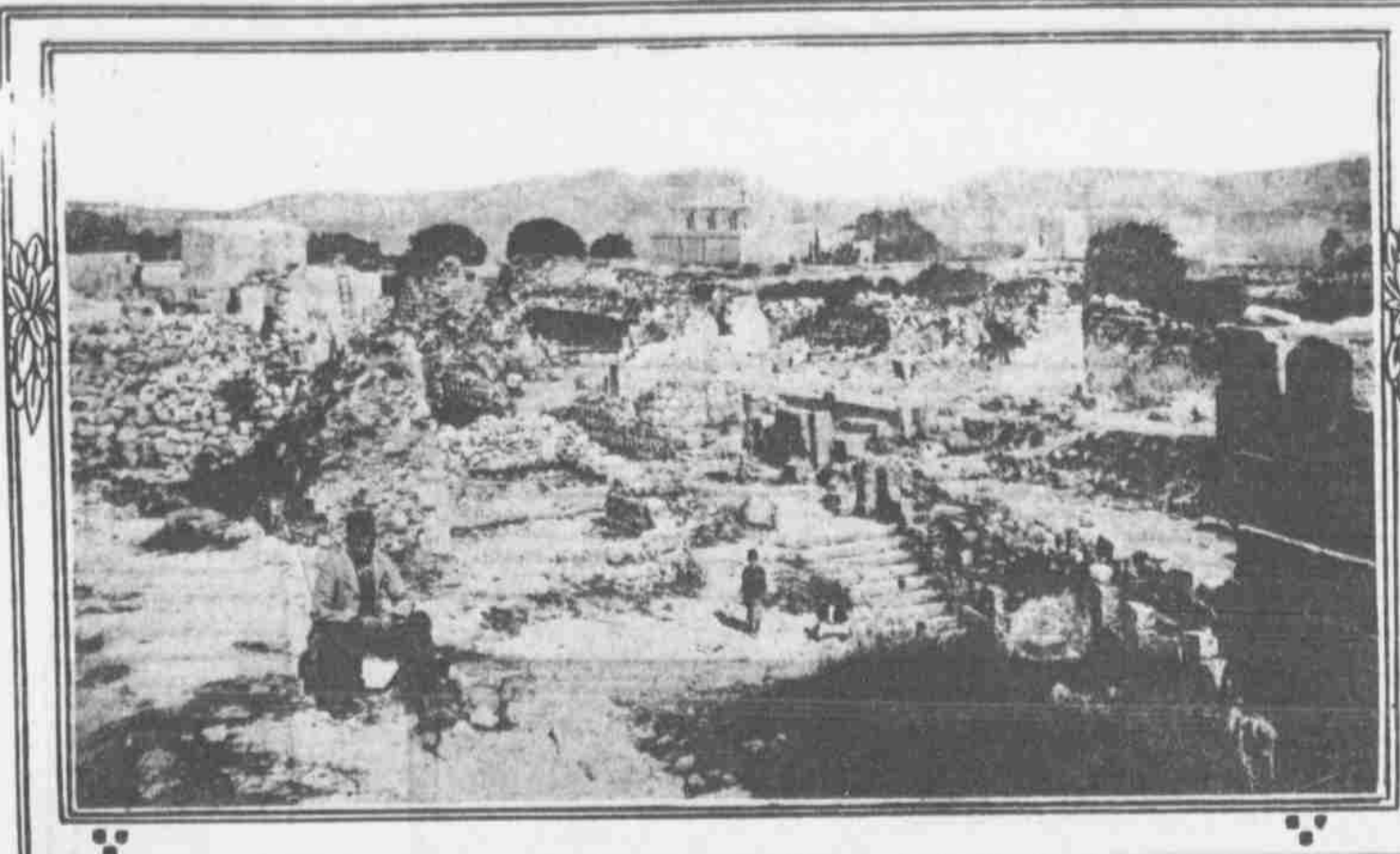


Sea of Galilee and Synagogue Where Christ Preached



The Ruins of the Synagogue in which Christ Preached



The Wine Jar of Cana



The Roman Gate to Tiberias

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TIBERIAS, Palestine.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I am in a fisherman's skiff on the Sea of Galilee. We have just left Tiberias, the ancient city at Herod, near the southern end of the lake, and are on our way to Capernaum, where Christ lived and preached—that white spot which you can see on the shore at the north. It seems strange that one can carry the whole Sea of Galilee in his eye. I have always considered it as only little less than an ocean, or, at least, as big as the largest of our great fresh water lakes. The truth is it is only a puddle compared to Lake Michigan. It is about half as large as Lake Cayuga, at Ithaca, N. Y., and standing on any of the hills which rise precipitously about it the whole body of water can plainly be seen.

A Bird's-Eye View.
The Sea of Galilee is only six miles at its widest from east to west, and from where the Jordan flows in at the north to the place where it empties out at the south the distance is a scant thirteen miles. The sea lies in the depression of the Jordan valley, the river forming a winding canal 200 miles long, which connects it with the Dead sea at the south. The descent to the Dead sea is over 600 feet, and the waters wind like a corkscrew all the way down to that salt sea of death.

Lake Superior is a little more than 600 feet above the level of the ocean. The Sea of Galilee is more than 680 feet below that level, and it lies in a nest in beautiful mountains which slope up from the water in picturesque shapes.

Over there at the west shores are bright green and are spotted with wild flowers. The grass makes a waving sheet of emerald velvet, and it seems to almost reach the fleecy white clouds of the blue sky above.

Farther to the south are the Galileean mountains, now gray in the morning sun, with masses of smoky clouds hanging over them. They are full of water; and, as I look, lo! the rain comes. The sun is still shining; and it has painted a rainbow over that part of the lake covering the town of Magdala, which, as you remember, was Mary Magdalene's home.

