description lined the walls in glass cases or occupied the center space of the room.

In all, one hundred and sixty separate harnesses and as many saddles occupied their respective places ready for instant use, oiled and polished. Modern equipments were most in evidence, but there were many of an earlier period as well.

In the side cases were the most gorgeous of trap-

pings, liveries for State occasions with gold-braided coats and hats. Each harness designed for a certain purpose had its full complement of saddles, cloths, liveries, lances, swords and spurs for the outriders and footmen.

In one place hung a black leather harness to match the carriage of black ebony in which rode Joanna the Crazy, wife of Philip the Bell; so-called for her wonderful devotion to her husband.

The saddles, each on its separate stand, were arranged in the center down nearly the full length of the hall. First came the every-day saddles of Alfonso and Victoria, mostly of the English model, some made in Madrid, others brought from England. A little further on were the saddles used by the King and his courtiers, the generals and the attendants for State reviews, and beyond these were little saddles used by Ferdinand VII. and Isobella II. when they were children. Here also were a score or more for the royal children of a later day.

Then came the saddles presented to Alfonso by King Leopold, by Russia, by Turkey and by Morocco—the latter of the richest possible description. One was made after the style in vogue in the time of Charles III. and bore the date 1774.

In the center of the hall, midway down, is an excellent bronze of King Alfonso on horseback.

Further on were stacks of spears, score on score, used in the jousts of 1846.

In between were the harnesses, varying from the

plainest to the richest in mountings of bronze and silver.

One case alone was given to bits of every description, while there were whips enough for an army of teamsters.

At the further end of the long room were cases of dress swords, daggers and pistols, lances and spurs, while even steel boots for the horses were not forgotten.

Perhaps the richest trappings of all, in this stable worthy of Aladdin's conjuring, were in the cases at the side, that contained saddle-cloths and carriage-cloths of gold, silk and brocade. Of these some were one hundred and fifty years old. Many were presents from the royalties of other lands.

Stands of plumes, cases filled with bugles and drums, holsters of fine workmanship for pistols, automatic bits, richly decorated saddle-bags from Tangier, and whatnot, completed an array that if put into use at one time must equip the most gorgeous pageant imaginable.

Our next thought was for the horses that carried such a wealth of trappings.

On our way down to the stables which occupy the floor below we noticed a large picture of Alfonso on horseback leading his troops, beneath which was a bronze showing the Spanish type of horseman.

Like the harness-room above, the stable was scrupulously clean.

All down the center is a tiled flooring, on either side of which, ranged along the walls, are the separate

stalls. These were in most cases large box stalls, with tiling on the sides and walls, giving room for eighty-two saddle and sixty-six carriage horses. Above the crib in each stall is a little placard with the name of the occupant thereon.

There were "Bayswater," "Sonata," "Auto," "Argentina," a present from the Argentine Republic, "St. Cyr," a gift from the President of France, "Señorita," a grey Andalusian mare, a present from Córdoba. "Artillero," a heavy chestnut stallion, was a gift from the army, while "Ali," the King's favorite, was a good-looking sorrel with three white stockings and a white blaze.

On the other side of the stable was "Windsor," winner of eleven prizes—mostly thirds and fourths—which horse the King rode on his recent visit to Barcelona and Saragossa.

Next "Windsor" came "Zefir," a pure white Arabian stallion, and "Orion," a brown chestnut, gifts of Archduke Frederick, of Austria.

The Queen's favorite, "Rio Frio," died on her recent visit to Barcelona and the rumor that she would not for some time choose his successor was just going the round of the palace.

Altogether the display of horses was disappointing and would hardly compare with the stud of an American country gentleman.

Crossing the courtyard we passed the stone bath for the horses and stopped for a moment in the new garage and carriage house which was just being com-

pleted. In one half of this building—which is perhaps two hundred feet long and seventy-five high—were several of Alfonso's thirteen automobiles, his favorite, it was said, being the Panhard-Levassor.

Among them was a tiny motor complete, a present to the royal children from the Infanta Isobella.

Passing into the courtyard which directly faces the palace we entered the present carriage building. Here were ranged side by side one hundred and fifty-four carriages of all descriptions, including twenty State equipages.

First at hand on the left were six with rich red trimmings, employed to convey the most important ambassadors from the station to their hotels and later to royal audience. Lesser ambassadors have to be content with other red carriages, not so gorgeous, but very gay by themselves.

Next stood the carriage of Joanna, "Loca," said to be the first driven in the streets of Madrid. This was hand carved from black ebony and was entirely without springs, the body being supported to the frame by leather straps.

Beyond were the highly ornamented carriages of Charles V. and Charles IV., and of Maria, with rich Sedan chairs between.

The most gorgeous in finish and appearance were the two next in line, presents from Napoleon Bonaparte to Charles III. and manufactured in Paris.

One had silver ornamentation and enamelled panels. The other had inlaid tortoise shell door panels, two feet

square, and both were upholstered in the richest manner. From the doors of the carriages which set very high were steps unfolding neatly to the ground.

In the latter carriage rode the mothers of Alfonso and Victoria in the wedding procession, to which the newly wed King and Queen repaired after the bomb had wrecked their own.

Beyond these stood the mahogany carriage of Ferdinand VII., in which Ena of Battenberg rode to old San Jeronimo to become Queen Victoria, while beyond that stood the royal carriage, made in the time of Ferdinand and distinguished by a crown which surmounted it.

This last was gorgeously decorated in gilt and had rich upholstering inside. On the back was embroidered a view of Cadiz, with other views on the sides.

At this carriage the anarchist aimed his bomb, identifying the royal equipage by the crown on its top.

It is shown where the bomb struck the step on the whiffletree, pieces breaking the spring and lamp and leaving marks elsewhere that the repairs could not hide. The two pole horses and a leader were killed as well as two of their riders, while the driver and six others in attendance around the carriage were wounded, besides the soldiery.

Beyond the crown carriage stood one of the time of Isobella II., used by the Prince of Wales at the wedding.

At the further end of the room was a chariot for the procession of the Patron Saint of Madrid, while the rest of the room was taken up by more modern carriages of all kinds.

Passing through another stable containing thirty-eight fine-looking mules for royal use, we completed our inspection of this rather unique stable and emerged onto the street.

A little way from the palace, towards the city proper, stands the Cortes, a modern-looking building set in from the street, but lacking pretension in outward appearance.

The Senate chamber is interesting, while in other rooms are a few noteworthy paintings. The chief of these which will strongly command your attention, are a representation of the surrender of the keys of Granada to Ferdinand and Isobella, and a picture of the Queen Regent, Maria Christina, mother of the present King, taking the royal oath before the court.

EL ESCORIAL—MADRID

LAST evening we expended each three and one-half pesetas, say seventy cents, for an orchestra seat at the opera, "La Africana," rendered, or better, executed, in Spanish. Remember this is the opera of the people, while the royal opera, said to be one of the best in Europe, is not yet open.

The house was built by an American, Price, as a place for an indoor circus, and a circus we witnessed last night although under a different name.

Some of the voices were rather good, but, with the exception of one or two, were deficient in training. Undoubtedly you smile, thinking of my wonderful ear for music, but here I was a qualified *critique*.

The acting—where any was seriously attempted—was the most atrocious I have ever seen outside of Spain, but what can one expect for three and one-half pesetas, and it certainly amused the audience, which included babes in arms to grey-haired old ladies of seventy.

One act was enough and we left to go to the "Apollo"—the second best theatre in Madrid—where for one peseta we were privileged an hour's complete performance.

Understanding stage Spanish as little as we do, it furnished a wonderful cure for insomnia. The only thing I really believe that kept us awake was Beñunes' running translation in a whisper, that must have carried to the upper galleries, that could not be stopped.

This morning we went to El Escorial, the burial place of the Spanish kings.

The day was dark and rainy and was in harmony with the gloominess of the place.

It is called one of the seven wonders of the world and is an immense granite building erected in the Guadarrama Mountains in a location thirty miles out of Madrid, perfectly chosen for its desolation and solitude. It was built by Philip II., after the wishes of his father, and is a huge pile, constructed from the native rock, plain, massive and unattractive.

In the morning we visited the Pantheon and the library.

In the afternoon, after lunch at the new and clean-appearing Hotel Regina, we went through that part of the building which was used as a royal palace, where is undoubtedly one of the finest collections of tapestries in Europe, chiefly after Gobelin and Goya.

We saw also the room where Philip spent his last days as king and monk, where are shown the table at which he sat, with a chair to support his leg, and signed decrees that made the world tremble. There is also shown the chair in which he was daily carried to a near-by peak from which he could observe the progress of the work.

A little beyond is the room, hardly more than a cell, in which he died facing the High Altar.

The structure would seem to reflect the character of its builder who brought Spain to the height of its power after Isobella and Ferdinand had laid the foundation of the country's greatness.

It is Spartan in simplicity; Danteic in sombreness and Titanic in size.

The main dome is said to be two hundred and ninety-five feet high, while the pillars supporting it are of almost inconceivable size. The whole structure impresses one with its indestructibility.

A story is told that during the progress of the work, owing to the extreme plainness of the structure, the rumor went abroad that the builders lacked wealth, which threatened to delay its completion. To disprove this, as the structure was being finished, Philip caused a brick of gold to be set in the highest dome, which can be quite easily seen from the outside.

Returning to Madrid this evening we were met with the news of Taft's and Hughes' great victory—Mr. S—— cabling as he had promised he would do, allowing us to give the news to others less favored.

It is perhaps not quite fair to form an opinion of the Spaniard and his country on so short an acquaintance, but let me call it an opinion subject to possible revision and I will tell you of the impression thus far given us, which I am aware does not coincide with the stories that lure so many to the discomforts of this country. Besides we are told that we shall find another

type in the south, and we therefore naturally sum up our conclusions to this point which is the very heart of the country.

There are evidently two distinct classes in this land of indolent persuasion—those who by their birth and wealth do not have to work for their living and those who are obliged to struggle for their existence, and the latter's appearance of most meagre existence would seem to indicate either oppression or the limitation of work to the minimum of utmost necessity, or both.

One cannot but be impressed with the evidences of Spain's former wealth, religious zeal and greatness,—as seen in Toledo, the Galleries, the Musees and the Palace here in Madrid and in El Escorial and in the four other country seats of Spanish royalty round about Madrid.

But the burden of royalty seems to have borne its fruit in a worn-out, impoverished and degenerated people—the half that should be of the greater strength and in whom is spelled Spain's fate.

From the Basque Provinces, from the southern slopes of the Pyrenees, to Madrid, we observed vast stretches of land cultivated, although arid in appearance, with no visible evidences of separate ownership.

Here and there were towns—no suburbs, no hamlets surrounding them, only one big sleeping place for the workers returning great distances from their daily toil.

There were no individual, fenced-off farms. On the landscape would appear a few peasants toiling away with mule or donkey in the furrows while one looked

in vain for signs of habitation in the flat country which gave observation for miles around.

Presently as we whirled along would appear the solid, compact town, looking as if it had to be squeezed within the area of its walls and indicating that the peasant of to-day has not progressed beyond the ways of his ancestors.

All this can mean but one thing,—accepting as impossible in that earlier form of civilization the idea of a community of interest—and that one fact is the ownership of vast areas of the land by the very few and practical slavery for their existence for the many.

You regret their degradation, but see no hope, under present conditions, for their betterment and the consequent development of the country.

How the ownership became gradually a solitary one is a tale of history, but it is not to be doubted that in this wide separation of her classes lies Spain's weakness.

Here in Madrid,—being *voyageurs* for pleasure and not advantaging ourselves of letters from friends at home—we have been content to observe practically only the one great class, the masses, which seem to comprise the middle and lower orders of other countries as here the two rub elbows and merge indiscriminately their pleasures and their business.

The plane of their development is shown in the low order of their entertainments—not of course citing that of the bull-ring, which is National and not peculiar to any one class.

The amusements serve to crowd the theatres nightly

with average Spanish citizens, with performances that would remain on a Bowery stage only long enough to make a hurried exit.

With the exception of the types seen on the drives—similar to the better grades of all countries—the aristocratic class has not, in our short stay, been observable, nor is there any more evident effort on their part to alleviate the condition of their less fortunate compatriots.

A custom,—or rather a habit,—of the Spaniard seems to be to remain up all night. Without referring to the news venders who make the twenty-four hours miserable with their doleful prolongation of "El Universo-o-o-o" "Nueva Mundo-o-o," I mean those who have even less excuse to throng the streets at unearthly hours.

Fancy a café thronged with men and some women who over a single cup of coffee will sit and talk of the Lord knows what for three and four hours at a stretch.

The shows are out at twelve or after. For the next three hours the Spaniard,—no matter of what class,—is awake and around, and you do not wonder at his indolence at work next day.

Everywhere are seen examples of the Spaniard's fiendish cruelty towards animals, and take it all in all, while we are impressed with the evidences of a former wealth or greatness, we cannot feel much enthusiasm for the Spain of to-day.

Up beyond the Museo del Prado, is the artillery museum for which they have been collecting specimens for a hundred years. With beautiful disregard to

system much of the collection is jumbled together in the basement of the building and only recently has any one been found with sufficient interest to start a catalogue of the many valuable pieces.

Here are guns of six centuries, from the iron-strapped weapons of the fourteenth century to the rapid firers of to-day.

There were guns in two pieces which when fired must have created a question as to whether the enemy stood in as much danger as the men handling the gun. This was called *Recamara de Bombarda*,—the end taking the powder being known as the *recamara*, and the other piece loosely fitted thereto the *caña*. The wooden carriage supporting this gun was very odd—a cross bar at the muzzle end being employed to raise or lower the aim. One imagined that a sort of bait must also have been used with it to get an obliging enemy in front.

Scattered in careless confusion were *falconettes* and *versos* of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, bronze *falconettes*, heavy English guns of an early period, twisted outside with a smooth bore and of bronze; *versos* rescued from the bottom of the sea in the harbor of Santander and belonging to no one knows what nation; little guns and big fellows able to knock down the defense which progressed in strength *pari passu* with their increasing power. There were also heavy mortars of the fifteenth century and beside them the projectiles—huge stone balls some of which weighed two hundred kilos and were fifty-five centimetres in diameter. Near at hand were two curious

little guns each about a foot long, mounted together on a wooden carriage, and in a different part of the same room were guns of Charles V., bearing the royal coat of arms with the pillars of Hercules.

