

monasteries, has been known to kneel and uncover at the passage of a Corpus procession.

The bitterness of priestly feeling is illustrated by the words of a confessor in the act of giving the last consolation to a French nun, exiled at the expulsion of the orders in 1904. The dying woman has told him that her sufferings should be offered to God in intercession for the victory of France. "What!" said the cura—"for France, the enemy of God and the Church. It is an outrage, an insult to the Divine Majesty." One has heard similar sentiments more mildly expressed in Quebec and Boston.

Nor are British ideas much more popular with the bureaucracy, though there is the usual aping of English sporting customs and costumes. The writer once had the honour of being ejected from a field because "los caballos de polo del Rey" (the King's polo ponies) might want to graze in it. The Englishman is regarded on the one hand as a pleasant fellow, with no particular energy, and on the other as an interfering schemer and the owner of Gibraltar. Spanish troubles in Morocco four years ago were directly attributed to British diplomacy. It might reasonably be expected that the Church would be moved by the sorrows of Catholic Belgium, but here the bogie of French intellectualism is raised again: and Brussels had a statue of Ferrer, until it offended the delicate taste of Wilhelm II. It must also be remembered that the Church had no small part in the attempt to kulturize the Netherlands in the sixteenth century.

So much for the propaganda among aristocrats and priests. How about the business man and the mill-hand? They are less amenable to official opinion, more prone to Latin Liberalism, and must be won by familiarization and contact with things German. In some cases a whole industry was in German hands, the cork trade for instance, the magnitude of which can be readily grasped by the traveller as he watches car after car of cork bark being hauled into Barcelona. In all large cities we find the blond efficient hotel-clerk and elevator-boy—useful, these, for the secret service—the insistent display and advertisement of German wares, the German cafe, the flaring six-foot letters of an electric sign in the Puerta del Sol, proclaiming "planchado aleman" (German laundry). Effigies of the Kaiser and Hindenburg are sold on the streets and the more convinced Germanophiles wear buttons and pins presenting these same unlovely features; others announce their neutrality or indifference by means of the legend, "No me hable sobre la guerra" (don't talk to me about the war).

Naturally the visit of U-35 was the occasion of much journalistic jubilation; with the exception of a reasoned protest by El Liberal, the press broke into paeans of praise, which appears to have helped the



Prince Arthur of Connaught does not seem to realize that he has turned his back on one of the greatest generals in the world. Or it may be his interest in the Verdun hero to whom he is talking makes him oblivious of Gen. Nivelle, commander-in-chief of the French armies. The generalissimo is very off-handedly looking over some despatches on the table.

swing of popular opinion towards a justification of submarine warfare in its German manifestation. This was supplemented by the melodramatic circumstances of the visit, the autograph letter, the mysterious special train and the dark hints of German agents. The same sort of thing heralded the arrival of the Deutschland at Baltimore.

It was once the writer's privilege to stand with an eminent Spanish art critic, Senor Cossio, on the Puente de Alcantara, listening to his exposition of the parable of Toledo. That city, he said, is the whole of Spain, its history and its ancient soul. Roman the massive base of the walls that rise sheer

from the bridge-head; a few rough stones mark the passage of those Goths from whom the Grandees of Spain trace their proudest lineage. Moorish gates and the little jewel of the mosque, El Cristo de la Luz, stand for centuries of African rule, and the burnt browns and buffs of the surrounding plain are African in their lights and contours. Italianate palaces speak of "los Reyes catolicos," Ferdinand and Isabella, while the pyramid of the city—it might well have inspired the Emperor's monologue in Hernani—is fitly capped by the Infantry School in the Alcazar and the vast bulk of the most wonderful cathedral in Europe, the metropolitan church of Spain.



Buffalo Bill (Col. Cody) interested about as many people while he was living as P. T. Barnum. But in his wildest daredeviltry he never imagined that his dead body would be the occasion of a pageant like the one portrayed in the above photograph of his funeral. The body is here being escorted by Knights Templars into the Elks Club, at Denver, for funeral rites.