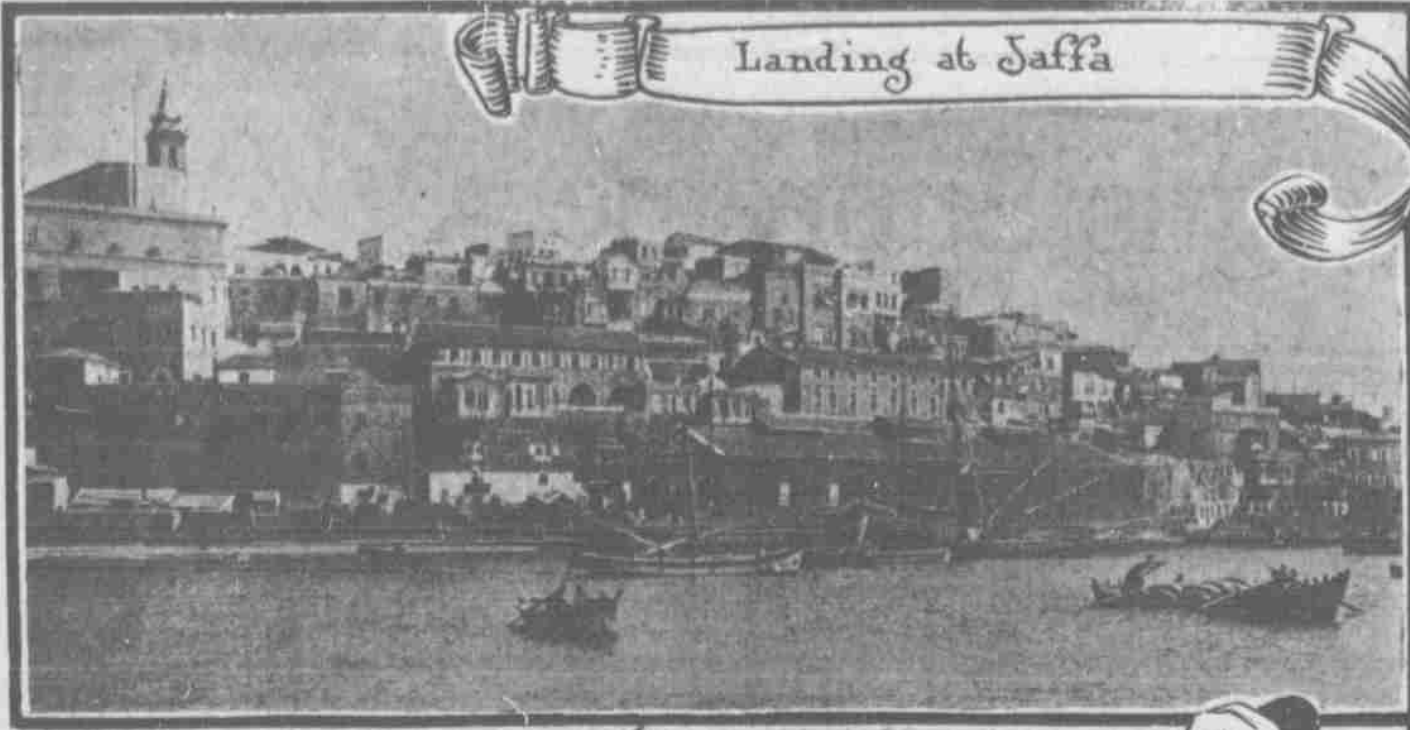
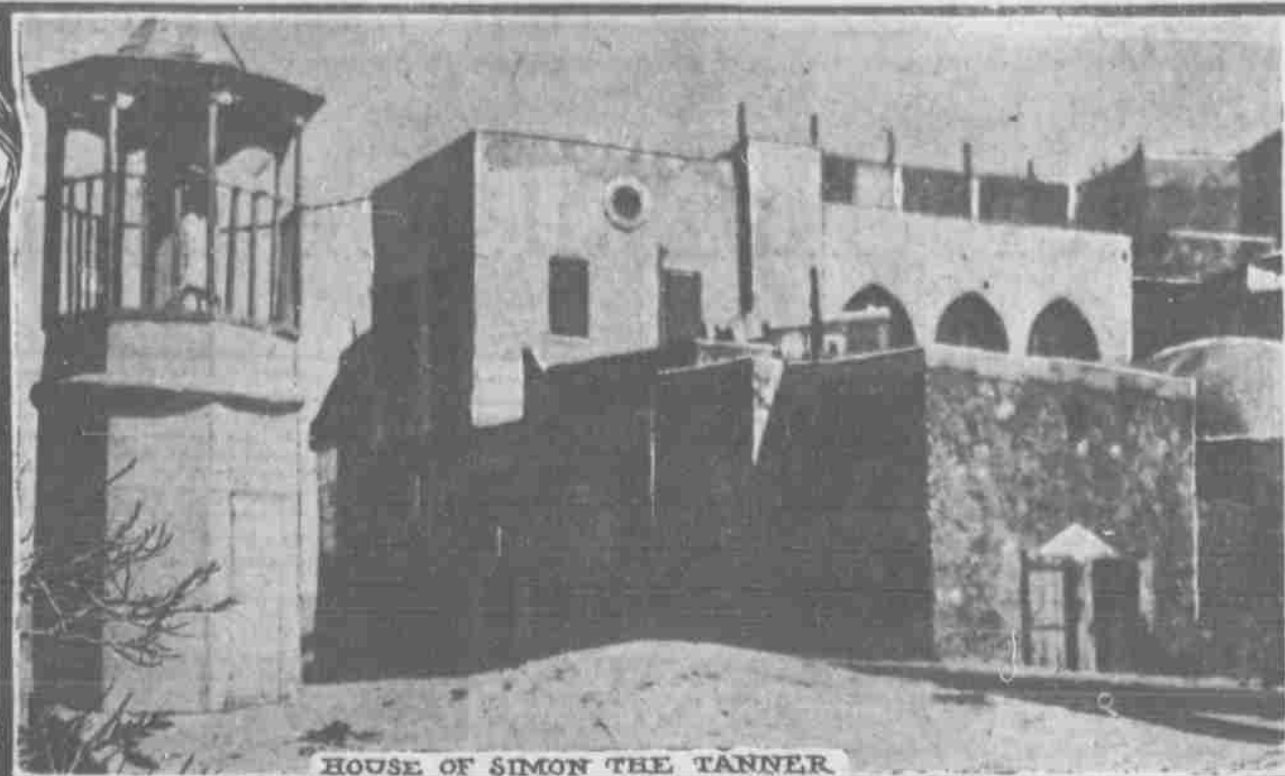


