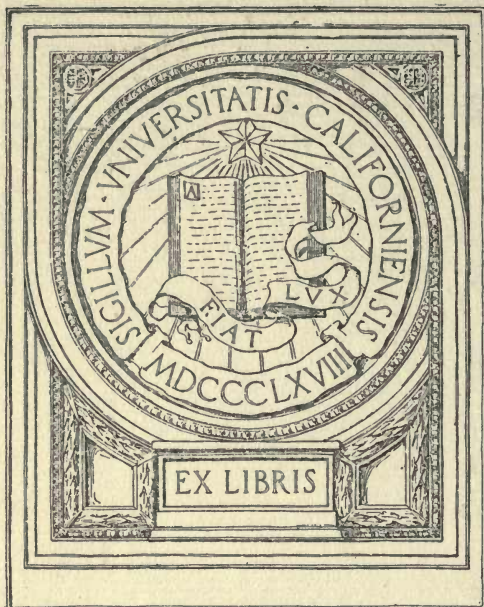


UC-NRLF



5B 57 584

GIFT OF



EX LIBRIS

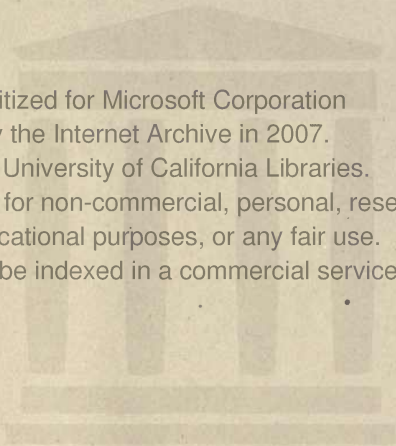
INTERNET ARCHIVE

Digitized for Microsoft Corporation
by the Internet Archive in 2007.

From University of California Libraries.

May be used for non-commercial, personal, research,
or educational purposes, or any fair use.

May not be indexed in a commercial service.



PEN SKETCHES

Green



Streets of Cairo

Sphinx and Pyramids

Bedouin Wedding Festival

Venetian Serenade

Modern Jerusalem

Colosseum Illuminated

Bazaars of Damascus

Pompeii and Vesuvius

FINLEY ACKER

PHILADELPHIA

[Cop. 1899]

A3

PEN SKETCHES

Gift of

COPYRIGHT 1899
FINLEY ACKER

81016

DRAWINGS BY
C. P. SHOFFNER

PRESS OF
THE McLAUGHLIN BROS. Co., LTD.
PHILADELPHIA

PREFACE

A BUSINESS friend, upon whom I recently called, seemed unusually depressed and low spirited, and I ascertained that the only cause for his depression was the fact that he could not find *sufficiently profitable and safe securities in which to invest his surplus income!*

But it was only a few years ago that he was bright and happy in trying to earn a modest livelihood for his growing family.

The question is sometimes asked whether many American business men don't permit themselves to become so absorbed in their pursuit of wealth that they become "deaf, dumb and blind" to all forms of pleasure and recreation which do not lead, directly or indirectly, to the capture of the "Almighty Dollar."

Some have made the pleasing discovery that by occasionally withdrawing from their regular business duties and becoming intensely absorbed in totally different environments they not only develop an invaluable reserve stock of vitality, but are also enabled to perform a year's ordinary work in six, eight or ten months, while at the same time the quality of their work is of a higher order.

Every man has, or should have, his "hobby"—in recreation. I think mine is travel—particularly foreign



PREFACE

travel. It seems to me there is no quicker or more effective means than travel in foreign countries for dispelling the selfish, narrow and bigoted ideas which are frequently the outgrowth of local environment.

And there is probably no better means for widening and deepening our interest and sympathy in our fellow man than to discover, in all parts of the world, the same elements of human nature, the same human love and passions, and to find the sun shining, the rain falling, and the laws of Providence operating with impartial beneficence upon all races of men, regardless of inherited creed, ignorance or bigotry.

