

Subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm Have Captured Jerusalem



A SLICE OF RUSSIA IN THE HEART OF JUDEA



MEMBERS OF AMERICAN COLONY - MRS. DR. SPAFFORD AT LEFT

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JERUSALEM—The Germans are gobbling the Holy Land. I use the word "gobble" advisedly. It means "to swallow in large pieces, to swallow hastily, to seize upon with greed and to appropriate graspingly." That is what the Century dictionary says, and that is what the Germans are doing. They have established colonies in the richest parts of the country and are shipping in emigrants. They own the best lands about Jaffa, Haifa and Mount Carmel, and they have vineyards on the shores of Galilee. I shall describe some of their colonies before I leave Palestine and shall show you how they are working this land of the Lord for Germany's good. They associate faith with their work and are laying up treasures in heaven at the same time as on earth.

Built by the Empress.

Right here in Jerusalem, under the very shadow of the Holy Sepulcher, a great German church has been built. For the last eight or nine years the masons have been working on another church situated on Mount Zion beyond the tower of David; and across the valley of Kedron, on the ridge known as the Mount of Olives, a great limestone hospice is going up over which the German flag floats.

This will be a resting place for such Germans as are traveling through the holy land and want to stay a week or so at Jerusalem. It is being erected in honor of the empress of Germany and is known as the Empress Augusta Sanitarium. The money with which the site was bought and some of that used for the building was a silver wedding present to the empress. It was known that she greatly loved Palestine and her friends planned this memorial as a silver wedding gift.

The hospice will have a chapel connected with it, and eminent Germans will preach there. It is beautifully located, being situated on Mount Scopus, which is really a part of the Mount of Olives. It is several hundred feet above Jerusalem, and standing upon its roof on a bright day one can look across the hills of Judea and see the silvery thread of the Jordan and the shining Dead sea, with the blue mountains of Moab beyond.

He Took Our Cemetery.

The Kaiser is no respecter of persons, either living or dead. The spot on which he is building his big church on Mount Zion was purchased by him of Sultan Abdul Hamid when he visited him in Constantinople. He went there on his way to the Holy Land and while hobnobbing with the sultan got him to sell him this tract for \$24,000. The land, however, was not large enough and it adjoined the American cemetery. The Germans bought this, the Americans here claim, in an underhand way, at a cost of \$16,000 additional. They had the bodies removed and when I visited the place recently I found the graveyard covered with building materials. There were lime barrels in some of the holes and the sites of many of the tombs were covered with bricks. In digging up the cemetery a house was excavated which some say was used by the Virgin Mary at the time of the crucifixion. The tomb of David is also supposed to be near there and the spot is considered especially holy. The Kaiser has given the land to the Roman Catholics of his country and the church is to be under the order of the Benedictines.

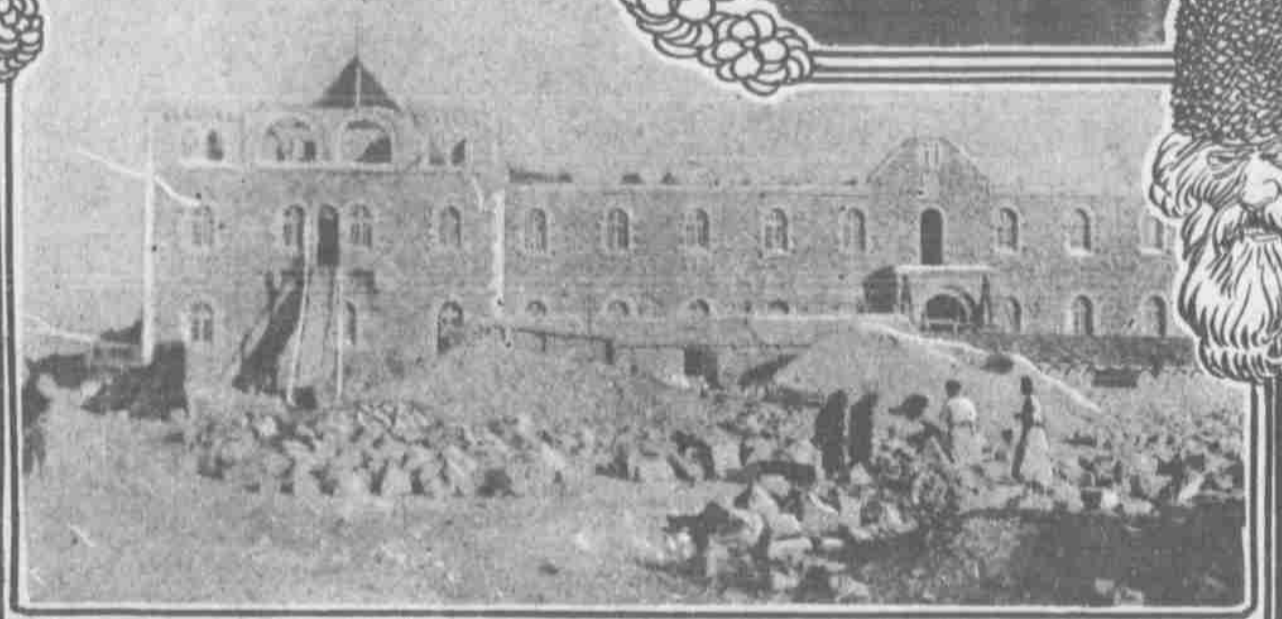
The German church inside the city is owned by the Lutherans. There is a German colony outside Jerusalem on the way to Bethlehem, the church of which is said to stand on the site of the house of Simon, who recognized the infant Jesus as the Messiah. A little further on is a leper hospital, also run by the Germans.