Holy Land Exploration; Tomb of First Woman Missionary



Landing at Jaffa



HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER



A Syrian named Moses

Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter. (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—With this issue I begin the story of my travels in the Holy Land, during which time I shall visit the most interesting places, going on foot, on horseback and in carriages from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and from Beersheba to Dan. I shall have my camera with me and with pen and ink shall show you the land of our Lord as it looks in this good year 1910.

In the first place let me give you a bird's-eye view of the country. Palestine is not large. With one of Mr. Wright's aeroplanes we could fly over the whole of it in a very few hours, and were it crossed by railways a fast express would carry us from one side to the other in about fifty minutes. Including Syria, which takes in the mountains of Lebanon and much other country in addition to Palestine proper, it is not as long as from New York to Pittsburg, and its average width is less than fifty miles. It begins at the boundary of Asia Minor on the north and extends from there southward along the line of the Mediterranean sea until it is lost in the sands of Arabia.

As for the Holy Land itself, that is not as big as Rhode Island. If you could take it up and stretch it over the United States it would hardly make a patch of court plaster on Uncle Sam's body. Dropped down upon New England with one end at Boston, the other would be at Mount Washington, and the most of the country would not be wider than from Springfield to Chicago. If spread out upon northern Illinois the whole might be included inside a line drawn from Chicago to Aurora and thence to Decatur and back to Chicago.

Land of Milk and Honey.

The Bible has called this little territory a land of milk and honey. The expression must have come by contrast with the dreary sand of the Sinai desert, through which the Israelites traveled on their way to it. As I know it from former travels it is more rocky than any part of the Alleghenias, and the Blue Ridge of Virginia, which is covered with stones, is the Mississippi valley compared with it. The country has a backbone of mountains, which the Israelites called the mountains of Galilee, with a low coastal plain, where the Philistines lived, running between it and the Mediterranean sea. On the other side of the backbone is the great ditch in which the Sea of Tiberias and the Dead Sea lie, with the winding Jordan running from one to the other. This ditch is below the level of the sea and parts of it have the hottest and most oppressive climate on earth. On the opposite side of the Jordan toward the east is a country much richer than Palestine. It is composed of highlands from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above sea level, giving excellent pastures, and in the north large crops of wheat. This was the Bashan, Gilead and Moab of the Bible, and it is now inhabited chiefly by Mohammedan Bedouins, who live in tents, driving their camels, cattle and sheep from place to place. In the past it was thickly populated and its ruins cities are now being excavated. Explorations are also going on in the lands west of the Jordan. Many discoveries have been made at Jerusalem, and the Palestine exploration fund is unearthing other cities. During our travels we may visit old Jericho, where the Assyrians are now working; and not far from where I am writing, on the way to Jerusalem, is the ancient town of Gezer, which has recently been exposed to the light of day. As to these things, however, I shall describe them as we go over the ground.