Looking through the rainbow you can catch sight of the Mount of the Beatitudes, upon which our Saviour sat when He preached the sermon on the mount, and on the sloping little hill at the left is where, it is said, He commanded the weary multitude to sit down on the grass and feed the 5,000.

Now look at the east, to the lands on the opposite side of the lake and the Jordan. They rise precipitously from the water. The hills are so steep it would be almost impossible to climb them, and they are ragged and rough. That is the land of the Gadarenes, where our Lord cast out the devils into the swine, which ran violently down a steep place into the sea.

All about us are the most familiar scenes of the Scriptures. Every bit of these shores has been hallowed; and as we look the figures of the Old and New Testament spring into life. It is impossible to read the Bible in the Holy Land and not feel that its people were real men and women. The apostles had the same feelings as ours; they lived in a world much the same; they breathed the same air; they enjoyed the same grass and flowers, and they loved and sorrowed as we do today.

The Beauties of Galilee.
I doubt not our Lord appreciated the beauties of Galilee. Its scenery is as picturesque as that of any lake which lies in the Alps, and it changes in beauty every hour of the day. I saw the sun set last night. The clouds hung heavy over the hills to the east of the Jordan and the sun gilded the top of the Mount of the Beatitudes as it went down in the west. A little before that these waters were a glorious yellow, which faded away into a rich copper bronze. At the same time the heavens were burnished copper, cloud piled upon cloud, and the whole was mirrored in the glassy surface beneath. The Sea of Galilee has always been noted for its wonderful beauty. It was a pleasure resort at the time of Herod Antipas, and the palace of Tiberias and Capernaum were famous all over the east.

Let me give you still another view of the lake. It is moonlight. The great round queen of the heavens, her golden face at its full, shines out of a mass of dark blue, with black clouds behind it. The rays of the moon strike the sea obliquely, and they paint a wide path of silver running from the hills of Gador across the waters in Tiberias. I am looking at the scene from the window of my hotel over the minarets of a Mohammedan mosque. It reminds me of Lake Como and of some of the Scottish lakes.