During a recent trip I consented to write a few newspaper articles upon some of the places I visited. Upon my return a number of friends requested the publication of the articles in book form.

Whether I acted wisely in yielding to this request will depend upon whether the reader who wades through it is entertained or bored.

But should it induce some hard working business or professional man to try the experiment of placing more business responsibility upon the shoulders of others, and of temporarily forgetting business cares, perplexities and anxieties, among the picturesque Orientals of Egypt and of Syria, or among the vivacious Venetians, Romans or Neapolitans, the object of this little booklet may be partly accomplished, for he will likely return better prepared, both physically and mentally, to resume his business duties and responsibilities, and be more keenly alive to the fact that the one country in the world which, by reason of its boundless natural resources and the in-



Intellectual and moral stamina of its people, is best qualified to assume the leadership of all other nations, is his own country of America.

And should he be fortunate enough to be accompanied in his rambles by a thoroughly companionable "better half" he will find his trip made doubly enjoyable. And it is to one of the most endearing, vivacious and unselfish of these that this little booklet is appropriately and affectionately dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, February, 1900.





(Published in *Philadelphia Inquirer*)

“The Midway” was one of the most popular features of the World’s Fair at Chicago.

And the “Streets of Cairo” were among the most popular features of the Midway.

But some patrons of this part of the exhibition formed the erroneous impression that most of the women in Cairo concealed their faces behind black veils and brass nose pieces; that most of the men wore Oriental skirts and squatted Turk fashion; that transportation facilities were confined to the camel and donkey, and that the continuous and only form of public amusement was of a rather startling and shocking character.

But as one enters the city of Cairo of today, he may be agreeably surprised at its many

EVIDENCES OF COSMOPOLITANISM

If he drives through the extensive and ornate gardens of the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, he may imagine himself suddenly transported to Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, California.

If he strolls through the drawing room of the Savoy, or Shepherd's, he may conclude he is in Saratoga.

If he walks through the broad avenues of the newly built portion of Cairo, he may be reminded of the boulevards of Paris.

If he peers into the shop windows lining the Shari-a-Kamel Pasha, or the Muski, he may recognize the conventional features of the retail district of a continental city.

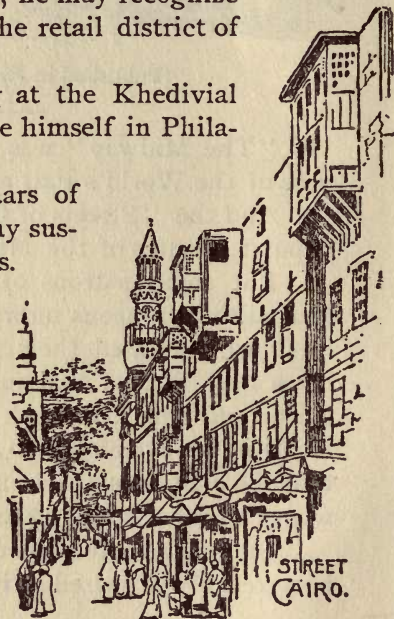
If he spends an evening at the Khedivial Opera House, he may imagine himself in Philadelphia or London.

If he trades at the bazaars of the Arabs or Algerians, he may suspect himself still in Damascus.

If he rides donkey back through the narrow streets of old Cairo, he may feel that an impassable gulf separates him from European civilization.

If he visits the alabaster Mosque of Mohammed Ali, or the university in Mosque el-Azhar, with its five thousand earnest students of the Koran, he can easily believe himself to be in the very heart of Mohammedanism.

If he gazes upon the Nile, under the soft light of the full moon, he may readily drift into a dreamy meditation upon the historic stream without which Egypt would be



a barren desert, and with which has been linked so much that is weird and mysterious in Egyptian story.

If he visits the Gizeh Museum and recognizes at its portals the familiar but mummified face of the most celebrated of the Pharaohs, and gains an insight into ancient customs from the pictorial carvings upon the unearthed monuments, he may feel that this is the most promising spot for unraveling the secrets of ancient history.

