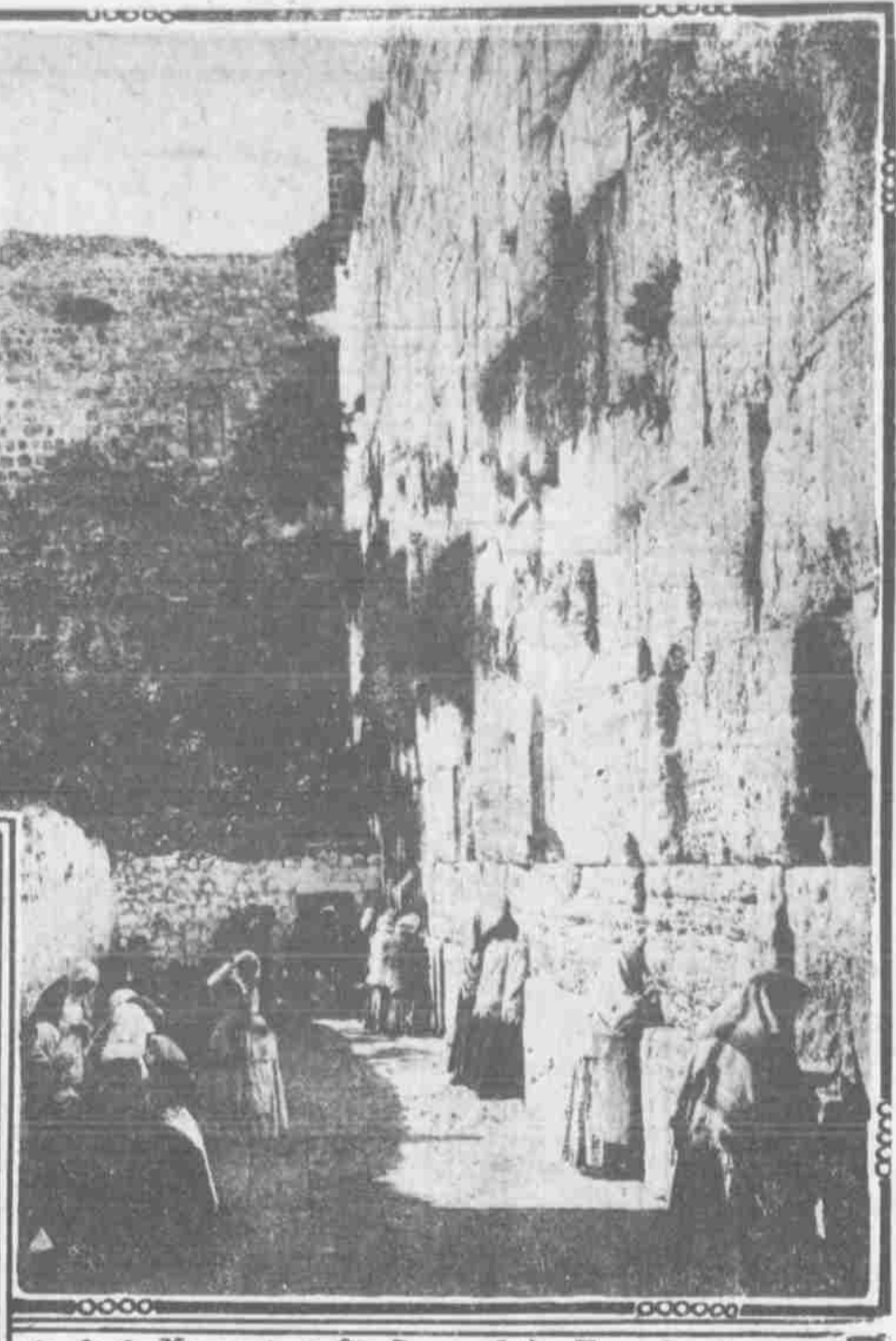


How the Israelites Are Today Retaking the Holy City



JERUSALEM CHILDREN

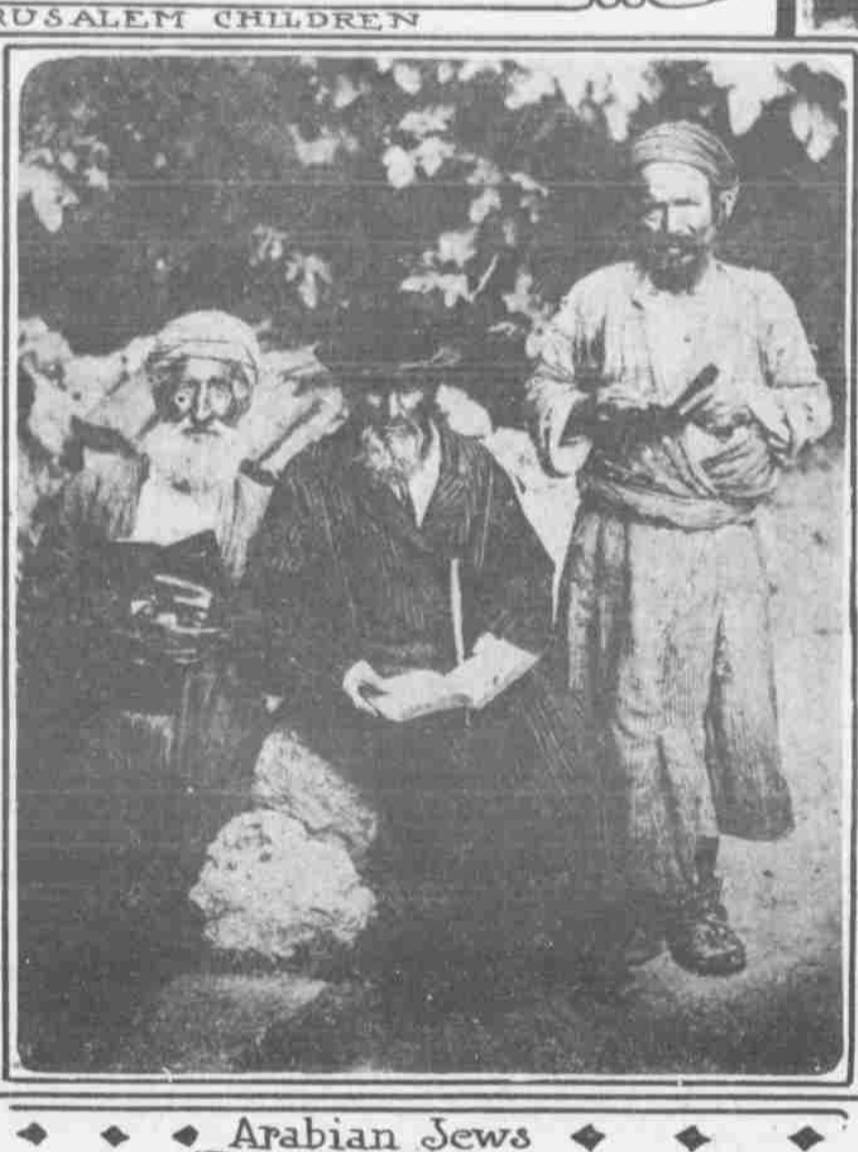


Mourning the Loss of the Temple

A Jerusalem Rabbi

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JERUSALEM—(Special Correspondence of The Bee)—The Jews are rapidly coming into their own. This holy city now contains more than 80,000 of them, and they form over two-thirds of its whole population. By the new constitution of Turkey they have acquired the right to own land in Palestine, and they can come and go as they please. This has not been the case until now. Jewish immigration has been prohibited, and such Jews as bought real estate had to purchase and hold it under other names. This was so not only here, but all over the country. But, notwithstanding they acquired land, and I am told that some of the best farming properties of the plains of Sharon are in their hands, and that they own the most valuable business sites of Jerusalem. The new constitution gives them other advantages, and it is probable that they will rapidly increase in number and wealth.



Arabian Jews

Jews of the Holy Land.

The Jews of Palestine are not like those of America. They have a costume of their own, and come from so many different localities that it is not always possible to tell who they are. Among them are Persians, Spaniards, Russians, Bohemians, Poles and Germans. There are many Algerians and Moors, and I have seen some from Abyssinia and Egypt.

They speak forty different languages, and there are many whom the others cannot understand. In the main there are just three different classes. First is the Ashkenazim, made up of Jews from Russia, Poland, Austria and Germany. These people are much like the lower class Jews of America, and their common language is Yiddish. The second class is of the Sephardim. They are Spanish Jews, descendants of those who came here centuries ago. These Jews speak a mixture of Spanish and Jewish. The third class is the eastern Jews, made up of Israelis from Syria, Persia, Arabia and central Asia. They speak Arabic and look much like Moslems.