Fishing in Galilee.
As we ride up the lake I watch closely the fishermen handling our craft. We are in a skiff about thirty feet long and four feet in width. It has a white leg-of-umton sail which is filled by the wind from the south, and we are speeding over the water. The sea is now quiet, and our boat leaves a pathway of diamonds painted there by the sun. I reach over the side of the boat and let my hand trail in the water.

It is cool. I dip up some in my palm and drink it. It has a slight taste of salt.
Now the fishermen have laid their oars across the sides of the boat. They are depending on the wind to carry us onward. Some are asleep, and among them one at the prow who lies with bare legs outspread, his bronze face in the full glare of the sun. He is snoring. At the right is a man mending a net, and on the other side of the boat two are chatting. The scene might have been one of this same lake nineteen hundred-odd years ago, when Christ called men like these from their boats to be "fishers of men."

By and by the subject of fishing comes up, and I ask the men if there are still many fish in the lake, thinking of the great draught which Simon Peter and the other apostles drew up when they cast their nets at the command of our Lord at the time He appeared to them here after His crucifixion. They tell me that the sea is still alive with good fish, and that quantities are carried to Nazareth and other Galileean towns every week. Some are sent to Damascus by railroad and some are salted and shipped off to Jerusalem. About a year ago a party took five tons of fish in one day. The catch was so great that fish sold in Tiberias for 1 cent apiece, and six pounds or more could be bought for a penny. There are fishing villages all along the lake, and the fishermen are still to be seen dragging their nets or mending them as they float near the shore. I am told that there are three ways of fishing. One is by hooks and two by nets. One kind of net is cast. It is used from the shores or by the man wading breast deep into the water. The net is a great ring or disk of thread weighted with lead. It takes the shape of a dome as it sinks, falling upon the fish it incloses. After this the fisherman dives down and draws the leads together and carries net and fish to the banks. Much fishing of this kind is done near the village of Magdala. Another net is a dragnet with floats at the top and leads at the bottom. This is usually worked from boats which carry the nets so that they form a loop and scoop in the fish. Among the fish caught are excellent bass, some of which we have had at the hotel. An especially curious fish is that known as the chromis simonia, the male of which carries the eggs and young about in its mouth.

The Lake in a Storm.
The storms come up quickly on Galilee. I have seen several since I arrived in Tiberias and have experienced one or two on the sea. The day I landed was hot. The sirocco was blowing when I left the Mediterranean, and at Nazareth the travelers who had just come from Tiberias warned us that it was terribly hot on the lake. We had strong winds all along the carriage road to Tiberias, and our first sight of the sea showed waves which were rolling to and fro, not unlike those of the ocean. The clouds hung low over

The Capernaum of Today.
But our wind also has dropped. The boatmen are lowering the sails and we are gliding to the shores of Capernaum. They are now covered with rich meadows, among which here and there are plowed fields and crops of fast-growing grain. From the boat we can see no signs that a city once stood on the spot. The only evidence of life is a low, gray, one-story monastery belonging to the Franciscans, who are excavating the ruins and digging temples and synagogues out of the soil. They own several hundred acres, running east and west along the beach and ex-



On Galilee. Where Jesus Fed the Five Thousand

tending for a mile perhaps up the hills. Some of their lands are under cultivation and there are orchards of lemons, oranges and almonds to the east of their buildings.

We land at a wharf and enter a door in the walls which surround the excavations. I make myself acquainted with Father Wandelin, an austere-looking priest, who speaks German. He takes me around and shows me the results of the work. He says they are digging up what is believed to be the actual synagogue in which Jesus Christ taught, when He came here from Nazareth. As you must remember, Capernaum was His home, and it was from here that He took the most of His disciples. Here He cured Simon's wife's mother, who lay sick of the fever, and here, saddened with the wickedness of the city, He said:
"And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto Heaven, shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom it would have remained unto this day."
The prophecy, then uttered, has long since come to pass. The city of Capernaum is not. And it is only now that the excavation of these monks is showing its ruins.

