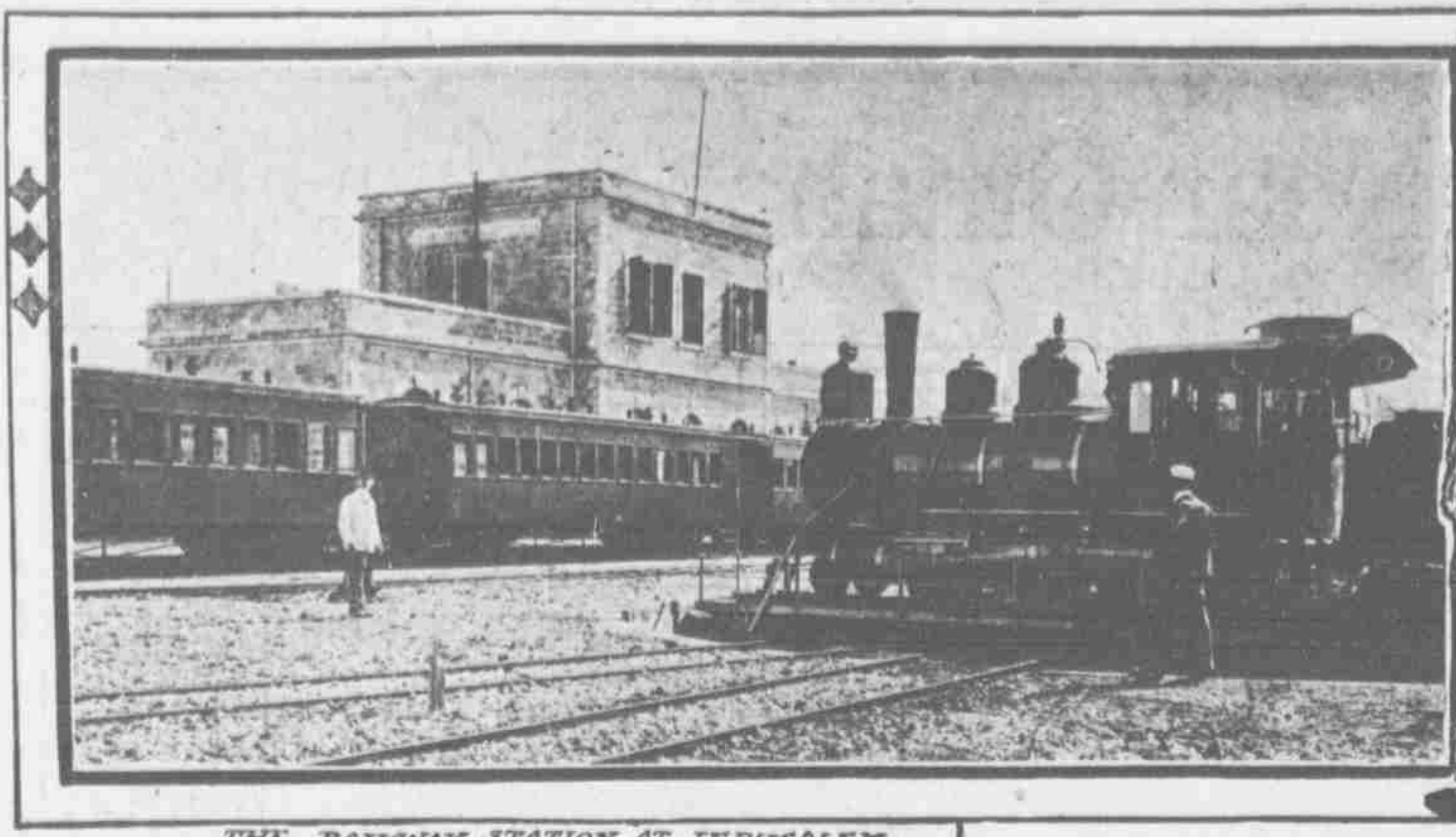
