

## AROUND THE WORLD WITH WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

In Dreamy Spain, Where Time Has Practically Stood Still Over Monuments of Medieval History and Scenes of Heroic Exploit, and Where the Primitive Methods of Ages Gone Still Prevail.

INCOLN, Sept. 10.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The peninsula which Spain and Portugal divide between them is the part of western Europe least visited by Americans, although it stretches out like a friendly hand toward the western hemisphere and has furnished not only the discoverer of North America, but the colonizers of Central and South America. When early last June we attempted to secure homeward passage we found the ships sailing from Hamburg, Bremen and Antwerp already filled and had to look to a Mediterranean boat for accommodation. I mention this experience in the hope that it may help some other traveler who finds himself in the same dilemma, for we not only secured satisfactory accommodations on one of the North German Lloyd steamers, the Princess Irene, but had in addition an opportunity to see the most backward country in Europe, the stronghold of the Moors during the middle ages and one of the great fortresses of the globe.

A fast train makes the distance from Paris to Madrid in a little over a day, the only drawback being that it passes through the Pyrenees in the night. As we had remained in Paris longer than we expected we were deprived of a view of the mountain scenery and of the summer resorts of northern Spain. Morning found us in the very heart of Castile and the landscape resembles some parts of Mexico. The country is in the midst of the dry season and, the grain having been gathered, the fields look quite barren save for the vineyards. These are numerous all over Spain and recall the fact that Spain, like other colonizers, tried to make her colonies supplement her own products rather than compete with them. She forbade grape growing in Cuba, and in Mexico not only prohibited the culture of the vine, but the production of silk also. Speaking of grapes, it is only fair to say that in this fruit Spain cannot be surpassed. Nowhere have we found grapes so abundant, so cheap or so delicious. At a Vienna hotel last June they were asking \$3 for a cluster—probably raised in a hot house—that in August could be bought in Spain for 10 or 15 cents. The large white grapes exported to the United States and sold as a luxury during the winter months are here within the reach of all.

### Agriculture of Ancient Days

All along the railroad one sees primitive agricultural methods. The old-fashioned threshing floor is in common use, but instead of the flail they employ a machine resembling a light disc harrow which is hitched to a pair of mules and drawn rapidly round and round. When the wheat is separated from the straw men go over the threshing floor and winnow out the wheat, the wind blowing away the chaff. We were informed that they had had a prosperous year in the grain districts, but the stubble did not indicate as heavy a crop as we raise in the United States.

