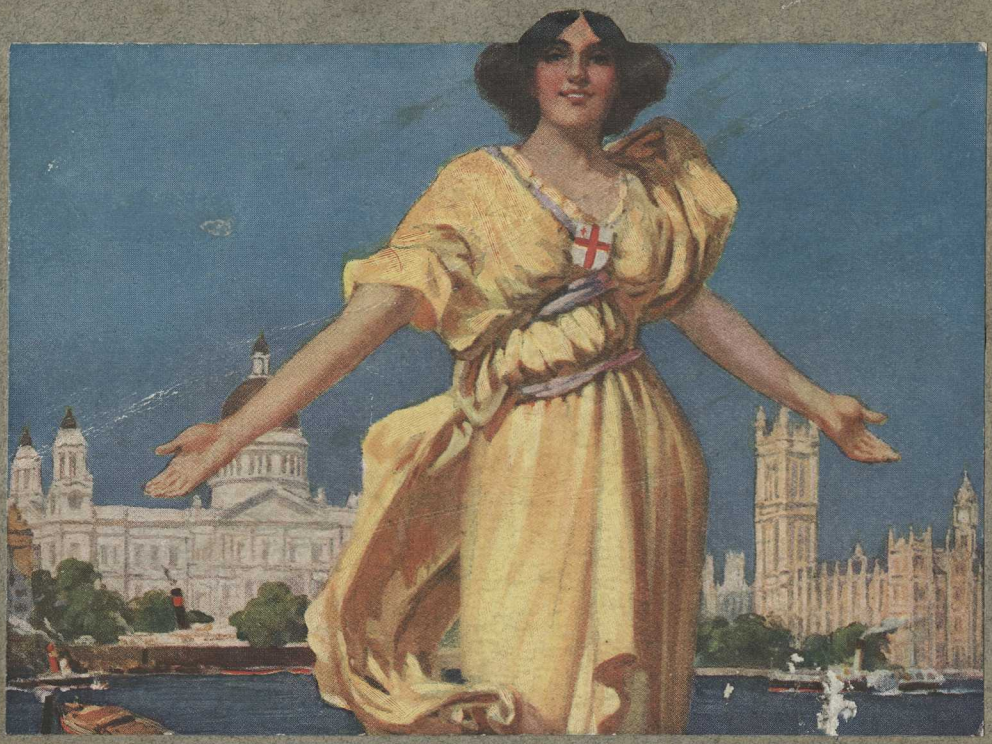
Metagama 1918



Canadian-Pacific EMPRESS MAIL

SUNDAY.

Diary of my voyage to Europe

SUNDAY

EMPRESS MAIL

S & H

MADRID: THE PICTURESQUE

THE capital of Spain is rightly regarded as one of the most picturesque capitals of Europe, and delights in an extensive panoramic view over the sierras or mountains of Castile and Avila. The palace on an eminence overlooking the Manzanares is a wonderful building of sober and classic lines, full of art treasures, without a rival in the world. The sumptuous throne-room is the highest (in feet above sea level) in Europe, and it is therefore the proud boast of the kings of Spain that the throne is the nearest to that of God.

The great attraction of Madrid, however, is the Prado Museum—after the Louvre, the art gallery containing the largest number of pictures in the world. Apart from the Spanish school, very well represented, the most complete collection at the Prado is that of Titian, court painter of Charles V., to whose patronage of the Fine Arts Madrid owes so much. The Velazquez Gallery is unique, and his "Meninas" one of the most wonderful pictures in the world. Murillo is better seen in Seville, and the Greco in Toledo; with these two exceptions, however, the Prado Museum is wholly representative of the finest pictures in Spain.