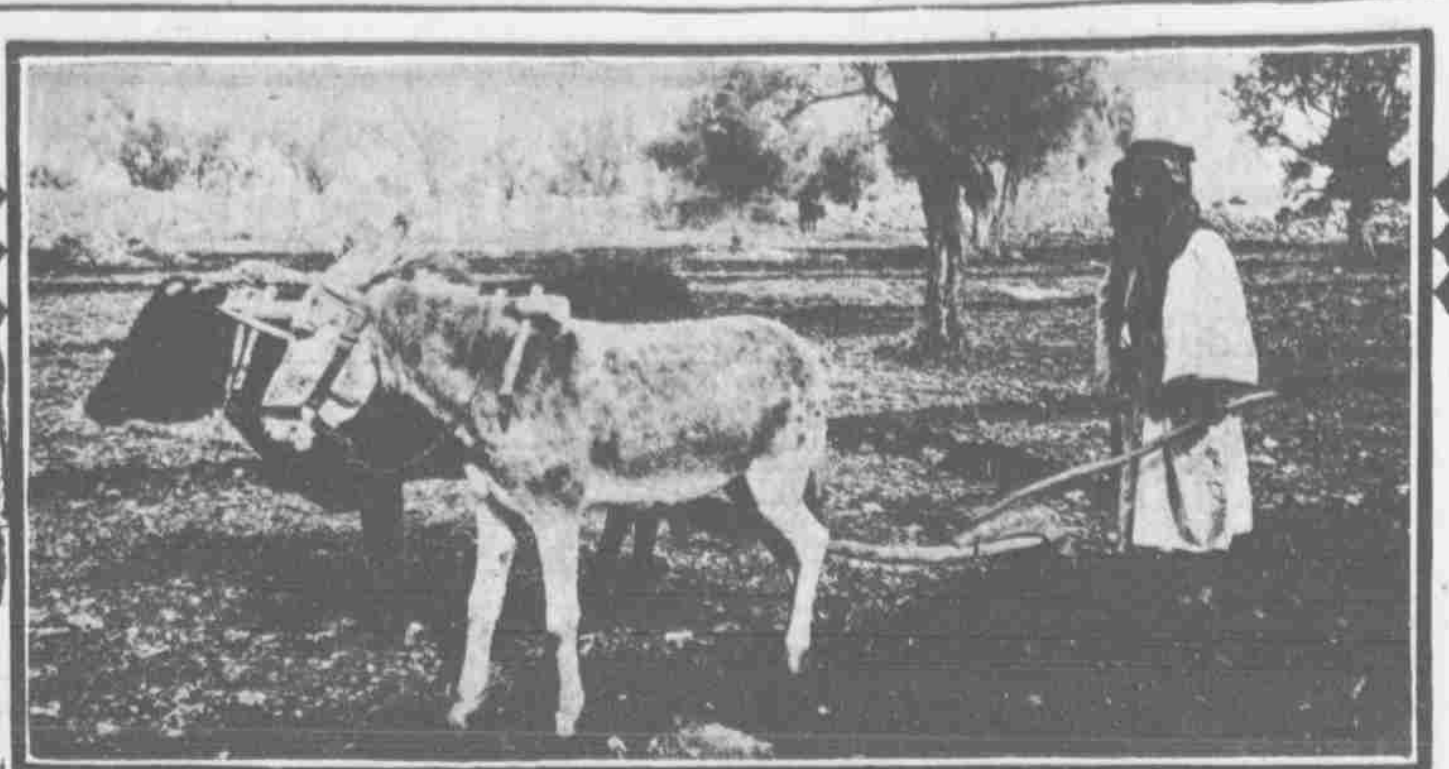


