# DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.



Once the Seat of the Most Powerful Dynasty in Europe; Now but a Skeleton of the Splendid Capital of the Callphs

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#### Special Correspondence.

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Strolling about this ancient capital, in which no sound of wheel, or hammer, or human life is heard, its narrow, dark and dirty streets almost deserted by man and beast-you recall what Gautier said of Cordova, more than half a century ago: "It is a city of whose once beautiful body nothing remains but a bleached and calcined skeleton." Lying low in the sunny valley of the Guadalquivir, in the very heart of Andalusia, surrounded by gray olive-groves and villas crumbling with the weight of centuries, it has been appropriately called "the City of Venerable Tranquili-

ty." Though its absolute silence and absence of life are depressing, you find it extremely interesting. It abounds with antiquities, and at every step memories are awakened of the old Roman emperors, of later Arabian Caliphs of Queen Scheherezade's marvelous tales, and the adventures of "the gaunt country gentleman of la Mancha," whose home was close by, Antique gates and sculptures and nall-studded doors, mosques, towers and minarets, . the galleried houses, with their azuelos, the galeried houses, with their azuelos, multioned windows and flower-filled pa-tios, the great Roman bridges and shrines in the outer walls, all speak of times long, long gone by. So winding and shadowy are the streets-suddenly ending in blank walls,

or converging into half a dozen other alleys equally tortuous and obscure, you are sure to get lost in their labyrinthian windings, if without guide. Meeting nobody of whom to inquire the way back to your hotel, you are finally forced to pound upon a closed door, which rends the

#### "VENERABLE TRANQUILITY"

as shouting in a dim cathedral. As visitors are never expected in modern Cordova, It takes more than one pound-ing to bring anybody to the door; and when at last the startled servant ap-pears, his directions are so complicated, concerning numerous turnings to be made, that you feel more hopelessly lost than before. The better way is to engage a native cicerone at the outset. Your hotel will furnish a man, who will shuffle alongside all day, for a few cents—and tell you more wild yarns than ever the bride of the sanguinary sultan invented in the Arabian Night's entertainment.

In the widest of Cordova's streets it would be impossible to swing the typ-ical cat, without dashing its brains out; ical cat, without dashing its brains out; and in many of them pedestrians are compelled to datten themselves against the walls on either side whenever a donkey with bulging panniers passes through. I suppose that the idea of the ancient builders, in thus cramping their quarters when they might just as well have spread the city over the whole valley, was as much to secure safely from invaders, as to keep their casas cool by excluding the fervid sun. Even without the wooden gates, which close the streets at frequent intervals, a raid or riot could make small progress, com-

worshipping in it, however-at least not in the flesh. Before it was half com-pleted. Allah led him safely across the mystical bridge of All Serat-"fine as a bats and show on a series of the bits hair and sharp as a sword"-which, ac-cording to the Koran, spans the sternal abyss, and across it the faith-ful miraculously pass into paradise, while the wicked are lost in the

depths beneath. Then Abdu-r-rahman's son, Hichem Then Abdu-r-rahman's son, Hickens I, took up the good work and carried it on during his lifetime, at enormous cost. The plans of its founders were faithful-ly copied, except that it soon became necessary to more than double the orig-inal size, as the immense morque proved too small to accommodate the ever-in-researing multitudes of plustims. Altoo small to accommodate the ever-in-creasing multitudes of pligrims. Al-Hakem II constructed the Mahrab, of "Hollest of Holles," wherein he deposit-ed the richly illuminated manuscript of the Koran. This priceless relic was torn to pieces by Don Alfonso's Christian solders, in the year 1146, when Ben Sa-glah delievered up Cordova. This Mos-lem Holy of Holles was called by the Spaniards "Del Zancarron," in derision of the foot-bone of Mahomet. All pil-grims walked seven times around the grims walked seven times around the sacred place, as was done at Mecca; hence the

# FOOT-WORN PAVEMENT,

which today shows a deep hollow circular in form, surrounding the point of devotion. Abdu-r-rahman III built the beautiful minaret, and Al-Mansur anded the eight naves on the east-ern side. The last named monarch was gathered to his fathers in the year 1002: and after his death nothing more wa and after his death nothing more was done to the mosque until the thirteenth century, when it was selzed by barbar-ian Spaniards—who have ever since been destroying its symmetry and ef-facing its original character by repeat-ed mutilations. Roman Catholic choirs and altars were crected in the very middle, by order of Charles V, and stalls, pulpits, shrines, confessionals, images and other church macambernas. images and other church parapherna-lia scattered all over it.

u may travel the wide world over with echoes that seem as sacrilegious and find few sanctuaries of any faith.so impressive as this temple of Allah-none which seems to fit a dwelling-place for Him who fills all space, above the petty creeds and dogmas of men. Perhaps it is the immense width and depth of the interior, its infinitude of columns and mysterious perspectives, combined with the ancient traditions of the place, that transport the visitor at once to days of the Caliphs and render the commonof the Campos and render the commun-place world of the twentieth century ll-lusory and unreal! The whole place seem peopled with shadowy forms, standing with supplicating hands and faces turned toward Mecca, or prostrate upon their prayer-rugs, while from the minaret far overhead sounds the minaret, far overhead, sounds the muezzin's cry, "Come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep.