In the main room of the basement is preserved the carriage in which General Prim was assassinated in 1870, looking as if it had been just rolled in with the splintered bullet holes still showing. The Spaniards love to retain relics of this sort.

This part of the collection was completed by cannon of all possible descriptions since gunpowder was first discovered, stacks of rifles, shields of swords and everything else military, possible to imagine.

In the hallway leading to the upper rooms was a huge bell from Cochin China.

One very interesting room contained models of modern siege and coast defense guns and of all kinds of gun-carriages, packs and trappings that would have made an American boy crazy with joy.

Here also is shown the uniform of Boabdil, the last Moorish King of Granada, with his lance and swords having straight blades and handles richly inlaid with gold, ivory and enamel. In another case was the sword of Aliator, contemporary Moorish mayor of a near-by town.

Upstairs were Cuban and Philippine weapons and primitive armor. These included horribly long knives mounted on long staffs and wooden and hide shields.

A curious thing was a sword made from the "bill" of a swordfish such as the South Sea Islanders used.

There were also clay models of Madrid in 1830 and of the military school town of Segovia.

In all there were three floors of every manner of implement pertaining to war.

I went at it enthusiastically, a mistake, and to-night am tired of war, tired of sightseeing, of Madrid and of—many things.

We are just in from a trip to the Museum of Modern Art, where we saw some good sculptures and the greatest collection of pictures with gory and gruesome subjects that you ever saw.

Many of the canvases were excellent, but there is no accounting for the Spanish taste. As our friend of the Prado remarked, "There is as much blood spilled at the Modern Art Gallery as in the bull-ring."

After that we visited the private *atelier* of Ricardo de Madrazo,—grandson, son and nephew, not to say brother-in-law and uncle of famous painters. I suspect that our friend and guide, Beñunes, has a commercial turn and was hoping,—just hoping.

Señor Madrazo is a most courteous and I should say an accomplished gentleman, but, maybe influenced by the canvases we had recently seen, we discovered nothing of unusual merit. Still some portraits, a Venice scene and a few copies were well worthy of note.

If you could but see, out of my window, the droll little donkeys soberly leading their trains across the crowded square.

Imagine the Place Vendome cut in half—one side

crescent-shaped, the other straight—with the buildings white, yellow and covered with balconies and you will have some idea of the Puerto del Sol.

Truly it is a busy place.

At all times across it stream the crowds of peasants and working people of the city, processions of school children in serious line, yellow street cars with big, blue signs, ox and donkey carts from Mount Ararat, the ever-present military, Señoras and Señoritas lacking both hats and beauty, Russians with furs for sale, automobiles and carriages and stray dogs. A veritable *potpourri.*

Off to the left there, a little way, you come to the Plaza Mayor—where were burned so many heretics. At one side a house is designated by a large crown on its roof as the spot from which Philip II. used to watch the proceedings.

Going still further and turning to the right in the direction of the palace, you cross a fairly high bridge, El Viaducto, having an eight-foot iron picket railing to prevent would-be suicides from throwing themselves to the ground below.

The only bit of present-day romance about the city are the young fellows talking to their Señoritas in the balconies above.

Whether they are both bashful, which I doubt, or the caller is fearful of the parents' reception, or it is the custom—I know not.

This is the pleasantest day we have had in Madrid, —as far as weather is concerned,—but, truth to tell, we are not sorry to leave it.

That Beñunes drags us everywhere, heedless of our protestations that we have seen enough.

It seems to be a matter of duty with him to give us the full dose, consoling us by the remark that even if we do not enjoy it now we will not regret it later.

In spite of our entreaties he hustled us off this morning to the Royal Armeria where is a profusion of armor, swords, lances, maces, pistols, guns, horse-armor and dog-armor from mediæval days down. Figures on horseback fully equipped with the weapons and armor of different ages gave a warlike appearance to the hall.

A close study of this world-renowned collection with that in the artillery museum would read for one the history of nations. But, *Sapristi*, one cannot swallow everything and, Beñunes or no Beñunes, we have had for the moment enough.

We, therefore, contented ourselves with a brief glance at the many objects and inveigled Beñunes into the carriage, but not before he had dragged us to the Parade balustrade—for the Armeria adjoins the palace—for an enchanting view of the royal garden and beyond, the insignificant, meandering Manzanares, banked with white fields of drying laundry.

Reluctant of being elsewhere while in Madrid, we hastened to the Museo del Prado for another charming two hours among the masters.

Think of sixty odd Velasquez in one collection, including his very best works; nearly as many Murillos; not one but many Rubenses; fewer Raphaels, but "Las Perlas"; Titians in abundance, and only Rembrandt of

all the world's great masters represented but by a single work.

In the Salon de Velasquez, an American girl copying "Las Hilanderas" excited the admiration of the attendants made callous by twenty years' association among originals and copies.

They said that during all that time they had never seen a copy made of the masterpiece so speedily and yet so truthfully. We wondered who she might be.

Another of Velasquez, "Los Borrachos," the "Topers,"—seems to rank close with the three incomparable canvases.

This time after a hasty glance at the indifferent collection of statuary in the basement we lingered only before the greater works which make a visit elsewhere in the *Museo* a waste of time.

Such a profusion of marvellous canvases it is difficult to imagine together under one roof, and it seems a matter of more than local interest that they should be exposed to the apparent danger of a building having inflammable floors and interiors.

One does not feel eager for other sights after an hour here. It is better to think over, undistracted, the beauties which keep recurring to you rather than to seek for more just for the sake of seeing.

So we have taken it leisurely this afternoon, Beñunes having provided a swell-looking turnout with coachman and footman to take us around the city.

Passing through the Puerto del Toledo which, before the railroad, guarded the chief approach from that city, we crossed the bridge of the same name to

the other bank of the Manzanares where we had an excellent "*vista general*" of the city. With the roofs of the houses rising regularly like the upper surface of a globe, there stood out most prominently the dome of San Francisco El Grande, the new seminary and the Royal Palace.

Really the Palace is quite an affair, with its walled-in Parade, the main buildings of the Palace proper and the detached stables, all covering an extensive area and situated on the highest ground. By comparison it makes Buckingham Palace look all the more a barracks.

As we followed the further bank of the Manzanares, past the little houses of the vigilant "*octroi*," an interesting sight was afforded of the busy washerwomen scrubbing away by the little canals running parallel to the main stream, while acres upon acres of waving "*lavado*" drying in the breeze, gave at a distance the appearance of a field of snow.

Crossing to the city again we came to the rear of the Palace and stepped for a moment into the royal gardens, which are very pretty indeed.

The persuasive power of the peseta is always a marvel, yet they say all money in Spain is bad.

An English gentleman recounts a peculiar experience in Granada.

Wishing to save time on his departure, he sent his baggage on from his hotel to the station and wandered up to the Alhambra for a last look around.

After a bit he glanced at his watch and discovered

Royal Palace in Madrid

that barely time sufficed in which to reach the station, purchase his tickets and board the train.

Hurrying thither he called for his tickets and laid before the official the requisite amount in notes of the Bank of Spain.

"I cannot take those, sir," said that alert gentleman.

"Cannot take the notes of the strongest institution in Spain," exclaimed my friend. "I have just changed my English money into them. I have no time to go back. Send for the station master."

That gentleman also refused, adding: "It would be as much as my position is worth to do so."

"But here comes my train," cried my friend in vexation. "What am I to do if your best bank notes are worthless? It is the only kind of money I have with me."

"I cannot accept the Bank of Spain notes," repeated the station master, "but you may give me your private check for the amount."

"Which I promptly did," finished this gentleman, who, head of one of London's largest banking houses, chuckled as he thought of a stranger's check being of more present value than the often-counterfeited notes of Spain's greatest bank.

But here Beñunes' grandiloquent air and a few pesetas waved back the corporal's guard at the gateway and allowed us a view within.

A further climb and we are in front of the palace.

Beñunes seeks our approval; "Grand, beautiful, eh? You do not think so?"

Thence we drove through Calle Arenal, Puerto del Sol and Calle Alcala to the other end of the city, entering the fashionable drive beyond El Retiro and Parque de Madrid, where we saw a number of fine carriages of the aristocracy, a Count of Something-or-Other lonesomely tooling a four-in-hand, and automobiles and riders. Just a bare suggestion of Central Park and old Fifth Avenue. It is a strange thing, but they say that there has not been a Jew in Spain since they were expelled in time of Isobella.

A turn up the Paseo de Recoletos and the Paseo de la Castellana, then back to the hotel. That is the regular route of the fashionable afternoon,—except the hotel,—whose votives are said never to walk, "*toujours en voiture,*" as a Spanish lady put it, until the lamps are lit.

Everything here is arranged for convenience, where no one hurries. Theatres and the opera rarely begin before nine,—you may take your time with your coffee and cognac,—then the city is bustling until weird hours in the morning. No wonder they do not like to work. But Madrid is a place for pleasure only. "A poor imitation of Paris," the fair copyist in the Museo del Prado called it; but we would never have made the comparison.

There is much the traveller learns in Spain. The first item in his education is that the Sud Express is worth while, although far more expensive than the or-

dinary trains. The second point comes to his attention when he finds himself held up for a comfortable rearrangement of his sleeping accommodations, and no matter how crowded the trains, he can usually obtain comfortable quarters if he takes the obvious course and stills the itching palm of the man in charge.

CÓRDOBA

A WONDERFUL moon lighted our departure from Madrid which made the country, flat and uninteresting by day, look almost beautiful.

The expresses in this country run more smoothly than in our own. The sleepers are lighter than our heavy Pullmans and there is not that continual bump, bump, that rocks our commercial traveller to sleep. Nevertheless there are other drawbacks,—animate and inanimate,—and it was after a none too restful night that we wakened in the pitchy blackness of early morning, which by the time we had pulled up at Córdoba had given way to a pale light in the east.

Rolls and coffee at the little railway restaurant, and we can truthfully say we have seen the sun rise upon the glories of Spain.

A rickety stage bumped us over the uneven cobbles, through the narrowest of alleys to a very picturesque little hostelry, the Grand Hotel Suisse. *C'est ca.*

We are up in a clean-looking room,—first point of interest and inspection,—across hall from the *patio*, which you must know is a wonderfully neat little court with often a fountain, plants and birds, whose marble floor is washed by the rains of heaven.

The Prince of Bavaria, incognito, has rooms near at hand and on the *patio*, but we overlook a city square and, beneath our window, a little yard wherein a donkey, made patient by the eternal stick, goes blindfolded on his endless rounds to draw water for the hotel.

But here is a bit of Spain of our dreams, quaint, old, vividly colored, primitively rough, but clean and attractive.

In its Moorish characteristics of narrow, winding, cobbled streets, straight, blank walls at all angles, whose infrequent doors allow glimpses of the attractive *patios* within, its red tiled roofs and conglomeration of houses, shops and churches, it reminds us more of Toledo than of any other Spanish city we have seen. But the resemblance is mostly of outward appearance.

Toledo has the unattractiveness of age without rejuvenation. The people seem as old as the centuries old buildings; it is a town clinging desperately to the glory of bygone days,—a monument alone to the past.

Here is a city just as ancient in its building, with the same inconvenient labyrinth of passages of Moorish fancy and a similiar confusion of buildings, whose population has also shrunk twenty fold; but a city with a reason for its present being.

Córdoba is the center of a thriving agricultural country. The people seem not merely to exist, but anxious to do something for their betterment. There is a wholesome atmosphere here that is totally lacking in Toledo, whose very stones seem to exude odors.

Mr. T——, who has been wandering aimlessly but not noiselessly about the rooms, here breaks into the train of thought: "That's a mean, contemptible trick on that mule"; which we heartily echo and laying pen aside go below and join him in "*tostado, huevos pasado y café con leche.*" Our appetites are returning.

The programme as laid down by "El Sabio,"—in American, the "Wise Guy,"—is to stop in Córdoba overnight.

Now, as further acquaintance shows, this would not have been a hardship. But mindful of Toledo and perhaps to assert our Yankee independence we have rebelled and announced our intention of proceeding to Sevilla to-night.

Overruled by our united persuasions and threats, "El Sabio" is as one without a kingdom, and his gloom overshadows all.

But come with us on the walk we took this morning. Made undignified and maybe lightheaded by our early rising, our whistling awoke the echoes of the walled cañons of streets and set every dog barking around the corners.

The amazed populace gazed in astonishment at our choruses, but the frown of Beñunes, which nothing could dispel, checked all familiarity but our own.

Up, down and around we went, to the appropriate tune of "Up the Street," looking at balconies, peering unashamed in at *patios*,—"*muy benitoing*" anyone who appeared, and finally coming unexpectedly upon

a large, crowded market in the full swing of early morning activity.

Cuts of meat, strange-looking herbs, vegetables and fruit of all descriptions, loaded the counters and stalls with their attractive displays.

Such an economical way they have of distributing milk,—and the poor goats seem to know where to go and just when to stop.

Soon, in front of us, after perplexing winding and twisting, appeared the moss-grown and age-colored walls of the Mezquita, surmounted by the brown belfry tower at one end and the dome of the Cathedral in the center.

Mosque and Cathedral; no wonder you pause.

For here is an unique example of history's progress and of race succeeding race.

Hither to this land of promise came the Moors one thousand odd years ago, dominating the fading Visigoths. Being an energetic and thrifty people and finding fulfillment of the promise, they prospered and builded them here a Mecca city of their travels and a wondrous temple of worship.

Four centuries later the Christian Spaniards, pushing ever southward their victorious march, expelled the Moslems and within their gigantic temple—in its very center—erected a Cathedral to their own religion.

As we entered from the street, our first view was of the *patio* planted with rows of orange trees and royal palms, and it seemed as if at the same time we had stepped into another country and another age.

Unconsciously your voice sinks to a whisper; the question halts on your lips.

With the fading fragrance of the orange trees you breathe the atmosphere of the ancient days.

You lurk behind a column and look out upon the *patio* bathed in the glare of a mid-summer sun.

The fountains are playing and above the splash of the waters you hear the shrill singing of the birds in the lofty palms.

A motley throng crowds the generous space, grouped about the fountains, loitering beneath the palm shade or strolling in the cool shadow of the walls.

The Moslems are gathered to gossip before their hour of prayer.