And if he pays his respects to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, he may experience a profound feeling of reverence in standing face to face with the most ancient and celebrated monuments of human construction.

With this heterogeneous combination, all within the confines of a single city, it is easy to see why Cairo should be regarded as one of the most interesting cities of the world; although if the visitor chooses to limit himself to but one of the many worlds in Cairo his impressions will be proportionately different from those which are made upon the traveler who enjoys seeing the city in its entirety.

A PICTURESQUE FASHIONABLE SIGHT

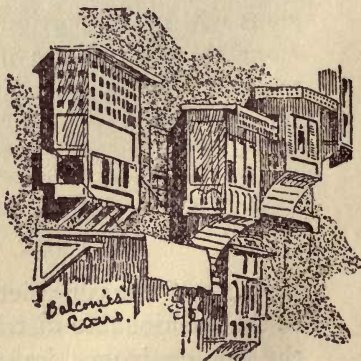
One of the very picturesque sights in the fashionable district of Cairo is the fine equipages drawn by splendid



specimens of Arabian horses and preceded by one or two forerunners or outrunners.

These functionaries, whom I have never seen in any other city, are generally fine-looking, slenderly built Arabs with black hair and moustache; with their feet and the lower part of their limbs bare; and attired in a red fez and white turban; a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the shoulder and disclosing bright red undersleeves; white bloomers; a short, circular jacket, richly embroidered with gilt; a large, bright-colored sash and carrying a long pole. Thus equipped, they keep running a certain distance ahead of their carriage to "clear the way" for their master; and they, apparently, never tire. The bright colors and picturesqueness of the costume, combined with the graceful activity of the men, form a picture of which one never tires.

But in order to see that which differs most from modern life and customs the traveler must leave the fashionable and modern district of the Savoy and Shepheard's and stroll through the narrow lanes and streets of old Cairo, or in the Arab district, and if he does this in the heat of the day he will realize, in a cool and refreshing manner, the advantage, in a semi-tropical city, of walking through very narrow streets in which the overhanging balconies almost meet.



THE STREETS OF OLD CAIRO

In going through old Cairo he is strongly reminded of the buildings in the streets of Cairo as exhibited at the World's Fair.

To stroll or to ride on a donkey (the most popular form of conveyance) through these so-called streets, some of which are not more than six feet wide, is curiously interesting.

In the morning, noon or night are seen, at the Arabian cafes, the native Arabs sipping their Turkish coffee or smoking their cheap cigarettes or their picturesque nargilehs. From the great number of these patrons one might suppose the Arabs were lazy and unwilling to work, but in order to dissipate this idea it is only necessary to watch the railroad porters, the hack drivers, the donkey boys, or boatmen struggle, push, fight and swear to get possession of a passenger and his luggage. But the active energy of the Arab rarely causes him to spend his spare time in self-improvement, particularly in the line of personal or household cleanliness; smoking, coffee



drinking, chatting and the observance of his Moslem devotions, are the conventional ways in which his unemployed time is generally spent.

THE NATIVE COSTUMES

The costumes are varied, but the most popular style among the men is a long skirt, made apparently of blue Kentucky jean, and a red fez, either plain or dressed with a white or green turban.



The ordinary costume of women of the poorest class (who find time to blacken their eyelashes and eyelids, and have their faces and chests tattooed) consists of a long blue or black skirt, with the upper half frequently thrown over the head, and with a long black or white veil concealing their face.

Inasmuch as these styles never change, and as a woman's garment can be purchased for fifty cents, it is distressing to think of the havoc which would be occasioned among our fashionable dressmakers and milliners if Worth (or his legatee) should suddenly authorize the adoption of the Arabic costume among his devotees in Philadelphia and other large cities.

While, however, the costume of the Arabic women undergoes little, if any, variation, the dress of the men is frequently modified by the partial adoption of European fashions, the grotesqueness of which is quite

striking when an Arab is seen wearing his conventional long skirt and fez, but, at the same time, displaying European gaiters and a short spring overcoat.