From Egypt to Palestine.

I came here from Egypt. I took the express train at Cairo and in four hours was landed at Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez canal, where I got a steamer which brought me to Jaffa. The whole way was through the hands of the British. The depot from which we started lies not far from the spot where the guides say the baby Moses lay in the bulrushes, and the railroad runs over the old caravan route down which Jacob and his sons came into Egypt for corn and over which Joseph and Mary must have brought the infant Jesus when they fled to escape King Herod, the baby killer. We struck the canal at Ismailia, about midway of the Isthmus of Suez, and thence rode northward along its banks to Port Said. Our steamer was crowded with pilgrims from Russia, Egypt and North Africa. There were many Americans, French and Germans traveling first-class, and hundreds of Syrians and Egyptians going steerage. We left at 6 o'clock in the evening, and our first view of the Holy Land came at 7 o'clock the next morning. We had been awakened at midnight by the cry that we were nearing shore, but this was a ruse of the captain to get breakfast out of the way before landing. When I first came up on deck nothing but the sea was in sight. The sun was about two hours high and the sky, a light blue with long streaks of fleecy white drawn like a half-veil over it, fitted down into the ocean at the eastern horizon. As I looked I saw two lines of hazy gray rise up as if they were out of the water, which rippled in sagging wavelets, caught by the sun. The first line was the sandy beach that edges the rich plains of Sharon and the second the wall of smoky gray which marks the hills of Judea or the highlands of Palestine. Coming nearer these lines increased in size, and the first turned to dazzling white sand, and the second a little later the wooded green strip of the port of Jaffa came into view. Nearer still we could see the shipping in the harbor, and above and behind it the walls of Jaffa, one of the oldest towns of the world.

In the Footsteps of Jonah.

We got some idea of the age of Jaffa from the story of Jonah; for the Bible says that it was from here Jonah took passage upon the ship from which he was thrown overboard into the mouth of the whale. He remained in the whale's belly three days, during which time he prayed to the Lord, and the Lord spoke to the whale, whereupon he was vomited out upon dry land. Jonah was born about 850 years before Christ. He was a baby when Homer was telling the story of the Iliad, and 100 years had yet to elapse before the founding of Rome. I am not sure as to the exact spot where Jonah was taken up by the sailors and thrown into the sea, but he is said to have been buried not far from Jerusalem, and there are dragons in Palestine who will show you his tomb. Ever since Jonah's time sailors have held superstition against having preachers on board, thinking that such passengers bring bad luck to the ship. However that may be, the harbor of Jaffa is one of the worst in the world. It is almost always rough, and often it is impossible to land. Upon our arrival the sea was quiet, but, nevertheless, the swell was such that the boats which took us ashore bobbed up and down and the waves soaked our baggage before reaching port. As to Jonah himself and his narrow escape, one of our preachers on board has quoted a new version for the reason of his leaving the whale: "I threw up Jonah," said the whale, "Who'd lately come to town; 'I threw up Jonah, 'For I could not keep a good man down."

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In coming in I looked about for a whale. There was none in sight, although I am told they are still to be seen in the Mediterranean. In their place, however, were many jellyfish, of an opalescent blue. These fish were as big as a foot ball, and of the shape of a mushroom. There were hundreds of them floating about, and they bumped again and again against the hull as we lay there at anchor.

Solomon's Timber Rafts.

In addition to the story of Jonah there are many other well-authenticated facts about Jaffa, which make it interesting. It has always been the chief port for the Holy Land. It was at one time owned by the Phoenicians and later when Solomon built the temple it was here that the timber used in its construction was landed. The most of this timber which came from the forests of Lebanon several hundred miles up the coast. The logs were dragged down the mountain and thrown into the sea at Tyre and Sidon. They were there made into rafts and towed to Jaffa, whence they were carried up to Jerusalem by camels and men. Jaffa was an important port in the days of the crusades and was fought for again and again. At one time its walls were overthrown by Saladin and a little later they were rebuilt by Richard the Lion-hearted, who came here in a vain attempt to rescue the holy sepulcher from the hands of the Turks. In addition to all this there is a tradition that Andromeda, the beautiful daughter of the king of this country, was here chained to the rocks in order that she might appease a huge sea serpent, which threatened to eat up the people. While so imperiled she was rescued by Perseus, who killed the monster and married her. In Pliny's time the historians state that the chains by which Andromeda was bound to the rocks were still to be seen and that the bones of the sea serpent were carried to Rome and placed on exhibition there.