From many a turban glints a royal jewel; the simple clothes are costly, the swords richly gemmed.

From the streets comes the murmur of the multitude, for Córdoba is in the height of Moorish power.

Listen! A deep bell tolls. A voice cries to Allah; all forms are bent; then rising, the devout dip their fingers in the holy water of the fountains and move slowly to the open ports of the Mezquita, and as their shuffling footsteps are lost beyond the colonnades of the Mosque, you rub your eyes and look out again upon the scene of to-day.

The *patio* is surrounded by the extended walls of the Mosque forming with the outer wall a covered walk. That at the end has been closed up and from its center rises the belfry tower on the ruins of the Moorish minaret, begun by the Spaniards in 1593.

In the *patio*, whose very atmosphere seems yet to

hold the ancient suggestion of repose and rest, are five fountains interspersed among the trees, around whose edges groups of children and men and women lent color and a present day realism to the old world scene.

The original entrances to the Mosque were direct from the *patio*, corresponding to the spaces between the rows of trees, but of these all except two have been closed up.

Our entrance into the building itself afforded us a surprise from which we have hardly yet recovered. Indeed, it is difficult to transmit an intelligent picture of the vista seemingly endless beneath the low, graceful roof.

The fluted ceiling of the Mezquita is not high, rising in successive light-admitting domes to perhaps forty feet from the tiled floor.

Supporting it is a veritable forest of marble columns in rows of perfect regularity from any point of view, while from their capitals rise gracefully double arches crossed with alternate bands of red brick and white sandstone.

Indescribable is the effect of this apparently endless perspective of marble shafts, relieved by the bright colors of the arches, crossing and interlacing in bewildering fashion.

We counted in one direction, thirty-six columns, thirteen and one-half feet apart, and in the other, half as many columns twice as far apart, which, roughly estimated, gives an area to the completed structure of about five hundred feet square or nearly six acres.

When I tell you that the Cathedral in its center appears lost and the private chapels on the walls look like decorated cells, you will have some idea of the immensity of the Mezquita.

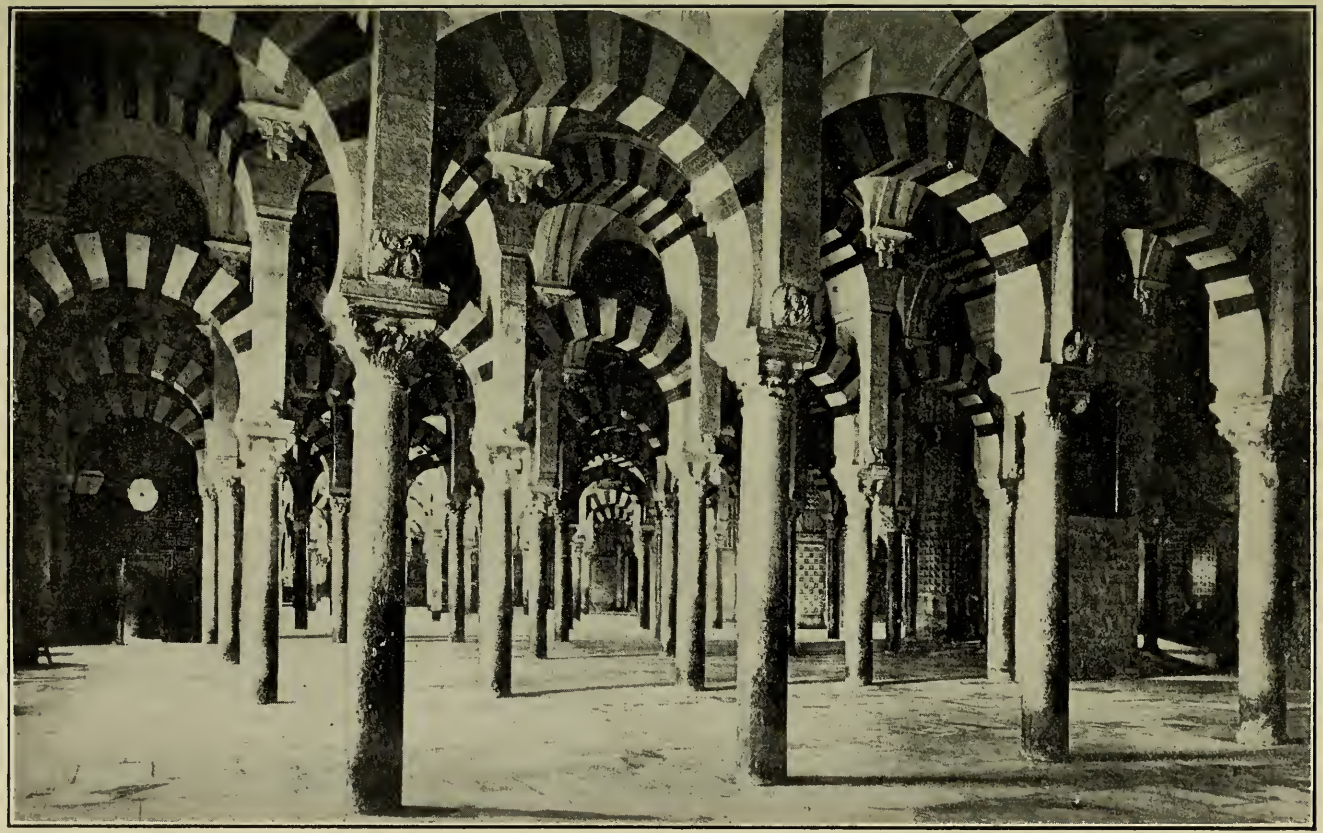
This Christian choir and high altar,—of wonderful beauty themselves,—with which the Catholic Spaniards sought to drive out any suggestion of the Khoran, effaced, as well, the full effect of the interior. Permission to erect this Cathedral was sought of Charles V. who, not understanding the situation, granted it against the protests of the Council of Córdoba, but when completed and the Mosque with the Cathedral in its center was seen for the first time by the monarch, he is said to have exclaimed, "You have built what you might have built anywhere, but you have destroyed something that was unique in the world."

There was said to have been one thousand columns when the last Moorish ruler of Córdoba had added the finishing touches to this Moslem temple, but the Christians removed one hundred and forty-eight to make room for the Cathedral.

Whether intentionally or not, although ruler succeeded ruler during its construction, the completed Mezquita formed a perfect square—without reckoning the space occupied by the *patio*.

We first made a complete circuit of the building to get some conception of its wonderful extent and later began to notice details.

As the structure was begun, added to, and completed at different periods, the columns on closer inspection bear slightly different appearances, while the



The Mezquita in Cordoba

varying capitals indicate a desire or necessity for relief from monotony.

All of the eight hundred and fifty-two remaining columns indicate, by their polished bases, the multitudes of worshippers that must have brushed by them through the centuries.

One column was pointed out as coming from Athens; another from Turkey. Some were said to have come from the ruins of Carthage—but the most were brought from the quarries of Andalusia.

On one of the marble columns, by the light of a match, we saw a small cross said to have been scratched by the nail of a prisoner during the years of his captivity; while in another, considerable holes had been worn by the fingers of millions of the devout.

We saw two Mihrâbs, or Khoran rooms. One,—Mihrâb Segundo,—although partly filled up by the early Spaniards, yet showed the beautiful inlaid tiling on the walls surmounted by the most intricate carving and ending in a dome supported by massive carved arches rising to the center—four on each of the four sides.

The other Mihrâb, or Holy of Holies, is a marvellously ornamented room.

The arched entrance has rich, glazed mosaic, shining like gold after these many centuries. This room —only thirteen feet across,—has marble walls surmounted by a dome of one piece of white marble, say ten feet across and eight high, carved in the shape of a shell.

A regular pathway was worn in the marble floor

by the bare feet or knees of the many penitents, who made the seven times circuit of the room in pursuance of their form of worship.

The room giving entrance to this is larger and is rich in an almost inconceivable beauty of carving and mosaic.

In succeeding to their place of worship the early Christian Spaniards endeavored to efface as well any Moslem suggestion in ornamentation or decoration. Doorways and archways were blocked up. Walls were plastered over, ruthlessly covering the beauties beneath.

The work of restoration which has been proceeding in leisurely Spanish fashion for the past twenty years, is constantly disclosing some new and unsuspected beauty in design or delicate carving.

We observed workmen removing the plaster from delicate windows carved from the stone and from rich mosaics whose colors were apparently unchanged.

The original ceiling of carved wood is only preserved in part, but is being replaced, following the former pattern. In one place where the work was proceeding, some of the old boards and beams, with the carving still showing, were employed to hold up the rubbish caused by the workmen.

While the old designs and forms are being imitated in this work of restoration, yet the effect of originality and of age does not seem to be strongly imparted and strengthens us in the thought earlier expressed that to see ancient Spain one should lose no time in coming to it.

The Cathedral,—or more strictly speaking the

choir, high altar and space between,—is of surpassing beauty. The choir is of mahogany from South America, showing the most wonderful hand carving that perchance can be seen in Spain.

On the backs of the seats,—in the Hicea Chorus,—are carved in succession biblical scenes from the beginning of the world.

This work and the large figures at the back of the choir are wonderfully done.

In the racks before the choir, as at Toledo, were books hundreds of years old, richly illuminated by hand, that were in daily use.

The high altar of red marble presents an imposing and at the same time a beautiful appearance, while over the space between rises a massive dome to the fullest height of the main structure, although not as high as the belfry tower on the outer *patio* wall.

In the treasury room,—near the former Moorish Holy of Holies,—we saw a silver and gold Custodia seven feet high which, with a pedestal three feet more, required, it is said, fifty men to carry it in the annual processional.

There was also a solid silver statue of the Conception, three feet high, a cup made from the first gold which Columbus brought from America, according to Beñunes—he must have brought a ship full,—and the sword of San Fernando who freed Córdoba from Moorish control in the early thirteenth century.

The immense Mezquita,—second in size only to the Kaaba of Mecca among all the Mosques of the Moors,—gives a strong suggestion of the height of power

and wealth to which they attained in Spain during the few centuries of their occupancy.

It is said that Córdoba was once a city of a million inhabitants, and countless indeed must have been the throngs that frequented this temple through Moorish rule.

Around the city, in parts, are the remains of the old walls to whose building Roman, Goth, Moor and Spaniard each contributed his share as the strong, new race succeeded the weakening old.

The bridge across the Quadalaquivir (pronounced Quadalakeevéer) still retains most of the original Roman foundations of two thousand years ago, and some of the later upper works of the Moors. The repairs that are just now being made are, however, effectually destroying the appearance of great age. All this is very distressing to our friend Beñunes, who cannot see why Spain should not remain as a show place for the rest of the world.

A little further down the river, a few old Moorish water mills stretch across the stream, while in different parts of the town are several ancient churches.

As we lingered by the old gate, guarding the entrance from the bridge, the rain began to fall with tropical violence.

Dispatching a boy for a carriage, we sought shelter meanwhile in a near-by shop whose windows were filled with local postal pictures.

As we entered the doorway, a heated discussion attracted our attention. Through the steady musketry

of Spanish, now and then broke an expostulation in English.

"But, my good man, here is your money," cried a familiar voice.

"*Muy malo, muy malo,*" said another.

"Well, I'll make it fifteen."

"*No entiendo.*"

Laughingly we bade Beñunes help him out, and glad indeed was Mr. Driscoll to shift the burden.

If we must confess it, we have ourselves ingloriously called upon Beñunes when anger with some pilfering shopkeeper had made our halting speech too slow a vehicle for the expression of our feelings.

The dilemma into which our friend had now fallen was a common one. His money was bad, while the requirements of the language demanded to clear up the situation had gone far beyond the ability to point at a picture and read the shopkeeper's fingers.

Our carriage arriving, we all bundled in and rode across the old Roman bridge.

Ah, what tales those old ramparts and walls might tell!

From them Roman watched the Goth approach, a wild, fearless, overwhelming host, sweeping the city like a wave of destruction.

Generations later, a cloud appeared from the south and the Moslem gained sway, and now the Spaniard sleeps fearless in perennial peace.

All the world, north and south of him, is civilized and knows itself.

Race has met race, intermingled and run its course. No dream of a new world's riches leavens the pagan horde and endangers the barren domain of the indolent Don. Undistraught by foreign foe, may he fade among his ruins, proud of his country's past greatness, careless of her future destiny.

The streets in Córdoba—so called for politeness' sake—are simply accidental spaces between house walls, and have no apparent sense of direction or purpose. Their intertwining forms a labyrinth difficult to solve. Nevertheless, I thought that I could find my way about, and when Señor Beñunes had retired with his disappointment for an hour's siesta, I led forth an expedition to view the Paseo del Gran Capitan and other points of interest.

Returning, we followed a roundabout way,—just to prove our mastery of the situation,—and I still believe that I could have reached that hotel in time, although possibly Mr. T—— has ideas to the contrary, to which some strength may have been added by inglorious recourse to several Cordobians. I have at least this satisfaction,—it required the guidance of more than one to get us back.

While I have been alternately writing and running to the window to plead with the miserable old donkey-beater below, who always stopped just as I got there, Mr. T——, under the safe guidance of the refreshed and happier "El Sabio," has visited that gentleman's club which, built some years previously for the exercise of the national habit, is described by Mr. T——

as one of the largest and most attractive he has ever seen. It is in the form of a square, with the inevitable but beautiful *patio* in the center, surrounded on all sides by card and refreshment rooms.

SEVILLA

LAST evening after we left Córdoba, we passed an old Moorish castle standing picturesque and grim on a high rock at the right of the track. The moon, showing fitfully between scurrying clouds, brought out the bold battlements and commanding turrets. Surely romance and tragedy had their home behind those dark walls and frowning towers which, after the Moors had gone, sheltered the marauding brigands.

It brought to my mind,—albeit the railroad spoiled the picture,—the fascination of Lorna Doone's childhood home.

Soon there were vivid lightning and peals of thunder and we arrived at Sevilla in a pouring rain.

This Hôtel de Madrid is very "quaint" and by the same token not so comfortable, although hardly to be complained of. It has two *patios*, one right in front of the entrance, filled with good-sized palms and other tropical vegetation.

In truth it is an old Moorish palace transformed into a modern hotel. The mosaic work is still in evidence, particularly in the dining-room. Beyond this are the baths, but how one can,—well, I guess one can't.