Kaiser Wilhelm at Jerusalem.

The emperor of Germany when he made his trip through the Holy Land created as great an excitement as Theodore Roosevelt when he cavorted through Europe. I have had a talk with the man who had charge of the imperial excursion. He was connected with Cook & Son and acted as its dragoman. He tells me that Kaiser Wilhelm and the empress started in at Beirut and crossed the mountains of Lebanon to Bealbec and Damascus. They then returned to Beirut and took ship down the coast, past Tyre and Sidon, to the Bay of Acre. Here horses were waiting for them and they rode down around the slopes of Mount Carmel, over the plains of Sharon to Jaffa and thence up the hills of Judea to Jerusalem. There were about a thousand in the party and it required 1,250 mules and horses to carry them and their baggage. The emperor himself had a staff of 120, who ate at his own tables, and there were in addition 140 naval and military officers outside. The empress had her ladies-in-waiting with her and there were 175 high Turks and officials supplied by the sultan as a special escort. The emperor's tour was so arranged that he had four camps, and he slept in a different camp every night and had a new one for each meal.

Although the journey was made in October, the weather was hot and the chief trouble was to supply the expedition with water. Some died of thirst, and between Haifa and Jaffa six horses dropped dead of sunstroke. It was so hot that the trip to the Dead sea and the Jordan was not attempted, but the emperor went to Bethlehem and other places near here. He remained seven days at Jerusalem and during that time consummated his purchases of land.

Much of this German movement is spiritual. It



HOSPICE NOW BUILDING ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

includes churches, hospitals and schools, many of which are now run with German funds. At the same time a great deal is commercial and planned to give Germany the commerce and trade of the country. The immigration is backed by big syndicates, including financiers, military officers, manufacturers, princes and even the Kaiser himself. Every town has its German merchant, and the colonies are so scattered that in case the Turkish empire ever breaks up it will not be difficult for Germany to claim the Holy Land as its own.

One of the chief factors of the movement just now is a German tourist agency which is contesting with Thomas Cook & Son for the travel which comes here every year from all parts of the world. This tourist agency has established its own hotels at Jaffa, Jerusalem and Haifa, and has its own guides, dragomen, horses and carriages. Its men thoroughly understand the country and they have established such relations with the Bedouin tribes that they can take parties anywhere. They are repairing the roads and are making such arrangements that one can now go through many hitherto inaccessible parts of the country by carriage. Indeed, the Germans have started a new road movement in the Holy Land. The first attempt was made when the Kaiser went from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The sultan had the highway repaired and when the Germans traveled over it it was watered for the first time in its history, being sprinkled from skin bags carried on the shoulders of women and girls and filled at the springs, wells and cisterns near by.

An even greater invasion of the Holy Land than that of the Germans is that of the Russians. This occurs every year, and it goes on all the time. It is, however, a spiritual invasion, and there is nothing commercial about it. The Russians come here by the 50,000 and 60,000 a year. They are brought in by the shipload at Easter time and during the whole spring companies of pilgrims can be seen going about on foot from shrine to shrine over Palestine.

The Russians of the Holy Land.

Many of the pilgrims land at Haifa, the most northern port of the country. From there they make their way on foot over the mountains of Galilee, stopping at Nazareth and then going on to Tiberias. They stop and pray at every holy spot and often kiss the ground where they think Jesus or the saints have trod. From the Sea of Galilee they make their way back to Nazareth, and thence go across the plain of Esdraelon and through Samaria to Jerusalem. I have seen thousands of them at Bethlehem and have met them tramping the weary road to the Dead sea and the Jordan.