IN THE BAZAARS

In the native bazaars one sees the greatest diversity and animation in Oriental life.

Like the celebrated bazaars of Damascus, those of Cairo are generally separated into different classes, and each shop consists of a single room, which is usually smaller than our average American show window. In this room, or in front of it, the proprietor squats or stands and conducts all the minutiae of his business.

The streets or lanes which are lined with these shops are always full of life and animation, being frequented by both natives and foreigners, and they resound with the braying of donkeys, the warning shouts of their drivers, and the jingling cymbals and calls of the water and lemonade vender, who keeps his beverage stored in a goat skin.

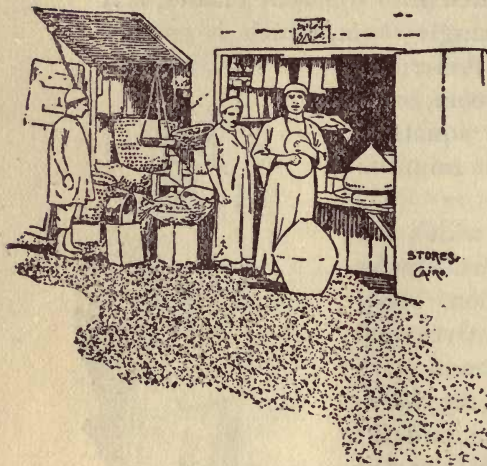
But when the jewelry or silversmith bazaar is pointed out, and one sees a narrow lane not over four feet wide, and lined on both sides with the smiths who, in their miniature boxes, both make and sell their wares, he recognizes an amusing contrast between the



old and the new by recalling to mind the Tiffanys, the Caldwells and the other typical smiths of America.

In the perfumery bazaar the proprietor, surrounded on three sides with his large bottles of varied perfumes, enterprisingly offers to part with a drop (but the smallest drop I have ever seen), as a free sample. Attar of roses appears to be the most popular odor.

In the fez bazaar each shop is provided with brass forms which, when heated, are used to press and repress the fez into the desired shape.



In the slipper bazaar, the silk bazaar, the dry goods bazaar, the Algerian bazaar and in all the other bazaars, distinctive Oriental features are found which cannot fail to interest and entertain.

Although less animated, it is also interesting to stroll through the narrow lanes in the residential district of the Arab population.

The visitor may be obliged to frequently retrace his steps when he finds no outlet to a long and tortuous lane, but he avoids this perplexity after he learns that "Sharia" means a street with an outlet, and "Artfet" a lane which may terminate in a private courtyard.

Such a stroll, while interesting in disclosing how much Oriental contentment may be crowded into a single chimneyless room with a stone floor, at the same time awakens a feeling of profound gratitude at the superior household and sanitary conveniences of those in similar positions in our own country.

STUDENTS OF MOSLEM

An equally Oriental impression may be formed by listening to the sonorous cry of the muezzin from the towering minarets as he calls the faithful Moslem to his prayers; or by visiting the many ancient and modern mosques, with their conventional fountains in the courtyard, in which the Mohammedan is required to wash his face, hands and feet before starting on his ninety-nine prayers; and particularly by visiting the mosque which is used as a university, and in which the five thousand students formerly spent their entire time in committing to memory the words of the Koran, and who graduated only after this mnemonic feat was accomplished.

It is a ludicrous sight to see these thousands of pupils squatting, Turk fashion, on the matted floor of the mosque—some by themselves; others in circles being taught by an instructor; some writing the words with ink on slates made of tin, but all energetically swaying their bodies backward and forward, and nodding, with a quick, jerky motion, their heads in different directions.

The reason assigned for this grotesque act of gym-



nastics was that the faculty of memory is thereby kept in a superior state of activity, and that which is learned becomes more solidly packed in the mind—probably on the same principle which governs an automatic packing machine.