The weather, with the frequent showers and brilliant

sunshine, is much like our spring, or so we thought as we drove this morning across the Puente de Isabel II., spanning the Quadalaquivir, here become more broad, to the gypsy quarters on the other side, called Triana.

Recrossing, we skirted the left bank of the river, navigable to the sea forty-five miles away and crowded with ancient feluccas lying side by side with iron tramps.

Presently, we passed the Tower of Gold with its underground passage to the palace whither Columbus, returning from his second voyage to America, stealthily crept so that Isobella might be the first in Europe to hear his wondrous tales of the new country.

To the left, partly hidden by adjacent roofs, we saw the ruined Tower of Silver, but its purpose or history our guide could not tell.

Passing the palatial residence of the former Duc de Montpensier,—Palacio Santelmo,—we drove by the beautiful gardens attached to the estate whose further half has been given to the people of Sevilla.

Here were a profusion of royal palms, acacias, eucalypti, orange trees, mandarins, and all sorts of flowers in bloom.

Coming back through the narrow streets we were shortly confronted by the old walls and the towering Giralda of the Cathedral, one of the largest and most beautiful in all Christendom, second only in size to St. Peter's in Rome.

This tower of the Giralda represents,—like many another Spanish building,—several epochs in Spain's history. The foundations are still of the old Roman

construction, its main tower of Moorish build and its upper part and belfry of later Spanish origin.

We drove completely around it fascinated by the views from each side. The Giralda is copied in the tower at Madison Square, but our building with its higher tower seems of better proportions.

Through the narrow alleys, our carriage barely clearing the house walls on either side, we proceeded through the former Jewish quarters, the blank walls suggesting little of the attractive interiors of which the open doorways gave occasional meagre glimpses.

Our guide enjoys nothing better—bull-fights excepted—than giving us some surprise, and our wondering approbation is in part his reward.

Halting the carriage before a plain exterior,—palaces or stables present the same outward appearance,—we entered a house built after the plan of that of Pontius Pilate. First there was a small *patio*, from which we entered a larger one, paved with marble flags and richly decorated on all sides by marvellous mosaics and carving.

Built three hundred years ago it gives no indication of age.

In every room, in every hall, corridor and stairway, are those beautiful mosaics, appearing at a little distance like hanging Persian rugs.

The ambassadors' hall has modern, stained-glass windows which are entirely out of harmony with the rest of the place yet lend a weird appearance to the *patio* without.

From the roof a good view is obtained of the Gi-

ralda, but this is a common sight from any point in Sevilla and serves as a sure land-mark to the confused traveller.

So imbued had we become with the dominating Spanish characteristic of cruelty, that the curious little institution we next visited afforded a pleasing surprise.

Stopping in an ordinary-looking street, Beñunes called our attention to a hole in the wall.

Ringing a near-by bell, we were admitted by a trim-looking sister of charity to the foundlings' home, supported by the contributions of the ladies of Sevilla.

And now we saw the subtle reason for the hole in the wall.

Unnoticed and unashamed, as silent as the stork's visit, the disconsolate mothers place the little ones on the soft bed within, whose tiny weight rings a bell and automatically turns them forever from their parent's ken.

Upstairs, in their little cots, were a score or more, and in another room a lot of youngsters were busily eating at long benches, happy and well cared for.

In all, the house gives refuge for a hundred or so, affording a cleanly and well-ordered home under the efficient care of the sisters of charity.

Indeed it was a touching sight, exposing a rather unexpected side of the Spanish character.

We had lunch in the quaint, old dining-room of the

Hôtel de Madrid, looking out onto the little *patio* with its palms freshened by a recent rain.

One gets no suggestion of the interiors, from the outward appearance of a Spanish building, especially where it is of Moorish style. The blankest walls hide often a reposeful charm which suggests, in crossing the threshold, that one has stepped into another land. Evidently the builder had less thought for his neighbor than for his own *ménage*.

There are all sides to Spanish life and character—and we are here to read.

This afternoon we attended for a very brief time that disgusting spectacle called a cock-fight.

This was held in a roofed-over court of an ordinary-looking house, which, in the evening, serves as a music hall for the poorer classes of Sevilla.

Many of the men, who thronged the seats encircling the raised ring, were clothed in white butchers' aprons, but as the affair progressed we found that we could not thereby be sure of their calling.

As the weather was threatening the usual weekly bull-fight was postponed, giving us the opportunity to look over the ring closely.

This one at Sevilla is quite a pretentious affair, having seating capacity for fully fourteen thousand people. From a roof, we could look down at the bulls penned below in little stalls whose doors were opened by ropes leading above.

We are told of the incredible fortunes acquired by

the matadors of reputation. Some invest their earnings in real estate, while others purchase public houses and attract trade in proportion to the height attained in their earlier profession.

Take away cock-fighting and bull-fighting and they say you would quickly kill the Spaniard. Prize-fighting is thought too disgusting to a people who, with tranquil face, unruffled by passion, lash their worn-out draught animals. The blows of their sticks eternally beat upon your ears and make your blood boil. And when the poor animals outlive their usefulness and service, they are fated for the bull-ring. It hardly adds to your pleasure when you realize that the poor cob taking you to your hotel or about the city, will shortly meet his cruel end before the yelling crowd. When the bulls prove more dangerous than expected and kill off all the horses provided as a part of the sport, it often happens that others are taken literally from the shafts as they wait about the Plaza de Toros so that the crowd may have its surfeit of blood and gore.

It is not only complete disregard of the sufferings of dumb animals that contributes to the Spanish character of brutality, but they seem also fiendishly to plan their torture.

A welcome contradiction of the universal attribute of cruelty is the little home of the foundlings, planned and conducted in loving fashion.

The few books on Spain that I have looked into picture it as an ideal country—a land of golden dreams. They rave over the beauties of barren land-

scape and time-worn town; paint its romances and romance about its painters; draw wonderful, misty portraits of its wealth and grandeur.

Don't believe them.

We have come straight through the heart of Spain, and clear almost to its southern coast it is a wasted land and a wasted people. For the most part, the sombre barrenness of Don Quixote's pathway is to my mind the truest expression of it all.

If ever there was a people who felt the oppression of aristocracy and church, it is the poor people of Spain. Everywhere throughout this country you will find the grandest monuments in the world to State, church and the individual. If you wish to learn who really paid for them you have but to look at the pale, degenerated faces about you.

Your instant comparison is Russia. But here the people seem to be broken and hopeless under the yoke.

Remember that this picture which I have drawn from our observations is of the center of Spain. On the coast line, where touch is had with other peoples and where the fertile land more easily yields an existence, better conditions are found. This, as we have already observed, is true in the independent Basque Provinces. It is true also of the Mediterranean provinces, which are giving evidences of an inclination to remove themselves from the control of an aristocracy, to whose support they are large contributors.

In Cataluna, indeed, freedom has already been asked.

The story goes that their council queried, "How much is the annual tax expected from us?" and when told 25,000,000 pesetas they are said to have replied, "We will give 30,000,000, but grant us our independence."

At the time of Alfonso's recent visit to Saragossa and to Barcelona, local flags so predominated over the royal colors that an actual conflict between the King's guard and the native Catalonians was narrowly averted.

There the people are building their salvation on the foundation of their own individual efforts. And here around Sevilla, the conditions should be the same. The country is the best we have seen south of the Pyrenees. The faces are indeed of a better and more hopeful type, but again the single ownership is the rule as in the north.

A past greatness seems to have carried its impression through the ages, which is altogether lost when one comes actually face to face with the people of Spain of to-day.

The wonderful climate of Andalusia I am ready to believe in. The days so far have been springlike, with the unexpected downpours followed instantly by the bluest of skies and the brightest sunshine.

This morning was clear and invigorating, and feeling the inclination to get away from the indolence that seems to enwrap the country I took Albert for company and proceeded to Giralda.

There are no steps up the main tower, only inclines running on each of the four sides, which make the ascent comparatively easy.

We reached the belfry in exactly three minutes and then went higher for a better view. The outlook from the top certainly warrants the climb.

Near at hand, the Quadalaquivir winds a dirty yellow and becomes a glistening ribbon where it is lost in the distance. Below us are the domes and countless spires of the Cathedral; beyond are the age-colored walls of the Moorish palace, the Royal Alcazàres, which took two hundred and fifty years in the building.

Still further,—in the same direction,—is the huge and more modern structure where six thousand women and girls roll cigarettes and cigars for this narcotic race.

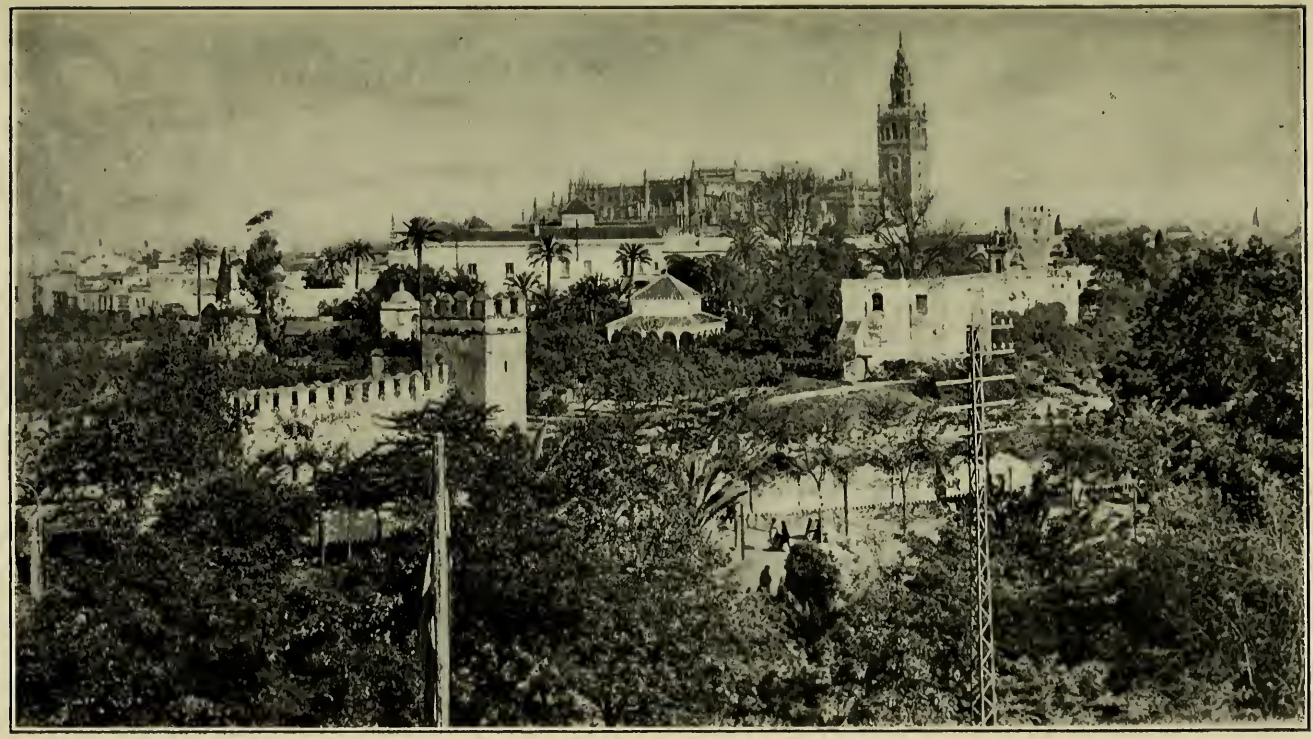
To the right of the tobacco factory lies the Palacio Santelmo, and beyond it the waving green vista of its gardens and the public park.

Following the bank of the river above the squat Tower of Gold, appears the Plaza de Toros set like a ring in the landscape.

But it is the view from the other side of the Giralda that makes the sight unique.

As your glance sweeps rapidly over the city at your feet, you are reminded of the pattern of a crazy quilt. The groundwork is of white, relieved by the occasional walls of blue and the yellow, green and brown of the moss-covered tiles.

Here and there, the brown domes and spires of the



The Giralda and Royal Alcazares in Sevilla

ancient churches spring above the monotony of the roof levels. From the Plaza Nueva and an odd *patio* or so the fronds of royal palms add freshness to the scene.

The panorama is wonderful and holds you entranced, while your imagination follows the suggestion of aged wall and turret.

Into our musing broke the sound of a big bell and through its measured cadence sprang the rioting of a higher tone.

We hurried down the few steps to the belfry landing, and marvelled at the perfect time of the deep tones rung by an old blind man, while the athletic stunts of the young fellow who set the smaller bell whirling on its axis were a wonder to behold.

Exchanging *adios* with the pair, we descended the tower and joined Mr. T—— and "El Sabio" at the Puerta del Perdón, which gives entrance to the courtyard of the Cathedral, and followed them into the structure.

Having seen some of Spain's most remarkable edifices, we were, nevertheless, impressed with the noble area of this Cathedral of Sevilla, the second largest in Europe and only a trifle smaller than St. Peter's at Rome.

The spacious elevation of the vaulted aisles gives room for the wonderful choir and high altar. The supporting pillars, eighteen feet at the base, are sixty in number, counting those at the sides and at the ends.

The structure is built in the Gothic style. Part of

the roof over the main edifice was destroyed by a recent earthquake while some of the columns showed also the work of restoration.

The sacristy contains many relics, including three hundred robes made at various times from the sixteenth century to the present.

At one side of the Cathedral are the remains of Christopher Columbus, brought from Havana after the Spanish war with the United States.

In one of the private chapels that line the walls is Murillo's marvellous picture of St. Anthony.

Several years ago a man concealed himself in the Cathedral and, after everyone else had left, proceeded to this picture and standing on the frame cut out the figure of St. Anthony as far around as he could reach with his knife.

As the picture was customarily covered by a cloth the theft was not discovered for three days, when messages were sent to all parts of the world.

All trace was lost until one day, six months later, a Spanish gentleman had occasion to visit a small curio shop in New York. Here he was offered a wonderful picture which he at once recognized as the missing St. Anthony, still in the form in which it was cut from its frame.

Hurrying to his lodgings, ostensibly to obtain the two hundred and fifty dollars asked, he called in the meantime at the Spanish embassy and reported his discovery.