The environs of Madrid, preferably in spring, are more interesting than the capital itself. To the east we have Alcala, birthplace of Cervantes, reeking with the glories of Cardinal Ximenez, and with the memories of the grandeur of Castile in the days when, under Ferdinand, the University of Alcala rivalled that of Salamanca, at that time one of the most famous in Europe. To the north of Madrid, on the other hand, stands solemn and impressive in the heart of the mountains the monastery of the Escurial, dedicated to St. Lawrence, and built in the form of a gridiron. Here Philip, he of the Invincible Armada, sealed the fate of Spain, and died as he had lived—alone, austere, and unloved. Near by are Avila with its cathedral-fortress, Segovia with its castle, and La Granja, the royal mountain summer resort. Finally, to the south of Madrid, on a hill overlooking the swift-flowing Tage, we have Toledo of far-flung fame, with Rome and Constantinople, the world's greatest cathedral city and living museum of a dead past.

A MURCIAN "PASO" REPRESENTING THE LORD'S SUPPER AND CARRIED THROUGH THE STREETS IN EASTER WEEK.

A CAMEO

BIG, black eyes with heavy eyelashes and bold eyebrows; eyes that can laugh and talk, that can be as deep as a forest lake or as shallow as the gleam on jet. A fan —the inevitable Spanish fan, without which an Iberian woman loses half her charm—hides for a moment the lower part of the white face, leaving visible only the eyes and forehead, the latter crowned by a wealth of hair as black as the silken threads of the lace shawl which cover it and which is relieved by a single deep red carnation—Spain's national flower. Suddenly the fan is removed with the vivaciousness characteristic of the southern belle, revealing laughing red lips and two rows of even teeth, ivory-white. The lace mantilla shawl is gathered and held by means of two carnations pinned on the woman's breast, forming thus a graceful headgear and a unique frame for the face—long, white, and of classic outline. To complete the portrait be it stated that the hands which unceasingly play with, open, and close the fan, are delightfully tiny, as are the feet, admirably shod, which peep forth from beneath the folds of the skirt. Another peculiarity is that the hands talk, just as the eyes talk, and the fan, and even the red carnation in the black hair. . . . No wonder, then, that the Spanish woman's eloquence is a household word, and that her fan is great among men who have an eye for beauty.

SPAIN'S CITIES

OF her many attractions, Spain's cities are her most wonderful assets. There are no two alike, and the cathedral piles in each vary as do the cities—Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, and Neo-Renaissance—the whole gamut of architectural schools and ideals is covered by the cathedrals of Spain. The imposing mass of Santiago of Galicia gives way to the graceful lines of Leon, to the hoary beauties of Burgos, the wealth of Toledo, the grandeur of Seville, the severity of Avila. They are all different, and yet each in its way is worth seeing. So also are the old courtyards of Saragossa, the Alhambra at Granada, and the orange orchards of Valencia.

But of all Spain's cities two have always enjoyed pre-eminence and popularity. They are Seville, where the Holy Week festivities are second only to those celebrated in Jerusalem, and Granada, the last stronghold of the Moors in Spain and the romantic abode of Boabdil. It was in the wild glens and fastnesses of the sierras round Malaga, Ronda, and Granada that took place, or were supposed to have taken place, the many daring acts of chivalry so ably chronicled and described by Washington Irving in his immortal book on the Alhambra. As for the latter it must have been a marvel in those good old days when it was used as the pleasaunce of monarchs and the abode of knights and their fair ladies. Even to-day, as we wander through the silent halls and sunlit courtyards, we marvel at so much féerique loveliness, so much beauty and charm of design, and the tinkling of falling water from many a fountain does but heighten the impression. In the Alcazar at Seville, another Moorish palace, we have the same feeling of admiration for the builders of these edifices; but, alas, from the windows and alcoves of the Alcazar no such view is obtained as from the heights of the Red Hill at Granada, with the plains of the valley stretching away to the snow-capped heights of the Sierra Nevada.