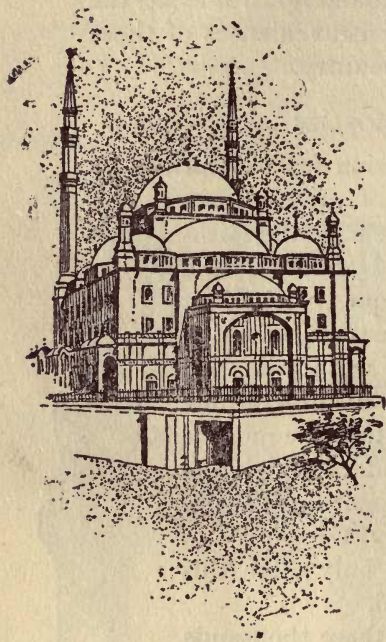
One energetic pupil squatted so closely to the stone wall and shot his head and body forward so vehemently as to suggest the theory that he proposed to dispute the infallibility of the old adage regarding a man "butting his head against a stone wall."

Some of the other pupils were stretched out full length on the floor taking a nap.

As a university scene, it possesses sufficiently grotesque features to interest the humorist, and I would suggest that the Mask and Wig Club include its faithful reproduction in their next public performance for maintaining the classical dignity of our own great university.

IN THE GIZEH MUSEUM

When one wishes to suddenly step backward a few thousand years and breathe the atmosphere of ancient Egypt, commune with its noted personages, and become



familiar with its old-time customs, all he need do is to enter the Gizeh Museum.

When he looks upon the mummified face of Rameses II., who reigned over half a century, and whose father is believed to have been the Pharaoh who ordered the murder of all newly born male children among the Jews, he may feel that he recognizes an old acquaintance, for his striking physiognomy has been produced and reproduced so frequently in magazines as to make it very familiar. His features have been so perfectly preserved during the several thousand years in which he was entombed that they do not appear repulsive. The face and head are worth studying. The unusually prominent and highly arched nose indicates great love and power of command, while the facial features and the head suggest the characteristics of the cool, calculating, passionless diplomat.



From a study of the features and those of his father, it is easy to believe that such acts as the murder of Jewish infants would not be ordered to gratify any special love for cruelty, but simply as a supposed inevitable incident for guarding and perpetuating the power of their dynasty—just as our own newly elected public officials cut off the heads of certain subordinates, not from any feeling of malice, but, on the contrary, frequently with

a sentiment of genuine compassion; but the act of execution is nevertheless carried out as one of the inexorable laws in practical politics for maintaining partisan or factional control.

SOME MUMMY STORIES

There is a published story that when the mummified remains of this proud old Egyptian king were transferred to Bulak the Custom House authorities were puzzled to know how to classify the importation, as "mummies" could not be found in their official list. The problem was, however, finally solved by entering the mummy as "fertilizer," for the reason that many of them had been used by the Arabs for that purpose and also because the duty upon fertilizers was low.

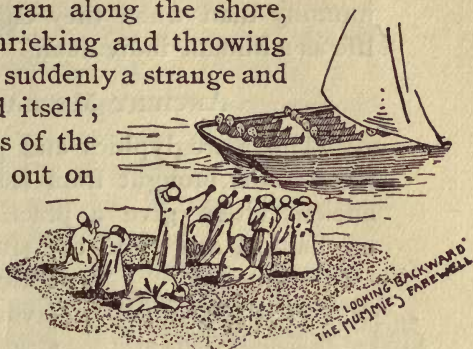
Had this incident occurred before Shakespeare's time it might have furnished the illustrious bard an illustration of the fall of the mighty, even more striking than was found in Cæsar, who,

"Dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

But when I mentioned this story to Professor Sayce, the eminent Egyptologist, he smilingly said it was an entertaining story, but he would not like to guarantee its accuracy.

He told me, however, of an actual occurrence which may not have been heretofore published. It was to the effect that when the mummies of the kings were being taken away from Luxor some of the natives pretended to be affected with great grief at the carrying away of

their ancient kings, and ran along the shore, after the boat, wailing, shrieking and throwing sand into their hair, when suddenly a strange and weird spectacle presented itself; a number of the mummies of the kings, which were spread out on the deck of the boat, and which had been lying motionless and serene for thousands of years, gradually raised



their heads as though in recognition of the tribute of respect which the natives were paying, and as though they desired to take a last look at their ancient resting place.

