

RAMBLES AROUND TOLEDO.

Life in Spanish Hotels—A Visit to the Celebrated Fabrica D'Armas, Which for Centuries Has Been Turning Out "Toledo Blades."

Special Correspondence.

Toledo, Spain, April 25, 1900.—Castilian hotels, from the shabbyest of border villages, are celebrated throughout Christendom for extraordinary discomforts. This "Necropolis of three Empires" possesses the poorest of them all—so poor that una noche Toledana, (a night in Toledo,) has passed into a proverb, indicating unmitigated wretchedness. The most expensive of Toledo's hostilities—one cannot truthfully say "best," where as no degree of goodness is the Fonda Imperial, fronting the one-famous Toledo, or Moorish plaza, in the heart of the city. Its rather imposing exterior gives promises which are unfulfilled within, and the sophisticated visitor has well-founded apprehensions of evils to come on the first whiff of vile odors encountered in the long, dark entrance hall. The railway omnibus, which is about the only wheeled vehicle in Toledo, clatters straight through this front hall, from the street to the interior patio; and of course, pedestrians follow suit. What a contrast to the cool, delightful courtyards of Andalusia, with their sparkling fountains, fragrant flower beds and orange trees! This wide and barren court—open overhead to sun and shower, roughly paved, like the public street and infinitely dirtier—is surrounded by

A RICKETY GALLERY.

into which all the chambers open. Three sides of the ground floor are utilized as a stable, where mules munch their barley and "murder sleep" for three travelers in the rooms above by stamping the stones the long night through; the rest of the space being occupied by gossiping servants and waiters, bags of grain and charcoal, saddles, kitchen paraphernalia, and all the odds and ends of the household. The landlady—bar bare feet thrust into heeled slippers and figure presenting a ludicrous resemblance to one of her own grain bags, indifferently tied in the middle—sits you in this characteristic reception room and with voluble Spanish welcome, places the case and all it contains "a su disposición de V. y then, by clapping her pudgy hands, summons the maid to show you to your apartment. The mule, by the way, deserves a special paragraph. He is the steward of every Spanish house, the major domo and factotum-in-general, without whom no one can get on. He eats the food, and often cooks it; is chambermaid, table waiter, porter, errand boy and bootblack—performing these manifold services for the average salary of two pesetas a month and his "keep"—catching his meals on the run, so to say, and sleeping whenever and wherever he can—generally on the stones of the patio while guarding the front door. He never dreams of bettering his condition, but is honest, faithful, even proud of his position, which he rightly considers the most important in the household. Having so little leisure, his toilette is not elaborate—consisting of a

CALICO SHIRT.

seem washed, a pair of his master's cast-off trousers, cow-hide sandals without hose and a sort of shawl wound around his waist in bulky folds, the stock of it in front making a convenient receptacle for carrying things from the marketing to the morning mail and the coppers that are betowed upon him in the way of tips. Such useless articles as collars and ties never girdled his neck, and the soap of Old Castile and his skin are manifestly strangers, and he considers his duty done in the line of personal adornment if he combs his hair on dusty days and gets himself shaved two or three times a year.

The bed-rooms of the Fonda Imperial are a fair sample of the best to be found in Spanish hotels, and a description of one fits most of them to perfection. The flooring is of square red bricks, called by courtesy tiles, damp in summer, cold as the charity of the world in winter. The ceiling is formed by unplanned joists that support the roof, walls white-washed, and usually hung with a few French woodcuts in gaudy colors, portraying scenes not usually on exhibition where the proprieties of life are considered. The bedstead is of iron, curtained with lace and canopied with satin, but with remarkable paucity of covering, sheets that you hesitate to put yourself between

BULLET PROOF FLOORS.

and flock mattress, hard enough to satisfy an anchorite. The whole business is painfully suggestive of objects of entomological research—and, indeed, you need not search for them; like ants, they will speedily find you out! The peculiar wit of the Spaniard, as well as his indolence, is shown in the military names he has bestowed upon his abounding vermin, while taking no pains to eradicate them. Those the machinery would genus Pediculus, the cult infantry, fleas, cavalry; and the humble but industrious laborer in the human vineyard, known in the far west as "B Flat," is chased as artillery. Mosquitoes are appropriately called "trumpeters"; roaches, drummer-boys; and so on to the end of the chapter.