The most beautiful feature of the interior is its dense forests of many-col-ored marble columns, supporting the Moorish arches of the roof, which broods over all like the sense of God's beneficence not afar off, but near and tangfile. Originally there were 1,200 d these shafts, and upwards of a thou-sand yet remain. It is a marble labyrinth of

### ENDLESS VISTAS

and mystifying space. One is aston-ished at the infinite varieties of tone, and the many tints it can assume-from black to purest white, malachite



and with them the subject of this sketch underwent the hardships and privations attendant upon the settlement of a new locality. While Mrs. McCune was a young girl her father was called from his home in Nephl to help in forming the new settlements on the "Muddy" in Southern Utah, and while the rest of the family remained at home during the first year, she accompanied her father to the new region, undergoing many thrilling incidents during the difficult journey and following hard experiences of the move.

In 1873 she married A. W. McCune and lived in Nephi till 1885 when she went to Montana-her husband having taken the mammoth wood contract for the Anaconda mine.

She afterward, in company with her family, came to Salt Lake where she has been identified with various philanthropic and progressive enterprises connected with her Church.

Several years ago Mrs. McCune went to Europe and while in England had a brief but very successful missionary experience, being one of the first women to speak in the European missions established by the "Mormon" Church. After some months spent in traveling in Great Britain, Mrs. McCune traveled through France, Germany and Italy visiting the shrines of art, poetry, legend, and romantic history in those lands. She returned home in 1897 and in 1899 again visited England-attending the great Quinquennial held in London. Mrs. McCune went as patron of the National Council of the United States and during the first executive session of the Council was made patron of the International. Since returning to Utah she has interested herself in promoting the local silk industry and has devoted much time and effort to the interests of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations-having been appointed to a place on the board of directors as an aid to President Elmina S. Taylor. During last winter she made a journey through Old Mexico in the interests of the associations, visiting the societies in the various "Mormon" colonies throughout that region, and has since been prominently identified with the work of the local societies. Mrs. McCune is an ardent advocate and patron of home industry and much of her time is devoted to promoting its interests in the State.



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or riot could make small progress,com-pelled to pass three or four abreast un-

quita (Arabic for masgiad, meaning to worship prostrate), which the Kallph Abdu-r-rah-man II began about A, D. 780. A hundred years were consumed in the building, and it was long the grandest Moslem temple in the world, exceeding in beauty even Mecca, the most sacred shrine of the Koran.

It stands close to the muddy bank of the Guadalquivir, in the heart of the crowded Jewish quarter, where the early Hebrews, persecuted by other nations, enjoyed complete liberty of worship ud-der the Saracen rulers. Directly opposite rizes the once gorgeous Alcazar, ("House of Cæsar," or royal palace.) of the Kalipha-which is now a shabby military prison, without a trace of its former splendor. It is hard to realize that this spot-now so vilely odorous and filthy, the haunt of vice,

#### DISEASE AND MISERY,

was once the abode of science and art, the seat of the wealthiest court of medizval Europe, the refuge of the op-pressed of every creed in Christendom, and the home of the most polished so clety of the age!

The most extraordinary feature of La Meaquita is that to this day it is half a Moslem mosque and half a Christian cathedral. Long, long ago the Romans had a temple on the spot, dedicated to Janus. Afterwards it was the Christian's Basilica; and when the Arabs en-tered Cordova, in the year 711, they converted half of it into a mosque, leaving the other half undisturbed to the

Christians. This liberal arrangement on the part of the Moslems, which I am afraid would not have been imitated by the Christians, had the positions been reof St. John, at Damascus, which was afterwards converted into the great mosque. When Prince Abdu-r-rahman -the last survivor of the line of Om-meyades, who had for years been a fuglilve among the wandering tribes of the Libyan Desert,-was called to the throne as the only hope of the war-des-olated country, his first act was to de-clare himself independent of the sultans of the east. Having consolidated his dominions by the subjugation of all who ventured to dispute his sovereignty, quelled internal feuds and restored peace and prosperity-the sagacious monarch next turned his attention to rendering his dynasty independent in all respects from the influences and preju-dices of the East. This was not possible so long as the yearly pligrimage to the Holy City of Arabia, obligatory upon-all good Moslems, impaired the feeling of a distinct nationality which he wished to foster, besides consuming so much of the time and money of his subjects. Therefore it was clear that a shrine must be established at home, Jects. which should outdo even the Tomb of the Prophet at Mecca. There was as yet no Djalma, or Grand Mosque in Spain, the services of Islam being everywhere heid in confiscated churches, and most of these divided with worshipers of an-other creed. In Cordova, Christians and Mohammedans bowed beneath the same where the earlier Romans had rendered homage to their gods. With consider-able difficulty, but perfect fairness, Abdu-r-rahman I finally bought the whole structure—the priests receiving their purchase-money in gold and with it immediately building another church, which they dedicated to Saints Faustus and Marcial; and then the Christians quitted the cathedral, bearing in