The synagogue which is being dug up shows the splendor of the ancient city. I walked around its boundaries; it was fifty-four feet long and seventy-two feet wide, facing the sea; its front was a mass of marble columns, and it was built in two stories, the upper of which was for the women. Many of the columns have been entirely dug out and the walls have been excavated to the height of my head. The

Indians' Weird Firewater Abolished

THE redman's strange firewater has vanished. The booze which came from the Land of the Cactus, the drug which formed a part of his religion and carried him off into delirious dreams, has been practically stamped out, says a report from Washington. No more will the feather-decked braves gather about the fires, chanting hymns to their gods, their brains aflame with the colors of the rainbow, their nerves vibrating to a strange power. For Uncle Sam's hand has practically so curbed its use that it is no longer a menace to the red race.

A few years ago many complaints reached the government officials in Washington that the Indians, especially the Kiowas and the Winnebagoes, were being debased by that strange intoxicant known as the mescal button. Its use had been imported from Mexico, where the root is grown. Thought it resembles somewhat a turnip, it is, in fact, a species of Mexican cactus, the top of which is cut and then dried, forming a buttonlike substance. These buttons are either chewed or soaked in water and the liquid drunk to produce the intoxicating effect. In a short while after its introduction to the Indians of North America it was adopted as part of their religious ceremonies and its use was one of the main rites in their sacred meetings.

When the government agents discovered how general the use of the mescal buttons had become, and their intoxicating nature, the plant was sent east for experimenting to learn its real value. Many prominent scientists studied it carefully.

Dr. Morgan and Dr. Prentiss, of the medical department of Columbia university, state in a joint paper on the subject that they took it themselves with a view of personally finding out its real effect. About four buttons were taken. In a short while there passed before the vision most magnificent panoramas of every color and form. The pleasure was one of supreme delight and the most remarkable experience of a lifetime. By thinking of any scene it would appear in glowing tints, in wonderful blending

or radiance, in a thousand flashing forms and hues. Yet strange to say if one brought to mind an unpleasant object there came before the eye myriads of horrible crawling monsters and seas of gruesome forms of human faces which would cause one to shudder. It also produced a marked wakefulness in which it resembled cocaine, but has none of the latter's disagreeable after effects.

Flickertails to Get Full Weight

On December 1, last, Prof. E. F. Ladd, food commissioner of North Dakota, put into effect an order compelling produce handlers of the state to change their system of selling from the old measure to the pound weight plan. Thus one of the most sweeping orders promulgated by the pure food department of any state will be put into operation. It is in line with the policy that has been adopted by the state in saying that full weight shall be given, a step in which North Dakota is a pioneer.

One direct result of the order issued by Prof. Ladd will be an increase in the price per bushel of practically all kinds of produce. Potatoes heretofore sold in a bushel measure must under the order weight right up to the sixty-pound mark to be considered a full bushel, and so it is with a number of other vegetables. There will be no increase in the actual price of the produce, as the buyer will receive more per bushel than he did previously. As quoted, however, a slight advance in the price per bushel will doubtless result.

Shrinkage is another thing that will have its effect on the prices of produce. Potatoes put in during the fall of the year, weighing sixty pounds, will be found to have decreased in weight by the time spring arrives by at least five pounds. This is a factor the handler of such produce will have to take into consideration in determining upon his new scale of prices.

Apples, too, will come under the new regulation, and will hereafter have to be sold by the pound, as will a great many other products. It will take some little time for the merchant to get accustomed to the new order of things, but Commissioner Ladd is firm in his belief that the conditions resulting from the order will be entirely beneficial all around.

North Dakota, about a year and a half ago, ordered that weights of the contents of containers, such as crackers, etc., be stamped on the outside of the package. As a result of this order several large concerns withdrew from the state, refusing to give the true weight of their goods, preferring rather to lose the territory entirely than so to do.

Illustrious Example

"My dear," announced Mr. Ad. Hereward, "I propose to donate you \$45, to be applied to the purchase of one of those new, tippy-turvey, wicker-basket hats."