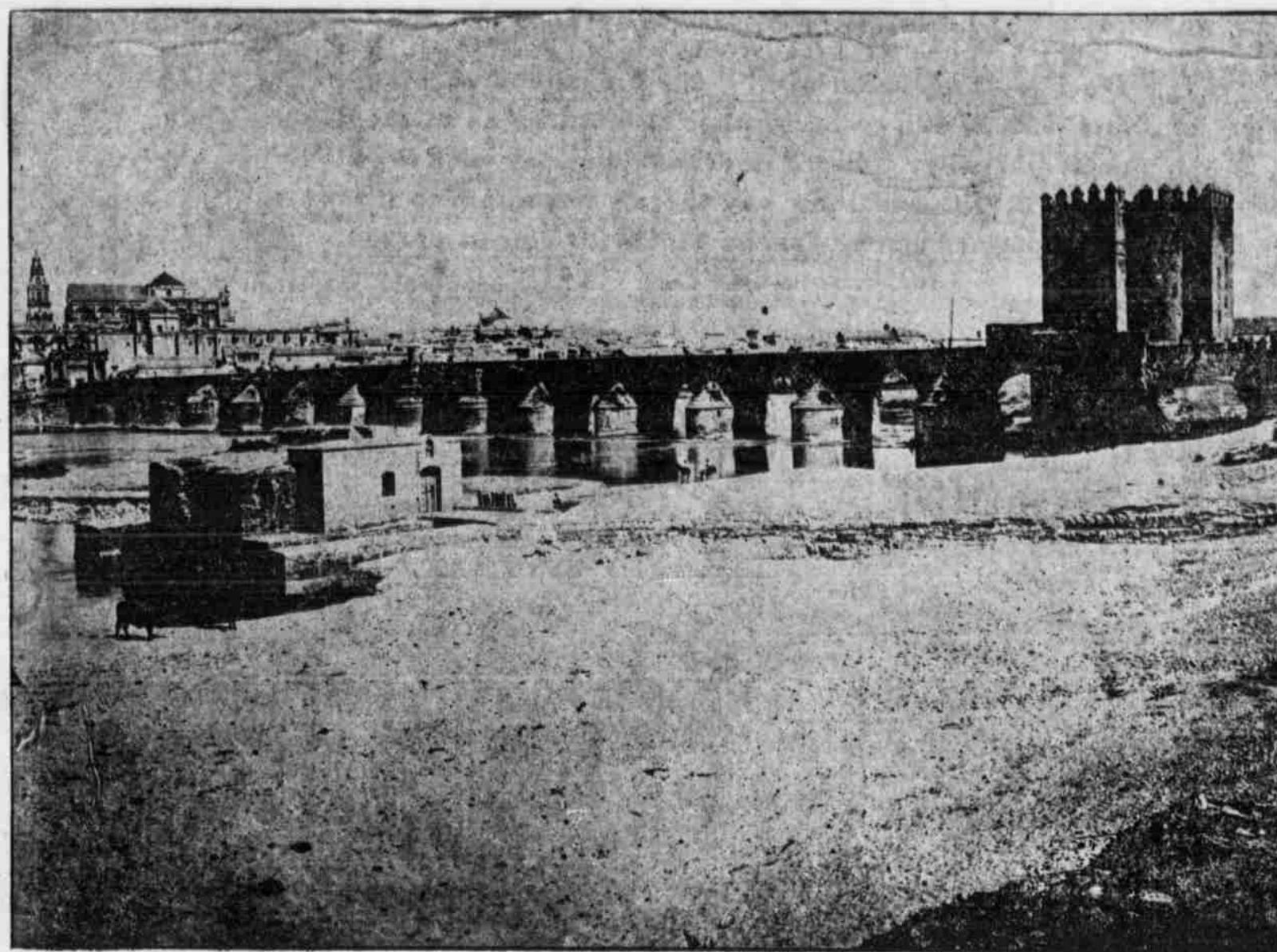
Madrid surprised us. It contains more than half a million of inhabitants, is about 2,000 feet above the sea and is really a very attractive city. It is not an ancient city, being less than a thousand years old, but it has substantial blocks, a beautiful boulevard and a picture gallery one and a half centuries old. In the different galleries at Madrid are some of the best canvases of Velazquez and Murillo.

As in all other Spanish countries, one finds here reminders of the national sport, the bull fight. Each city has its amphitheater or circular bull pit, and it is often the most conspicuous building in the place; the fans—and in Spain the fan is omnipresent and often of great value—are ornamented with scenes from the bull fight and the billboards blaze with announcements of the next Sunday's combat. The bull fight is probably a lineal descendant of the gladiatorial contests of Rome, a surviving relic of brutality which must disappear when Spain follows her northern neighbors in the adoption of universal education. At present her percentage of illiteracy is disgracefully large.

While Spain has a constitutional government and goes through the form of electing a legislative body, her elections do not seem to be characterized by the freedom and fairness that attend elections in northern Europe. There is, however, in this country as in others a growing spirit of reform which is already demanding more schools and less religious interference in the government. Much is expected of the present king, both because of the independence which he has manifested and because the new queen comes from England, where parliamentary government has for centuries been an established fact.

Before leaving Madrid a word should be said in regard to the Toledo ware—iron and steel inlaid with gold. It resembles somewhat the Damascus work of Japan and the old inlaid work of Damascus and Constantinople. The far-famed Toledo blade was not less dangerous in war because it was ornamented with delicate tracery of gold.