Jaffa in 1910.

The Jaffa of today stands upon a rocky bluff washed by the Mediterranean sea. The city is built right on the rocks and its yellow, white and blue houses come down to the water's edge. They rise up the steep sides of the bluff, making a wall which cuts off the view of the country behind. At the south of the bluff, as far as one can see, are white sands. At the north are orange groves and then more sand. As we left the ship we came down a gangway and were lifted into the boats. The third-class and steerage passengers were hung over the sides of the deck of the steamer by the arms, and dropped down into the boats, which are twelve or more feet below. Some of them screamed as they fell, making the rocks re-echo with their cries as though the beautiful Andromeda were still chained there. We had no trouble with the customs, largely, I believe, because our dragmen had given the officers a liberal bakheesh. The examination was short, and within half an hour after landing we were comfortably housed at the Jerusalem hotel. I mention this hotel because it is kept by a man who was for a long time our American consular agent. His name is Hardegg, and he speaks his food with a religious doctrine of his own kind. The hotel rooms are not numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., but are named after the sons of Israel and the various Old Testament prophets, and each of them contains a book which Hardegg has written entitled, "Bible Pills." It is composed of texts from the scriptures fitted to one's daily life.

The Tomb of Dorcas

The city of Jaffa has now about 60,000 inhabitants, of whom 35,000 are Mohammedans, 10,000 Christians and 5,000 Jews. It has a considerable trade, and is rapidly growing. The rich plains of Sharon at the back furnish sesame, grain and olive oil, while the highlands of Judea and Samaria produce wool today as they did in the times of our Savior. All about the town are orange groves, the fruit of which is shipped to all parts of the Mediterranean. The oranges are almost the shape of a lemon, but they are of great size and sweet as honey. They are packed in boxes at the groves and are carried down to the harbor on the backs of camels. I met caravans of these huge beasts awaiting along as they made their way to the steamers. More than 600 steamers and 1,000 sailing vessels call here every day. I was talking through the native quarters of Jaffa by a young Syrian named Moses. We went together through streets so narrow and winding that carriages could not enter them, and at times were altogether shaded by the houses, the roofs of which touched overhead. We entered several of the dwellings. Each consisted of but one room, facing a common court, where the men, women and children were herded together. The house of Simon the Tanner was destroyed some centuries ago, but another house, which is probably of the same character, stands on its site, and tanning is still done in the neighborhood. At least I judge as much by the smell. This house is now used as a second-class inn. It is a stone structure, built high up over the sea, with steps outside, which lead to the second-story and roof. I climbed to the top, and there had about the same view as that of St. Peter at the time of his remarkable vision. In front of me the blue Mediterranean stretched out toward the west. At the north could be seen the sands reaching toward the ruins of Caesarea and the foothills of Mount Carmel, while at the south were those near which Askalon stood. It was here that St. Peter had that wonderful dream, in which all the beasts of the world were let down from heaven in a sheet, in order that he might eat of them. You remember that he refused, saying: "Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean." And then came a voice, which said: "What God has cleansed that call not thou common."

How Stimson Won Roosevelt's Favor.

HENRY LEWIS STIMSON, republican candidate for governor of New York, is 47 years old. He was graduated from Yale as an honor man in 1883 and studied law at Harvard. He became a law clerk for Senator Root in the firm of Root & Clarke in 1881 and two years later became a member of the firm. Mr. Stimson was in the firm of Winthrop & Stimson in 1896, when Senator Root brought him to the attention of President Roosevelt as good material for United States district attorney in this district. Mr. Stimson married Mabel Wellington White of New Haven in 1883. He lives at 575 Lexington avenue.

Mr. Stimson was appointed district attorney in January, 1906. He resigned soon after President Taft was inaugurated, but agreed to prosecute the customs frauds against the sugar trust as special counsel after he retired. He had not been in office more than a month when the payment of rebates to the sugar trust by the New York Central and other railroad companies was brought to his attention and he began prosecution. Mr. Stimson proceeded both against the railroads and the trust. The New York Central, the Great Northern, the Rock Island, the St. Paul and the Central Vermont roads were all either convicted or pleaded guilty and the fines amounted to \$400,000. The sugar trust was fined \$150,000 in 1906 for accepting the rebates.