SODEMN PROCESSION

the images of the Saints and all their treasures. The ground was at once cleared for the Grand Djalma, which was designed to be one of the wonders of the world. By this time the good Kallph was well advanced in years; but he drew all the plans himself and de-voted some hours every day to actual labor with his own hands on the sacred structure. He never had the joy of

green as emerald, crimson blood-stone black-veined and mottled with chrome ultramarine, purple, porphyry, jasper lapls-lazall, white streaked with carnelian, snakely-mottled serpentine, and innumerable other combinations of col-

The principal entrance is through the beautiful Court of Oranges, with its stately palms and quaint old Moorish fountain, its groups of idlers and char-acteristic Spanish scenes. It was built by Said Ben Alub, in 927, and its rows of trees originally corresponded with the lines of columns in the mosque. Passing under the high-peaked door-way, which is surmounted by softy-tinted aguelos, (Moorish tiles, spelling out texts from the Koran, you are at once in the marble forest, where countless magnificent naves stretch away and intersect, and shining pillars, of every tint in the rainbow, spring up to the delicate horse-shoe arches. In some sections the celling is dazzling with arabesques and crystals, in others and

it is richly panelled and gilded; here and there vandal Spaniards painted it red and yellow. As the ex-ternal walls enclose an area of four cres a minute description is impossi ble in the limits of a newspaper lei-ter. Among the special "sights" to which the guide will lead you is the Puerta del Perdon, so called because built with money raised by the sale of built with money raised by the sale of induigences. It is an arched entrance of purely Oriental type, embellished with the arms of Castile and Leon. Its doors, usually closed, are covered with bronze plating, with Gothle and Arabic inscriptions, and the words (in Spanish). The empire belongs to God Spanish) "The empire belongs to God and all is His," You will be shown a

PALE YELLOW COLUMN'

flushed with pink, a species of marble of which no quarries now exist, near the base of which a rude crucifix may the base of which a rude crucinx may be dimly traced. The story goes, (but nobody believes it), that a Christian captive was chained to this pillar in the time of Hakem III. He would have been released unpunished, had he not descerated Allah's temple by scratch-ing with his pails the Christian emblem ing with his nulls the Christian emblem upon the pillar. For that crime he was

upon the pillar. For that crime he was garroted on the spot. Some of the doorways are marvelous-ly rich in Moorish spandrels and lat-ticed openings, with fine Oriental orna-mentations and Cufic inscriptions. Others are elaborately carved in the plateresque style; and others set round with a multitude of statues and images. One of the first-mentioned, flanked with ancient mosaics and surmounted by a queer azmiel window, is pointed out as the private door by which the sultan always entered the mosque; and sultan always entered the mosque; the low crypt may be seen, called the maksurah, where he prayed on Fri days. Near it a white marble slab and a padlocked urn mark the resting place a padiocked urn mark the results place of five bishops of Christian Cordova. Their tomb was restored in 1557, by Bishop Leopold, brother of the emperor of Austria, who himself lies between the high aitar and the choir, FANNIE B, WARD,

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When things are "the best" they become "the best selling," Abraham Hare, a leading druggist, of Belleville, O., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have handled in twenty years. You know why? Most twenty years. You know why? Most diseases begin in disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys, howels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the serves, hence cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system Puts new life and vigor into any weak sickly, rundown man or woman. Price 50 cents. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

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# WHY WE FIGHT OUR FELLOW MEN.

an mananan mananan mananan mananan It is perfectly safe to say that nine- | pains to associate with respectable peo-

ty-nine men out of a hundred in civilized countries are opposed to war. Savages like to go to war; we do