American Citizenship Cloak for Fraud.

As to the American Jews, they are comparatively few, and it is seldom that you meet one that has been born in America. Those who claim to be such are chiefly natives, who have gone to the United States to get their naturalization papers, and then return here to live. Many of the latter are frauds, and our consul believes that some of them have bought their naturalization papers, and have never been out of the country. American citizenship is a valuable badge of protection in the hands of the sultan; and for this reason naturalization papers have been sold by returned Jews who have again left this country. Said our consul to me:

"Our citizenship has been used to carry out 'grands' when I first came here I found it serving as a cloak for crime. One man, who claimed to be an American, was acting as receiver of stolen cattle, and selling them openly. He carried on a big business, and although the officials were aware of his criminal practices they could not arrest him. This was so because of a difference between our government and that of Turkey.

The treaties provide that the offenses of Americans against Turkey may be punished only by the American consul, and we consented that this gave us the right of trial in such cases. The Turkish government contended that all such offenders must be tried in the Turkish courts, and as neither government would give in it was impossible to convict a and punish without bringing about international complications. As soon as I came I decided to stop it, and told the man I would arrest and convict him by means of American witnesses. The result was that he did not wait for trial, and slipped out of the country."

A Pious Niece.

As far as the American Israelites does not stand high among his fellows of Jerusalem. The most of the Jews here pride themselves on their piety. They think themselves above the Jew who has suffered long contamination by mixing with foreigners and they especially despise the American. Meeting one on the street they may slap him on the stomach and sneeringly ask how much pork he ate when he was in the United States. In this I refer to the fanatics, who are composed more especially of the Spaniards and the members of the Ashkenazim. These people have a queer attitude of religious intolerance, some of whom are supposed to have magic powers of healing. Among them are many

men of education and culture, men who know the Bible from beginning to end, and who speak several languages. One can tell nothing of the Jew by his dress, for a dirty, ragged old man is often a scholar.

Long Hair and Religion.

And still the dress here is about the same among all classes of the Israelites. The boys and men wear coats without belts, which reach from the neck to the feet. They are full, and are slightly open at the front, showing gowns under them. Many of the Spanish Jews wear black turbans or velvet caps, with a wide fringe of fur outside. Some wear broad-brimmed felt hats, which come far down over the forehead, half hiding the ears. They do not shave, and a long beard is a sign of wisdom, dignity and piety. They wear the hair long, and each has a long curly lock on each side of his face, in front of the ears. These locks often reach down to the breast, and are allowed to grow, according to a saying in the scriptures, which states: "Thou must not mar the corners of thy beard."

so particular that all their meat should be killed and dressed according to their regulations. They are then killed and skinned according to the regulations, and the meat is stamped by the rabbis before it can be exposed for sale in the city. A special stamp is placed on all that supplied to the Jews, and such meat, strange to say, brings about twice as much per pound as that sold to the Gentiles.

If the meat is good to eat it is known as kosher. If not killed according to the regulations, it is called trefe, and no Jew will touch it. The killing is done by the

He Bore It Grinning.

APTAIN KENBALL, the capturer of Crippen, was talking in the smoking room of the Metropole about the horrors of scariness.

"Some men bear it well, though," he said, "I took a Liverpoolian to Canada last month and the poor fellow did have a time! Sick from the first day to the last!

"But he bore it well, and when we reached Father Point he said to me: 'Captain, I think I'll go straight back with you.'

"Why," said I, "I thought you were going to make an extensive tour?"

"No, I think I'll go back now," he said, "giving as a nasty swell lifted our bow, I see by your rate card that you carry returned emigrants' at half fare."—New York Times.

Ready for Any' Doze.

William Knox, architect, of Old City, Pa., reveals in a Scotch story he picked up this summer about a temperance lecturer who used for illustrations a glass of water, a glass of whisky and a box of five worms. He would drop a worm into the water and show how it wriggled. "Then, dropping it into the whisky, he would exclaim: 'There! One convulsive shudder and it is all over!'

"Hand on, there, malster. Are ye sure 'tis the liquor killed the pur worm?" a voice in the audience asked.