A night's ride brought us to Cordova, once the Moorish capital of Spain. It had been a city of some note under the Romans before the Christian era and the Moors undertook to make it a western Mecca for the Mohammedans. There are still to be seen two gates and a wall which were built by the Romans and a bridge which rests upon the foundations laid by the great builders. The bridge with its massive arches and ponderous piers is interesting for other



THE OLD BRIDGE AT CORDOVA.

than historic reasons, as it gives evidence of the fact that the Moors were quick to appreciate and to follow the example of their predecessors. In the stream near the bridge are three grist mills dating from the middle ages, one of which still supplied flour to the neighborhood.

### Mosque of Cordova

The old mosque, however, is the overshadowing object of interest in Cordova, and in itself well repays a visit to this city of narrow, winding streets and oriental appearance. The ground plan of the mosque covers about 240,000 square feet—nearly as much as St. Peter's at Rome, but one-third of the space is occupied by a court. All well-regulated mosques have a court where the worshippers assemble and purify themselves before entering upon their devotions. The mosque was some four centuries in building, one ruler after another extending its limits in order to accommodate the increasing number of converts. In appearance the structure is low and flat and gives little idea of its immensity. It is surrounded by a strong wall heavily buttressed and is entered by huge gates. One of these gates bears striking testimony to a remarkable agreement entered into by the Christians and Mohammedans whereby the two antagonistic religions divided the church between them. These gates are covered with plates of bronze on which Catholic and Arabic symbols alternate. The joint occupation did not last very long, but Abderrahman when he desired to secure more room for the followers of the Prophet was considerate enough to purchase the other half from the Christians.

The interior of the mosque is a succession of arches supported by nearly a thousand pillars and these pillars, the traveler is told, were brought from Carthage, France and Italy. Workmen were secured in Constantinople by one of the Caliphs, and it is possible to find almost every variety of architecture in the columns themselves or in their capitals and bases.

When Cordova was recaptured by the Christians in the thirteenth century a part of this building was converted into a cathedral and today it presents a curious combination of chapel, altar, shrine and mosque. The most attractive decorations in the mosque are the mosaics, and in superb wood carving in the principal choir are of rare merit. One series of these pictures in wood illustrate Old Testament history, while another portrays the principal events in the life of Christ.

The road from Cordova—Cordova, once the center of art, Arabic learning and religion, but now a prosaic town of less than 60,000—to Granada, the last stronghold of the Moors north of the Mediterranean, leads through a succession of olive groves. Nowhere, not even in Palestine or about the Mount that bears the olive's name, have we seen such an abundance of these trees. From the importance of this industry one would suppose that southern Europe could supply olive oil enough without importing cotton seed from the United States, and yet we have been assured by shippers that a great deal of olive oil which we buy from Europe is really cotton seed oil which has twice crossed the Atlantic.

### Granada and Alhambra

The city of Granada is situated at the foot of the Sierra Nevada upon whose summit some snow still lingers when two-thirds of the month of August has passed. The city stretches back toward the mountains and derives its food supply from a splendid valley which extends toward the west to the Atlantic. At one time Granada had a population of 250,000, but today less than a third of that number can be counted in the city. In the height of its glory Granada's kings held court in oriental fashion and surrounded themselves with a luxury which the colder countries of the north did not attempt to imitate. When the Indians roamed over the prairies and hunted through the forests of the western hemisphere, the Arab ruler had his palace on the height of Alhambra and turning his face toward Mecca prayed for the extermination of the infidel; his warriors went out from the fortress to ravage the surrounding country and, returning laden with spoil, held high carnival on the banks of the Darro. The fairest of the women of his race were gathered into the harem and flowers and fountains gave perfume and freshness to his habitation.

Washington Irving has contributed so much to literature on the Alhambra and its legends that it is not necessary to undertake a description of this fascinating palace of the Moorish kings. It crowns a hill much as the Parthenon crowns the Acropolis or as the summer residence of Mexico's president crowns Chapultepec. Irving found the palace neglected and occupied by wandering families whose members felt no interest in its preservation. He helped to arouse an interest in the place which has led the government not only to protect it from further vandalism, but to restore many of its parts. Its rooms, halls, audience chambers, courts and baths

are all finished in most elaborate style. As in other Mohammedan buildings the ornamentation is in geometrical figures and flowers, as the followers of this religion carry their aversion to idolatry so far that they do not use human figures or even figures of animals in decoration. The material employed in the Alhambra is stucco and it is surprising what delicacy and grace characterize the work. One finds here a reminder of the screens which play so important a part in the tombs built by the Mohammedan conquerors in India, except that in India marble is used.

