

# NEW YEAR'S FIESTA IN ALHAMBRA

by BOYD WELKINSHAW

WERE you to pilgrimage to the old Moorish capital of Granada latest upon our New Year's, you would wake that morning to find the city very strange and very Spanish, but I doubt not full as sleepy as its wont. Indeed, we had not come for the night? New Year's at all; it was rather for the peculiar indigenous one. To the Granada the first of January is nothing more than a common feast day like a hundred others on the church calendar. But the second is the first day of the Toma, the day of masses and carnival, the day of fountains splashing in the courts of the Alhambra, the day when Ferdinand and Isabella vanquished Boabdil, last of the Moors. It is this day which sees the year properly launched in a fire of ecclesiastical pyrotechnics. So it is not surprising to find how perfectly Granada ignores the New Year of all the rest of Christendom in anticipation of its own.

The Ayuntamiento had been announced as the starting point of the procession. It was because of this that so many had gathered early. The Plaza had been a jostle of color when a burst of music set every one on tiptoe. As we pushed our way into the crowd it was almost impossible to discern any procession at all. Only now and then were there glimpses of red and blue sash and the high hats of the city functionaries. Yet it was enough to set the whole Plaza surging toward the cathedral, not more than a couple of stone-throw's distant.

We were swept into the crowd at the door of the Royal Chapel, through which the procession and the whole population tried to enter at once. It is in this chapel that Ferdinand and Isabella sleep on high sepulchres of alabaster.