If I said nothing more about this story the sanity of both the professor and myself might seriously be brought into question, and Rider Haggard might also use the incident in a coming story of "He," to illustrate the weird and perpetual power of the early Egyptian sorcerers. As a matter, however, of cold, scientific fact, the apparent miraculous movements were nothing more than the expansion and contraction of the skin, caused by the intense rays of a Luxor sun beating down upon the exposed bodies.

The lover of mummies can, in this museum, have his taste abundantly gratified, for he will find many celebrated ancient rulers and numerous rows of shelves of the priests of Ammon (the sight of which gives a weird significance to the old phrase of being "laid on the shelf"), and also a lot of lesser dignitaries, many of whom are, no doubt, more celebrated as a speechless

mummy than when they engaged in the activities of life as a human individual.

ANCIENT MECHANICAL FORCES

The hieroglyphics and pictorial carvings on the stone slabs brought from Luxor, Memphis and other ancient cities give a practical insight into ancient mechanical arts; and the simple and primitive tools

which are there represented favor the theory that the construction of the pyramids and other colossal tombs and temples of antiquity was accomplished not by the aid of superior or phenomenal forces, the knowledge of which lies buried, but by the use of

simple mechanical contrivances operated by the concentrated energy of a fabulous number of workmen.



INFLUENCE OF THE NILE

But what would Cairo, and, in fact, what would the whole of Egypt be without the Nile?

When one pauses to consider the marvelous influence of this historic stream, which, by its annual overflow of alluvial deposit, converts a dead, barren desert into one of the richest and most fertile regions in the world, it is easy to understand why the Nile, with its four thousand miles of length, should always have commanded such deference and even reverence from Egyptians.

When the river reaches its highest point, as indicated by the nilometer on the island of Roda, it is possible to determine with considerable accuracy the abundance of the crops for that year, as the height of the river regulates the number of irrigating canals which can be supplied with water, and this, in turn, determines how many acres of soil can be cultivated.

To the absolute dependence of the Egyptians, from the very earliest period, upon this one great source of life is attributed their early intellectual development. It is contended that "the necessity of controlling the course of the Nile and utilizing its water

forced them to study the art of river engineering; and as they beheld in the starry heavens the calendar which regulated the approach and departure of the inundations, they naturally became students of astronomy. As

the annual overflow of the water obliterated all landmarks, it became necessary annually to remeasure the land, and to keep a register of the area belonging to each owner. The soundness of property, therefore, became recognized, and the disputes which naturally arose each year showed the necessity of adopting settled laws and enforcing judicial decisions. The Nile thus led to the foundation of social, legal and political order."

The river Nile of today has a practical lesson to teach the far-away Philadelphians who boast of their superior civilization, but who, nevertheless, have posted

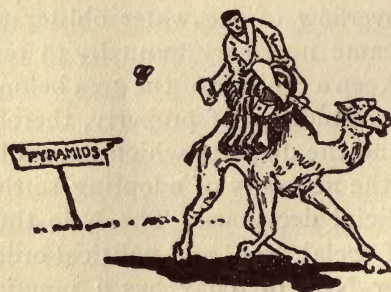


up in their kitchens the ominous warning from their Board of Health *not to drink their city water unless boiled!*

The water of the Nile is more murky than either the Schuylkill or the Delaware, but when it appears as drinking water upon the table it is clear as crystal, and the wonderful transformation from offensive muddiness into crystalline purity is due to the simple process of filtration.

* * * *

The Pyramids and the Sphinx—who can think of Cairo without them? But their story must be told at a different time. All that these imperishable monuments of past glory can say in this article is to welcome again and again to this cosmopolitan city all who desire to make or renew an acquaintance with those who breathed, and with the things which existed, in the civilization of the Dead Past.