Present Day Sights in the Holy Land and Its Past Glories



THE RAILWAY STATION AT JERUSALEM



NATIVE PLOWING WITH BULLOCK AND DONKEY

JERUSALEM.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Take a seat with me this bright Sunday morning in the railroad car which is just about leaving the seaport of Jaffa to go to Jerusalem.

The distance by rail is fifty-four miles, and we shall make it in less than four hours. The road crosses the rich plains of Sharon and then winds its way up the hills of Judea until it leaves us at the Holy City, about 2,500 feet higher than where we now are.

(Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

The cars are comfortable, but we have had to fight with the tourists and pilgrims for our seats near the windows. A German and a Greek on the opposite side of the car are still quarreling for places, and their language is not that of brotherly love. The German has just called the Greek a swine and the Greek has retaliated by saying that the German is of the canine persuasion. Now they are quiet and we can enjoy the scenery as we go onward.

On the Plains of Sharon.

Leaving Jaffa, we ride for some miles by nothing but orchards. There are orange groves loaded with blossoms and fruit. There are orchards of olives, pomegranates and figs, and many gardens surrounded by cactus hedges twice as high as our heads. Leaving the orchards, we enter the rich plains upon which the Philistines lived. The soil is brown and so fat that you have only to tickle it with the plow and it laughs with the harvest.

Here is a green field of wheat. The stalks stand as thick as grass in the ground and rise and fall with the winds from the sea. There a native is plowing with a bullock and donkey harnessed together. The plow is the rude, old-fashioned one of the Scriptures, and the dark-skinned farmer stokes it with one hand while he carries a goad in the other. Further on are camels dragging the plows. In places we see flocks of fat sheep, herded by boys, and now and then pass a village of white-walled houses, with thick roofs of thatch, on which the grass grows. Nearly every house has a roof of about a foot deep, and as we near the hills the towns on their sides rise up in green terraces.

The landscape here is far different from that of the United States. There are no houses nor barns standing alone in the fields. There are no outbuildings of any description, and no haystacks or straw stacks. The people live in villages and go out to work in the fields. The only fences are hedges of cactus, and the most of the holdings are not fenced at all.

Climbing the Jewish Mountains.

The land remains fertile clear to the mountains, a distance of perhaps twenty miles. In the foot hills are patches of green, and higher on up fields cut here and there out of the rocks, which are built up to hold in the earth. I have never seen a country more rocky. The rough lands of the Blue Ridge are Nile farms compared to the hills through which we go on our way to Jerusalem. In many places there is nothing but rocks, which are laid up in such ways as to make one think they were constructed by man. The limestone strata are piled stone upon stone, looking like mighty monuments rising the hills. In some places whole mountains are steps, forming pyramids of white limestone, sparsely sprinkled with patches of grass and red poppies.

In the Footsteps of Samson.

The railway winds its way in and out. It crawls along the sides of the mountains with horseshoe curves here and there. The whole journey is over historic ground. Much of it is in the footsteps of Samson. We cross the plains where he fought with the Philistines, slaying a thousand of them with the jawbone of an ass. We see the place where he tied the fetterbands to the tails of 300 foxes and let them loose to burn up the harvest. A little farther on we enter the valley of Sorek, where the wicked Delilah cut off the hair of the strong man as he lay asleep in her lap, and away up on the side of the hill we can see the tomb of Zorah, where Samson was born. At the station of Deir Aban, where Samuel raised his Ebenezer, a crowd of children come to the trains with bouquets of wild flowers. The boys white for bakhsheesh, and we wonder whether there may not be an infant Samson amongst them.

It was in Zorah that Samson was buried, and the guides here will show you his tomb. Farther along the road we pass through a great gorge in the cliffs, on the north side of which, near the top, is a cave in which Samson lived. And I verily believe that if we should offer our guides sufficient reward they would find us his bones or some pieces of brass from the gates of the city of Gaza, which, you remember, he carried away on his shoulders.

The Excavations of Gezer.

In our ride up to Jerusalem we go by the ancient city of Gezer. It is marked by a mound which has several buildings upon it, including the dome of a Mohammedan mosque. The ground about it has been dug over and over, and the ruins discovered have excited the religious and scientific world.

The excavations which have been made by the Palestine exploration fund show Gezer to be one of the oldest, if not the oldest, city of history. The scientists have gone down into the earth finding one city built upon the ruins of another, down to the seventh city or settlement, which seems to have been occupied by the cave dwellers of the flint or stone age, a period before history began to be written. In these cave dwellings pottery and flint instruments were discovered. A burial place of that ancient race was opened up and remains found which show that the

cave dwellers practiced cremation. In one of the six other cities, higher up, bronze tools were dug out, and higher still the remains of the ancient Egyptians. In one of the caves was found large jars containing the skeletons of infants who had been sacrificed as a matter of worship, probably during the Canaanite period, and in another was a cistern, the mouth of which was guarded by the skulls of two young girls, and inside which were fourteen skeletons, one being that of a girl of sixteen who had been slain as a suitor.