SAN SEBASTIAN

THE Pearl of the Bay of Biscay has grown within recent years from a picturesque village into a fashionable seaside resort, with hotels galore, and a Casino without a rival in any Latin country. Its concha, or beach, on a hot July day is a feast of colour for the eyes; the bluest of southern skies meets the intense blue of the bay, the golden sands are alive with gay frocks and brighter flowers (how wonderful the colours and flowers of Spain, and how brilliantly the Spanish woman knows how to wear them !), the while green-clad and snow-topped the mighty Pyrenees lose their crowns in a fleece of clouds. It is a memorable sight, and the effect is rendered all the more dazzling by the graceful white lines of lazing yachts riding dreamily on the restless swell, by the whiteness of palaces and villas nestling in Basque parks, and by the sumptuousness of the new town's fashionable edifices. . . .

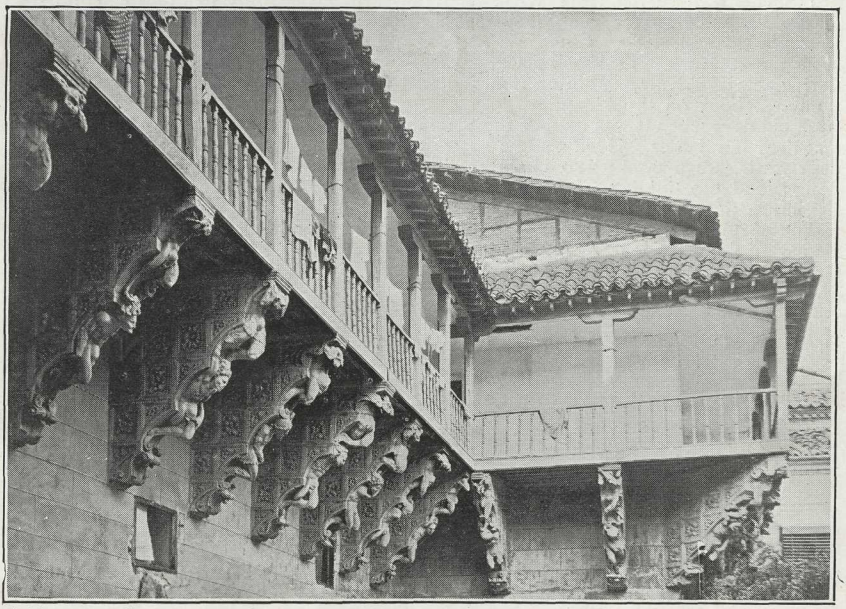
EMPRESS MAIL

THE BULL FIGHT

BLACK, tail-lashing, snorting, head lowered, the bull tears into the arena. He is blinded by the light, maddened by the din. Before him the arena stretches out—silent, deserted, except for a few tiny men in flashing operatic costumes, and a few horses. But the noise from the tiers, the waving of hats and shawls and flowers in a feast of colour, maddens him. Bellowing, he charges the first horse. He is received by a lance which gashes his neck. Blood flows; he charges the next horse; another gash. A scarlet cloak is thrown into his face; he dashes for it, and thus he goes on, dashing at everything that moves, clearing the arena, becoming more and more annoyed, angrier and angrier, weaker and weaker. A last charge against a man standing alone in front of him worrying him with a red flag. . . . He feels a thin, steel blade pierce his shoulder. He falls. The orchestra peals forth an air of triumph, the crowds yell, there is a swaying and surging of colour around him—dizziness, and then death. . . . With tinkling bells a team of mules gallops into the arena and carts the dead beast away; the sand is smoothed out and cleaned, the enthusiastic crowds recompose themselves, and another victim—another bull—is let madly loose into the sunbathed arena.