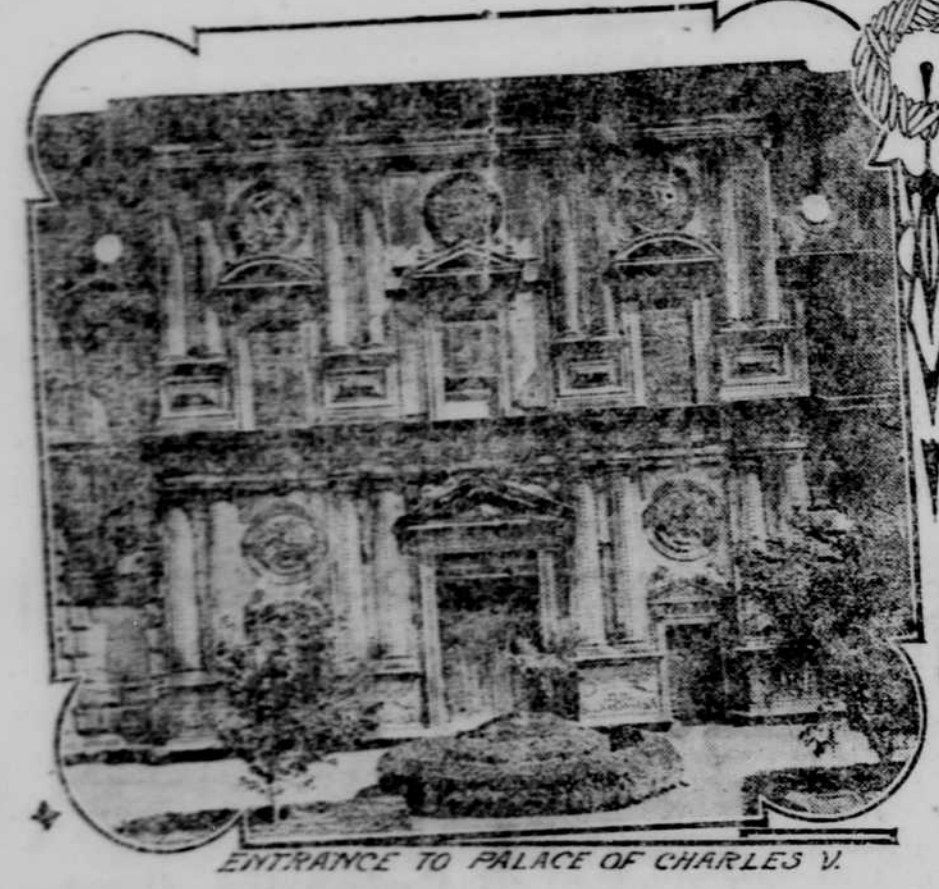
COURT OF MYRTLES, ALHAMBRA



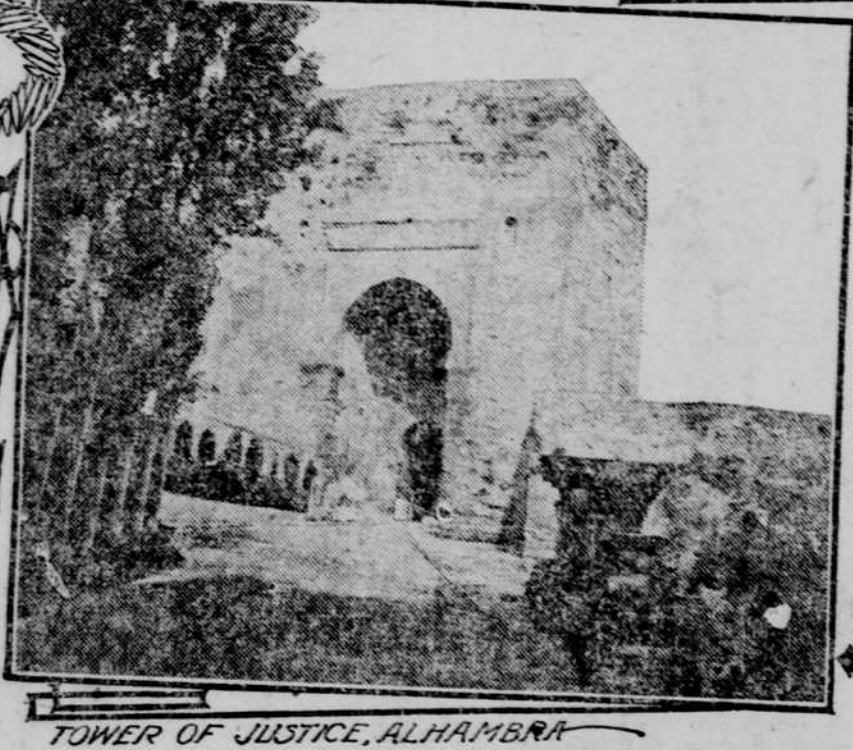
APARTMENT OF MOORISH QUEENS



HALL OF AMBASSADORS, ALHAMBRA



ENTRANCE TO PALACE OF CHARLES V



TOWER OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA

The service was, of course, very pompous, with the high altar a shimmer of gold, and brightly-vested priests going to and fro in clouds of incense. It deeply impressed the peasants who were massed about us. They stood the two hours or more in rapt wonder.

After mass everybody flocked back to the Plaza del Carmen for the "flag-waving." On that memorable morning in 1492, when Boabdil handed the palace keys to the Catholic sovereigns, Monzón, grand cardinal of Spain, climbed the watch-tower of the Alhambra and waved over the fallen city a flag made by Isabella herself, and which is still shown in the cathedral sacristy. It was a hoisterous moment when the alcaide appeared. The hand had launched into the national anthem, but cheer after cheer well nigh drowned it. He waited a moment for the enthusiasm to subside, then shouted Mendoza's cry, "Granada, Granada, won by the sovereigns illustrious, Ferdinand of Aragon, and Isabella of Castile!" At this the flag was raised and vigorously swept to and fro a half dozen times. Then the ceremony was over and a thousand warm-blooded Spaniards howled "Viva Granada! Viva Espana! Viva!"

