



**ESTHER GOULD'S
TRAVEL
CORNER**

THE ALHAMBRA

Granada! The Alhambra! Surely it was for this I came to Spain! I ask nothing better for any of you than you waken some morning—after a day of pilgrimage, a truly wild pilgrimage mine was, by bus over the mountains from Seville in the pouring rain, through villages where we constituted evidently the sole excitement of years, (which would have been more amusing if the state of the roads had not made it possible that we be quartered there for some time for their continued amusement)—to waken after such a pilgrimage, I say, and see the first rays of the sun lifting the mist to reveal the rose colored walls of the Alhambra.

May the hand on the stately portal of its walls never reach down to grasp the key, thus releasing from its enchantment this marvelous palace of fretted stone and sending it to ruin.

I found as guide if not Irving's "son of the Alhambra" himself, at least one of his spiritual kinsmen. In "Mister Flores" care I was escorted as royalty through the palace, ushered with courtly bow and knowing wink through gates opened by keys a yard long, into halls each one more beautiful than the last, into patios where cypresses and fountains reached up with equal eagerness toward an unclouded sky. Mr. Flores has to perfection that art of the expert guide of taking you into the ordinary precincts with a gesture which intimates that here human foot has never before trod.

"The song of birds, the falling of water and the voices of beautiful women" the Moors believed where the only music in the world. And now long after they are dead or held in their relentless enchantment in the caverns of the hills, the first two at least are perpetuated. Perhaps at night, when the presence of the guards no longer frightens them away, even the third is supplied by Lindaraxa and the beauties of the harem.

This belief of the Moor can alone explain the delicate beauty of his handiwork. Mr. Flores describes the arches in the only possible way as "frozen music," the ceilings have the evanescent loveliness of water caught in the act of falling, into the transient permanence of ice or frost.

I sit now in the Bell Tower whose great bell rings only one day in the year, to commemorate what seems to us more a tragedy than an event for rejoicing, the conquest of the Moors and their expulsion from this magic palace by the sterner Catholic Kings.

On one side is the old Moorish (pronounced by these people "Moorsh") town with above it the caves of the gypsies, below it the rushing Darro. On the other side in the rich valley of the Vega lies modern Granada, towering over it the barren mountains, in the distance the proud snow-covered Sierra Nevada.

Now it is noon. The guns at the fort and the uneven, limping convent bells by ten minutes' ceremony have just given that notice. Which of the ten minutes was the exact hour of twelve no one can tell for the correct time in Spain seems to be the secret possession of the Crown. It does not matter, within

the walls of the Alhambra all hours are beautiful. There is only one person whom I envy. It is Washington Irving's old tailor who, born within these walls, lived to be a hundred and ventured out only twice from his Garden of Eden.

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**Heart to Heart
Galk**
By John Joseph Galk M.D.

NO! NO! NO!

Once when I was a sentimental youth, my soul was inexpressibly shocked when I heard of an inhuman fiend who had put out the eyes of a helpless little bird, in order to ascertain whether its song would be made sweeter thereby. And the brute had puffed with pride over his heartless experiment!

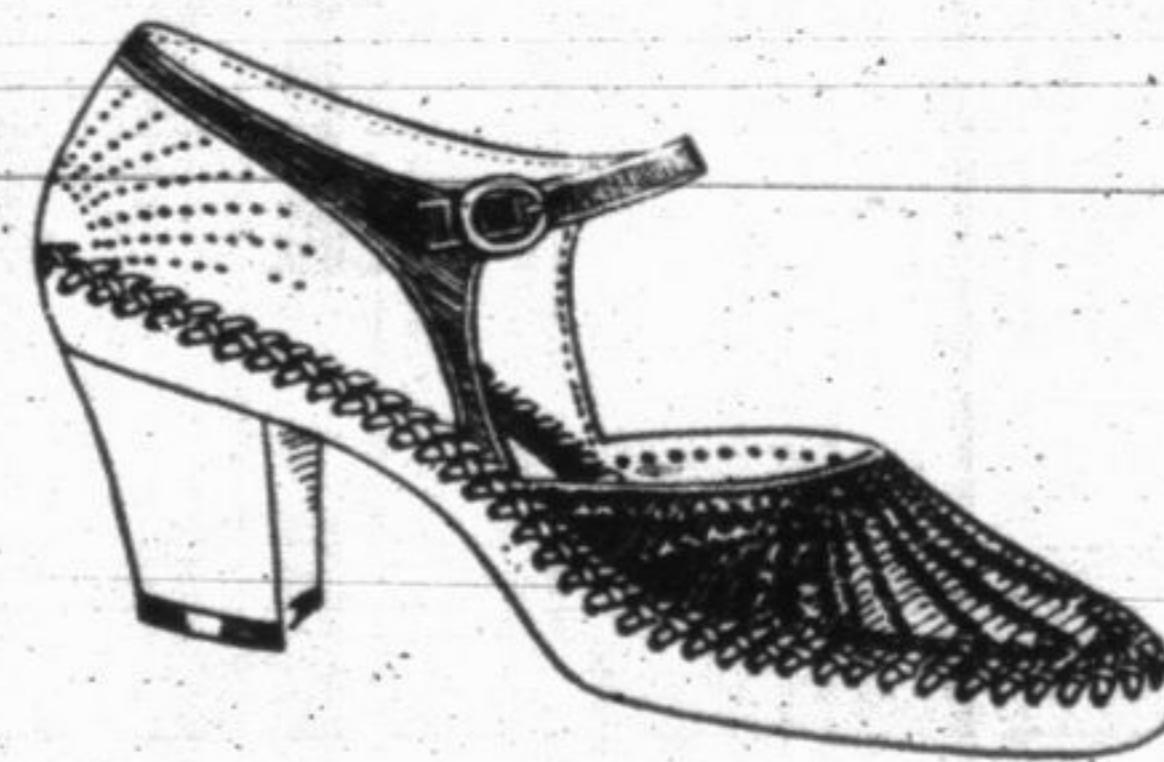
A greedy theatrical manager conspired to break the heart of a beautiful girl who sang in his troupe in order to develop a pathos which her cheery youth lacked. She walked into the trap—the heart was broken. The pathetic note came, and stayed. The human hog filled his coffers with the proceeds, satisfied with himself. The songs were more tender, more appealing to the emotions—brought a better price.

Bunyan wrote his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," second only to the Bible in popularity, while he was confined within a dismal, half-lighted dungeon.

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Does it require privation, duress, suffering, to bring out the very best within the human soul? There are those that seem to think so—but it is not the truth. Solitary confinement may find surcease in active mental occupation; but the human mind works best in an atmosphere of absolute freedom and content.

One of the most brilliant writers I know of, who is blessing people everywhere with his superb talent today, has never, to my knowledge, known misfortune. He is wealthy, his mental poise perfect, his standing enviable. He is at his best in every particular, and could not be improved by any prison, or by the loss of any one of his five senses. Away with the heathenish superstition that bitter duress sweetens the singing in God's kingdom!



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