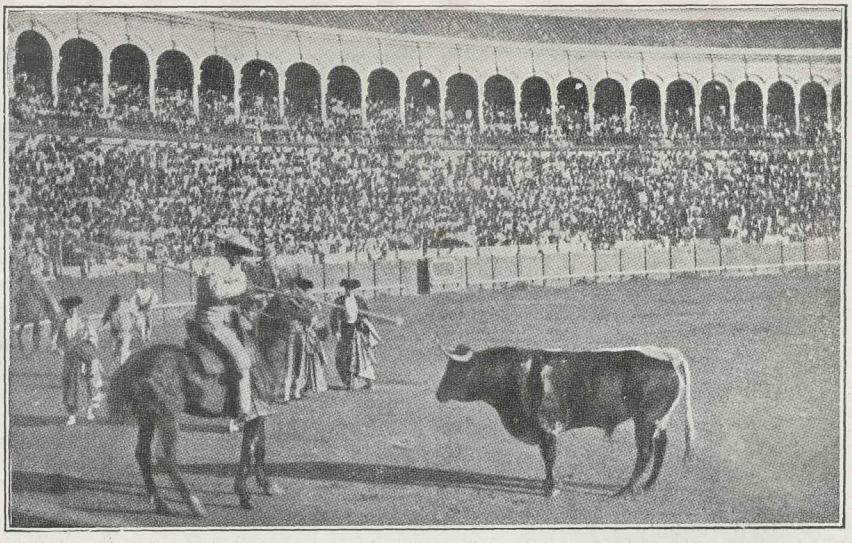
GIBRALTAR

THE great British fortress commanding the Straits leading to and from the Mediterranean has been the wonder of man since Creation, so superbly majestic is it situated opposite the mountainous African shore. In the old days it was known as one of the Pillars of Hercules—that is, until the Arab hordes under Tarik invaded Spain and baptised it "Gebel-el-Tarik," or the mountain of Tarik, a name that has clung to it to this day. Gibraltar is a free port of easy access, and an admirable centre for visiting Andalusia, Tangier, the Spanish-African fortress of Ceuta, and the finest specimen of Moorish military architecture in Spain, namely, the old and picturesque castle of Tarifa. From Algeciras, across the Bay of Gibraltar (good hotels), a railway line runs northwards through the fine cork woods of Almoraima to savage and unkempt Ronda, one of the favoured settings for the novels of Seton Merriman, and down into the wide Andalusian plains chiefly used for breeding the fierce bulls butchered to make a Spanish holiday.

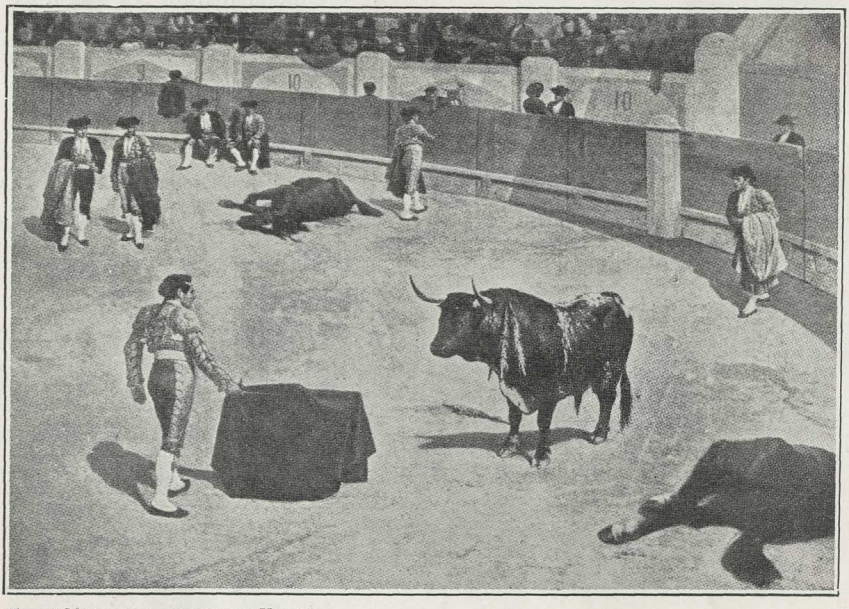


A MEDIÆVAL COURTYARD IN SALAMANCA.