Belonged to Solomon.

The king of Gezer was defeated by Joshua, and later the city was captured by a king of Egypt, who was one of Solomon's three hundred odd fathers-in-law. The story is that Pharaoh gave Gezer to Solomon as a dowry with his daughter, and that Solomon rebuilt the city. At the time of the crusades Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin fought over it, and it was an important fortress at the time of the Maccabees.

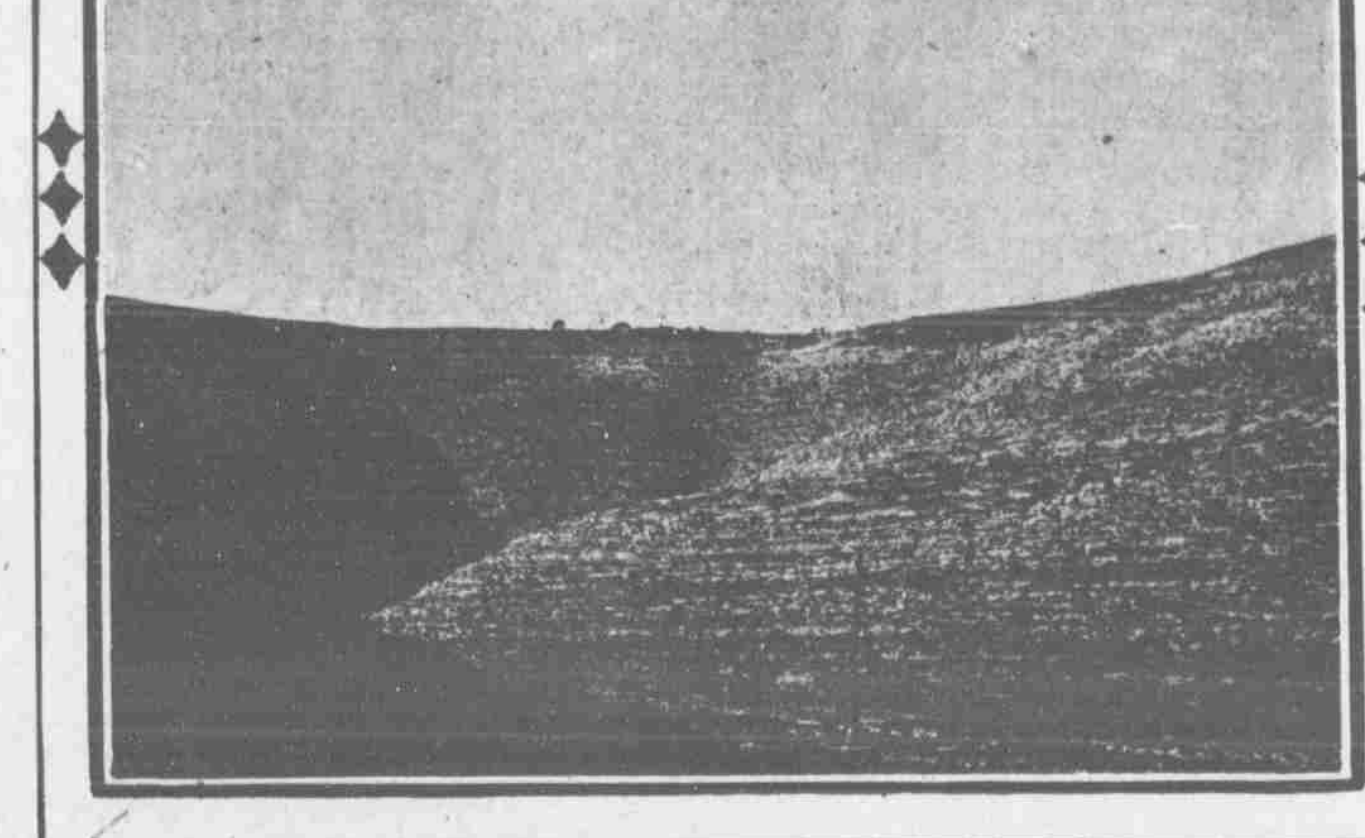
The archaeological of the Palestine exploration fund have been excavating here for five years, and they say there is much yet to be found. They are about to publish a book giving a full statement of their work. They have discovered bronze pots, ivory tablets, alabaster jewels and other treasures of a half dozen different periods of history. In one of the cities a complete olive press, made of stone, was unearthed, and in another an Egyptian statuette about 4,000 years old. The statue was that of a man with a beard and a wig. Bronze tweezers were found and also many articles of Greek and Roman times. One of the most interesting discoveries was a reservoir of a capacity of 4,000,000 gallons, and another was a palace supposed to belong to one of the Maccabees.