There is another thing peculiar to the day of the Toma. We could never have fully understood it had it not been for our young cicerone. Let me assure the unwary that one is still as likely to see parts to have foisted upon him a Mateo as in the days of Washington Irving. This tattledemall had attached himself to us the moment we left our seats. He had helped negotiate for our chairs at the mass, and warned us so as not to be late for the flag ceremony. Like Mateo he was big-eyed and large-mouthed, a smooth which spread in grin as broad as his two ears would allow. It made him grin roughly to think that we could not understand all that bell-ringing. It was the spasmodic ringing from the watch tower which overlooks the city from the extremity of the Alhambra ridge. We had read that its bell was tolled every morning toward daybreak to regulate the irrigation gates on the Vega, but this capricious behavior was quite beyond us. Chicito told the whole tradition of the bell. "You see, señores, it's para casarse—to get husbands. From long ago it was said that the girls who rang the bell on the day of the Toma and prayed to the Holy Virgin for a husband would surely get one before the next Toma came."

After the fiesta, the whole population made a leisurely pilgrimage up to the Alhambra. On through the gate of Pomegranates they sauntered, then up through the Alameda—the little valley which Wellington planted with elms. Even

in its leafiness this romantic glen drew a charm of its own from arched trunks clung over with ivy, with their feet lost in a riot of early violets, and their slender branches covering the road in a lacework of shadow. The way ascended along a hedge of burnished laurel, where streams rushed and scurried down the pebbly beds. After a while we had made the sharp turn, and lo! the great Portal of Justice yawned before us, and on its arch were the fabled hand and key of the magi. In spite of the careless come and go of holiday-makers, the present seems to fall back when that portal closes over us, like a spirit exercised. We begin to feel the witchery of the Alhambra—the prance of cavaliers, the flash of scimitars, the swarthy-visaged Moors, the romance of captive princesses, the teasing mystery of hidden treasure.

But we were only to come out upon the Place of the Cisterns to find a band concert in progress.

This place of the Cisterns is the broad court lying between the two groups of the Alhambra—the fortress of Alcazaba on the point of the ridge and the palace proper, whose halls cluster about the Tower of Comares. From here we could see how the city lay about the ridge in a ragged crescent, and a half dozen miles away we could barely discern that smoldering village of Santa Fe, the quarters of the Catholic conquerors during the siege of Granada. A Spanish gentleman pointed it out to us. But had the senores seen the Alhambra by moonlight? "No," "Ah, only the saints could describe the picture!"

We were happy enough to see it by daylight, and afterwards followed the crowds back across the Place of the Cisterns and lost ourselves in the labyrinth of the Alhambra. That afternoon the courts were all reanimate with dancing waters and the soft rustle of streams. People trooped everywhere, whole families of them. The older folks seemed to saunter about in a matter-of-fact way, and make the rounds as perfunctorily as though they were promenading on the Paseo de Colon. Sometimes they stopped in the Court of Lions, or lingered, maybe, over the views from the Mirador de la Reina. It was all grand, very grand. Those Ingleses (Englishmen) owned nothing to compare with it. Granada folks seemed perfectly conscious of their superiority. No wonder they, to whom even the Alhambra was a matter of every day, should show themselves amused, sometimes laugh outright, at the two short-capped Ingleses who always managed to obstruct the current, who haunted the Hall of Ambassadors a whole hour, and who stayed an unmentionably long time in the Court of Lions. These queer señores, who seemed the

only foreigners in the place, looked credulously at the blood-stained marble in the Room of the Abencerrajes and paced again and again, pointing and ejaculating in the Hall of Justice, where arch hangs below arch dripping with many stateries, as though inviting to some fairy grotto. In spite of being curiously watched, they explored the subterranean baths of the Sultan, and found their way into the cloistered garden of Lindsaraja, over which hung the bedroom of Washington Irving.

But somehow, on that day of the Toma, the Hall of Ambassadors, opening out on the Court of Myrtles, kindled one's fancy most. In the midst of this court lies a marble-tipped pool bordered with low myrtle hedges. At each end arched, needled into filigree, leap from delicate pillars, and under water in subdued gurglings. Towards the Darro rises the great square Tower of Comares which mirrors its tawny bulk in the green tinted water.