THE BULL FIGHT



THE "PICADOR" ABOUT TO CHARGE.



THE "MATADOR" LURING HIS VICTIM.

EMPRESS MAIL

MARCONIGRAMS

R.M.S. "METAGAMA."

MARCONIGRAMS

received through the Marconi Station

WASHINGTON.

SUNDAY, *JUNE 30, 1918.*

Baseball Scores.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Philadelphia, 2. New York, 1.

Chicago, 5. St. Louis, 4.

Washington, 1. Boston, 3.

Cleveland, 13. Detroit, 4.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

New York, 2. Philadelphia, 1.
First Game.

New York, 1. Philadelphia, 2.
Second Game.

Boston, 4. Brooklyn, 3.
First Game, ten innings.

Boston, 3. Brooklyn, 5.
Second Game.

St. Louis, 1. Pittsburg, 5.
First Game.

St. Louis, 5. Pittsburg, 4.
Second Game.

Cincinnatti, 0. Chicago, 2.

General News.

London.

Fighting between the Bolshevik forces and counter revolutionaries is raging on seven fronts in Russia.

London.

A Naval engagement off the Belgian coast between four British destroyers and eleven German war craft was reported by the Admiralty to-day.

Washington.

Between fifty thousand and sixty thousand Austrians were killed in the battle of the Piave, an official dispatch from Rome stated.

Paris.

Forty prisoners were captured by the Americans at Apremont Forest, the French War Office announced to-day. In Lorraine other prisoners and some war material were taken.

London.

The number of prisoners captured by the British in their big advance yesterday east of Nieppe Forest has been increased to more than four hundred, the War Office announced.

Received through the Marconi Station

BARRINGTON PASSAGE.

German attempts to regain positions captured by the French on Thursday have been repulsed with heavy losses.

In their successful attacks on a four mile front east of Nieppe Forest the British took more than four hundred prisoners, two field guns and several trench mortars and machine-guns. British casualties were slight.

An official statement from Washington says that American troops have landed in Italy.

Stocks and Shares.

New York, June 29th.

Steel common $108\frac{1}{4}$, Baldwin Locomotive $93\frac{3}{8}$, Crucible Steel $69\frac{3}{8}$, Anaconda 68. United Cigar Stores 102, Reading $93\frac{3}{4}$.

TRAVEL IN HOLLAND

ONE advantage of Holland for the tourist is its compactness. An excellent railway service and the short distances make it possible to do a great deal in a few days, or even in a few hours. All the chief towns are within easy access of one another. It is very convenient to take Leyden as a centre for excursions. The old university town, with its memories of Rembrandt, its beautiful town hall, its relics of the Pilgrim Fathers, and its lime-tree shaded canals, preserves a native atmosphere untouched by the hand of change. Amsterdam, the Hague, Delft, and Haarlem can easily be reached from this centre, and the visitor may make pleasant day excursions to the surrounding villages, such as Welserend and Wassenaar among the dunes.

THE HAGUE

THE Hague contains in itself the charm of all the other Dutch cities, the warm colouring of the stately old houses, the spacious thoroughfares, with their shady trees and still canals, the feeling of well-being and peace that is inseparable from the Netherlands. The historical monuments are second to none in interest, and the art collections are unique.

Most of the interest of the Hague centres round the Hofvijver or Court-pond. Out of its waters rises on the left the Maurits-Huis, formerly the residence of Prince Maurice, and now one of the finest picture galleries in the world. To the right the irregular line of old houses forms one side of the Binnenhof or inner court, a large square containing the Houses of Parliament and official buildings. The stately Ridderzaal, or Hall of the Knights, dates from the time of Floric V., the Trevezaal was built by William III. In the Binnenhof, in 1619, the famous old statesman John of Barneveldt was executed at the age of 72. To the extreme right is the Gevangerpoort, or ancient prison of the Hague. Between this and the Binnenhof is the Buitenhof, or outer court. Beyond this stand the two churches of the Hague, the Nieuwe and the Groote Kerk. In the latter church is the tomb of Spinoza. Visitors should not miss the Huis ten Bosch or House in the Wood, a villa built for Amalia van Solms, widow of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, and decorated with paintings illustrating his career. They should also visit Mr. Carnegie's Palace of Peace.