Cabling to Spain, word was shortly received to bring both man and picture to Sevilla, which was later fol-

lowed by the advice not to mind about the man, but to return with the picture at all hazards.

On its receipt, wooden partitions were built around the chapel and after three months the artists completed their work of restoration, and a great church festival was held to celebrate the event.

To-day the incision can only be noticed by standing quite near the picture in such position that the light strikes directly upon the place where the cuts were made.

The choir and high altar have the rich wood carving and red marble common to many of Spain's cathedrals.

There are also several fine, stained-glass windows of the same period, as the incomparable windows in the Cathedral at Toledo.

After leaving the Cathedral, we drove back to the hotel to test the efficiency of the Franco-Spanish mail service and were both in a measure rewarded.

Thence we went for a general ride around the city, passing, en route, through the Paseo de Hercules, which has at one end shafts of granite of exceptional size, surmounted by statues of Hercules and Julius Cæsar, brought from the ruins of Italica, five miles away.

Continuing through the dirty streets of the poorer quarter we presently emerged through one of the ancient gateways to the country without, and drove along the old Roman-Moorish walls which are now only standing in part.

Last evening we had one of Beñunes' little surprises, but this was quite beyond the ordinary affair and also the most charming glimpse of a distinctly Spanish feature that we have seen. He took us to the salon of Jose Otero Aranda, "*profesor y director de baile,*" one time teacher of Otero and Carmencita, who won such fame, in America and elsewhere, for their wonderful dancing.

We entered first the rough outer hall, crowded with the mothers, brothers and sisters of the performers in the salon beyond, whence came the rhythmic click of the castanets.

Seated around one end of the poor little hall were a dozen or so of the prettiest little Señoritas you would care to see—with their gay dresses, white mantillas and sparkling eyes, forming a picture in strange contrast to the scene without.

To the tune of a mandolin and guitar, accompanied by the "crack," "crack" of the castanets, they whirled in the odd gypsy dances, sometimes alone, often by twos and fours and once with nearly a full quadrille.

As they whirled here and there, backward and forward, advancing boldly, then evading with lithe, easy grace, skirts and mantillas swishing, cheeks afire and eyes snapping, timing perfectly their steps to the "crack," "crack," "crack," it made a scene wholly fascinating and unique to this country of strange people and strange ways.

One little Señorita, with bewitchingly impudent upturned nose and saucy eyes, gave the dance of the bull-

Types of the South

ring, executing fantastically all the movements of *banderilleros* and the *matador*, which won much applause from the four of us, forming an appreciative audience at the further end.

Loli, the prettiest of them all, also came in for her full share of the *bravos*.

Otero himself, past master in the art, danced a few figures with his older pupils and we left much pleased with the charmingly wholesome performance so different from the vulgarity of the Paris halls.

If our first visit to Spain,—our first sight of the unique buildings,—had been to the Moorish palace of Sevilla, it might, perchance, have dimmed our enthusiasm, aroused elsewhere.

Surfeited as we have been with Spain's many monuments to the past, the Royal Alcazàres awakened an almost brand new feeling of wonder and admiration.

The Moorish structure was built on the site of the old Roman Prætorium, and this gave way to the Spanish building, although every suggestion of architecture, of ornamentation, in floor, arch, ceiling and window, is distinctly Moorish in character.

As you approach past the towering Giralda and the Cathedral, you are confronted by the brown, massive walls which formed part of the fortifications that sheltered the Moorish kings.

Entering the frowning gateway—half expectant of some gruff challenge,—you find yourself at one side of the Court of the Oranges, where Peter the Cruel dispensed such justice as he was capable of.

Passing through another gateway, and diverting from the many-columned entrance where the troops kept guard, and which the succeeding Spaniards blocked up, we traversed a narrow passage and emerged onto a terrace overlooking the most wonderful garden in the world.

Acres of waving green greet your eye. The resplendent southern foliage is set off by intersecting walls, balconies and walks, while in the center appears the roof of a fairy-like little house.

Right at hand is the square fish pond, built by Philip V., in 1733, with its fountains now in repose.

Skirting the left of the enclosure is the high, open gallery along which Columbus gained his audience with Isobella, from the Tower of Gold.

Below are other terraces and in front stretch many acres of the tropical foliage grown to its present magnificence through the centuries.

As you turn and follow the steps on the right you pass between two giant magnolias, the trunk of the larger of which is fully three feet through at the base.

Diverting a moment from the Garden, we entered a lower door of the palace and stopped at the end of a long bath under a low ceiling, where once the Sultanas were said to have splashed in their seclusion.

At the further end of the bath was originally a fountain and behind that a cave where the cruel Peter confined his wife on discovering her love for his brother, visiting her by a secret stairway from time to time to

ascertain when she should succumb to the tortures of fast.

Of his brother's fate we learned later, and so I shall tell you.

Following our guide we came again into the garden. The place seemed enchanted.

Halting for a moment, Beñunes called in a loud voice: "*Ahora!*" and at once, as if to Moses, tiny streams of water sprang from the pavement at our feet. As he raised his voice again, "*Para; Basta,*" they ceased.

Once more "*Ahora!*" and they sprang into life again.

As he turned away, we lingered for a moment. The magic streams stopped, and from behind an adjacent wall came a rough old gardener who told us that the name of those wonderful red plants was "*bandañeros.*"

In the center of the garden is a mosaic-lined building, erected in 1540, as one of the floor tiles shows, and used by Charles V. as a smoking-room.

Everywhere are orange trees, intermingled with many other kinds of trees and shrubs.

Flowers of every description and of wonderful perfume fill the gardens, while stately palms line the walks, bearing in their tops huge clusters of the green fruit.

Returning towards the palace, we met a courteous old gentleman, the Marques de Irún, whose care these gardens have been for the last thirty years, and which certainly give evidence of his painstaking, intelligent attention.

We expressed to him our pleasure in the unique sight and he invited our inspection of the forbidden upper stories of the palace.

At the door a little girl met us with a rosebud apiece and we rested a moment while she and her sisters whirled in their gyspy dance, timed by the ringing castanets.

These old buildings are like the rough native fruit, —coarse and uninviting outside, but beautiful within.

It is always a marvel how the rough skin of the pomegranate can contain such delicious kernels and how these bare old walls can hide such exquisite beauties.

Entering the main part of the palace,—trying not to linger before the tapestry lining the royal entrance, —we followed the passage to the left, then to the right and came to a door looking upon the Patio de las Doncellas, the very core of that marvellous building.

Such a riot of mosaic, such beauty in columned walk, in wonderfully carved arches, in latticed windows and marble flooring, you never saw.

The sight dazes one.

Unlearned in architecture as I am, it was nevertheless a delight to observe the perfect perspective which each succeeding arch gave to the view, appearing again and yet again through those nearest at hand.

As you paused you could almost fancy you heard the slippered tread of the Sultanas sauntering gracefully along in their clinging robes and shielding mantillas.

But you do not need fancy to picture the beauties

here. They are evident in every aspect of the court and the adjacent rooms and halls.

Each room is a marvel in itself and assuredly shows to fullest advantage the Moorish fancy in building and ornamentation.

We walked slowly through the various corridors, leading on and on, loath to leave one for the equal attractiveness of the next.

For a moment we paused in the Hall of the Ambassadors with its main entrance from the *patio* and with its three perfect arched doorways leading to rooms beyond.

Description is beggared by the picture from one corner of the hall through the horseshoe arch, fringed with the most delicate carving, to the graceful columns and clean white marble of the *patio* with its background of mosaic and carving in barbaric profusion.

We crossed the little Court of the Dolls—"*Patio de las Munecas*"—where Peter slew his brother. This room derives its name from the many little dolls' heads appearing in the frescoing around the arches.

Climbing the stairs, we came to the rooms forbidden to the gaze of the usual traveller.

On the left as you enter is a little chapel built by the first Isobella.

In the rooms immediately beyond are tapestries after Gobelin, Rubens and the Flemish artist, Tenier, while in another room are seven exquisite tapestries illustrating scenes in the life of the Crazy Knight and his faithful Sancho Panza.

Beyond are the living-rooms of the royal family, used not so very long ago, and now being renovated for other noble visitors.

We were drawn to the windows by the enchanting view of the gardens from an upper level, stretching away below in their wonderful beauty. One can hardly imagine a more charming residence for idle royalty—especially in this country of barrenness.

In the afternoon, Mr. T—— and I climbed the winding inclines of the Giralda, and were rewarded by the view made more clear than before by a perfect day.

Again as we lingered on the upper balcony, the bells began to sound below us and, although the din was tremendous, we hurried down to watch the blind ringer and his agile assistants.

Even at that height, and in apparent danger of being carried over the wall, they would let the revolving bells lift them above the parapet, whence, balancing themselves on steps inside the wall, they would throw their weight inward and fall prone, judging time and distance to a nicety so that the upward swing would, by a bare six inches, save them from crashing on the tiles.

Returning to the Hôtel de Madrid, the zealous courier obtained another fancy rig and we rode around the fashionable drives which, as in Madrid, draw the indolent wealthy on pleasant afternoons.

There are not so many so-called sights in Sevilla as in Madrid, but we find our surroundings, the climate, the people, the general atmosphere, infinitely more pleasing than at the capital.

CADIZ

I HAVE likened the old buildings of Spain to the native fruit of the country; rough on the exterior, attractive within. The comparison, inversely, might be made of Spain itself.

On its borders,—its coast line and the Pyrenees,—lies the country's only natural attractiveness.

One might go almost the entire circuit—from San Sebastien, Bilbao, around to Cadiz and up the Mediterranean towns—and a beautiful country would be seen.

The interior, Spain bisected, presents nothing but an uninteresting land, for the most part barren and dried up.

But when you begin to approach the sèa again, vegetation becomes more luxuriant, the people brighter, more attractive and thrifty.

Whether it is from the invigoration of the sea or from the awakening contact with other peoples, it is hard to say; but the fact remains that this portion of Spain seems the only part truly alive.

All the way to Cadiz this morning the landscape became brighter and the country more attractive and beautiful. For fifty or sixty miles the road runs through almost continuous fields of wheat and barley.

The land seems to undergo constant cultivation. With the peasants everywhere on the landscape, plowing the land with their ox-teams, preparing the fields

for the winter crops, the country presented a most thrifty appearance.

Frequently the train ran by veritable forests of olive trees, while orange groves were equally abundant. The contrast with the North Country, cis-Pyrenees, is vivid.

Soon the country-side became dotted with herds of cattle and more particularly of the fighting bulls, a type peculiar to Andalusia, bred for all Spanish territory. For it is here that there are raised the hero-victims of the hundreds of rings throughout the country.

The best go, of course, to the rings of near-by Sevilla, to Madrid, to Saragossa and to the immense Plaza del Toros at Barcelona, but every town or city of any pretensions whatsoever has its ring, even if its ordinary victims are driven from the neighboring farms and the Andalusian bull is an occasion.

Herds upon herds of these splendid animals enlivened the landscape on all sides and evidenced the extent of this industry.

It is said that, during their raising, the bulls never see the color of red until they are actually in the ring, when it is flaunted in their faces for the first time to enrage and bewilder them. Traditionally the incitement to fury in every land, when, for the first time, the color is thrown in their very eyes they become for the moment dazed, so that the trained fighter has the instant for his thrilling escape.

By the way, there are regular schools for bull-fighters all over this country. Their apprenticeship begins

in the slaughter houses, after which, while still young, they are trained to judgment, quickness, nerve and agility by slow gradations. The fighters' early practice is in rings with cows or small bulls as the objects for their attacks, until they are qualified to step into the subordinate positions in the prominent rings, which lead to the coveted work as *matadors*.

But on to Cadiz!

Hedges of cactus and century plants line both sides of the railroad which winds through a rolling, fertile country. Numerous flocks of turkeys are seen, often in hundreds, tended by children.

The last hour and a half of the trip is through a vineyard country, whose terraces of vines seem endless and ample enough to supply the whole country with the common red wine.

When still twenty-five miles from Cadiz, a view of the city is obtained across the intervening bay; a veritable city of white, set in the amethyst sea that wellnigh surrounds it.

The route leads by a little town where lived quietly Cervera of Santiago. Rarely in the last few years was this gentleman seen, keeping for the most part to the retirement of his estates and appearing only at long intervals in the gay circles of Cadiz.

This city,—as you know,—is set at the end of a long, narrow peninsula leading boldly to sea, while with its mainland it actually forms the Isla de Leon, named after that searcher for the fountain of eternal youth who found instead the beauties of our own Florida.

Cadiz Harbor

As you approach the town across the marshes, an odd sight is presented by the pyramids of salt showing in all directions. Looking in one way alone over one hundred of these regular piles were counted.

The little sand strip running seaward from the Isla de Leon is flat, straight and narrow, dotted at half its legth by a fort.

Crowded on the end lies "Spotless Town" with its fine, tall buildings, and clean, though narrow, streets.

In Cadiz with its sixty-four thousand inhabitants are many clubs and other indications that this is a city for residence only.

Little business is apparent. The people are wealthy and indolent.

Again the commercial instinct of our philosophic guide asserts itself. Leading the way to an extensive warehouse, he pointed with pride to rows of the huge tuns of wine, ranged side by side, perhaps a hundred or more. "The largest wine-cellar in the whole world," quoth he; "the wine itself,—delicious. Try it. See for yourself. And if you want to take away any,—the owner, he is an old friend of mine. Perhaps. You don't want any? Nothing like this in all Spain. No?"

And yet, after all, he is so zealous, so knowing and so efficient that maybe his eagerness was disinterested. *Quien Sabe?*

The main point of interest in Cadiz, is—Cadiz. Beyond this the Cathedral, comparatively modern, although one hundred and twenty-seven years occupied

its erection, is most attractive, with its interior entirely finished in marble.

One of the most beautiful features of the city is the public park filled with a rare collection of trees, flowers and shrubs.

In another smaller promenade, a drago tree is pointed out as five hundred years old.

In the chapel of an old nunnery,—part of which, with the incongruous taste of these people, is used as a prison,—is shown the picture on which Murillo spent his last efforts. In stepping backward on the scaffolding, to view the effect of his work, he fell, receiving fatal injuries.

The reviving taste of the salt spray after the many days in the arid country, the quaint old city with its cleanliness and peculiarity of appearance and setting, the glimpse of a better and less indolent peasantry, all made the tiresome trip from Sevilla well worth while.