These Russians belong to the Greek church, which owns the most of the monasteries and convents of this country, and which has, all told, property amounting to millions, including some of the best real estate in Jerusalem. The most of this property, however, belongs to Greek Catholics, who are not Russians, and the Russian church seems to be an institution of its own kind. It has a great hospice outside the walls of Jerusalem and also a magnificent church on the top of the Mount of Olives. It has similar institutions elsewhere and is a live factor in the religious condition of the Holy Land.

A Hotel Which Sleeps Ten Thousand.

The Russians have here what is perhaps the largest hotel of the world. It can sleep 10,000 at a time and in addition has buildings for families. It is known as the Russian Hospice and it lies at the west outside Jerusalem proper. It covers a space of ten acres or more and has a high wall about it.

Entering the gates of this hospice, one finds himself surrounded by Russians and Russian scenes. It is a slice of the land of the east dropped down in Judea and there is nothing Syrian in sight. The men dress in caps, long coats and trousers, the last being tucked into high boots. They are long-bearded, long-haired and fair-faced. There are many red heads among them and none seems to know of the razor. The women are clad in coarse gowns which end at six inches or more from the ankle. They wear boots or straw shoes, and in the latter case their legs are wrapped around with cloths which take the place of stockings. They have handkerchiefs tied about their

heads and their features are usually as hard and rough as those of the men.

But suppose we go into the woman's quarters of this mighty hotel. The building is cut up into cave-like vaults, which run from one side of it to the other. These vaults are lighted at the ends and, standing in a central hall, it seems as though the windows were at least 200 feet distant. Each vault is eight feet wide and fifteen feet high and it is filled from end to end with rough beds of pine boards. Upon the boards is straw matting, and a space six feet square forms the bed and home of each woman. At the back of this she piles up her bread, tea and other belongings, which she has brought with her from Russia. She sleeps stretched out on the boards on the front in the clothing she wears in the daytime.

The quarters devoted to the men are of similar nature and those to the families differ only in that the space for each holding is larger.

Bring Bread From Russia.

These pilgrims bring their bread and tea with them from Russia. In addition to this they have a few vegetables which they buy of the natives. They cook with oil stoves. When on the march each carries some bread along with her and a pan out of which she drinks and in which she makes tea.

Henry H. Rogers Financed Mark Twain

In addition to other things far more precious, including the world-wide bequest of his writings, Mark Twain left a personal fortune of \$600,000 and some loose change. How he managed to do it is a problem concerning which some interesting surmises have been made.

The early struggles of the great humorist, his rise to affluence and the total loss of all that he had in the failure of a book concern in which he was a partner is a well known story, as is also the brave renewal of the fight and the lifting of the enormous debt which lay upon him and which he could have legally evaded. In this latter circumstance there is a close parallel between his experiences and those of Sir Walter Scott, who, also, through the genius of his untiring hand, overcame a great financial obligation.

That Mark Twain should have thus succeeded in meeting his liabilities, and afterward have made large earnings, is a matter about which there is no dispute, since no American writer was more highly paid than he; but that he should have been able to keep it is the surprising fact. Finance was confessedly his weak point. He was usually too busy shuffling in more congenial haunts to trouble himself about electrifying Wall street. Even had his desires turned in that direction, it is hardly probable that one who never knew

exactly when to put his overcoat on or take his over-shoes off could recognize the critical moment for pulling off a great financial coup. All of which gives force to the general belief that Henry H. Rogers, an unequalled financial genius and his personal friend, looked after Mark's material welfare and conserved the fortune which he was capable of making but not of keeping.

The fondness of these two for each other spoke well for both. It would have been impossible for Mark Twain to love any man, unless, first of all, he was a man; after that, nothing else mattered much. And that Rogers should have returned the affection in full shows that his soul was not to be found only where his money lay. The one with his gloriously whimsical outlook upon life, the other with his unequalled practicality of vision, Twain and Rogers were apparently as far removed as the poles. Yet there must have been a common plane of thought and perception that they reached together.

In this day, when the whole trend is toward the formation of specialized groups and classes, each viewing the other with suspicion and even with contempt, it is pleasant to reflect upon this bond of a common fellowship binding together as man and brother two characters remarkably diverse in so many features of their calling and nature.—Washington Times.

Story of Christopher and Rosa

We invite you to turn for a moment—you enjoy stories—from the 350-page \$1.50 novel which "turns out badly" or which carries you to a happy termination only after you have pursued a breathless course with floods and panics and runaways in the air, and a heroine with a "shell-like ear" and a hero "with a face suggesting the features of an ancient coin" as your constant companions.

We wish to repeat here the story of Christopher Rust and Rosa Kuhn, as it has been related in the news columns, says the St. Louis Times.