HAARLEM

HAARLEM (70,000), one of the most beautiful and picturesque towns of all Holland. It is situated on the banks of the Spaarne, that flows in a bend through the town, and is everywhere bordered by luxurious gardens and fine parks. Haarlem is one of the oldest of towns, the seat of the Counts of Holland, and its inhabitants took part in the Crusades, as souvenir of which two bells, taken at Damietta, still hang in the Cathedral tower. In 1572 Haarlem was besieged for seven months by the Spaniards, and in spite of the heroic defence, in which even women took part, under the historic fuller, Kenau Simons Hasselaar, it was finally taken. The commander Ripperda (there is in Haarlem both a Ripperda and a Kenau Park), the Protestant minister, and 2,000 citizens were put to the sword, or bound back to back and drowned in the now drained Haarlem Lake. Four years later the Spaniards were expelled. In the middle of the sixteenth century this town attained its highest degree of prosperity and artistic fame.

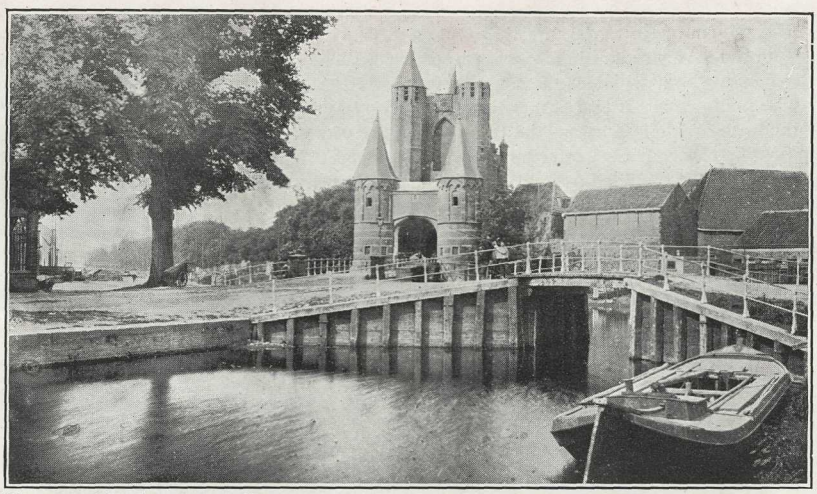
The Cathedral, now Protestant, dating from the end of the fifteenth century, was dedicated to St. Bavo. There are public recitals every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon.

In front of the Cathedral, on the market place, is a statue of Laurens Janszoon Coster, the Dutch rival of Gutenberg, both claimants to the honour of having invented the art of printing. Close to the above church we see the old Meat Market, built by the Haarlem architect Lieven de Key (1560–1627).