Back to the Hôtel de Madrid to-night, whence the road of our travels leads to Malaga.

MALAGA

WE have thought it well from time to time to curb "El Sabio's" inordinate admiration for his country. When he has gone into raptures over some truly wonderful bit of architecture, or grandiloquently extolled the marvels of some royal residence, we have quoted examples elsewhere. One day in Toledo he remarked with uncommon emphasis upon the munificence of the builders of the Hotel Castilla.

"Two millions of pesetas," quoth he.

"Humph," says Mr. T——. "What do you suppose Americans are expending on one railway station?"

"One cannot tell," replies the Señor cautiously. "They say in America money flows like water. Perhaps five millions of pesetas. Yes?"

"One hundred million dollars,—five hundred million pesetas," announces Mr. T—— remorselessly.

The Señor grasps his brow.

His glance was discreetly polite, but voluble. He did not at once recover, but later, when perchance we spoke disparagingly of the barren prospect of inland Spain and he reiterated his promises to show us a "million olive trees in one grove," we regretted his fall. However, after the trip to Malaga it is becoming that we should bear evidence that the Señor was not so far out in his estimate after all.

The fertile plains stretching to the Sierra de Ronda contained many a forest of countless numbers, whose bright green foliage afforded a welcome relief from the barren lands of the north. Here also were herds upon herds of cattle, sheep and hogs, while a thrifty peasantry worked ceaselessly in the fields. The sight of forty-one teams of oxen plowing side by side suggested the breadth and activity of our own western farms.

Much to the satisfaction of the inner man, after several hours' run from Sevilla, the train stopped at Bobadilla, which is a junction of four or five roads. Situated off here in the plains, it has a surprisingly modern appearance with its underground passages to the tracks and its exceptional restaurant.

Ere the train pulled out, the courier had the baggage transferred to a front compartment to which we repaired, and seated ourselves in the bow windows affording observation ahead. "El Sabio's" manner,—by now well learned,—prepared one for something "grand, beautiful, magnificent," and we began to look up adjectives in the "*Inglés-Español*" to appease him.

Shortly we approached the foothills of the mountains, and the slow, puffing engine took us to higher grades and wilder scenery. The fertile fields were left behind; the outlook was barren, rough and rocky.

Anon we plunged noisily into a tunnel and shortly emerged into the sunlight beyond. Again we were in darkness with the roaring of the train making conversation impossible, but whenever we emerged the panorama had become more wild and more beautiful until

finally, as if through a curtain, we burst suddenly upon the full magnificence of a tropical land.

Directly beneath us, the gorge plunged precipitously to the rushing Guadalahorce, a silver thread at that great depth; above rose snow-capped peaks, grand in their impressive majesty. Ahead stretched the fair valley blossoming to the waters of the mountains and to the kindly sun of the south.

Such an instant comparison between totally differing lands and climates is hardly to be found elsewhere and is not to be described by word of tongue or pen. Until engineering skill and daring pierced the crags with eighteen tunnels and made a way for the road of iron, the gorge itself was impassable.

As the train approaches Malaga, through the smiling valley, the scene is most pleasing. One asks oneself if this can really be a part of the Spain left so shortly behind, but as the town is reached, with its old, unattractive buildings and the dirty, unkempt appearance of the poorer quarters and the poorer people, prominently in evidence, one concludes after all that the same race has abode here.

Yet Malaga affords much of interest and attractiveness. There is a thrift in the very atmosphere that the dried core of the country knows not. The salty invigoration of the south winds has quickened a bit the sleeping people; the transforming touch of the sea bringing its contact with other lands has awakened them with the magic wand of trade. They are industrious in the fields, the orchards and the vineyards;

they braid in the homes, and labor on the docks and on the sea. The reputation of their industries has gone around the world, not so much, perhaps, by reason of their thrift, as for the natural advantages of their land which they could hardly refuse to develop.

The town itself is not well situated; it is low, less clean and more poorly built than even many another Spanish city. But here, following the exception of the other towns of the coast, there is real activity, something beyond the mere exertion of existence.

One industry—of peculiar interest to Mr. T——, is the manufacture of hats from straw, the Malaga hats famous for their cheapness and known all over the world, and particularly to every worker in the fields of our country at least.

This is distinctly a home industry. The straw is grown and garnered in the near-by fields, and after proper curing is taken into the dwellings to be braided into hats. Here, again, the effort of the weaker sex is paramount. It is a common occurrence, looking through the open doorways, to perceive women and girls industriously braiding the never-ending piles of head wear. Fourteen cents a dozen they receive for the finished article and a good day's work is six hats ready for the collector. That is,—seven cents for a day's labor.

To one woman, obligingly answering the many questions, Mr. T—— gave a bit of silver to recompense her for the distraction from her work. Her surprise and delight in perceiving the unusual amount,—

A Street Scene in Malaga

maybe five pesetas,—were pathetic and afforded much reflection.

Regularly the collector makes his rounds and delivers his piles of merchandise to the exporter who sends them, for the most part, to America. Three hundred thousand dozen a year this little town and its suburbs supply for home and abroad.

Over in America the hats are taken from the bales, sorted and cased to meet the requirements of the trade. After the several commissions are paid and the freight and duty settled, Malaga hats are sold in American markets for from fifty cents to one dollar a dozen, and even the lowest price represents quite an advance over the fourteen cents obtained by the humble manufacturers.

One so quickly becomes accustomed to many things, and a Sunday in Malaga found our party following the gay throng to the Plaza de Toros. This particular day's affair, outside of the butchery, was a burlesque performance, although probably not so intended. As the bulls were little fellows,—two-year-olds, they seemed,—the management featured for the stellar attraction a rotund darky of the true clown type, whose proper desire to keep his skin whole, shown by his rolling eyes when the sharp horns came too near, was extremely droll.

Malaga presents the extremes of life. The ordinary sections of the town are quite as slovenly and as unattractive as anything we have seen. In the better quarter, however, there is one of the finest avenues to be found in the whole of Spain. With its breadth of

a full hundred feet, its promenade through tropical foliage guarded by lines of royal palms and flanked by beautiful residences, one seeks in vain to recall its peer.

That the trades of Malaga have flourished and its merchants have prospered is evidenced by the palatial dwellings so frequently seen in the town and its environs. In the Calle de la Victoria, for all the generous frontage and imposing grounds surrounding the modern mansions, land is exorbitantly high.

Back in the suburbs we found one of the most attractive villas imaginable. The house was of stone, low and rambling, with a wonderful pergola. Nature contributed largely to the fascinating possibilities of the grounds. A stream from the near-by mountains, first seen in a marvellous waterfall, furnished a never-ending supply for artistic little lakes and fanciful fountains, while indigenous plants and shrubs afforded unlimited opportunity for the landscape gardener.

Malaga has many fine clubs and cafés, and so numerous are its outdoor loiterers that in the fashionable promenade, regular attendants scurry about to collect charges for the seats.

A picturesque touch is given to the inner harbor by the fishers' dwellings just beyond the docks where are moored the stately merchantmen and the heavy freighters, while still further along the shore winds a beautiful drive near the lapping waters of the blue Mediterranean.

GRANADA

THE way to Granada leads back along the gorge of the Hoyo de Chorro and the valley of the Guadalahorce to the junction of Bobadilla, when, swinging northward and to the east, the road crosses the fertile fields of the flatlands thickly grown with olive trees planted in precise regularity, which presently give way to orange groves and plantations of the sugar beet. Train upon train were seen loaded with this vegetable, *en route* to the Granada factories, while at the stations were immense loads of oranges packing for the market.

One approaches Granada with the full solemnity of history pressing upon him. Everything here suggests the Moors, and as you come to this land of their greatest power in Spain, a rapid survey of their coming, accession and fall sweeps before your mind.

As their full tide began its ebb, the Moslem hosts yielded reluctantly the northern country to the conquering Spaniards and entrenched their diminished forces in the fair fields under the shadow of the Alhambra, within whose well-nigh impregnable ramparts they expended their last vain efforts to preserve a foothold in a land that had ceased to be foreign soil. With their weakening rule, Toledo, Córdoba, Sevilla, Malaga had, in turn, passed from their control to Spanish

sovereignty, although centuries elapsed in their conquest.

The greatest of Moorish power, wealth, enlightenment and profligacy had centered under the pinnacle of the Alhambra and the town and plain below held their last camps. In their disseminating empire, Granada remained the last rock upon which, for a space, stranded the parting hope of the Moors. With their own craftiness turned against themselves, with their treachery to each other, gathering its fruit upon their falling courts, with the freedom of their practices finally encompassing the ruin of the last house of their rulers, nevertheless their ultimate abandonment of the fair land they were so loath to leave, has its pathetic appeal.

Like many another story of a vanishing race, the last chapter in the Moslem rule in Spain witnessed the fruition of a nation's weakness.

With a breaking empire plain before him, Abu'l Hassan turned his thoughts from his nation's dire need to his own pleasures and abandoned his good wife Aisha for the charms of a beautiful Spanish slave, *Zorayah*, "The Morning Star." A prey to his passions, the house of Abu'l Hassan divided against him, and his own son, revolting against his father, became the last of the Moors to wield the sceptre, where for centuries his people had ruled and prospered.

Boabdil himself, weak and vacillating, crafty in that he betrayed the neighboring cities of his faith to the encroaching Spaniards, saw too late that he had only surrendered the outposts of his final citadel to a foe

that would not be denied. Marshalling the remnants of his mighty hosts he made a last stand in the Alhambra, but surrounded by an overwhelming force, relentless and now sure of their purpose, he yielded an almost impregnable fortress with but a show of resistance, making sure only that he might accomplish his own escape.

It is said that as Boabdil fled with his mother and others who had remained faithful, he halted on the heights of the Sierras for a look at the last stronghold of the mighty empire he was forever abandoning. Overcome with emotion he gazed at the fair valley and the noble ramparts, so long the home of his people, but Aisha sternly bade him "weep not like a woman for what he could not defend like a man."

As the train winds through the foothills, the lofty peaks of the Sierra Nevadas loom up in front, the highest rising eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Presently the wondrous valley of the Vega is laid before you like a map, the most fruitful land in all Spain. The road follows for a while the barren side of the plain and gives a view of the flatland nearly a score of miles long and almost as wide, banked at one side by the foothills of the Sierras and cut in the center by the dried bed of the Vega.

This plain is a veritable garden of the south, plentifully watered by the diverted channels of the river and dotted here and there over its entire area by the white-walled hamlets of half a hundred villages. On the slopes opposite rises the city of Granada, above

which the massive ramparts and heavy towers of the Alhambra brood like a sentinel on watch. As the road traverses the valley—which to the eye seems perfectly flat—an intimate view of the fields is given, disclosing a most luxuriant growth of vegetation and tropical fruits.

From the station, a two-mile drive up the hill takes one to the Hotel Washington Irving, close upon the grounds of the Alhambra. This hotel is a long, rambling structure, three stories high, owing its name, if not its being, to the author who dwelt in Granada in 1828 and the few succeeding years. To prove it all, a large picture of Irving hangs in the office; tales galore have been handed down and are recounted of the writer and the love which the people of Spain and particularly of Granada bore him. Indeed, Mr. T—— was assigned "the very rooms where he lived and wrote," for a few weeks before an appreciative government renovated a suite for him within the walls of the Alhambra.

During the recent unpleasantness, anything American or suggestive thereof achieved unpopularity so great that even the name of the hotel was changed, signs were torn down, and beloved as was the name of Irving it was for the time forgotten. When the clouds of war had cleared away, however, the past came to its own again and once more flourished the kindly hostelry with its name as of yore and with its appeal to the strangers from across the sea.

Be that as it may, Mr. T—— describes his rooms as the best since leaving New York, with their cheer-

ful outlook, companionable fireplaces and rich furnishings in blue.

As a whole, Granada presents a rather complex appearance to-day. Its older part, like Toledo, is eminently a city of the past. There its great wealth, power and beauty have faded for all time; it has filled its page in the world's history and is hardly to be rejuvenated.

The crumbling walls may be rebuilt, but they will not again hold the wealth of a mighty race; the ramparts of the Alhambra are not likely to shield again the court of a powerful empire.

In the new section towards the valley,—Granada proper,—one finds a modern city with every appearance of thrift and prosperity. The wonderful resources of the country have brought wealth to the people, their trade has expanded and with its growing needs a new city is rising almost from the very ashes of the old. Modern, steel-framed structures are building on every hand; up-to-date customs and conveniences are everywhere apparent, so that a bit of the new world is coming to this fertile valley of the ancient Moors.

The location of Granada is of exceptional advantage and beauty. Nowhere else, inland, in the whole Iberian Peninsula is the outlook so pleasing. From the heights of the Alhambra gazing towards the Sierras one sees winter and summer in close proximity; a mere five-mile stretch of land separates the snowy peaks from fields as blossoming as our country in June. The view down the valley is one beyond compare, with

the verdant vegetation and the snug little towns set in the fields of green.

In the city itself there is a most confused conglomeration of dwellings from the caves of the gypsies to the modern houses of the merchants. Not long since a Spanish tradesman, prospering from the sale of his wares, purchased an old Moorish palace, located in the heart of the business quarter. Curious to establish the limits of his venture, he caused the rubbish to be excavated and the plaster to be taken away. Much to his surprise and delight his efforts were rewarded by the discovery of a marvellous little chapel, with its wonderful mosaics and carvings still intact, which now serves as an excellent office and showroom. Surely his competitors have nothing so wonderful in which to display their goods and the curious bring to him as well many pesetas for a mere look at the place.

A branch of the Genil runs for a distance beneath the busiest of the city's streets, and close to where it emerges begins a broad promenade set off by fine palms and other tropical foliage. Beyond this is a beautiful bronze of Columbus supplicating Isobella for means to pursue his discoveries.

The Cathedral, a striking memorial to the Christian accession of Southern Spain, affords, perhaps, the best example of faultless architecture to be found in this country if not in Europe. The interior, with its length of three hundred and eighty feet, breadth of two hundred and twenty, and height of one hundred, is grand and imposing. Massive columns support the loftly, vaulted ceiling, while no two of the in-

tervening arches are alike. Here are the tombs of Ferdinand and Isobella, bearing beautiful marble monuments. Below is the vault containing their remains.