It is the Tower of Comares, as everyone knows, which holds the Hall of the Ambassadors. One leaves the arcades and crosses the ruined Chamber of the Boat to find himself under a great dusky dome set over with starry facets of larchwood. Below, mosaics of azulejos weave a brilliant wainscoting in glazed blacks and greens. Above, shallow tinted walls are wrought into a wilderness of arabesque. At first their patterns are delicate as vine tendrils, then loosen in figure toward the upper eaves.

How inevitably its halls summon memories of Boabdil and the Toma! Here were staged the first and last acts of that ill-starred life. The tyrant Abdul Hassam had made "The Morning Star" the choice of his harem. Her son was chosen for the throne, so that young Boabdil seemed doomed to lose his life as well as his sceptre. It was from yonder deep embayed window that the royal mother lowered her prince to a waiting horseman, who bore him away to the hills of Gaudis.

A few stormy years and the scene again shifts to the Hall of Ambassadors. The watchmen on the Tower de la Vela have reported a truce bearer hurrying hither from the plain. It is the demand of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Christian is at the gates of the Alhambra. See Boabdil take his throne for the last time by yonder damasked wall. Low-hanging lamps shed a soft radiance through the gloom and make the burnished weapons gleam in their racks. Swarthy councillors with knitted brows stand about the troubled monarch. Moorish knights finger the hilts of their scimitars in perplexity. Without, the green-tinted pool of the Myrtles lies placid and mirrors the turbaned figures that linger beside it. Morning sunlight glints its waters, now and then a shadow flits across the arched wall, and the curtain falls upon the drama of the Moor in Spain.

## KING OF DETECTIVES

William J. Burns the World's Greatest Sleuth.

Common Sense is the Secret of His Success—The McNamara Case Has Made Him Famous the World Over.

Los Angeles, Cal. — Common sense the most uncommon thing in the world, is the secret by which William J. Burns, whose work in connection with the McNamara cases made his name world-wide, has risen to be crowned king of American detectives. Although he has dealt with some of the most hardened criminals in the country he has never fired a shot at a human being.

Burns is the essence of the ordinary. A man about middle height, broad shouldered, with prominent features and a pair of gray eyes that bore through you and the wall beyond, reddish brown hair, uncombed by age; his mustache tinged with gray, attired probably a bit more carefully and up to date than the average business man, and with a manner alert and positive, he presents not the appearance of a detective, but to the unknowing passes off for a prosperous citizen of fastidious taste regarding dress.

Burns was appointed to the government secret service in 1890 and was located in the west, working in Indian territory, Texas, Arkansas and the south. He was soon placed in charge of that district, and in 1894 was transferred to Washington, where he was promoted for good work, and got a roving commission, going wherever there was an unusually important case.

One of the biggest feats in those days was the running down of the principles in the Brockway-Bradford-Cartney gang of counterfeiters. When this gang was run to earth and cornered in a building in West Hoboken, N. J., they had in their possession more than \$2,000,000 in gold certificates and a lot of Canadian counterfeit notes. So accurate were the gold certificates the government had already accepted \$80,000 worth of them, and in order to pick the bogus from the genuine it was necessary to summon one of the counterfeiters to Washington.

Another brilliant piece of detective work by Burns was in connection with



WILLIAM J. BURNS

extensive land frauds in the west. He was more than three years on this case and when he had finished and turned the evidence over to the government it resulted in the conviction of United States Senator Mitchell of Oregon and of two wealthy land owners, Hyde and Benson of California.

From these land cases Burns went to San Francisco to dig amid the mass of political and municipal corruption in that city. Three years were necessary for the investigation. It resulted in sending Mayor Schmitt to the penitentiary for five years; Ruef, the political boss, for fourteen years; Glass, vice-president and general manager of the Pacific State Telephone company, and several others to prison for various periods.

