

A Trip to the Orient on the Steam Ship "Cincinnati" --- by Peter Brack

Following is the second installment of this story, which will be continued weekly until completed.

(Continued from last week.)

Cadiz is a typical Spanish city with high buildings, buildings 3 and 4 stories, balconies in front of every story except the ground. The lower or ground floor windows are protected by heavy iron bars and the entrance door is a very heavy one, sometimes covered with large knobs of iron, the fronts are decorated with fine stone carvings or metal work. There does not seem to be any cellars in business or dwelling places. The buildings seem to be constructed of stone or cement, with flat roofs and a few stripped and covered with red tile. The streets are, except where there are open squares, very narrow, from 8 to 20 feet. This plan is adapted for the purpose of shade and coolness. On entering the houses you pass up a short hall, floored in marble, where you reach a large beautiful door polished wood or glass on which is the name in brass of the person dwelling in the house, with a bell pull. On entering through this door you come to a large square, floored with tessellated marble with shrubs, chairs. It opens to the ceiling where the other apartments are, offices or dwelling rooms. The Spanish are slow in business and very conservative in their ways. The men smoking and the women lounging in the balconies. The weather now is like our May, bright, in sunshine with cool winds. The pride of Cadiz is her Cathedral, called La Nueva (1720-1832) an irregular pile with the bronze monument of the Bishop who was instrumental in completing its interior, placed in the square directly in front of the entrance. Connected with this Cathedral are one hundred and fifty priests headed at present by Bishop Calvo. The interior of the building is well proportioned, the high altar, which was presented by Isabella (2) is lavishly decorated with silver and gold. It is placed directly under the dome (180 feet high) and is bathed in soft heliostropic light provided by the purple clear story. Another of interest is the old Capuchin Convent (now occupied only by eusebians) where is preserved the Marriage of St. Catharine, the picture of Murillo, the master of religious paintings in Spain. He was at work at this canvass in 1682 when he fell from the scaffolding and received fatal injuries. The picture represents the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus, who is placing a ring upon the finger of the beautiful St. Catharine, who kneel before Him. A picture of St. Francis executed in Murillo's best manner hangs on the side wall of the same room. It is said to approach perfection in painting. St. Francis at the age of 25 became a Monk leading a life of the utmost poverty and purity. One day at his devotions at Mt. Averna, he prayed that he might have visible proof of the love of Christ by being permitted to bear some mark of His mortal sufferings. In his ecstasy of prayer it is said he had a vision of Glory, and immediately the stigmata or wounds of nails appeared upon his hands and feet. It is said to be a fact that the marks were found on his body after death.

On arrival in Cadiz we took a carriage (three of us) at the rate of fifty cents an hour. We visited the Cathedral, Playa De Toros, or bull ring, a circular building open to the sky with tiers of seats and boxes, all around, stalls for the horses and bulls under the lower seats. It holds 14,000 people, and the fights takes place once a year. There is a large theatre built by the municipality. In the art gallery there are a number of Murillo and other fine paintings.

Cadiz is built on a point of land jutting from the west coast of Spain into the ocean. It is a very old city, the oldest in Spain, 1200 B.C. It is surrounded by walls and fortifications. It is the Port that Columbus set sail for America.

In Spain there are no bells on the locomotives. When the train is about to start the station master walks along the platform ringing a hand bell and then the engine gives a small toot and she is off on a small pace. After two pleasant days we said

good bye to Cadiz and at 11 p. m. we sailed for Gibraltar and arrived there at 6.30 a. m. (ninety miles from Cadiz) on time.

Feb. 11th, 1910. Gibraltar is before us, it looks like a great lion crouching in greediness for a spring, the sky is celestial blue, the air is balmy, and with Spain's rugged coast on one side and the low lying hills of Africa on the other, we feel that we are indeed approaching foreign shores on the bosom of strange waters. Gibraltar has been an English Fortress since 1704, when captured during the war of the Spanish succession by Sir George Rook. Persistent efforts as you know have been made by the Spanish and the French to wrest from Aliens this key to the Mediterranean Sea, and the East, but the Union Jack still floats from the pinnacle of this stronghold, 1600 feet above the sea, it is two miles long and one mile wide. On one side the sheer of the cliff forms an impregnable defense and on the other is a net work of batteries galleries wide enough for a carriage to pass are cut in the solid rock and the black muzzles of cannon projecting through them. The summit is crowned by a gun having a range of seven miles and an electric connection makes it possible to aim and fire the gun from a station below. Geologically the rock is very curious. The lower strata is gray limestone and the upper stripped with pale bluish shale. Seashells are found fully four hundred and fifty feet above the present sea level. There are many passages and caves, the most noted one being St. Michael's cave, where the central hall is fifty feet high and hung with magnificent stalactites. At the foot of the great rock lies the town with a population of about 24,000. On landing we took a carriage, after making a bargain with the driver, we passed along through a motley crew the streets were so narrow with its rough pavement and side walks scarce wide enough for two people to walk abreast. On either side were shops hung with rugs, draperies and curios, until it seemed as if the entire stock of each was tumbling out the doors and windows. Down the center of the thoroughfare jogged little donkeys bearing panneries filled with charcoal, fruit and vegetables, their plump sides belabored by bare legged Moors and Spaniards. In one open doorway one Egyptian sat making filigree silver ornaments, in another a Turk surrounded by queer bits of potters and brass, presenting quite an Oriental picture. The public gardens are a perfect jungle of trees shrubs and blossoming plants.