We are farmers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, teachers, and all we ask is the privilege of attending to our own business. We own our homes, love our friends, are devoted to our families and do not interfere with our neighbors any more than is necessary; we have work to do, and wish

to work while it is called the day. We recognize that life is short and the night cometh. Leave us alone. But they will not-these demagogues,

politicians and rogues intent on the Strenuous Life. We wish to be peaceful and want to be kind, but they say this life is warfare and we must fight. But they will not leave us alone, these men who insist on governing us and living off our labor. They tax us, eat our substance, conscript us, draft our boys into the war to fight farmers whose chief offenses that they wear trousers that bag at the knee and cultithe second secon ing us for a consideration. They de-ceive us, this Superior Class; they hoodwink us: they betray us; they bull-

doze us by the plea of patriotism. They deceive us, and, or, the infamy and the shame of it! they deceive us in the name of the gentle Christ, whose love embraced a world, and who dis-tinctly taught that war was wrong and that the only rule of life should be to do unto others as we would be

done by In order to establish a reason therefor domination this self-appointed Superior Class pretend to follow in the foot-steps of Christ-they call themselves

Christians. The Bible is the book we all talk The Bluie is the book we all talk about but seldom read. We pay pew rent and let other men explain the Bible to us: or if we read, we read with our eyes shut. The men in the pulpit. claim to belong to the Superior Class, and they explain things to us on our agreement to grant them immunity from work. We supply them broadcloth sults, kid gloves and high hats, and they teach us what they call truth, thus saving us the trouble of thinking

They call themselves Christians, but Christ opposed war, never took up a collection, accepted no salary, founded no church, had no ritual, wore no miter nor robe of office. He did not belong to the Superior Class-did not even take I the sun's disk. In the gloom of an

ple. He was a carpenter who felt certain truths so intensely that he left his bench for a time and went forth And now this Superior Class, intent on taxing us, declare war and main-

tain standing armies in the name of this Man who had no fellowship with either armies, or war, or the Superior Class. All the myriads of men who live off the government depend upon the government to tax us, and in order to tax us successfully standing armies are maintained. The plea that the army needed for the protection of the country is pure fraud and pretense. The French government affrights the people by telling them the Germans are ready and anxious to fall upon them; the Russians fear the British; the British fear every-body; and now in America we are told that we must increase our navy and add to our army because Europe may at any moment combine against us. This is fraud and untruth. The plain people in France, Germany, England and America are opposed to war. We only wish to be let alone. Men with wives, children, sweethearts, homes, aged parents, do not want to go off and fight some one. We are peaceable and wish to be kind; we fear war; we hate

America can never become the ideal republic-the home and refuge of all that is best in art and science, and fulfilment of the dreams of seers and prophets-unless we cease modeling our products—unless we cease modeling our political policy after the rotting mon-archies of Europe. Force expends it-self and dies, every army is marching to its death, nothing but a skull and skeleton fill helmet and cnirass, the ag-gressor is overcome by the polson of his pride, victory is ony another name for defeat, but the Spirit of Gentleness and Truth is eternal. Only by building on that can we hope as a nation to -Elbert Hubbard in the New York World

THE "PLANET OF ROMANCE."

Part of the investigations of May 28th will be directed, not to the sun itself, but to the space lying between the sun and Mercury. We are told in a paper by Julia MacNair Wright in the May New Lippincott that it has the May New Lippincott that it has been the dream of many astronomers that about half way between the sun and Mercury lies a little planet, lost in the effuigence of the sun. Sir William Ball names this the "Planet of Ro-mance." Other astronomers have searched for it, christening it Vulcan before it has been found. If ever such a planet rolled exactly between the earth and the sun, it would sometimes be seen crawling like a black dot across the sun's disk. In the gloom of an

concluded that there is no such planet, but that the space between Mercury and the sun is empty.

# WHAT IS A WORKING DAY?

What is the ruling of the court in regard to a "working-day" under a contract requiring to complete the work within a specified number of days? Is a day in which the weather is unfit for a man to work out of doors held as a working day in a contract of the above character?

The ruling of the court in cases of the foregoing character has uniformly been that a "working-day" is one in which the weather will permit work to be done. The court interprets the wording of such a contract in a rea-sonable manner, holding that where contract for outside work is being ex-ecuted the elements must be taken into consideration. A day in which the weather is unfit for a man to work out of doors is not a "working day" under a contract involving outside work.—

Workmen you have seen hundreds of your compahlons waste away in mill and foundry with a persistent cough. You have seen hundreds of them die with that terrible disease, consumption. You have seen wives left pennlies, and chidren thrown upon the mercles of the cold world, because the father coughed his life away. The air you breathe every day is full of sharp, metallic dust, which is inhaled into the lungs and irritates their delicate hung. In the case of glass blowers, the herce



heat of the molten glass forces its way up the tube into the lungs where it gradually break down their delicate structure, making every cold a danger to life. You can't aford to quit work ing and are daily exposed to this fatal dust and intense heat. What you and your friends need is Acker's English Remedy. This will make you throat said lungs strong again. It will heat the irritation, brace up your strength, and you need pever lose a day's work. I have noticed that in yone mills there are no cases of Consumption The remean is that Acker's English Remedy is used by the men working there.

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