Burns, notwithstanding the nature of his profession, has a strong belief in the integrity of human nature. "There never was a time," he says, "when the moral sentiment of the people was more easily and quickly aroused than at present, or when there was a finer sense of honesty in the various relations of daily life. Even bad men want good government—if they are not making money out of bad government. Nor do I believe in the heredity of crime. Lombroso and other scientists speculate and write essays, but coming right down to common experience, which is a better test than philosophy or long tables of figures, I know that environment and not birth is the one great cause of criminal conduct."

He has always held that the detective business was simply a matter of common sense. He is continually telling his subordinates that every crook, no matter how clever he is, always leaves a trail behind.

Intellectually, Burns is the most resourceful and brilliant detective in the United States. Nowhere else on earth, perhaps, can anyone match him in the ability to think out the snarled problems of mystery and crime.

Sentenced Six Times to Die. Wahachie, Tex.—One of the most remarkable criminal cases in the history of this state is that of Burrell Oates, a negro, who has just been sentenced for the sixth time to be hanged. Oates has been tried seven times for the murder of a man in Dallas in 1904 and was convicted five times, the jury in one instance failing to agree. His case after each conviction was appealed and new trials were ordered because of errors. It is probable that another appeal will be taken from the sixth and last conviction.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE

### HEAD OF NATIONAL GRANGE



The newly-elected master of the National Grange, chosen at Columbus, Ohio, is Oliver Wilson of Magnolia, Ill. He is a native of Ohio, but has lived in Illinois since childhood. He is a farmer and has been a member of the grange 40 years. For fifteen years he has been head of the Illinois state organization.

Patrons of Husbandry, as the grangers are known officially, is a secret order of the United States which was founded at Washington, D. C., December 4, 1867. Its purpose is to promote the interest of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits and in business connected therewith. General depression in this line of activity following the Civil war was the impulse which brought this excellent organization into being. Men connected with several of the departments at Washington conceived the idea and prepared the first ritual, but women are gladly accepted as members and have important parts in the initiatory work and conduct of grange lodges. Today, thousands of subordinate granges, scattered through nearly every state and territory of the Union, bear witness to the substantial growth of this beneficial order.

The grange is a chamber of commerce, produce exchange, library, church, insurance company, clearing house for the exchange of valuable information, and social club, all rolled into one. Outside of its members, few are aware of the immeasurable good it has done. The large percentage of farmers among the inhabitants of this country is sufficient proof that any great benefit which they derive must of necessity materially benefit the nation as a whole. Understanding this vital point, it is easy to perceive wherein the grange is exerting a stupendous force for good in the great work it is doing.

### PERSIAN TREASURER GENERAL



One of the most remarkable situations in history is happening in the case of the young American, William Morgan Shuster, who, as treasurer general of the Persian empire, has been besting the keenest diplomats of Europe for the past six months. This young man is only thirty-four years old and he started life as a stenographer.

This youngster, who has one of the biggest contracts in the world on his hands, was born in Washington, D. C., in 1877. His parents live there still. After his graduation from Columbia, Shuster obtained a position as a stenographer in the war department at Washington. When the Spanish war broke out he was made assistant secretary of the commission that had charge of the evacuation of Cuba. He was then only twenty-one. Shuster remained in the Cuban customs service three years, and when he got through was special deputy collector of customs for Cuba. This was in 1901, and Shuster was twenty-four years old. A collector of customs for the Philippines was needed. It was one of the big administrative bureaus of the government's colonial possessions. Shuster was chosen. When Shuster had done everything in the way of work in the Philippines he returned to Washington and started a law practice. He was a success as a lawyer and relinquished a paying practice to take charge of affairs in Persia.

The present situation in Persia, which is well known to all readers of the news, is what took Shuster from America and a lucrative law practice to the general treasurership of that crumbling empire.

The financial control of Persia means its political control. Neither Russia nor England would consent to the other having the key to Persia's somewhat depleted treasure chest. So Persia was advised to look for financial advisers of some neutral state, like Switzerland. So, last April, the state department and the Persian charge d'affaires at Washington picked Mr. Shuster and his four assistants to reorganize the finances of that ancient empire. Shuster and his men have had trouble to burn ever since, but by continual fighting they have kept on top and are likely to stay there.

