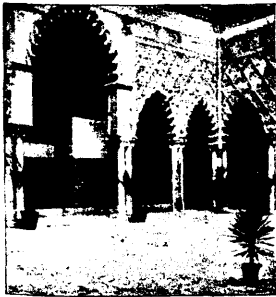


possible place for comfort. Everything is done on this line to make the passengers happy. Awnings are left up all the time; the decks are lit with electric lamps, and inclosed in the evening whenever necessary. The cooking is excellent, and the stewards are attentive to every want of the passenger. The galleys and kitchens are on the main deck, with the pantries immediately beneath them, connected by elevators, and kitchen odors are successfully kept from the saloon and state-rooms. All the officers in the employ of the company must pass two rigorous nautical examinations before they can obtain a position, and devotion to duty is rewarded by a well-regulated system of promotion. Each day the captain, the doctor, and the purser explore every nook and corner of the ship, examining the machinery with the chief engineer and his assistants, and entering every cabin and store-



IN THE ALHAMBRA.

room. Washing the decks is done at lunch-time instead of early in the morning, as on most lines, so that passengers may keep their cabin port-holes open at night in good weather if they wish to do so.

On the fifth day out the steamer

passes the Azores,—near enough to see the islands distinctly, but without stopping. Then appears the coast of Portugal, and Cape St. Vincent steps out of the geography into an actual locality. Then come the Straits of Gibraltar, the pillars of Hercules, the coast of Africa, and the snow-topped Atlas Mountains, “the Mountains of the Moon”; and if southern Spain is your destination, you will get into one of the little boats when the anchor-chains rattle down in the splendid harbor of “Gib,” and be pulled ashore, to land at stone stairs under the eye of Tommy Atkins, of Her Majesty’s—th.

Tommy will invite you into a little office, where you will receive a permit to enter the gates of Gibraltar—supposing you are not a suspicious character—which permit must be renewed every ten days. Gibraltar is not the most hospitable place in the world. You cannot get permission to live there if you should want to ever so much; but it is not likely that you will exhaust your first permit, for the wonderful fortifications can be seen in half a day, and after that you will wander about the streets and in the beautiful garden enjoying the life of the town. Spaniards, Moors, and donkeys press through the narrow ways. The omnipresent English private, with his little switch

and that remarkable round cap hung on a knob of his head, is there, five thousand strong.

The first thing to do when you start for Spain from Gibraltar is not to go to Spain, but to Africa. Tangier, the wildest and most interesting of all accessible Moorish cities, is only thirty-five miles down the Strait. You could row from the North German Lloyd ship to the little steamer that makes the daily trip to Tangier (in good weather) and be in the Moorish city on Monday afternoon, if you wished to. That is, you can leave New York on Saturday, spend a week on the ocean, surrounded by every luxury, and be in Morocco, “the China of the West,” on Monday.

In spite of all the strangeness about him, the traveler will find very comfortable hotels in Tangier, with no reminder within their walls of the wonderful life of the Arabian Nights which is going on outside. If one is given to snap shots it will be well for him to make an innocent looking brown-paper package out of his kodak (leaving a hole in front for the lens), for the natives strongly resent having their counterfeit presentments transferred to anybody’s roll. A Mohammedan has an idea that the person who makes a picture of a living being must furnish it with a soul at the last day, and they are desirous of avoiding any unpleasant complications. In Gibraltar, by the way, it is against the law to take photographs or to make sketches.

After two or three days in Tangier one can take a small steamer that will land him in a few hours at Cadiz, and he is in Spain. With



ANOTHER BIT OF THE ALHAMBRA.



ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

ten days to spend in that country, the traveler will do well to content himself with southern Spain, leaving Madrid and its neighborhood for another time. The climate of Madrid is cold in winter, and the journey in the slow Spanish trains a long and tedious one. Before this is