Christopher is 68 and Rosa is 62, but they have just been married, and the prospect for their happiness is bright.

They have known each other half a century, during which time they have lived in southern Illinois. In their youth they were married—each to another individual.

But in the course of time Christopher's wife died—and Rosa's husband died, too. Christopher's children married and had children of their own, and so

they could not be expected to take the liveliest kind of an interest in their father, when he was left a widower.

So were Rosa's children married, and they, too, had children; and they had many interests in their lives when Rosa longed for companionship.

And so Christopher and Rosa, both of whom were lonely, decided to be married.

Here is where the story becomes strikingly novel. The children we have mentioned did not rush into court to prove that their parents were of unsound mind. They smiled happily at the culmination of a proper and suitable romance, and attended the wedding—they and their children—and offered congratulations, and—we have no doubt—brought love and presents.

We consider this story of great improvement on the invented kind; and if the reader complains that it is not exciting we can only quote an old poem in defense of the prosaic:

We can't all lie, and steal, and get drunk
 And run off with other men's wives.

In some parts of the inclosure we can see families at their meals. The men, women and children sit on the ground around a pot of soup. Each has his own piece of bread and a spoon; which he uses to dip up the soup and carry it to his mouth. They wash their own clothes, using dishpans as tubs. The tubs are as big as a bicycle wheel and four inches deep. The washing is done with cold water, which is free in the hospice, but which outside would cost 2 cents a gallon.

Pious People.

These Russian pilgrims are very religious. They are mostly poor and many have been saving a lifetime in order that they might make this tour to the Holy Land. They undergo all sorts of hardships and spend their time in fasting and prayer. They have a church inside the hospice and services are held there twice a day. I have attended the church several times. It is always full of people standing or kneeling. They cross themselves again and again as the service goes on, and now and then get down and bow their heads to the floor. There are similar services in the other

Greek churches. I attended one on the Mount of Olives, where the reading of the Scriptures and the singing were done by Russian nuns dressed in black with stovepipe hats without brims crowning their heads. The hats end in a cape or veil which falls down the back. The faces of the nuns were bare and spiritual-looking. Their singing was exceedingly sweet and the service impressive. The pilgrims who listened now and then knelt and kissed the bare floor.

The American Colony.

There have been several American colonies in the Holy Land, but the only one that has made any impression or lasted for any length of time is that known as the Spaffordite. This was founded about thirty years ago by Dr. and Mrs. Spafford, who belonged to a Presbyterian church in Chicago. They left the church and came to Jerusalem, saying they intended to devote their wealth and their lives in working for Christ in the Holy Land. They persuaded fourteen adults and five children to come with them, and together founded a colony which has lasted until now.

That was in 1881. Today the colony has 120 members, brought here from all parts of the union. There are a number from New England, some from the south, several from Kansas and Nebraska and quite a delegation from Philadelphia and Chicago. I have talked with them about their beliefs. They say they are Christians and that they believe in the Bible as it is written. They take the Golden Rule as their motto and try to live up to it. They have no hobbies and their Christianity is a practical working one.

I asked as to the charge that they do not believe in the marriage tie and was told that this is not so. They do believe in marriages when both husband and wife are believers. I find the community is made up of families and am told its social morality is high. The society has had numerous deaths since its organization, but it has been increased from time to time by people who have come here to study the Bible and to lead holy lives among the holy places.

An American Store.

This colony lives together as a community and its members hold all things in common. At first they threw their money into a common fund and lived without working. They found, however, that this was soon spent and of late years they have established a business of their own and are now self-supporting. They have their own house outside the walls, where they live very comfortably, eating at a common table with worship morning and evening. They frequently take Americans in as paying guests, charging them less than they would have to pay at the hotel for much better quarters. They also have a bakery from which they sell bread and cake; a shoe shop and an art school, where girls are taught painting and drawing. They have factories in which they make desks, boxes and other beautiful things of olive wood, and a weaving establishment where cloths of wool and linen are made.

It is now about ten years since they established what is known as the American store. This is near the Jaffa gate inside Jerusalem and right on the way from that gate to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. It is under the New Hotel.

This store is about the only one-price establishment in the Holy Land. In all other places three times what is expected is asked and one has to dicker and bargain and beat down the merchants. In the American store one can buy photographs and slides of the Holy Land, brass work from Damascus, rugs from Persia and Turkey and anything of a curio nature made in the country.

During my stay in Jerusalem I have several times visited the colony and have been delighted with the peace, quiet and brotherly love which seem to prevail. Its members are well bred and intelligent, and as far as I can see they believe what they profess. An interesting feature is their grace before meals. This is always sung at the table, the members and strangers uniting.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.