I am told, by Americans who have made the Spanish tour, that in every city where considerable time is to be spent, it is far better to seek a house and seek some casa de huéspedes—a sort of boarding house, equivalent to the French pension. There are several of them in Toledo, the best kept by two

elderly señoritas, in a narrow street near the cathedral. Wherever you locate, sleep is almost out of the question, except during the middle of the day when men and beasts are taking their siesta. These narrow alleys, with high black walls, carry sound like a trumpet. Not only the serenos, yelling the hours and the state of the weather, make night hideous, and people returning from late club or opera, pounding upon their doors to awake the

SLEEPING MOZO.

or calling the policeman with his duplicate keys—but ordinary conversation has the effect of shouting and the passage of a mule sounds like the tramp of an army.

Setting out from the Fonda Imperial to "do" the town you find yourself at once in the old Moorish Plaza de Zoco—suk or Arabic, zoco in Spanish, soke in English, signifying a market. Lazarillo de Tormes will recall this place. Readers of Cervantes, and zoco-dover as the haunt of rogues and those proud but poor Don Quixoterinos, who swaggered and starved with their capes y espadas. For years was the site of national sports of fire and blood, the auto de fe and the bull-fight. Now it is a favorite promenade and the general lounging-place of idlers, including many a haughty and hungry Don, wrapped in his picturesque capa, with his sword clanking at his heels. You have no need to hunt for novelties in Toledo, for they meet you at every turn—quaint old houses, picturesque groups of buildings, nooks and corners crammed with historical and traditional interest, the marks of Romans, Goths, Saracens and Christians, who live in turn reigned in these lordly towers and left mementoes of their occupation. Before coming to Spain you read much of the wonders of Toledo, and, perhaps, agreed with the writers that the old city ought still to be, as formerly, the capital of the country. Once on the spot, you find its objects of interest more numerous and wonderful than imagination had pictured; but at the same time, you probably decide in mind that a place so inaccessible, so medieval, so hopelessly out of touch with the life and spirit of the age is not fitted for a nineteenth century seat of government, even in slow-growth Spain. Everything shows the extreme age of the city, and the impression it creates of sadness and solemnity, intensifies as time goes on. Never was a town more beautifully situated than this

"CROWN OF SPAIN"

upon its granite peaks, eighteen high-dred feet above the encircling Tagus—the tawny river, that bursts like a wild thing through the near-by mountain range, like an angry giant. Some unknown writer says: "Toledo has the color, the roughness, the haughty poverty of the sierra on which it is built. It is less a town—a noisy affair yielding to the commodities of life—than a significant spot for the soul. Secret and inflexible, with its vast cathedral springing skyward, its alcázar and palaces with their hidden, mysterious patios, it appears in this harsh, overcast land, like an image of exaltation in solitude—a cry in the desert." Tourists come to gaze upon the dead city as they visit the sphinx; antiquarians crowd among its ancient monuments and shrines; poets and painters find here rich material for their art, and the builder suggestions for his modern designs. Though there is so much to attest its former glory, you feel that infinitely more has vanished under the hand of the spoiler—nothing ever was, or ever could have been young in this skeleton city, "where the voice of the Goth echoes amid Roman ruins, and the steps of the Christian tread on the heels of the Moor." The place abounds with noble examples of Saracen architecture, for the reason that few of its ruins have been "restored"—heaven save the mark!—or disfigured by whitewash. Turn where you will, first eye is delighted by fine facade, carved gateways, quaint windows with balconies and cross-bars, soft-tinted azulejos and the horse-shoe arch with its beautiful curve; and upon all is the mellow hue of a withered sage. The place was when Toledo's one hundred and eleven churches, including the

MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL.

were crowded with worshippers; now only sixty are used, the rest being mostly in ruin. The spire is only two remain, and the former population of more than 200,000 has dwindled to less than 20,000. But the poor old place is eminently fitted for its present role—a depository of departed grandeur, a hiding-place for impoverished nobles and broken-down gentility—and also for a manufacture of that reminiscence of past ages, the "Toledo Blade."