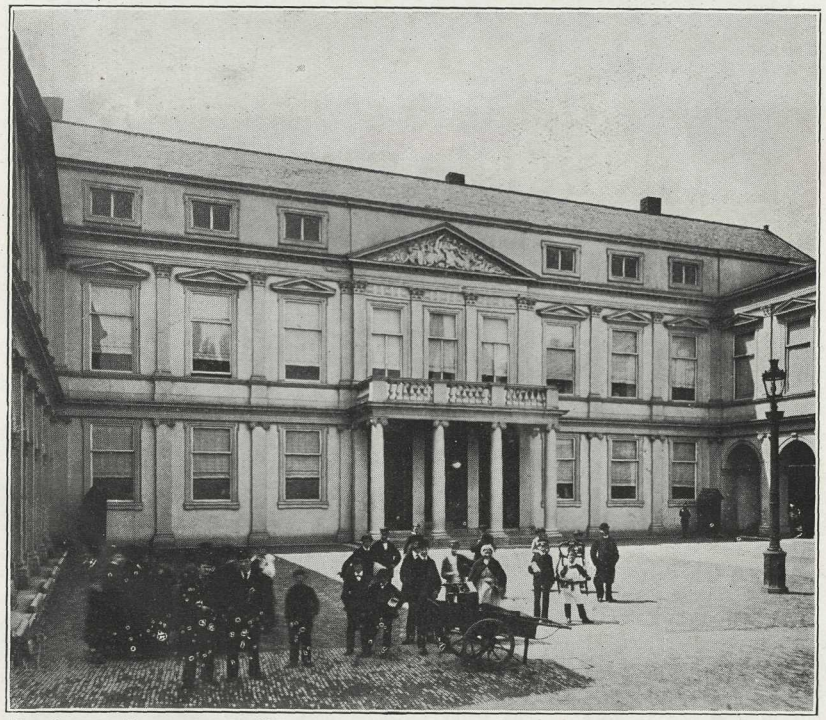
Opposite the main entrance of the Cathedral is the Town Hall, a remarkable building, commenced as far back as 1250; it was originally the residence of the Counts of Holland, was to a great degree rebuilt about 1625, and later enlarged. On the other side is the Municipal Picture Gallery (Weekdays, 10–4, 25 cts.; Sundays, 12–3, free). There is no place in the world where one can better study the immortal master Franz Hals.

Haarlem is justly styled a garden town, for its nursery gardens and bulb fields are known all the world over. In spring one sees all round the town wide fields of many-coloured hyacinths, tulips, narcissi, etc. With its famous bulbs Haarlem adorns the gardens of Europe and North America. On the east side of the town is the old Amsterdam Gate, partly fifteenth, partly sixteenth century, with its two towers.

HAGUE AND HAARLEM



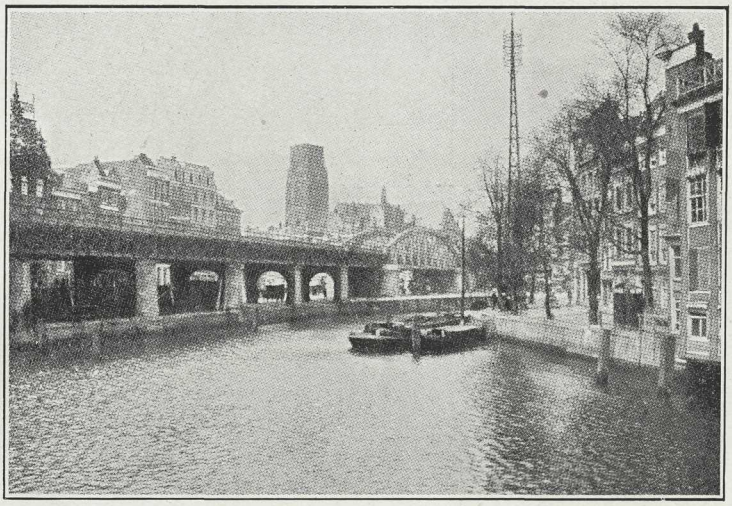
HAARLEM—THE AMSTERDAM GATE.



THE QUEEN'S PALACE AT THE HAGUE.

EMPRESS MAIL

THE charm of Rotterdam lies in its waterways. It is a great commercial city, second only to Amsterdam in size and importance. The city is justly proud of its magnificent harbour which can accommodate the largest ships. An interesting excursion may be made round it by boat. For those who have not time for this, a pleasant walk by the water's side leads along the tree-planted quay known as the Boompjes. Aloof from the prosaic clangour of Rotterdam's crowded streets there is one peaceful spot. The Groote Markt is presided over by a statue of Erasmus, which is attributed to Hendrik de Keyser. In a narrow side street close by, the Wyde Kerk Street, is the humble little house where Erasmus was born, "a meane cottage" John Evelyn calls it, its minute gables literally encased in a huge commercial building that engulfs it. This side street leads to the fine church of St. Laurence or the Groote Kerk, consecrated in 1477. Boyman's Museum, the picture gallery of Rotterdam, contains many valuable pictures. The ground



ROTTERDAM

floor is devoted to modern examples of the Dutch school, upstairs there is an interesting and representative collection of Old Masters.