New Light on Palestine.

This is only one of a number of cities which are now being excavated between Jericho and the Mediterranean sea, in addition to those which have lately been dug up east of the Jordan. The Germans, Russians and Austrians are excavating in different places, but the most of the work is that of this exploration fund, which was founded more than forty-five years ago, and is supported by voluntary contributions.

The Palestine exploration fund is not a religious body, but rather a scientific and historical one. It is now spending about \$1,000,000 a year on its work, and the sum being collected in amounts of \$5 or less from English and Americans all over the world. The association has made great discoveries in Jerusalem. It has surveyed and mapped the most of Palestine and has added about 150 British sites to those already known. During my stay here I have met its secretary, Dr. Percy D. Wheeler, and have learned much concerning its work.

But let me tell you something about the



ROCKY COUNTRY WHERE SAMSON LIVED

railroad up to Jerusalem. It has been in operation more than eighteen years and its rates are so high that it ought to pay well. The cost of our passage is about 6 cents a mile. Freight rate on coal is \$4 per ton and all express is proportionately high. The track is a narrow gauge and the cars are much like street cars, with little racks for baggage along each side under the roof. Each carriage is divided up into compartments, the sides of which are walled with windows, so that one can see out as he goes. The road has no tunnels, and it winds its way in and out as it rises the hills. There are five stations between Jaffa and Jerusalem at which the trains stop and fairly good depots at the terminal points.

The Jerusalem Railroad.

The total cost of the railway was \$2,000,000, or a little less than \$40,000 per mile. The road was originated by an American, a civil engineer named Zimpel, who came to Palestine as a peddler of a patent medicine which he called "sun-light pills." He brought the railway scheme before the sultan at Constantinople, but failed to get the concession to build it. After his death the matter was taken up by the French, who put the road

through and now own it.

This was the first railroad built in Syria, and it is the father of a railroad system which is now opening up a great part of the country. One section of the system is the line which runs from Damascus to Mecca, and connected with it are others which will eventually join the Holy Land to the valley of the Euphrates, as well as to Asia Minor and Turkey.

The Hills of Judaea.

The trip from Jaffa to Jerusalem gives one a fair idea of the character of Palestine. The coastal plain is typical of the richest part of the country. Its soil is a chocolate brown, the grass is as green as that of Egypt, and there are big orchards of olives and fruits of all kinds. The roads are carpeted with rich red poppies and wild flowers are everywhere.

Climbing the hills is like jumping from the Nile valley into the desert. There is nothing but rocks with a sparse vegetation scattered here and there through them. The limestone crops out everywhere, and in places mountains of stones have been picked up in clearing the fields. Such fields are fenced with stone walls. There are also corrals for the sheep walled with stone.

There is absolutely no bushes or groves. Palestine is a treeless land. There are no forests of any description and the only trees are fruit trees, with now and then a funeral cypress, perhaps, in a garden. Our consul, Mr. Wallace, tells me the country has two groves which the people call forests. One of these contains forty scrub oaks, and the other is not quite so large. He says that a few years ago there was some brush on the hillsides, but that the people have even dug up the roots and sold them for fuel.

Indeed, fuel is one of the most costly things in this country. It is so expensive that it is seldom used except for cooking, and that notwithstanding the climate is cold. Wood is so valuable that the older olive trees are being cut down, and it is feared that the groves will gradually disappear. These old trees are often of considerable thickness, but they are only twenty or thirty feet tall and one will supply but a small amount of firewood. The olive tree is as hard as the apple tree and far more knotty and gnarly. Its wood is heavy and is sold by the ton, the price now being about \$6 for 2,000 pounds. The wood is brought in on the backs of donkeys and camels and every stick has to pay a tax before it gets inside the gates of



HEBREW TABLET 2400 YEARS OLD

Jerusalem.