Leaving the Cathedral a short walk takes one through the old Moorish bazaar with its quaint shops and houses, which constitutes the present day shopping district. The tradespeople are as active as bees in a clover field.

A little uncommon excursion after lunch afforded a most amusing character study and, perhaps, an example of the guile of our careless travellers.

A short distance from the Alhambra, on a mountain side looking towards the beautiful plain, is located a wonderful estate whose Castle, situated near the top, enraptures one with the view, from one side over the intervening terraces to the Valley of the Vega, and from the other to the majestic summits of the Sierras.

Its origin or history matter not—imagination can picture as fair and perhaps as true a tale as could be discovered here—but the present incumbent is a courteous gentleman of French extraction whose many mines in the near-by ranges make a residence close at hand desirable, while at leisure moments between the exigencies of his business duties he finds opportunity to further beautify his wonderful estate and in this bit of Eden to devote his efforts to a hobby for collecting rare and beautiful works of art.

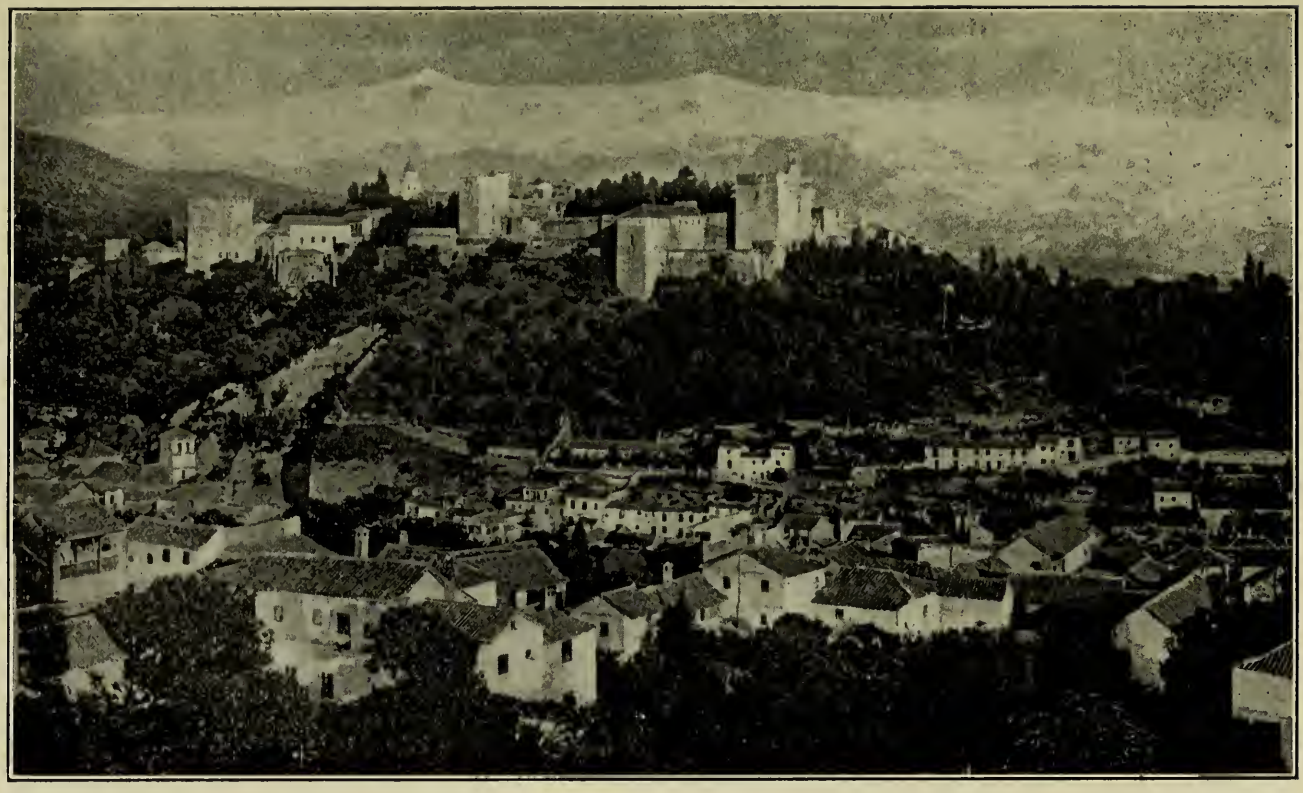
This gentleman was most hospitable, inviting an inspection of his premises and supplementing his welcome with a generous offering of rare old wine.

The grounds are as beautiful as an excellent taste and unlimited natural opportunity can make them. The castle itself is of more than ordinary attractiveness, but within its walls is crowded a marvellous collection of tapestries, paintings, armor, statuary and all manner of works of art. Wonderful objects, ancient and modern, fill the rooms and corridors with more than pleasing profusion.

One has the natural desire to possess many an interesting bit, but hesitates even to offer the suggestion, with proper recompense, to so courteous a nobleman. A most interesting pair of blunderbusses attract Mr. T——, who, although he would have preferred something more precious, concluded that in such a profusion these modest objects might not be missed. The suggestion reaches the ever attentive ear of "El Sabio," who presently returns from a rather heated conversation with the "nobleman," to say that "that gentleman would not bother to sell anything unless a matter of several thousand pesetas was involved."

The goal of all travel in Spain is Granada and the soul of Granada is the Alhambra with its lingering memories of ancient power and splendor.

The city rises above the plain, and five hundred feet higher still the Alhambra crowns a hilltop, whose walls on one side fall sheer to the roads below while from the other a steep declivity leads to the town. Around about the buildings stretches a forest of wonderful beauty, comprising full three thousand acres,



The Alhambra, Granada

to which, repute has it, Lord Wellington contributed no mean share.

In wandering through the many courts, corridors and halls of the Alhambra one loses himself, if not in the exquisite beauties of the place, at least in dreams of its former magnificence. The mosaics, the carving, the painted walls and marble-paved courts are fully as wonderful as in the Royal Alcazàres in Sevilla but are here in even greater profusion. To my mind the garden of the Alcazàres is the one bright beauty spot in inland Spain, but in the Alhambra there is infinitely more to revel in. Small wonder that Washington Irving found such a charming abode among the veiled legends of the past, made ever more real by an intimate association with their surroundings.

The massive buildings of the Alhambra and the detached towers in the walls cover a considerable area. Near at hand is an uncompleted palace which Charles V. began, to eclipse anything of its like in the world. With the huge, ring-like structure of the main part, lacking its roof, it gives an impression of the too common Plazas de Toros.

It is hoped, however, that Alfonso will finish the work begun by his predecessor and thus add Spain's mite to the crowning glory of the Alhambra.

Lingering, we watched the light fade from the town at our feet, as the long shadows crept along the valley, but as dusk obscured the streets below, the minarets and the lofty towers stood out clear in the evening light, while a parting ray from the setting sun kissed the hoary heads of the majestic Sierras.

Roused from our meditations, we hastened across the way to our cheery hostelry and were barely within its doors when we were greeted by the elder Driscolls. It seems that the party had followed our footsteps since we parted from them in Madrid and we at once entered into a lively comparison of our impressions of the places we had all so recently seen.

In this fashion time passed quickly, the announcement of dinner alone bringing a realization of the hour. With it Mrs. Driscoll remarked to her husband, "It is surely time they returned. I wonder what possibly could have delayed them."

Inferring that she spoke of the rest of the party we inquired where they had gone and were concerned to learn that the four, under the guidance of the Englishman who had earlier visited Granada, had driven to the gypsy quarter of the Albaicin.

Excusing myself with a casual remark, I at once sought out Beñunes, who expressed considerable anxiety at the intelligence. Hastily throwing on his great coat and taking a heavy stick he bade me get any weapon I might have and join him at the side entrance of the hotel, avoiding, if possible, any of the party in so doing.

Hurrying to my room I dug out a Colt thirty-eight from my bag, and grabbing a loose handful of cartridges, sauntered carelessly down the rear stairway, but as I made for the door ran plump into Mr. T——.

Having no alternative, I explained the nature of our expedition and with difficulty persuaded him to remain

and allay any fears that the Driscolls might have if they learned of our departure.

Beñunes was impatiently waiting in a light two-seated rig drawn by a pair of wiry little horses whose driver I could but dimly make out in the poor light. As I took my seat beside him he spoke sharply and we started off at a speed that would have precluded conversation even had we felt so inclined. As a matter of fact we were both weighed with anxiety. The gypsy quarter of the Albaicin was well known to Beñunes, who had often told me of queer happenings to foreigners straying among them without proper escort. At the time, I had let these tales pass as casual stories circulated for the benefit of strangers, but as we bumped across the raised street over the Darro and swung to the right up Calle de San Juan, I recalled vividly the atrocities he had spoken of.

Following a most perplexing course, our horses fleeing before the merciless whip of the *cochero*, we turned this way and that at imminent risk of upsetting, traversing passages so narrow that it seemed as if we must stick between the walls before we emerged into others equally forbidding. Presently the way became more steep and our pace slackened.

Passing San Nicolas and San Salvador, whose sombre walls looked grim and desolate in the dusk, we found ourselves in the heart of the gypsy settlement and were at once besieged by a horde of ragged little beggars.

With Beñunes' stick effectually clearing a way we jumped from the carriage and hurried up a dark and

forbidding road whose chief light was furnished by the openings to the caves lining one side of the terrace—the only habitations about.

I have often remarked on Beñunes' wonderful knowledge even of the most remote parts of his country, but that night it seemed as if animal instinct alone could have taken us where he led without once faltering or turning back.

Many looked at us curiously, and not a few of the ruffianly fellows hanging around the cave doors started to follow. There is no doubt in my mind that only Beñunes' size and vociferous use of their own tongue saved us from several encounters, and I must confess even then that there was a most companionable feel to the butt of that Colt in my outside pocket.

Night had now fallen and a cloudy sky made the road look all the more black and menacing. Soon, however, we stopped before a more pretentious dwelling, which, dimly seen, appeared to be a renovation of some old stone palace, and I have no doubt that such was the case.

An illy-dressed woman with long, unrestrained black hair, came into the light of the open door in response to our knock and at a word from Beñunes called to some one within. A man's gruff voice answered and presently its owner appeared, a lithe, swarthy-looking fellow, fully as tall as Beñunes but lacking his breadth of shoulder and weight.

Although I had barely exchanged a word with the courier since we started and knew nothing definitely

of his plans, I instinctively judged the man before us to be the gypsy "king," and so I afterwards found to be the case.

The conversation which followed, spoken rapidly, partly in Spanish and at times in the patois of the gypsies, I could only guess at, although the inflection of the speakers and their gesticulations now and then gave a clue.

It is a curious fact that even the mildest topic is discussed by Spaniards in a manner which is seemingly the prelude to knives or pistols, and as the voices of the two rose in the heat of their talk I involuntarily edged closer with my right hand held "carelessly" in my pocket.

Presently Beñunes seemed to gain his way, whatever that might be, and the gypsy, turning sharply on his heel, was gone for a moment, reappearing with the coat and hat he had previously lacked.

As we threaded the dark terraces, the slinking figures fell back at a growl or a blow from our companion. Once or twice we stopped while he questioned some he had recognized. Other than this we proceeded swiftly but in a silence which to me, at least, became tense with suppressed excitement.

All at once, directly before us, a revolver shot a vicious white flame into the darkness, and close upon the report a muffled voice called in English. We broke into a run.

Before us a shifting crowd were evidently preparing to rush the closed door of a cave. A dozen or so held a heavy stake levelled at the doorway and were just

gaining impetus as Beñunes' stick beat upon the foremost, causing them to let go their hold and turn upon him.

I have no doubt that fully half a hundred were in that dark mob. Their shouts and curses filled the air, and even in the darkness we caught the glint of a knife here and there.

They were in a fine passion which the manner of our interruption was not calculated to soothe. For a moment it looked as though we were in a nasty mess, as Beñunes and I backed to the door with our weapons ready, but just here the "king" began to assert himself, and it needed no familiarity with the language to sense the oaths and imprecations he hurled at them as they pressed around us.

Once in a close corner, south of Cape Cod, I was under the impression that the language of a certain sea-captain was voluble and to the point, but there was something about that gypsy's conversation, in the sharp hiss of his words or the steely menace of his tone, that made your shoulder blades involuntarily shrink together as if a knife was stealing towards you out of the darkness.

At first angry voices answered him, but as he took a menacing step towards them the crowd slunk away before him and, like the cowards they were, disappeared in the darkness.

As the last muttering figure was lost we turned to the door. It swung back, and Dalghren and Hale appeared in the light while close behind them were the strained, anxious faces of the two girls.

We gained the carrriage without mishap and near by were fortunate to find another rig. Liberally rewarding the "king," and bidding him a hearty farewell we set out for the hotel.

It was agreed that Beñunes and I should quietly seek our rooms before the others arrived and that no mention be made of the affair, which really had had no serious ending, notwithstanding its possibilities. Sometime should you run across Miss Driscoll again, —who will not be Miss Driscoll when you see her,— ask her to tell you of her evening in the Albaicin. She will undoubtedly scold me should she see this, but it may save some other traveller from a similar experience, and for that I trust she will forgive me.

VALENCIA

MINE host prepared most elaborately to speed the parting guest. His own special equipage waited before the door,—a carriage half way between a coach and a 'bus,—drawn by a fine pair of mules, such as this country alone produces, with a spirited pair of horses as leaders. With their gay trappings and with the carriage strikingly finished in the light natural wood, the whole made a very gallant show to which the driver contributed no small part. It is the custom in Granada for a gentleman to tool his own four-in-hand, but on this occasion mine host yielded his position to a most excellent whip.

Mr. T—— occupied the seat of honor by the driver and off started the team at a most precarious speed. With the horses dancing and the curling whip cracking like pistol shots even the native Granadians turned to look and marvel.

The drive to the station, leading northward, is fully two miles from the hotel and was by far the pleasantest part of a very tedious journey.

Peste! What a railroad trip!

Listen. Leaving Granada at 1:40 o'clock in the afternoon, the train ran north and west toward Alcázar,

requiring us to change once at eight in the evening, and arriving at Alcázar at 1:45 o'clock in the coldest night experienced there in many years. The oldest inhabitant being snugly ensconced, it was learned that no such cold had been observed for a decade. And, mind you, this trip was made in an ordinary coach, rough, unheated and uncomfortable. A happy traveller's chief assets are patience and fortitude, but these had long since been routed by cold and hunger and were hardly to be coaxed back by insipid tea and sweet cakes in the old barn of a station where one was forced to wait until another train pulled in, at the dismal hour of 3:30, and still no sleeping car. Oh, these Spaniards!