One of the first things that most tourists do is to visit the celebrated "Fabrica d'Armas," which for centuries turned out swords as strong and flexible as those of Damascus. It stands on the right bank of the Tagus, about a mile northwest of the city. The present huge rectangular, unsightly building was erected for Charles III in 1788, and is well provided with forges and all accessories, including a chapel for the pious laborers, dedicated to Santa Barbara, the patroness of cannons. All the armas blancas for Spain's soldiers are made here, but

MOST OF THE SWORDS

now manufactured have neither the temper nor the beauty of the antique specimens displayed in the museum. Some of them have mottoes enamelled in gold upon the blade, such as "Soldados valientes del Rey." "In defense of

my lady," "Do not draw me without reason, nor sheath me with out honor." Time was when the choicest Toledo blades were so elastic that they were packed in boxes for shipment, curled up like the mainspring of a watch; or, as Falstaff says, "compassed like a good falcon, in the circumference of a peck, hilt a point, heel to head."

If you desire to secure a "blade," or even the tiniest sword-hilt-pin or paper-cutter, as a souvenir of Toledo, on no account purchase it outside of the factory; and even there you must pay a very high price for it. There is a large, well-lit and excellently arranged show-room in the building, open every day from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., with civil attendants who speak a little French, English and German, besides their native Spanish. Swords, daggers, inlaid paper-knives, scissors, and all kinds of fancy cutlery are displayed in cases,

the price of each article distinctly marked in pesetas and centavos. Every blade bears the word Artilleria, Toledo, Fabrica de Toledo, with the date. Those merely stamped in the govt. Toledo, have not been made in the government factory and are largely sold in the city. Among the most beautiful of the "cucheros" are steel daggers with arabic, beautifully engraved, and silver, bosque designs in gold and silver.

At one time the manufacture of artistic silks at Toledo, for such vestments, constituted one of the greatest industries of Spain. Only one of these is now in operation, established about a century ago. Its silks, given with gold are very fine. The city other special industry of the city the manufacture of liquors, in large amounts, for export to America.

FANNIE EWARD.

WAR OVER BOVINE VACCINATION

Milk Famine at Syracuse, New York, and a Controversy Over the Tuberculin Test.

The city of Syracuse, N. Y., is experiencing a milk famine, the result of the refusal of the dairymen to submit their cows to the tuberculin test, and the refusal of the board of health and the city clerk to grant licenses to sell milk in the city without a test, says a correspondent of Rural New Yorker. All licenses expired on April 30, and warning was given by the police that no milk should be sold after that day without a license. There was nothing to do but submit, and the dairymen have gone out of business. Almost to a man they have stood together to resist what they consider an unjust requirement. The grounds of their protest are these:

First, they declare that the tuberculin test has not been an accurate indicator of health or disease. Whatever may be said of it theoretically, it has not in practice proved truthful. One case cited is this: A herd of cows was tested in the town of Manlius, and four animals were tagged as tuberculous. Within a few days these four were driven to another farm and tested. Three of them were pronounced sound. A few days later the fourth cow was passed all right on a third test. It is also declared that about 25 would buy a certificate of health, regardless of the test. In the second place, the dairymen declare the rule unfair unless it is enforced against all cows supplying butter and cheese as well as milk. How often the test should be applied is another question entering into the dispute. If it is an ordeal of annual occurrence, like a tax, it hardly appears scientific. The dairymen consented to accept the test on all cows which were not subjected to it last year, but their offer was rejected. The claim is also put forth that the tuberculin injection has injured the health and certainly the productivity of the cows. In this declaration there is almost universal concurrence by the dairymen, and thousands of well-informed people in the city object to buying milk from cows which have been "tampered with." Among these are many eminent physicians. They also declare that the tuberculin test is losing favor in other States, particularly Massachusetts and New Jersey, and they cite authority of the highest order as to the fact that communities not using the test are free from tuberculosis infection as any others.

There seems to be a little politics in the controversy also. The health officials are not men of a stamp to command public admiration or confidence. They have shown themselves insolent, tyrannical and grossly ignorant. The assistant health officer published on April 30 "an official statement," in which he advised the use of condensed milk for infants and invalids, and declared that people are foolish for buying

ing natural cows' milk at 7 cents, inasmuch as it contains from 4 to 30 percent of water at the best, and yet this same water as a health food! The public press has been grossly unfair in its utterances of opinion and even in the publishing of news of the subject. A statement of the dairymen's side was refused publication until it paid at 25 cents a line. It has now been shown that any infected milk has been sold in Syracuse. The dairymen request that at least a few analyses be made by the public bacteriologist, and the bacilli of tuberculosis are found by the elimination of any suspected animal paying for the cost of analysis.