Early in 1907 Mr. Stimson began his investigation into the sugar underweighing frauds and this resulted in a suit in which a judgment for \$134,411 was recovered based on frauds between 1901 and 1907. The government then started out after extensive frauds revealed by the evidence in the suit tried, and the sugar trust compromised all of its civil liabilities to the government by the payment of \$2,000,000. In addition the government got \$650,000 from the Arbuckles and \$204,000 from the National Sugar Refining company.

In the earlier days of Colonel Roosevelt's term in the White House Mr. Stimson had made not infrequent trips to Washington. His visits being usually of social character and not always announced in advance.

On one of these trips early in 1906 he found that the president had left the White

Gossip and Stories About People in the Limelight

House for the day, and accordingly he decided to spend the afternoon in seeing some of the country around Washington from horseback.

His journey took him into Rock Creek park. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a whistle and halloo from the other side of the creek and turning around he saw the president and Elliu Root out on one of those rambles, which afforded one of Mr. Roosevelt's chief diversions while in Washington. "Hello Stimson," cried the president, and after a brief exchange of greetings, "Come on over." Mr. Stimson, without stopping to look for a favorable place to cross, plunged his horse in. The creek was swollen by a recent rain, and this, with the uncertain footing, made his trip a perilous and exciting one for both horse and rider, but finally they pulled themselves out, dripping, on the opposite bank. After he had appointed Mr. Stimson to the United States district attorneyship, Mr. Roosevelt recounted the incident, and added: "I thought that anybody that was fool enough to jump into that stream the way

Cardinal Merry del Val.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who is reported to have warned the state officials of the recent anarchistic outrages in Spain, is a Londoner by birth, and on his mother's side is connected with England, relates the London Mail and Express. His grandfather was at one time member of Parliament for Southampton, and his eminence himself was educated near Slough. His father was for many years secretary of the Spanish embassy in London. In his young days Cardinal Merry del Val, although not a particularly brilliant scholar, was nevertheless a brilliant athlete. He is still an exceedingly athletic man; in fact it is said that he is the only one of the august body to which he belongs who ever makes any attempt to take physical exercise. This, perhaps, is not surprising when it is remembered that most of his brother cardinals are nearer 70 than 60. Last year the cardinal was the hero of a very amusing incident arising out of an

action in the Italian courts concerning a bequest of 2,000,000 lire, to the holy see. The papal authorities were not represented at the proceedings, and the judgment could not be carried into effect until formal notice had been served either upon the papal secretary or on the pontiff himself.

For two months a court official made repeated, but unsuccessful, attempts to catch the cardinal. One day it came to the official's knowledge that his quarry had gone to the lake Bracciano. Hurrying thither, he came face to face with the cardinal while bathing, whereupon he flourished his all-important paper. But his eminence, who is an excellent and powerful swimmer, made off for the shore and regained his cabin. When he emerged the official was nowhere to be seen, and the cardinal immediately drove off to a restaurant, where he lunched in a private room. Presently he called for his bill. He was handed a slip, only to find that he had been given a court decree. But the judgment was simply to the effect that the Italian government had authorized the Vatican to accept the legacy of 2,000,000 lire.

But there is one thing I must not forget about Jaffa. And that is that here was born the modern sewing bee, and I might almost say the Women's Missionaries society. You have all heard of Dorcas, the queen of the needle, who was raised from the dead by St. Peter. She was noted for the garments she had made for the poor, and at her funeral the people gathered round and showed specimens of her needlework, which she had sewed and hemmed and stitched for them.

This Dorcas lived two or three miles outside Jaffa on a hill which has a commanding view of the country for miles around. It overlooks the sea and land, including thousands of acres of orange groves and gardens containing all kinds of fruits. The site of her house is now occupied by a Russian Greek Catholic church and a tomb has been erected over her grave nearby. I drove out to the place, winding my way in and out through orange groves and up the hill to the church. Here I met a Russian priest, who was acquiring merit by guarding the bones of the saint in whose honor prayers are said daily. It was with him that I visited the tomb. It is of stone and is roofed with a dome, the whole being covered with plaster. There is a door at the front, and by descending several steps one can see the piece of mosaic which covers the spot where Dorcas lies. There are catacombs to the right and left containing the bones of saints, and over the whole are magnificent trees.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Social Gathering Where Good Cheer Ruled Supreme



BANQUET OF THE DANISH SISTERHOOD AT WASHINGTON HALL.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.