Tailless monkeys came down from their haunts on the bare rocks to rob the fruit trees, but their number has been greatly reduced of late years.

Saturday February 12th 1910. We went on board at 8 o'clock a. m. on a large tender and sailed for Tangier, forty miles southeast of Gibraltar, the most important commercial port of Morocco with a population of about 30,000. The town with its half ruined citadel the extensive bazaars and the multi-colored traffic of the market place where the merchandise brought by the caravans from the interior is offered for sale, from an exclusive oriental picture, which holds the foreigner spell bound. The city of Tangier lies on the shores of a beautiful bay, and lies in the form of an amphitheatre. The outline of its low white houses is broken by the slender minaret of a Mohammedan Mosque. Our tender anchored about a half mile from the shore, the boats would take ten of our passengers at a time ashore.

We walked down a rickety wharf and passed under the Babal Marsa where two solemn looking Moors cross legged on the ground kept watch and guard. They are only custom house officers, and glance with apparent amusement and let us pass on. We walked down esplanade outside of the walls of the town to hotel Cecil, conducted by a Moor. After luncheon we went to a compound filled with donkeys and drivers, and oh, what a noise they made and what a picturesque crowd, their dirty robes, tur-

binated with dirty white cloth, bare legs and scuffed feet. I selected a donkey that looked quite large with a high padded seat, I mounted with about ten ladies and gentlemen under a guide. Then we started out with loud cries from the driver and the riders, and entered the walled city with the driver crying "Ciros" (hurry up). As we went up through the crooked street paved with cobble stones, our appearances attracted many curious glances from the native women, who stood in the open doorway in streets about 6 to 8 feet wide. They are enveloped in long white garments of material like turkish toweling, one end being brought across the lower portion of the face leaving only the eyes exposed. A disagreeable odor permeates everything in Tangier, even the very bread we eat, and if that is the bread which we saw carried uncovered through the streets, no wonder. Horrible looking fakirs covered with ulcers, dragged themselves to excite our sympathies. Everywhere beggars thrust their filthy hands before our faces with something to sell.

Tangier streets run up and down steep hills and are so narrow that if one meets a donkey with a load it is an anxious moment, and what a load the poor donkey can carry. I saw one carrying a load that took three men to place on its back. I saw another with two large trunks. When I got off my donkey to look into the governor's house, or I shall say palace, I discovered for the first time that my donkey was very small, weighing only about 150 pounds. How it carried me up and down those hills I cannot tell. I felt that I ought to have carried it instead of it carrying me. The ladies went into the governor's harem but we men were not permitted. From the harem, it was a step to the prison, where we looked through a small opening in the stone wall into the room where the poor whetches who have chanced to incur the displeasure of the Califa were held like cattle, some were chained in pairs and looked the very picture of despair. They are allowed to weave baskets which tourists are importuned to buy.

In the market place the noise and babel was deafening, groups of women were sitting upon the ground with flat round cakes of bread piled up in front of them, their mantles over their heads.

The men monopolize the vegetable and flower trade and hold up their nosegay of violets and roses. The children are as thick as flies, all pretty, plump and bubbling over with fun. If it were not for the loathsome beggars that creep and crouch like slimy things or lie at full length on the ground moaning and whimpering it would be quite a gay scene. The heads of the mals (men and boys) are shaven with the exception of one tuft of hair which is braided and hangs down like a queue. By this lock, it is said, they believe the Angel of Death will take them up to heaven. There are a great number of negroes among them, but all the Moors are white at birth whether they are Moors or mixed with negro blood. To the air and sunshine that they owe their swarthy skins.