What the outcome will be no one at present can tell. It is now a question of the part of the dairymen to surrender. The hostile press is urging them to commit some act of violence, or to defy the law, so as to bring the matter into court. The same papers are urging the health officers to begin action at law to restrain the milkmen from "holding up" the milk supply. Of course nothing of this sort will be done. Many of the people go daily to the farms to secure their supply of milk, where they get it at reduced price or gratuitously. The dairymen also furnish the hospitals free of charge while the controversy lasts. The people generally are good natured and are in no way inclined to force their views upon a petition asking the officials to rescind their demand.

Commenting on the above, the editor of the Rural New Yorker says: "The local papers at Syracuse, N. Y., for some reason do not seem willing to give the farmers a fair showing in the 'milk war' which is described. This is unfortunate, for it is all too easy for daily papers to frighten their readers and thus work great injury to honest men. The action of the Syracuse board of health is the strongest argument we have yet observed for taking the handling of these animal diseases right out of reach of such so-called medical men. It is a species of tyranny which every self-respecting American should denounce. As a rule the local board of health is an organization in which brains and common sense are boarded up and nailed down. We understand that the board of health will shut their eyes when grocers send out into the country after milk."

THE BALLOON IN WAR.

The position that a balloon must occupy to insure the complete safety of its staff has been quite accurately determined by experiments. It is evident that there are two factors—elevation and distance. In round numbers it may be said that a balloon is absolutely safe at a distance of four miles and at a height of 2,000 feet. With every mile that the balloon is brought nearer to the enemy's batteries it is necessary to materially increase the height of the



REAR ADMIRAL KEMPPF AND THE CRUISER NEWARK.

A conspicuous figure connected with the crisis in China is Rear Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., who has landed marines from the cruiser Newark at Taku and will protect the United States legation in Peking.

balloon. English artillerymen fired without effect twelve rounds of shrapnel at a balloon distant about 3,500 yards and at a height constantly varying from 1,200 to 1,500 feet. Under wind conditions favorable to the gun, it required sixteen rounds of shrapnel to hit a balloon distant 3,500 yards and at an elevation of 500 feet. The Germans practiced with shrapnel at Compendori on two balloons distant three miles; the first, at an elevation of 300 feet, fell pierced in some twenty-five places after ten shots but the second balloon, at an elevation of 500 feet, was disabled only after twenty discharges. French experiments at Pottiers prove that neither artillery nor mitrailleuse fire can affect a balloon at a moderate elevation more than 1,500 meters (three and one-third miles). Even at distances of one or two miles it requires considerable time and effort to get the range of a balloon, which should be frequently raised and lowered and changed from place to place when within easy range.

A Life and Death Fight.
Mr. W. A. Hines of Manchester, la., writing of his almost miraculous escape from death, says: "Exposure after measles induced serious lung trouble, which ended in Consumption. I had frequent hemorrhages, and coughed night and day. All my doctors said I must soon die. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery which wholly cured me. Hundreds have used it on my advice and all say it never fails to cure Throat, Chest and Lung troubles." Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

MUNITIONS FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

What the Spellbinders in Congress Are at Present Furnishing.

TARIFF CUTS SMALL FIGURE.

Issues Which the Contending Parties Are Pushing—Trusts to Be Fought.