"Quite sure my friend," replied the lecturer. "No doubt whatever."

"A-weel, then, just pass over the whisky, I'm bothered wi' worms!"—Old City Blizzard.

Infallible People.

John Corbin, author and playwright, said recently that he had resigned the post of literary director of the New theater because he disliked the superior air that such offices carry with them.

"You decline play after play," he said. "You make enemy after enemy. You pretend to be infallible, and the pose of your infallibility is an ugly and unpoplar one."

"Nobody," you know, wants to be like Blynn's wife.

"That wife of yours," said a friend of Blynn's sympathetically, "never admits having made a mistake, does she?"

"Oh," said Blynn, with a bitter smile, "she occasionally allows that she made one mistake when she married me, but she won't admit even that outside the family circle."—Boston Traveller.

The Peculiar Professor.

Woodrow Wilson, the head of Princeton, once, perhaps, part of his popularity to his story telling skill.

Dr. Wilson, one of his receptionists, said of absent-mindedness:

"While I was a student at the University

of the meat of pigs or game. Said one of the sportsmen of Palestine to me:

"If the Jews ate game they would clean out our partridges and other birds in a season. But as it is there is always good shooting."

Most of the Jews here will not eat the headquarters of any animal, and the hind legs and joints are sold to the Gentiles. The Spanish Jews say those who eat pork will be damned, but they get around eating lamp steak by pulling out the white sinews or scraping off the red particles of the meat and making what we know as Salisbury steaks from them.

In the Jewish Quarter.

The Jewish quarter of Jerusalem is confined to the southeastern section of the city. It is near the great platform on which Solomon's temple stood and inside the Dung gate. It is a dirty, squalid, poverty-stricken section, and is inhabited chiefly by beggars. A large part of the Jews here are mendicants, who live on the alms sent in by Jews from outside. At fixed hours of the day bread is given away at certain places and the people come for it in crowds. There are funds which are supplied at regular intervals to those who need them, and much of the population is supported this way. They might be called educated paupers, for it is their chief business to live without working. Many of these people are desperately poor. I visited a number of the

houses, finding whole families living in a cave-like room, no larger than a half bedroom, and lighted only by a door at the front. In such dwellings the floors and walls are of stone, and about the only furniture is the beds, which are for the grownups of the family. The children sleep on the floor. The kitchen is often on a porch outside the house, and the water comes from a court in which is a well or cistern. This well may be used by a half-dozen different families, and its surroundings are unsanitary to an extreme.

On the door posts of each of these dwellings, whether it be of one room or more, is tacked up a roll of white parchment six inches long. This contains the name of Jehovah and the Ten Commandments. Every Jew here wears the commandments tied upon his arm under his coat, and some have phylacteries about their foreheads.

Waiting the Loss of the Temple.

It is on the edge of this Jewish quarter, just below the Mosque of Omar, where Solomon's Temple once stood, that the Jews come weekly to sorrow over the loss of Jerusalem and pray God to give the land back to them. The custom has been observed since the middle ages, and it is still celebrated every Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. It takes place in a narrow alley surrounded by miserable houses. One side of this alley is walled with great blocks of limestone, which form a part of the temple area. Against this wall about fifty men and women were leaning when I visited the place last week. They had their heads bowed, and many of them shook with emotion as they prayed, sobbed and wailed. The most of them were old, and the long curly locks which fell down in front of their ears were of silver. Others were just in their prime. There were also young men and young girls. Not a few of the male mourners wore European clothes, and I saw one woman waiting in a hat and gown of Parisian construction. Most of the women, however, were dressed in Jewish costume with shawls wrapped around their heads.

Each of the mourners had a book in his hand and read the Lamentations of Jeremiah, swaying back and forth as he did so. Now and then the whole party broke out into a chant, a gray-haired rabbi acting as leader and the rest coming in on the refrain. The substance of one of the chants was as follows:

O Lord, we pray Thee have mercy on Zion; restore to the Jews their Jerusalem; let the kingdom soon return to Zion; Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem; And let the branch of Jesse spring up in Zion!

Schools and Hospitals.

The Jews of other lands are liberal in their gifts to the Jews of Palestine. They have established schools and hospitals in and about Jerusalem, and have agricultural colonies scattered over the country. These colonies already comprise 5,000 members, and they own something like 100,000 acres of land. Some are in Galilee, some in Judea, and a very large one is not far from the seaport of Jaffa.