Tangier, whose population is about 25,000 carries on a flourishing trade with Gibraltar and exports leather coarse wool, pottery and eggs. The mackerel fishing is fairly good in the bay. The herbage is poor and there are almost no trees in or near the city and the productive warm lands are far from the coast. Mules and donkeys feed on the thistles, and the few horses on a green stuff called Chibiek, according to our guide's spelling. The cost of living must be very low as you will see Moors in every direction offering for sale, and products of one kind or another, their whole stock would not be worth a dollar. I would liked to have seen inside their Mosque but Christians are not permitted to enter. I would have liked to stay a few days here, but we had to return to Gibraltar.

We took a small boat out to the tender and had a rough time getting there, our boat crew would persist in taking us to the wrong boat, and when we had persuaded them by shouting and shaking our fists at them one or two of them dropped their oars and demanded tips. With two oars lying unused the boat began to fall away in the large waves and we had to, by almost force make the men return to the oars and when we reached our tender we gave our tips very

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FRAZIER'S

grudgingly. After three and a half hours sail we reached our ship in the bay of Gibraltar and as the captain of the tender was afraid to go near our ship in the dark we had to go near her in a small launch. We left Gibraltar at 11 o'clock p. m. for Malaga, Spain.

Malaga, February 13, 1910. This is a Spanish town, prettily situated on the Bay of Malaga, mountains forming a background. It is an old and important commercial and seaport town and has a population of 130,000 inhabitants. The Renaissance Cathedral is a magnificent structure. There are a few good pictures to be found there. Mary washing the feet of Jesus. I do not know who was the painter, as I could not find any one who could speak English or German. The Cathedral is very high in fact it is a vast structure, all the altars are built of marble of many kinds. The city is about forty miles east of Gibraltar. They are now building a new break water to improve the harbor. Our ship did not go into the new harbor, we were carried in and out by a good size tender.

We celebrated on board last evening the birthday of Ex-President Lincoln by a grand dinner with some speeches, although it was Sunday. I am sorry to say that the Sabbath day is not observed on board this ship, not a single service has been held since we left New York.

We left for Algiers, February 14, 1910, at 12 a. m., 370 miles southeast of Malaga, arrived at 4 p. m., went ashore for a few hours after dinner, and walked up and down the front street un-

der the arches formed by the first story of the building facing the street by being built back about 12 or 15 feet. We had a very good opportunity of observing the native Moors, the French and Spanish people in the shops and drinking places. It is a beautiful city built on the face of a high hill, half Moorish and French in Africa. We returned to the ship about 9.30 o'clock. Next morning, Tuesday, after breakfast, (8 o'clock) we went on shore and took a trolley car to the extreme west end of the city, passing the cemetery, the grand Cathedral on the high hill and many beautiful villas with gardens in front and rear, filled with palms, oranges, lemons and other trees, making a beautiful picture. The houses and in fact all the buildings are constructed of brick and stone and faced with smooth cement finish in stone white. When we reached the upper town by ascending streets and shops without number where we found the natives in great numbers, their shops for selling and their work shops, drinking and eating places. We went to their Mosque, a large building, but very plain. All the streets with but few exceptions, are narrow but well paved in cobble stone or asphalt, up here is where the curio is to be found and our ladies took full advantage of it, taking good care to beat down the price to one half or less than the amount first asked. We returned by walking down a narrow street or stairs to the docks and went aboard for lunch. After lunch, we went ashore and took a car for the extreme east, passing

stores and workshops, hotels and factories, market gardens, with their old water wheels for raising water and stored in tanks and conducted by cement open drains all over the small plots of land. The water wheel is turned by mules. The car fare is collected much like the Scottish system, so many centimos every mile or two. On our return we stopped at a large park, where we saw long avenues of palm trees, oranges, lemons, bananas, roses, cane and many other kinds of shrubs. We also saw some fine ostriches, monkeys, and other animals. Returned at 7 p.m. and sailed for Genoa, 530 miles. We reached there on Thursday, February 17th, at 12 o'clock.

After luncheon we went ashore and took a car and went to the cemetery they say it is the most beautiful in the world. The staturary is far and beyond anything that I have ever seen. The bones of the dead appear to me to cost more than the hopes of the living. After spending a few hours there we went down to the port, looked at the ships, beautiful buildings and well dressed people. I remained on board for the evening.

(Continued next week.)

Notice.

Owin to the fact that the partnership heretofore existing between F. Nuttleman and Chas. Fankhauser, has been dissolved it is our desire to have all old accounts settled at once. These may be paid at this office up to March 1st, after which time all outstanding accounts will be placed in the hands of a collector, F. Nuttleman & Co.

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