A common fuel here is charcoal, which is made mostly of olive wood. The chief manufacturers of it are at Hebron, about twenty-three miles south of Jerusalem, near the cave in which Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are buried and where tradition says Adam died. Hebron is about 500 feet higher than Jerusalem, but it has big orchards of olives, almonds and apples, and the brush and the dead wood of these are used to make charcoal.

As to the use of coal itself, that is almost prohibitive on account of the high rates over the railroads. The same charges is made for carrying coal as for carrying silk, the rate being \$4 a ton, or about 8 cents, the rate per mile. Such coal as comes here is in the shape of briquettes. It sells

for \$15 a ton.

Another want from which the Holy Land suffers is water. The rainfall in the southern sections is something like six inches and upward a year, the amount gradually increasing as one goes northward toward Galilee. The country has always been one of pools and wells, and today every house in Jerusalem has its roof so made that they drain into cisterns placed in the courts. In dry seasons water is sold, and the man who has a spare cistern gets a big price for his surplus. Last summer the American consul received \$30 for the water he sold, and the American colony outside the city paid \$40 for a cistern half full.

Nearly all the wells of the olden times remain, and are pointed out by the dragomen. One can drink from the well where Christ met the Samaritan woman, and from that at which Jacob met and kissed Rachel. There are many cisterns scattered over the country, the most of them shaped like great pear-shaped vessels.

The pools of Solomon were connected by pipes with Jerusalem a few years ago, and for a time it was thought that they would supply the city with water. These pools are on the highlands between Bethlehem and Hebron. They are cut out of the solid rock, and it is said that they originally held about 400,000 gallons. There are three of them, ranging in height from 200 to 500 feet. They lie in terraces, one above the other, being of varying widths. The depths are from twenty-five to fifty feet. If they were in good condition they could supply a vast deal of water, but as it is, the aqueducts which Solomon built to Jerusalem have come to ruin, and there is now only a four-inch iron pipe running from them to this city. The pipe comes in near the Dung gate and goes from there to the Temple platform. I stumbled over it the other day. I am told the water of the city, not far from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and the pool of Siloam, where our Lord sent the blind man to wash, is in the valley of Jehoshaphat, outside the walls.

Rain in Jerusalem.

Just now the Holy Land is suffering from drought and the people are pining for rain. We have had one or two showers in the past few days, but more is needed or the crops will fail. The most of the inhabitants here are religious. They believe in prayer, and Mohammedans, Christians and Jews are now all holding services at which they ask the Lord to send water.

We had a slight rain yesterday and more is expected. The people evidently think their prayers will be answered. As I walked through David street, I heard two Mohammedans talking. Their language was Arabic, but my dragoman told me that one had just said to the other:

"How good God is, after all. He have prayed for the rain and, lo, it has come." When the first shower began to fall I was standing at the door of my hotel. A little girl passed. She had a pialler of bread on her head and the rain was pouring down upon it. She was wet to the skin, but nevertheless she was singing. I asked my guide the words of her song. He replied: "She cries, 'Praise God for the rain! Praise God for the rain! Praise God for the rain!'" This little girl was perhaps eight years of age. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Japanese Express Appreciation of Omaha's Courtesy

FRAMED and hung in the reading room of the Commercial club is a resolution of style unique in Omaha except for a duplicate which hangs in the private office of the city's mayor. The resolution embodies the thanks of the honorary commercial commissioners of Japan to the city of Omaha for courtesies extended to their party on the occasion of their visit here November 22, last year.

The resolution is unique because it is not written or printed, but woven into the finest silk. The work was done upon the looms of Nishijin, Kyoto and was forwarded to the club by K. Yamasaki, imperial Japanese consul at Chicago.

The resolution translated is as follows: "At the invitation of various chambers of commerce in the United States, our commission went to America in the autumn of 1909, and traveled through the country for three months. In the course of our journey we visited fifty-three cities and covered 11,000 miles. We heartily appreciate the courtesies which were everywhere extended to us by the American authorities and people. We humbly trust that the friendly intercourse between us and our hosts during our journey has contributed largely to the promotion of international commerce and good will.