The latter is known as the Rishon le Zion. It supports a village of 500 people, who cultivate 2,000 acres of rich vineyards and orchards. This colony annually makes millions of gallons of wine and it has a large export of Jaffa oranges. It was founded by the Rothschilds and afterward managed by the Hirsch colonization fund. It is now said to be run at a profit. The other colonies are similar to it, and some of them nearly as large. Each has a school, a drug store, a hospital and a synagogue.

The Sir Moses Montefiore colonies and schools here at Jerusalem are doing good work, and the French-Jewish society, which has 1,000,000 members, is now maintaining 160 schools, including manual training schools for girls and boys. If the students do well they are given a capital to start out with and are established in little shops of their own. In some of these schools the children are so poor that they are furnished one meal a day, and one suit of clothes every year.

In addition to the above there are many other sources from which money comes here. There is one fund collected from the synagogues of the United States, which is regularly sent from New York to the holy land. It is contributed to by Jews all over our country. I understand that there is some question as to whether this fund is as well managed as it should be and it is said that our consul has been asked to investigate its distribution. There are so many Jews here that the greatest care should be taken that the money sent should reach the right parties.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Selections From the Story Tellers' Pack

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Who Can Account for It?

A LITTLE FISH near the East river, New York, a few weeks ago secured an accident which illustrated some moral which seems to many people a curious side of a woman's nature.

In the flat lived a carpenter, good-looking and capable at his trade; his little nervous, flurried wife, who was in a perpetual state of being just half a day behindhand in her work—perhaps because at least one of her five exuberant children would always be impatiently in need of chastisement; and the five voracious children before mentioned, the culminating stage of whose growth was four feet two. The carpenter's pet desire was to get just once a whole new outfit of clothes simultaneously. The carpenter's wife's pet desire was to have all five children and simultaneously so that, after a wholesale punishing, she might reasonably hope for a short stretch of absolute peace—indefinitely refreshing even to think of after years in which their naggingness had dripped out in a thin, slow but perpetual stream. Her attitude toward her children was, you see, by no means idealistic or foolishly fond.

This particular evening she needed some bread. She told the eldest girl to run out for it, but as the carpenter wanted to go to the drug store he telephone he said that he might as well get the bread himself, so his daughter needn't bother. "You spell those children, Thomas," declared his wife. "When I was young children were made for parents, not parents for children."

During cross-examination the counsel for the plaintiff became exasperated and began to read and harry the little man.

"Dr. Williams," he shouted, "if we are ever going to get anywhere with this case you must speak up as the court will hear you. Speak up loud and strong, sir!"

The small sized veterinary tried, but it was evidently no use. Whether from embarrassment or inability the sound would not come.

"Well, your honor," began the counsel indignantly, when Judge Brewer stopped him with a gesture. "Leaving over the bench he said in his kindly tone: 'Speak up, speak up loud and strong, sir!'

"Mr. Attorney, you must be patient with the doctor. He cannot help it. Years spent in the sick room have apparently made speaking find a second nature with him."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Good Fellows, but—

Charles Grahame-White, the English aviator praised at a dinner in New York the good-fellowship of Americans.

"The American man is regarded abroad as an angel," he said. "He is admittedly a good fellow, but an angel he is far from being."

"You've heard of the Frenchman, perhaps, whose sweetheart spent the summer in America? After her return the poor Frenchman seemed quite blue."

"What's the matter with you?" a friend asked.

"I am worried," the other muttered, "about my finances. You see, since her return from America she kisses so much better than she used to."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Easy Way.

Percy D. Haughton, the Harvard foot ball coach was training at Oceanville, Me., a new halfback.

"He's a novice," said the noted coach, "but he plays like a veteran. To the eleven, you see, everything comes easy. Like the story of Tom and Bill, you know."

"Tom and Bill grew up in the same town. Tom was clever and lazy; Bill an industrious plodder."

"Tom is still shiftless, I suppose," said an old resident, on returning to the town after twenty years' absence. "And poor old Bill is dead, eh, and he's left over a million!"

"Yes, that's right," a native replied.

"But the latest news about Tom is that he's going to marry Bill's widow."—Townsend Journal.