To the American the room known as the Hall of Ambassadors is especially interesting because in this room, if the word of the guide can be relied upon, Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus just before he embarked upon his voyage of discovery.

A part of the Alhambra was torn down by order of Charles the Fifth, who early in the sixteenth century conceived the idea of building himself a palace of modern design. The structure was never finished, however, and stands today a ruin, more substantial but less beautiful than the palace which it was intended to outshine. The Moors built a great cistern within the outer walls of Alhambra and brought water from the mountains to supply it. It is so far below the surface that the water is always cool and the water is so perfectly filtered that even now it is greatly sought for drinking. This far-sighted provision, not only for present wants, but for possible siege, seems to have been characteristic of the Moors, for the city of Constantinople was likewise protected by immense underground reservoirs.

Granada has a considerable gypsy population. From the Alhambra one can see their dwellings on an opposite hillside. The rooms are hewn out of the stone with only the door visible. All in all, Granada offers as much of variety as one can find anywhere in Europe, and more glimpses of the oriental life of the past than can be seen anywhere else west of the Bosphorus.

### Gibraltar's Rocky Height

The rock of Gibraltar has no advertising matter on it. In this respect only does it differ from the photographs with which every reader is familiar. It is, however, larger than the pictures indicate. It is an immense limestone formation rising abruptly from the water to a height of 1,400 feet. It is about three miles long and, at the widest point, three-quarters of a mile across. It is evident that it was once an island, for the low, flat strip of ground which connects it with the mainland seems to have been formed by the washing in of the sand. The triangular face of the rock, which is usually photographed, looks toward the land instead of toward the sea, the water front being much less imposing. A town of 26,000 inhabitants has grown up around the base of the rock, fully 20 per cent of the population being made up of the English garrison. It is strictly a military town and the government does not encourage the settlement of civilians there. The rock is full of concealed cannon and is supposed to be impregnable. It seems to be perforated with galleries and one sees the nose of a cannon poked out at every commanding point. When the wind is from the east a cloud hovers over the rock, sometimes concealing its summit. While the harbor at Gibraltar is not an especially good one, it is one of the most frequented in the world, and the dry docks will accommodate the largest ships. Just beyond the rock of Gibraltar there is a strip of neutral ground, one side sentinelled by the British, the other by the Spanish. Several thousand Spaniards enter the city every morning, for all the manual labor is done by them, and return to their homes at night. Just across the bay or harbor is the Spanish city of Algeiras, and from both Algeiras and Gibraltar boats cross the strait to Tangier, the Morocco capital.

We had planned to make this trip, but were deterred partly because a revolution in Tangier made it uncertain that we would be able to land, and partly because unfavorable weather threatened to delay our return.

I found at Gibraltar an instance of hereditary office-holding which is not often paralleled among our people. The position of American consul has been in one family for eighty-four years consecutively. The present occupant, Mr. Sprague, is the third of his line to represent our government, his father, who held the office for over fifty years, in turn succeeding his father. The present consul, Sprague III, is intensely American notwithstanding the long residence of his family outside the country.

As the traveler leaves Gibraltar for the west he bids farewell to Africa and to Europe at the same time—Gibraltar and a somewhat similar rock on the opposite side of the channel, the two anciently known as the Pillars of Hercules, stand out in bold relief against the sky. These rocks are not the last land, however, although the most striking features. There is a point a few miles farther west known as Tarifa which, according to tradition, was once occupied by bold robbers who exacted tribute from all who passed by. It is even said that our word tariff traces its origin to this Tarifa; if it be true that the two words are related it is fitting that Tarifa should be the last thing seen by the traveler on his departure, for the tariff is the first thing which he encounters upon his arrival in America.