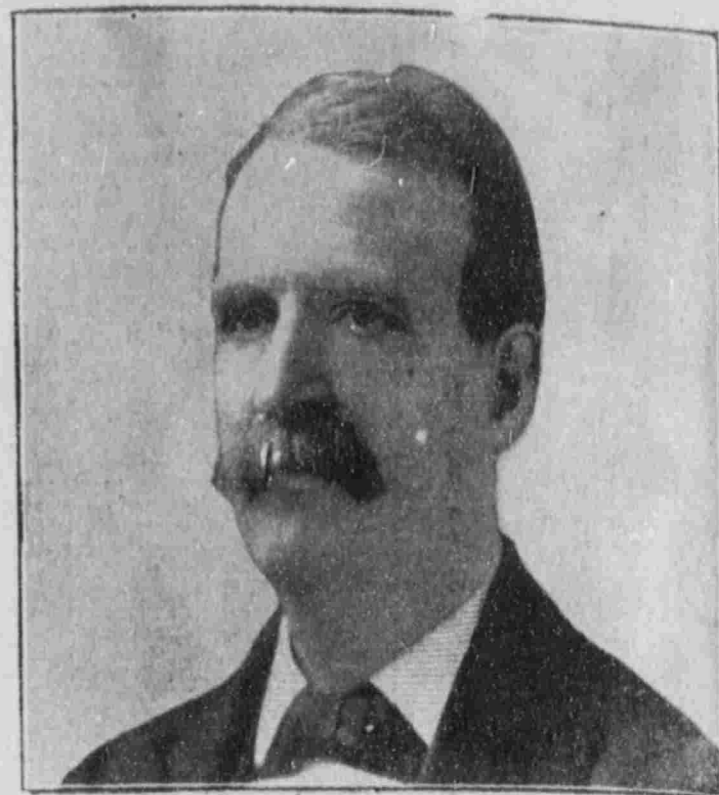
Special Correspondence.

Washington, June 2.—If you are to judge of what has been done in Congress during the past session, the tariff is not going to cut much figure in the coming campaign. Speeches in Congress have not been made upon the basis of the tariff being much of an issue in the presidential election. Of course there have been speeches made for campaign purposes only, devoted largely to the tariff, but only a few. Representative Lacey of Iowa printed a speech in the Record, occupying much space, which gave in great detail a comparison of conditions now and conditions four years ago. The business and commercial conditions under the last four years of Democratic rule were compared with the four years of Republican rule. The tariff was made to play an important part in the reasons for the change. There was no doubt about the object of the speech. It was a campaign document, one from which spellbinders may cull their facts while addressing voters on the stump next fall. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire followed a few days after with a speech in the Senate, to which few senators listened, but which was a dissertation on the benefits of a tariff, and especially the present tariff as against the tariff of 1894. Besides these speeches prepared especially for campaign material, little has been said on the subject of tariff. No one has cared to listen, and, while these speeches and some others on the same subject have been made, no one has taken the trouble to read them very thoroughly.

OTHER ISSUES EVIDENT.

This lack of interest in the tariff shows that other issues are to be made dominant. The Democrats have clearly outlined their program in the literature they have been circulating. They have been sending out a great many speeches on "imperialism," on trusts, the Boers and some on the financial question. This Congress has furnished a great deal of literature in the way of speeches on these subjects. Early in the session we had little else than talk on the money question and the Philippines, while the Porto Rican bill gave us a surfeit of talk on all the blessings and evils of expansion. So the campaign managers have been afforded all the ammunition they want on these subjects. It is said by the Democrats that if the wealth of other material all have on hand they do not need to flinch over the tariff, and this may account for the apathy shown in that particular regard. The Republicans are not lodging either the Porto Rican or the expansion issues, and tons of speeches have been sent out in defense of the party's position on both these

PAYNE OF WISCONSIN FOR VICE PRESIDENT.



Because four years ago Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin stepped aside and permitted the Republican party leaders to make Cornelius N. Bliss Postmaster General, his friends now say that he is entitled to the vice presidential nomination. He has friends in the national committee and is extremely popular in the West.

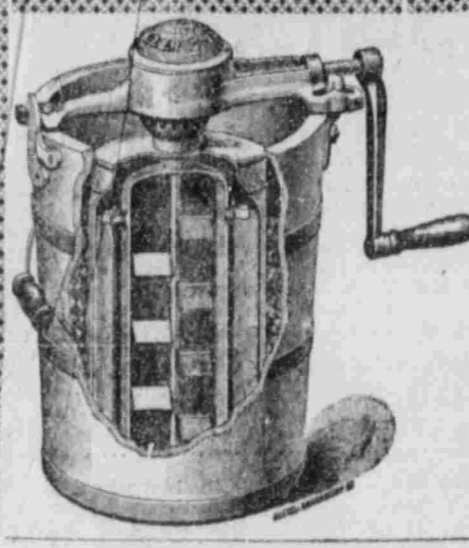
subjects. They have also taken the offensive on the financial question, and speeches endorsing and pointing out the satisfactory workings of the new financial bill are being sent out. The Democrats are sending out speeches made by Republican senators and representatives against the Porto Rican bill and making quite liberal extracts from them in the symposium of various speeches which will be used in the campaign book.