As morning broke, the way was still barren, flat and uninteresting, and doubly so after a night of intermittent naps, while not even the facilities of washing afforded opportunity for some refreshment. As the day wore on, the prospect was still more lugubrious, but towards noon the train ran into a more fertile country, broken with ridges and indicating the proximity of the coast. Thousands and thousands of orange trees weighted with fruit enlivened the valleys with their appearance of thrift and prosperity.

Anon, attention was called to the castles and fortifications crowning the heights. Moorish they were and most fantastic were the sites where at prodigious expenditure of labor these fortresses were built; sometimes in isolation, often in such numbers even as to form towns completely encircled by the walls. Frequently they were fully one thousand to two thousand

feet above the level of the road and in one instance a whole ridge two miles in length was surmounted by the massive ramparts.

Presently, as the train pulled into a little station, it seemed as if the travellers were to be fallen upon by a force of desperate bandits. Fully half a hundred men crowded the platform as the train approached and rushed towards the compartments as it came to a stop, all ferocious in appearance and each heavily armed with wicked-looking daggers. The number of their weapons, however, dispelled the alarm and gave the suggestion that after all they might be only vendors carrying their wares about with them. Indeed, many had stuck in their belts upward of a score each of these daggers in all manner of shapes and designs.

As the train was following the direct route from Madrid to Alicante on the coast, a junction was shortly reached whence the way led north, closely following the trend of the water's edge. This part of the trip by itself might perchance have been delightful, but it excited little interest from a party wearied by twenty-eight hours of continuous discomfort, and, if the truth must be told, it was a rather disgruntled set of travellers who alighted at the Valencia station at six in the evening and made all possible haste to the refreshing baths and welcome couches of the Grand Hotel Continental.

Valencia is a town of trade and activity. It is not a city of antiquity in its present-day appearance, although it has many a mark of ancient days, now all

but lost in the modern structures that have sprung up around them, like the second growth of timber on a burned mountain side. Its people are healthily active. There is a bustle in the markets, and on the streets a roar of heavily laden trucks that speak of trade and prosperity.

You should go, perhaps first of all, to the open market, busy as a beehive. Here everything conceivable in the way of produce is displayed for sale and, rather peculiarly, you find that every seller, every attendant, is a woman. So, also, for the most part are the marketers. There is no question about woman's rights and privileges here.

This open market of Valencia is immense, and yet it is none too large for the booths, stands and counters crowded confusedly within its walls. Fowls are displayed alive in cages, and as the buyer selects her bird it is taken from the cage by the attendant and killed and dressed while she waits.

At a little distance from this busy center is the large wholsale market where the men find employment in displaying their samples of grain, silk and what-not in the way of produce and manufacture. This market much resembles our produce exchanges.

As one approaches the harbor of Valencia, which is at some distance from the center of the city, the greatest activity is observed. The streets leading to the docks are fairly choked with trucks, drays, push-carts and in fact all manner of wagons loaded with the produce of the country for foreign shipment. Lining the docks are craft of all sizes and descriptions, from

the Mediterranean coasters to big transatlantic steamers, loading for the ports of the western hemisphere.

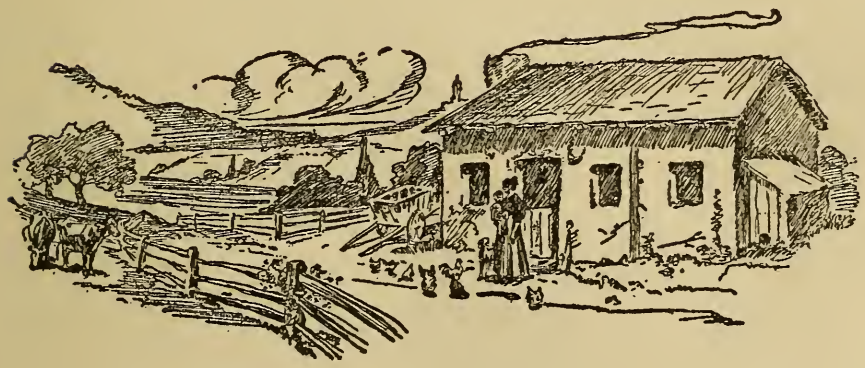
The long arms of the busy derricks swing ceaselessly to carry their loads to the insatiate maws of the waiting steamers. The donkey engines "chutter" like rapid firers; deck hands, 'longshoremen and truckmen scurry hither and yon to the eager cries of the officers. Everywhere is a scene of activity that would do credit to any land and of particular interest when one has traversed the length and breadth of this country of most indolent affairs.

It is most fascinating to pick out and identify the flags of all nations floating lazily from taffrail and peak; the red and yellow of Spain; the tri-color of neighboring France; the union jack of sturdy England—in great plenty—; the bright bunting of Italy; the flag of Austria, of Holland, of Scandinavia, and of Portugal. But you miss something; you scan the long line back and forth; yes, there it is at last—the good old Stars and Stripes—and what if it is on a single tramp. Oh, for the days of the Salem clippers, when our merchant marine invested every civilized port —and some that were not—and told the old world of the strong young nation across the waters.

Chief of the products of Valencia are its oranges. We have it from an employee in the local branch of the "Credit Lyonnais" that this province each year grows and exports crops to the value of 60,000,000 pesetas.

There are many fine and beautiful villas in and

around Valencia, homes of the wealthy merchants and aristocrats. The old walls of the city have some time since been torn down and where they stood are to-day attractive boulevards and parks, ever thronged on pleasant afternoons with fine equipages.



BARCELONA

MUCH to one's surprise and satisfaction the run to Barcelona is made in an excellent train. Most of the way follows closely the shore of the Mediterranean; on the opposite side of the tracks rise the jutting spurs of the mountains and close at hand are the wonderful groves of orange trees. The scenery is delightful and pleasing for the full two hundred and twenty-seven miles which are covered in about nine hours, while, wonderful to relate, the train arrives on time.

Valencia and this run prepare one in a measure for the largest and most thrifty of Spain's cities. Of Spain, did I say? Should you by chance remark to the polite and communicative native of this flourishing province, "You are Spanish," invariably comes the response, "But no, sir. We are Catalonians," and not a little of commendable pride goes with it.

Madrid, of practically the same population, powerful in its royalty and wealth, seems of another land and, one almost feels, of another race.

How true it is that the "best" of all lands in some way resemble each other, and equally true that from the "people" a province or a city draws its character. Here, in Cataluna, you may look in vain for degeneracy and pathetic poverty. All is brightness, thrift and activity. The city of Barcelona will compare

with any in the world; its avenues are fully as beautiful as the boulevards of Paris; its buildings are as fine on their smaller scale, while its people have caught the sunshine of the south in their very natures, glowing with spirit and good fellowship, and yet withal they have not lost the love of freedom and independence.

It is really quite an accomplishment to "see" a city properly, to reserve the attractive peculiarities for future delving and not at once to be diverted from the first broad comprehensive view by the many little oddities that constantly invite you to one side. One who travels and studies, like Stoddard and many another, for the benefit of his fellows, deserves as well our respect and sympathy. To make a business of this most enjoyable occupation is often, to my mind, to detract from its greatest charm and that is to gain your impressions casually and carelessly, not forcedly. And yet one who travels and neglects his opportunities for closer acquaintance with the strange ways and foreign customs, misses at the same time much that might add to his own education.

Through the very heart of old Barcelona threads that most unique and beautiful of passages, El Rambla. Like the boulevard which begins at the Church of the Madeleine and every now and then changes its name, so the Rambla takes on new suffixes as it proceeds. In its center is a broad promenade and on either side are the streets for vehicles, each having its current of traffic in one direction. Fine plane trees and palms

in double rows mark the progress of the avenue which is bordered by most attractive shops, and here and there by balconied houses.

Loitering up the Rambla one day, Beñunes stopped at a little inn to point out the setting of an amusing incident just now attracting the city's attention. The innkeeper recently died, and although he was reputed to have accumulated some wealth, a careful search of the premises failed to disclose any trace of it. The heirs were brought together, some even from distant Gibraltar, and it was finally decided to dispose of the meagre effects and divide the proceeds. As the sale progressed an odd collection of apparently empty bottles was purchased by a junk dealer, who, paying the price of old bottles, discovered, when he came to clean them, that each had its horde of pennies, pesetas and scrip. Fifteen thousand pesetas in all he counted, but, incautiously boasting of his find, he paid the penalty by inviting a lawsuit for their recovery by the indignant heirs, whose merits and demerits are now being discussed, not alone in the courts, but in every café and shop.

At the commencement of the Rambla, near to the water's edge, is a mighty monument to Columbus. At its base are eight huge bronze lions, suggesting the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, and above that rises an immense shaft two hundred feet high, surmounted by a large gilded ball on which stands an heroic statue of the Discoverer with arm outstretched towards far-off America.

These people who aided a stranger in his great benefit to civilization; in founding a home for the youngest of the world's nations, destined by the eccentricities of fate to clip the power of its benefactor; in bringing to them untold wealth in opportunity, have perpetuated his name and honor in ways that should make us, who bear more directly the indebtedness, blush with the very shame of our indifference and ingratitude.

The docks near by are far more extensive than those at Valencia; indeed Barcelona at one time divided the traffic of the Mediterranean with Genoa and with Venice, and now handles a fourth of all Spain's export commerce. Whereas at Valencia the trade is practically all of freight, here there is an immense passenger traffic as well. There is no port too distant for her steamers busily plying the year around, while the vessels of other lands crowd her docks.

Around about Barcelona there are many things to see. The Cathedral, well-nigh lost among the surrounding buildings, presents one of the best examples of Gothic architecture to be found in all Spain. The present church, begun seven hundred years ago, stands practically unaltered,—a monument to the wonderful workmanship of its builders. Like many another Cathedral in this country, with its rough exterior and poorly situated among close-pressing buildings of later date, the extent of its interior seems far greater than would appear possible from its outward

appearance. Its stained glass windows are magnificent.

There is, of course, the inevitable Plaza de Toros,—one of the largest and most showy in Spain,—and this stamps the race notwithstanding the protestations of our friend the "Catalonian." The better buildings of the World's Exhibition, held here not so very long since, have been kept up and made permanent for art galleries and the like.

It is the life of the city, however, which is the chief attraction of Barcelona. The crowd is ever coming and going in light happy mood, thronging the promenades and drives, filling the theatres, the Opera House and the cafés, always gay, always bright, but, like their volatile neighbors, the French, capable of the deepest patriotism.

The Catalonians' love of music is well shown here in their Royal Opera House—said to be one of the largest in Europe, where the best artists render the popular works of all periods. The scene at one of the "best nights" is entrancing; the ladies have that beauty of the south, which is more from their wonderful animation than from the contour of their features; they are splendidly gowned and display perfect showers of sparkling gems. Indeed one must seek the great centers of the world to witness the like.

The café life of Barcelona is absolutely peculiar to itself. The Spaniards are far from being an alcoholic race,—in fact, the only intoxicated man we noted in all Spain bumped into us on a Sevillian street,—quite civilly too,—*su perdón*. It is not, therefore, for the

excuse or the object of becoming intoxicated that the human tide of Barcelona turns in its leisure hours to the café doors. Nor is their welcome or possession of the choice seats dependent upon their reputation as free spenders. Indeed, their disbursements for an evening's entertainment would make a Broadway café magnate shrug his shoulders with horror. Coffee, chocolate and gossip are their main objects of consumption. The crowds are not, therefore, licentious, but the perfect freedom of their intercourse is natural and—here—charming.

In the first place the Barcelona cafés are grand and beautiful beyond compare; not even Paris, nor London, nor America has their like. They are very large and bright, beautifully decorated and enlivened by the music of exceptional orchestras. Thither the people flock of an afternoon and more freely after opera and theatre, and pursue the chief social life of the city.

It is quite the custom for a family containing marriageable daughters to frequent these cafés to attract the attention and court of future husbands. Such an unexampled plane of equality is most wonderful and charming to observe. When one notes how these people linger on until two or three in the morning, listening to the beautiful music and contributing individually in many cases not more than eight or ten cents, one thinks again of the poor innkeepers and wonders how the cafés can continue to furnish so elegant an appearance and good cheer,—but there they are and in no small numbers, which must be sufficient proof of their prosperity.

A truly delightful trip is afforded by taking the tramway for a couple of miles out of the city and ascending the heights of Tibidabo, nearly two thousand feet above the sea level. Away below at your feet stretches the city, and around it scores of little villages and towns dot the plain. Beyond are the blue waters of the ever-restless Mediterranean, while inland as far as you can see, rise the snow-capped peaks of the Pyrenees.

That this is a most popular resort is attested by the very excellent café located at the summit, which in size alone rivals anything at Brighton Beach or famed Coney Island.

The landscape is of surpassing beauty. Where the rugged contour of the country is softened to the fertile slopes and valleys the scene is freshened by the luxuriant tropical vegetation and brightened by the innumerable villas, mansions and hamlets to be seen in every direction.

San Sebastien afforded a most pleasing introduction to this land of difficult comprehension, while Barcelona gives a very gracious adieu.

It is by no means a vapid country; its impressions are strong, forceful and lasting, whether agreeable or displeasing. In part it is a country of promise; elsewhere of desolation and hopelessness. Many, many, indeed, are the lessons one can read between the lines of stern sobriety, of animal-like viciousness; of strict disciplinarianism, of indolent existence; of impoverished degeneracy, of joyous prosperity.

As our party gathered its belongings for the flight to Paris, our pursuant friends, the Driscolls *et al.*, came to say *au revoir.*

Some explanations were vouchsafed; some announcements were made in great confidence then, but of no secrecy now. Hale has won his way to the affections of the "Aunt"—I cannot speak of her otherwise, —while young, clean-cut Dalghren has gained the crown of all his desires in the faith, confidence and esteem of that matchless American girl.

Ah, but her face is good to look upon, and doubly so in this old world, where her truthful color, clear steady gaze, and upright, easy carriage set her apart to be admired and respected.

INDEX