"May the United States and Japan enjoy perpetual peace and prosperity."

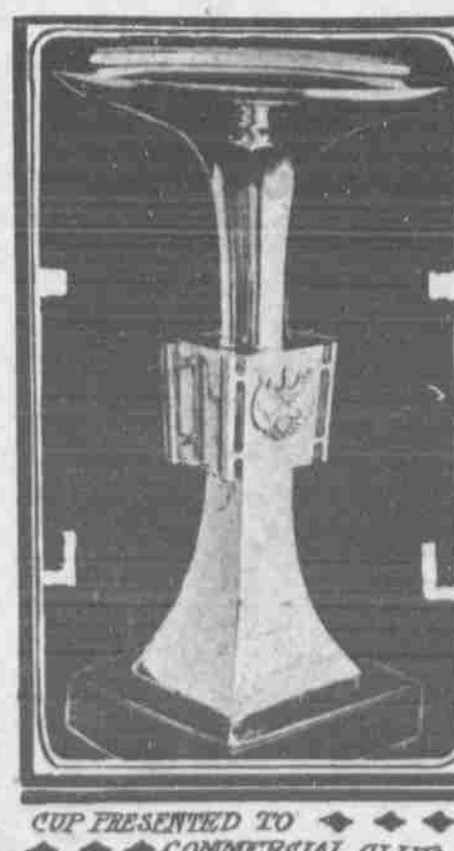
(Signed by all members of the commission.)

January 1, 6th year of Meiji (1910).

The Japanese numbered fifty in their party, which was headed by Baron Kichu Shibusawa. The party was in the United States three months to study trade, commercial, industrial and financial conditions generally.

Recognition of their visit was made by President Taft, who appointed several members to accompany the commissioners, by the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific Coast, which had general charge of the itinerary, and by various commercial clubs along the route. As Omaha's official representative and trade expert from the middle west, J. M. Guild met the party at St. Louis and accompanied them through Missouri and to Omaha. The Japanese set along with the resolution a special silver cup to Mr. Guild, and a smaller one to Gould Dietz, chairman of the committee on arrangements.

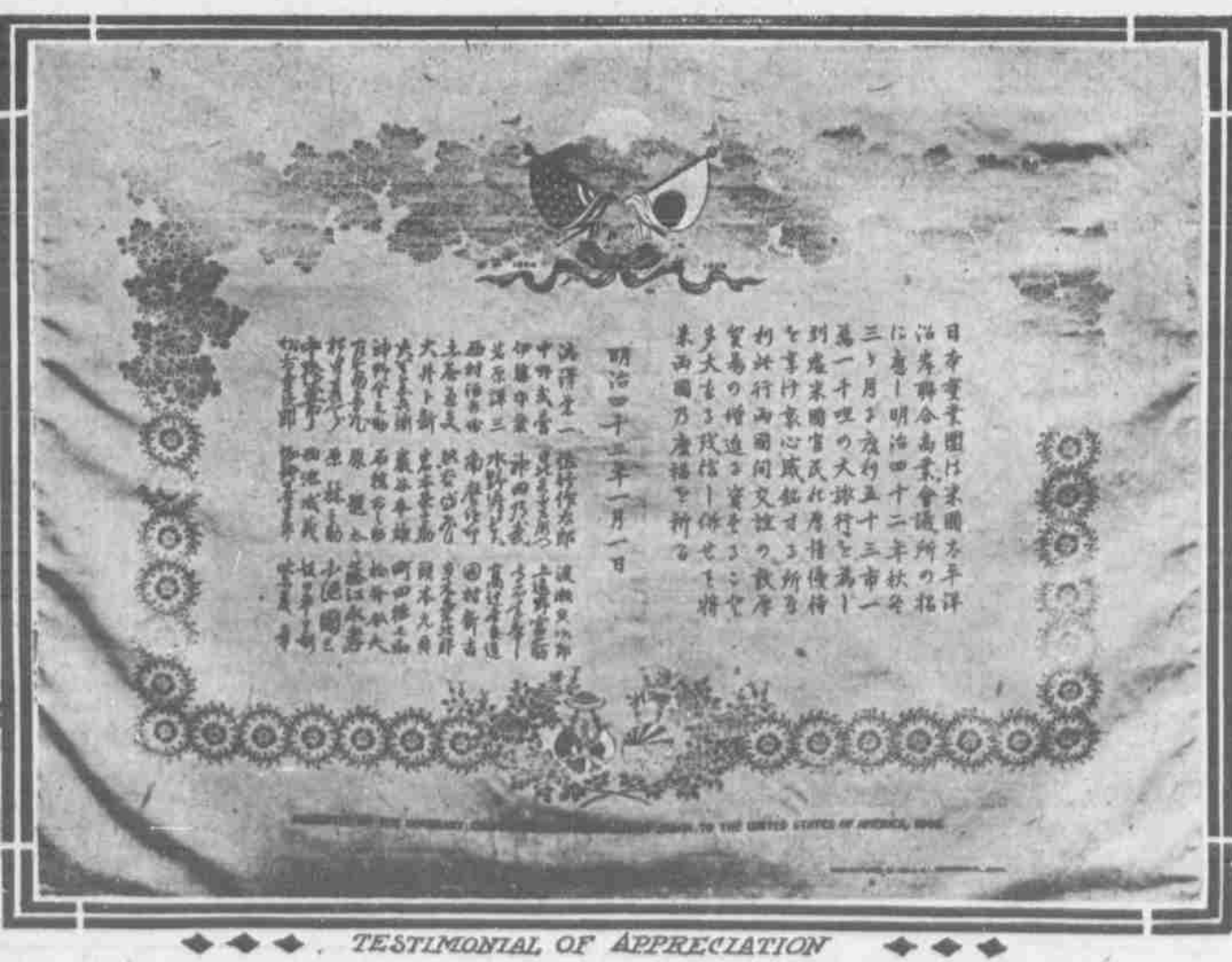
While in Omaha the Japanese commissioners visited the McKean Motor shops,