WILL NOT DRAW LINES.

The sending out of campaign literature at this time will not shape the issues nor draw the party lines for the November election. There may be nothing in the campaign other than those subjects I have mentioned, and yet there may be a contest upon new lines. Four years ago preparations were made long in advance for a campaign on the tariff issue. The very fact that McKinley, the apostle of protection, the author of the McKinley law, was to be the nominee seemed to indicate that the campaign was to be on tariff lines. With protection the first plank in the platform and other issues subordinated, it was not. It is true that the Democrats made the issue. It was the Chicago platform and Bryan that made 16 to 1 the slogan of that party and forced the Republicans to accept the issue their opponents chose. It may be that in this campaign there will be a similar abandonment of the old issues and something new brought out. It would not be strange if "expansion" and "antexpansion" would take the place of the tariff of four years ago.

THE TRUSTS IN IT.

One thing is sure—the trusts are bound to figure quite prominently in the coming contest. There is plenty of evidence that the Democrats and Populists are going to wage a bitter war on trusts and charge the Republican party with being responsible for and fostering them. At the same time it is



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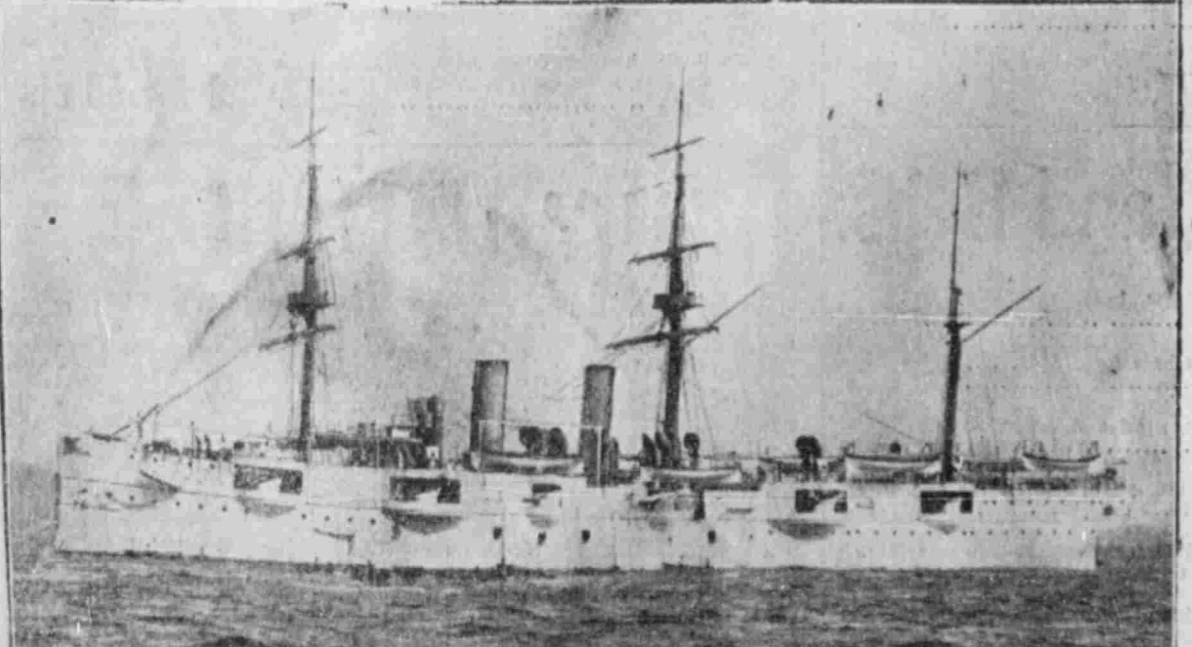
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TARS FROM CRUISER NEWARK PROTECTING AMERICAN LEGATION IN PEKIN.



Rear Admiral Kempff and the tars of the Newark are protecting the representatives of this government in Pekin at present from the members of the savage Chinese association known as the "Boxers." The fact that Minister