### COLLEGE PRESIDENT RETIRES



President George Harris, the venerable head of the University of Amherst, believes that he has reached the age when he should retire in favor of a younger generation and accordingly he has sent in his resignation to the Board of Trustees.

Professor Harris has been president of the university since 1899 and during his administration the institution has progressed and prospered.

It was entirely through the efforts of President Harris that the first fund for increasing the salaries of the junior professors of the faculty was raised. It was also through his efforts that the last fund of \$400,000 was realized, the object of which was to increase the incomes of the senior members of the teaching staff.

Professor Harris is sixty-eight years old and is among the foremost educationalists in the country. His retirement, which he wishes to take place before commencement, is deeply regretted by his co-workers with whom he has labored for many years.

### A GREAT ENGLISH PREACHER



The man who has earned for himself the title of "the modern Savonarola," Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., the great London preacher, is now in this country for a long visit and Americans will have an opportunity to study at close range this fiery and impassioned clergyman, who has gained international fame by his exhortations of the sins and follies of the idle and the wealthy in the British metropolises.

Although without any ecclesiastical title, Father Bernard Vaughan has as much influence in the church as many prelates. He is a favorite at all the Catholic courts of Europe, and he is a frequent guest at Buckingham Palace. And he is also an honored visitor in the London slums, where he is as much at home in a meeting of costermongers as at a king's garden party.

Father Vaughan will visit and will preach in nearly all the big cities of the United States during his visit. His oratory probably will be a surprise to those who are accustomed to the rather cold formalism of English preachers. He astonished his audience when he preached some years ago before Pope Leo XIII. in Rome.

"He can't be an Englishman," said Cardinal Rampolla to the pope. "No," said Leo XIII. with a smile. "Father Bernard was born in the crater of Vesuvius and we only sent him to England to cool."

Fashionable society is not the only phase of life which Father Vaughan has dealt with in his London sermons. He is as hard on the sins of the east end of the metropolis as he is on the follies and failings of the west end and wherever he speaks he adjusts his discourses to his audiences.

The distinguished Jesuit is not very optimistic about the future of England. The so-called upper classes have voted religion dull and out of date, he declares, while the middle classes are waking up to find they are losing what religion they had, and the working classes will tell you they had no religion to lose. With religion gone, patriotism is going, he believes, and the only thing remaining is the rush to get rich.

## Moses Wanted Too Much

And There Was Much Quibbling When Mohammed Went to the Seventh Heaven.

Mohammed's visit to the Seventh Heaven is chiefly interesting as illustrating the credulity of the people whom he had been called to rule. The account of this visit, which has come down to us, is full of the most extraordinary detail.

When Mohammed had left the presence of Allah and descended to the Sixth Heaven, he found Moses waiting for him and anxious regarding the result. Upon learning that the Supreme Being had fixed a daily task of 50 prayers, Moses acknowledged the desirability of the divine ruling, but questioned its practicability when applied to the Arabs. "I made the experiment before thee," he declared, "I tried it with the children of Israel

without success. You had better go back and beg a diminution of the task."

Returning, Mohammed succeeded in having the prayers cut down by ten; but when he again encountered Moses, the latter declared that even that number was impracticable. The reader wonders that Moses should thus place his wisdom upon a plane superior to that of the Supreme Being; but apparently this excited no comment on the part of the Arabs.

Mohammed, in the account, is made to return again and again, under the instruction of Moses, until the per diem of the 50 prayers had been finally cut down to five, Moses still claiming that his experience with the children of Israel did not leave much hope for an experiment involving so much daily prayer. But here Mohammed stood firm, and throwing his judgment into the balance with that of Allah, overruled the objection of Moses, and, saluting him, took his final departure.—John Brisbane Walker, "The Building of an Empire."