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## Turned Back at Ellis Island---The Tragedy of the Rejected Immigrant

Broughton Brandenburg, President of the National Institute of Immigration, Writes in the Outlook of How Lives Are Wrecked on the Rock of Defective Administration of Law

IT WAS first brought home forcibly to me, seven years ago, this blighting misfortune that falls on the immigrant returned as inadmissible to the United States, when I saw a lonely, bewildered old woman, a gendarme at her elbow, led off the Kaiser-qual in Hamburg and up to the municipal refuge in the Bwede-strasse, there to await the disposition of her future as an object of charity.

She made her way with difficulty over the cobblestones, weighted as she was with an old leather valise and a bundle done up in a shawl. Her chin quivered with her anguish and the difficult tears of the aged ran slowly down over her yellowed and wrinkled cheeks. It was a pitiful home-coming to the native land to which, as she thought, her last goodbye had been said a month before.

I made particular inquiry for the facts in her case, and this was her story. She had lived all her life near Salonsburg, close to Potsdam, and reared a large family. Her children were scattered over the face of the earth, some in South Africa, some in Brazil and one son and two daughters in the United States. The son was a laborer in Texas, one daughter was the wife of a poor tailor in Chicago, and the other daughter, a widow with three children, kept a cheap boarding house in Hoboken, N. J. When her husband had died she buried him in the village churchyard, sold her few belongings and with less than \$100 set out for the United States, having no conception of how widely scattered her children were there and not dreaming that all of them would not come down to the dock to meet her and form a happy party that would take her at once to the home of some one of them where she might spend her last days in peace. She had some misgivings when the agent who sold her the ticket insisted on a deposit out of her small store of enough to pay her return fare, should she "not be admitted at Ellis Island." Then and there she learned for the first time that she must pass some sort of an examination at New York, but, knowing full well that she was good, honest and had done no wrong, she was not afraid, especially when assured by her neighbors, eager to rid themselves of any chance of caring for her, that her children would arrange the trouble about the examination. Then came the long voyage, with its squallor, its filth, its seasickness and its mixed, howling steerage mob in which she was compelled to keep company day and night with persons whom she would have chased away from her own door with a broom. When the good day came that the great ship drew up to the wonderful harbor it distressed her greatly

that she could see no sign of her own on the dock, though she had written that she was coming, and her worry was increased when she was hustled from the ship aboard a barge and towed down to an institutional place on an island, where a close guard was kept on all who came or went, as if they were prisoners. The exigencies of the laws protecting a great country seemed quite absurd and cruel to her, all the more so when, after a hurried physical inspection by a young doctor in a uniform, she was put aside for a more thorough examination, which came after hours of heartrending suspense, only to be followed by a close questioning into her personal affairs before three severe men in a court-like room. She was so utterly alone and the English speech was so strange that the interpreter seemed her only tie with the happy world she had known. After a brief deliberation they decided to send her to a large chamber with iron beds, floors smelling of cleansing chemicals and with bars across the windows as if the place were a prison. In answer to her tearful entreaties she was told that the authorities were trying to find her children, to be sure that they were able to give a bond that their mother should not become a public charge. For three days she stayed immured, torn with doubt and fear and growing more and more ill daily from the discomforts to which she was unaccustomed. A kind German missionary often talked with her, and once brought an official from the German consulate to see her. On the fourth day this subordinate came with another official from the immigrant station, and, as kindly as they were able, they told her that her son could not be located by telegraph, her daughter in Chicago was in no position to help her and her daughter in Hoboken was ill in the hospital, with the municipality caring for her children; therefore the papers in the case had been marked "Excluded." She must go back by the ship on which she came. In a few more days, just how many she could not tell in her wretched state, in a party of forty others, all weeping and wailing, the barge took her to the docks again and she was returned to Hamburg.