She looked up at him, very much alarmed at the sudden outbreak of generosity.

"On condition you raise an equal amount of the 10-cent-a-week pin money regularly allowed you," finished Mr. Hereward magnanimously.—Judge.

columns are three feet thick, smoothly finished and exquisitely carved. The marble work is that which was common in Rome shortly before the time of Christ, and much of it is uninjured.

So far only a small portion of the ground on which the city has stood has been explored. There are a thousand acres or so left that in all probability contain valuable ruins, which, when exposed, may cast new light upon the days and time of the Savior. At present the work is managed by a close corporation. The Franciscan monks will not permit relics to be taken away and they forbid the use of cameras. Father Wandelin carries a long, blacksnake whip with him and I am told that he uses it if he is not obeyed. The other day a woman tourist brought in a camera under her coat and took a snapshot, notwithstanding his objections, whereupon he laid hold of her and threw her out of the place.

The City of Herod.
I am stopping at Tiberias in a little German hotel, where I have a comfortable room at a cost of \$2 a day. Tiberias is the largest settlement on the sea; it lies on the western shore, at the southern end, within a mile or so of the Horns of Hattin, where it is said Christ delivered the Sermon on the Mount. It is only a short ride by boat from where the Jordan flows out to the Dead sea, and from Semak, where the railroad now goes north on its way from Haifa to Damascus.

The city was the capital of Galilee, and it was at the height of its prosperity when Christ was living at Capernaum: it was founded by Herod Antipas, the son of Herod, the baby killer, and was named after the Roman emperor Tiberius; it was constructed while Christ was living in Nazareth and was a new and thriving city during His residence at Capernaum. It is doubtful that He ever visited it, for the Bible does not mention His doing so.

Tiberias had a palace and a race course in those days and after the destruction of Jerusalem it became the chief seat of the Jewish nation; it is still one of the three holy cities of the Jews and it has many Israelites among its citizens. They go about in long coats and caps bound with fur, and are noted for their piety and for their knowledge of the Talmud. Many of the Jews are Spaniards who have come here to live on account of the holiness of the city.

Tiberias in 1910.
The Tiberias of 1910 is not attractive; it is a mass of gray stone and brick buildings, with flat roofs painted white. The streets are narrow, dirty and filthy, and the Arabs have a saying that the king of the fleas lives here. The human population is something like 8,000, of whom about two-thirds are Jews and the remainder Mohammedans and Christians. The Jews have ten synagogues, and there is also a Mohammedan mosque. The northern limits of the place are marked by the ruins of the Roman town and the remains of its walls and a gate are still standing.

There are hot springs on the shores of the lake a half mile from the city, which are still used and which were famous in the times of the Romans; they are in many respects similar to those of Carlsbad, the waters containing sulphur, chloride of magnesium and iron; they are good for skin diseases, and if they were under American management might be made to pay well. One of the most interesting and valuable institutions in this city is the hospital belonging to the Scottish missionaries and managed by Dr. Torrence of Edinburgh. It has thousands of patients a year and is doing great work.

Cana of Galilee.
I came here from Nazareth, riding over the mountains of Galilee in a carriage. The road is fairly good, although it is up or down hill all the way. About six miles from Nazareth I stopped at the village of Cana, where our Lord visited the wedding feast and turned the water into wine. I even saw the stone jars or tubs which the people who own one of the churches there say were the original jars which were used at that time. They are kept inside the church, and it took several feet to get to them; they are great limestone receptacles, looking much like mortars, and it is likely that they have been used for the crushing of wheat by means of a pestle. I took a photograph of one, standing beside it and, resting my camera on a stool, my guide pressed the button.

I also visited the spring at Cana; there is only one, and it must have been from there that the water which was turned into wine was drawn. Four camels, six sheep and two cows were drinking at it as I stopped, and a half dozen girls with water bags were waiting for their family supply. It is probable that Cana was much larger and more prosperous in the days of our Savior than now.

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