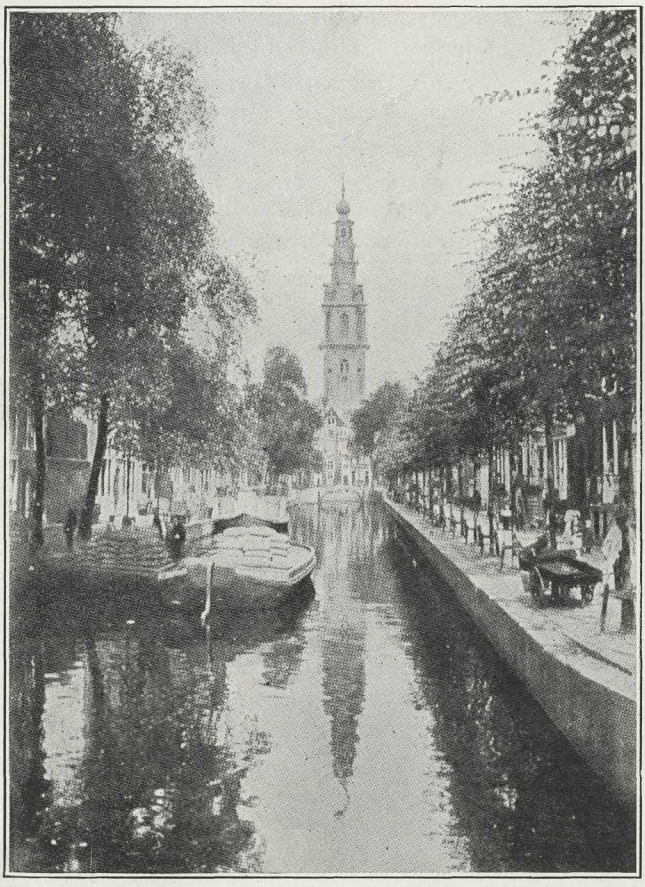
AMSTERDAM

AMSTERDAM is more than the commercial capital of Holland; it was for centuries the mercantile capital of Europe, and it has retained in its modern bustle and expansion many of the signs of its generations of prosperity and leisure. These are evident in the magnificence of its buildings, and in the splendour of its public and private collections of paintings. No city in Europe is richer in these, and if it were for no more than for the laden picture galleries of the Rijks Museum and the House of Jonkheer Six, which between them comprise the flower of Rembrandt's genius, Amsterdam would be a shrine for every art lover. The Rijks Museum, with its collections of weapons, of

furniture, of naval models, of porcelain and pottery, glass and jewellery, oriental work, engravings and ecclesiastical art, as well as its Rembrandts, Franz Hals, Vermeers, Jan Steens, de Hooghs, Cuyps, Hobbemas, Ruysdaels, Teniers, Ostades, foreign masters, and the Dutch primitives, should alone command several days' attention.

The Royal Palace of Amsterdam is notable alike for the imposing proportions of its State apartments and for its pictures and decorations.

Amsterdam is laid out in streets and canals, so arranged that each canal returns eventually to the river. Across these principal avenues smaller streets radiate as from



AMSTERDAM: THE COMMERCIAL CAPITAL OF HOLLAND.

a common centre; and the centre of all business and traffic appears to be the Dam which is as cosmopolitan as the heart of London, and more picturesque.

Amsterdam has many other points of attraction; its theatres, hotels, and cafés on the one hand; its diamond-cutting industry and workshops on the other. Its Zoological Garden is also famous.

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