This is but one of thousands of cases in which the facts, as I have gathered them, are pathetic in the extreme. All over Europe I have found these scattered unfortunates who have been ruined in life by failure to enter the United States. This last year there were sent back from the United States over 12,000 immigrants who had wagered their lives' destinies on being admitted. To accompany the children or the sick, or to prevent the separation of families, other admissible aliens were compelled or volunteered to return, to the number of 10,000, making the total returned across seas to

the ports of embarkation 22,000. My private reports from the great ports of Hamburg, Bremen, Liverpool, Naples and Fiume show that in these, through which five-sixths of the immigration passes, at least on the steamship companies' records, 68,000 persons were refused embarkation from June 1, 1905, to June 1, 1906. The North German Lloyd doctors at Bremen prevented 5,300 from sailing in the month of May. The majority of these had traveled from east central or eastern Europe, and, barring the double sea voyage, the hardship was just as great as with the 22,000. The life plans of almost 90,000 persons overturned annually by the present system of administration of our immigration laws! Surely so enormous a tragedy should command world-wide attention. Surely such an inhuman system should undergo an immediate reorganization.

But officialdom and the public seem calloused by the frequent little stories of these deluded, helpless unfortunates. Only the unusual ones are even printed in the newspapers now. A few samples of these which have dramatic qualities will suffice to convince anyone of how real is the individual misery inflicted, how appalling the aggregated anguish must be.

Lifting itself above the others is the case of the Molnars, father and son, Hungarians who arrived at Ellis Island from Fiume last spring. The father was 55 and the boy 16. The remainder of the family, dependent for support on them, had remained behind. It had been a hard struggle to borrow the money to send the two breadwinners. The youth was found to be admissible, but the doctors discovered a deep-seated disease in Ludwig Molnar, the father, and he was excluded. Being the son's guardian, the boy must return with him. This spelled unutterable disaster for the entire family. In an effort to comfort them one of the inspectors explained that if the boy had come alone he would have been admitted, but he must return on his father's account. The day drew near when they were to be taken on board to be deported. Father and son were constantly together, talking tearfully over some plan. At last the fatal morning came. A guard appeared at the grated door of the detention rooms and called:

"Ludwig Molnar."

There was a shot, the crash of something falling to the floor, and a wild cry of grief from the boy as he threw himself across his father's dead body. The sacrifice was accomplished, and was sufficient. Both were admitted.

The Fannie Diner case is perhaps the most famous of recent years, much ado having been made over it at home and abroad,

President Roosevelt having interested himself in the case and the house of representatives having rapidly passed a bill in order to help the unfortunate girl. Jacob Diner of New York, vice president of the Retail Druggists' association, came to the United States from near Odessa fifteen years ago, leaving behind a widowed mother and three sisters. He built up a very successful business and supported his family by remittances. At the time of the great Odessa massacre the mother and daughters fled in their night-dresses from before the mob ten miles across the snowy fields, and, after frightful privations, hid in a peasant's house until they could communicate with their brother Jacob, who cabled money and secured the assistance of friends in Russia to smuggle the family over the German border. Fannie Diner, the oldest daughter, had been ill since the night of the flight across the frozen country, and when the first German emigrant control station was reached the doctors found her to be insane. The family were arrested and compelled to give surety that they would not remain in Germany. They sailed from Bremen for New York, and, as the immigration law positively forbids the admission of the insane, Fannie Diner was ordered deported, likewise her mother as her guardian, in order that she might be cared for. To return to their Russian home meant probable death. At best the family was forever divided. Jacob Diner offered a bond of \$10,000 that his sister should not become a public charge, but this could not legally be accepted. Attorney General Julius M. Mayer and Congressman William S. Bennett headed an imposing body of influential men in an effort to avert Washington in the final decision, but the law is plain and the facts were incontrovertible. President Roosevelt wrote a letter to Secretary Metcalf in the girl's behalf, but to no avail. The deportation was ordered and she was sent back. Three months later persons supposedly employed by her brother brought her to Philadelphia, but she was recognized, and on the Kroenland, on the 14th of April of the present year, she was again deported, this time in the charge of a man and wife named Cohen, suffering from tuberculosis and being deported as inadmissible. Just previous to her deportation Representative Hopkins of Kentucky alleged misrepresentations in the case and one of the liveliest scenes of the session ensued on the floor. At this writing the girl is some thousands of miles from any of her own family and in the care of the Russian authorities.

One of the many little dramas on Long Wharf, Boston, occurred this last July. On the steamship Canopic there arrived