CUP PRESENTED TO COMMERCIAL CLUB

the Stroed plant and a number of smaller manufacturers, besides the Union Pacific shops and the packing houses.

In the evening the commissioners were guests at an elaborate dinner at the Commercial club, at which W. J. Bryan, F. L. Haller and General C. F. Manderson were the principal speakers for Omaha.



TESTIMONIAL OF APPRECIATION

JUST BY WAY OF ROMANCE

Talent Leaps the Bounds of Poverty and Finds Fairy God-mother.

Here is the real romance of a little girl, and it shows that all the fairy godmothers who look out for little girls are not dead yet. Twelve years ago Lillie Couby was born in a squalid home on one of the

poorest streets of St. Joseph, Mo. When she was 8 years old the authorities took her from evil surroundings and placed her in the state industrial school at Chillicothe.

Last year John H. Burren, immigration commissioner, offered two prizes for the best and second best essays on "Missouri and Its Resources," to be written by school children. Lillie Couby took the second prize—a fine, fat Holstein cow.

Now in an industrial school a cow will

always come in handy, but this cow did much more than supply a bunch of test-proof milk for the children. It brought its little owner the best kind of luck. Mrs. John Harding of St. Joseph read about Lillie Couby's prize essay and called to see her, and, as no one could help finding Lillie, she is going to be Mrs. Harding's daughter, to grow up amid refinements, to go to college when the time comes, and finally to take her rightful place in the world. For we are not the children of our parents entirely. We are the chil-

dren of God and He looks out for us in the most surprising ways.

Did you ask about the cow? Lillie generously decided to leave it for her girl friends at the industrial school—Minneapolis Journal.

Time Will Tell.

Teacher—What's your name, little girl?
Little Girl—Dorothy.
Teacher—But what's your last name?
Little Girl—I don't know what it will be, I'm not married yet.

prayed for the rain and, lo, it has come." When the first shower began to fall I was standing at the door of my hotel. A little girl passed. She had a pialler of bread on her head and the rain was pouring down upon it. She was wet to the skin, but nevertheless she was singing. I asked my guide the words of her song. He replied: "She cries, 'Praise God for the rain! Praise God for the rain! Praise God for the rain!'" This little girl was perhaps eight years of age. FRANK G. CARPENTER.