

# ESTHER GOULD'S TRAVEL CORNER

S. S. Columbus. Leaving Suez.

Dear W.:  
You told me sagely once that I would be disappointed in the Sphinx and the Pyramids. I wasn't. Yet I am grateful to you, for my not being was probably due to the fact that I had been warned it wouldn't all be exactly like the pictures you always see of it. You told me that the poor Sphinx sits down in a hollow so that at first you almost look over her head. And that the debris of the excavating work going on is very cluttering. It is. But just the same when we rode up on our camels I felt all the thrills that my most childish hopes had anticipated. There they stood, ageless as the desert which stretched beyond, or so it seemed, with the familiar contours, at least, of a log held picture. In spite of my camel's jerky ridiculous gait, I approached them with reverence in my heart.

We spent an hour of the late afternoon with them, and then pushed on to our night's camping ground. Such camping! Tents that Cleopatra herself could not have spurned. A dining tent that was more nearly a banquet hall. Our cooks, seeming to wish to justify their number, had ready for us a tea of staggering proportions.

Almost immediately, or after we had spent an hour trying to get lost in the desert, they spread a seven course dinner before us. Wine, special Egyptian cigarettes, perfect service. It struck oddly on our American idea of camping out, but it fitted in, too, with a sort of dream idea of a night spent in the desert.

After dinner, we somehow mounted our surly beasts, and went at a neck-racking trot back toward the Pyramids. The chief reason of our expedition was to see the Sphinx by moonlight. In the light of the rising moon, or sun, shadows are thrown upward from her mouth and she seems to smile. We gathered, on our camels, in a rather awe-struck ring and gazed into her enigmatical face. Our drago-man told us strange tales of things that have happened here. The camel-drivers sent up some rockets before her, then, at last we turned and filed back across the desert toward our campfire.

Next day we had a grand day of sight-seeing and shopping in Cairo. In the evening we went to see the whirling dervishes. They are amazing. The room was hot and crowded—a circular place especially built for whirling. We stood about for a long time in awesome silence, while to the shrill notes of music the dervishes tried to "get religion." They made slight swaying movements, their eyes closed, until all at once, one of them, a sort of leader, unsteadily rose. One of our party said sepulchrally, "We're off!" and we had to smother hysterical giggles behind our hands.

Today after another extremely interesting trip by train we saw our dear Columbus, newly painted and beautiful, awaiting us in the harbor.

The largest ship ever to go through the Canal. We scrambled on board, hot and dusty and grateful and she, bands playing and flags waving, was like an indulgent parent welcoming us home!

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## ILLINOIS HAD MANY TOURISTS THIS YEAR

Southern Part of State Especially Reports Many Visitors in Season

Despite a nation-wide decrease of tourist travel during the summer of 1930, Illinois cities in general attracted practically the same number of guests this year as last, and, in many cases where points of unusual scenic and historical interest were given publicity, the stream of tourists cars greatly increased.

Especially was this true in Southern Illinois, according to the Illinois Chamber of Commerce, which recently completed a survey of tourist travel in 150 Illinois cities.

Several factors were co-ordinated to sell Illinois as a state abounding with scenic and historical points of interest including the Illinois Tourist Guide, published by the state chamber and state of Illinois.

Although the Tourist Guide was published in the early fall, it is expected to have a great deal to do in making 1931 the greatest tourist year the state has ever had. Overlooked or unknown points, mentioned in the 250 page guide already report an influx of visitors even though only a small part of the total distribution of the guide has been completed.

Conclusions reached from the survey shows, (1) that Illinois cities are visited by about as many travelers as last year; (2) the ratio of Illinois cars to out of the state cars was greater than ever before; (3) one day trips, leaving out the cost of the over night stop, predominated; (4)

tourists were more in number but spent less money than before.

Practically all of the 150 reports indicated that the business depression had a great deal to do with the lower expenditure of funds and the popularity of the one day jaunts. Illinoisans, cutting corners, spent their vacation enjoying the beauties of their own state.

One of our famous literary men predicts that in another 50 years men will be going without shirts. Well we know a lot of fellows who have lost theirs on the stock market.

"Ohio's reckless drivers destroy 90,000 road signs every year." Why don't they aim at the billboards—Toledo Blade.

Now is the right time to buy what you have been saving up for.—Atlanta Constitution.

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## HARD WON FAITH "THE DEEPENING STREAM"

By Dorothy Canfield  
Harcourt Brace and Co.

"The Brimming Cup" by Dorothy Canfield is the earnest, thoughtful, carefully written story of "Matey" Gilbert's life, from childhood to middle age. The art of the story dealing with her childhood, done at too great length, which might better, it seems, have been handled in retrospect, yet is done to establish the mistrust of life which the bickerings of father and mother give their three children. Matey is the only one who ever conquers that mistrust, and she does it through loving and being loved by a good man.

Mrs. Fisher has made an attempt to depict this great and all-powerful love, a difficult thing to do, and one in which she partially succeeds, yet slips at times into—shall we say the hateful word?—sentimentality.

The best part of the book is when the War comes, and Matey shocked once more into mistrust, feels she must do something to help. So she and her husband and two small children take their not very large nest-egg of capital and go to France. They go primarily to help a French family that Matey stayed with in her youth, that is like a second family to her. This part is so well and realistically done that one would know without being told that it parallels Mrs. Fisher's own experience.

In the end in the disillusion after the War. Matey repays her husband's gift to her by bringing him back to faith and happiness.



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