The SPAINX and PYRAMIDS

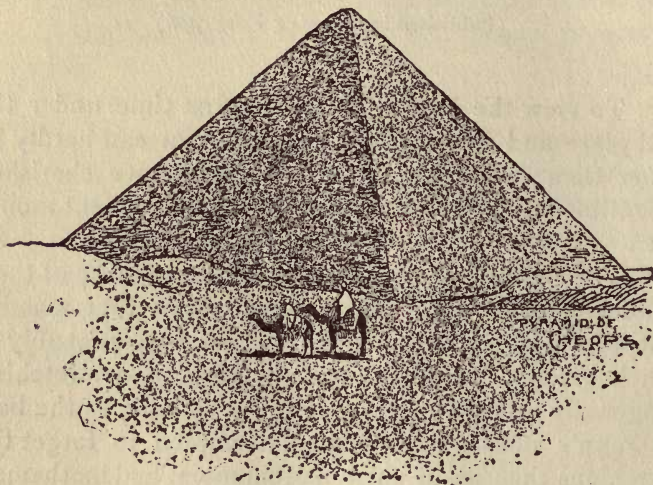
(Published in *Evening Telegraph*)

To view the Pyramids for the first time under the full glare and heat of the Egyptian sun can hardly be other than disappointing to those who have cherished a sentimental and poetic interest in these ancient monuments.

The sight is, of course, impressive, because of their colossal proportions; but as one looks at that massive pile of rough stone, occupying at its base probably as much ground space as our City Hall, and stretching diagonally upward to a point almost as high as the base of Penn's statue, he is strongly tempted to forget the ingenious theories of their astronomical and mathematical significance, and exclaim: "What consummate idiocy!"

When he recalls further that the huge pile of masonry in the Great Pyramid possesses no feature of artistic beauty other than its perfect conformity to the angular lines of a pyramid; that it monopolizes the space of thirteen acres; that it contains over two million separate blocks of stone; that it weighs over six million tons; and that it required for its construction, according

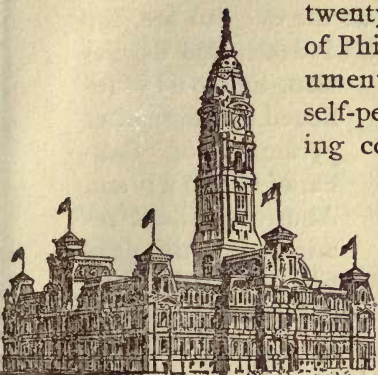
to Herodotus, the services for twenty years of one hundred thousand men during three months of each year, a feeling of intense irritation and exasperation may be engendered against Cheops, the builder, who, while possessing such absolute power over the toilers in his dominions, expended this enormous amount of energy in merely erecting, in conformity with mathematical



principles, a gigantic stone quarry, when the same expenditure of time and labor might have created a temple of colossal proportions and of marvelous architectural beauty.

A PHILADELPHIA PYRAMID

Some one, however, was unkind enough to remind me that while this monument was finally completed in



A PHILADELPHIA PYRAMID

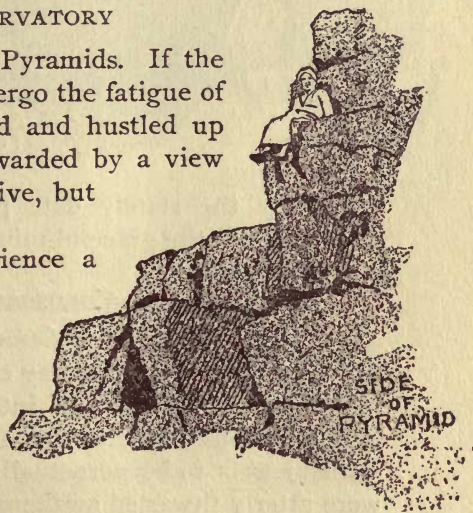
twenty years, we had in the City Hall of Philadelphia a different sort of monument, which, in consequence of the self-perpetuating powers of its building commission, might not be completed during the next five thousand years.

In this one respect he contended that the Egyptians of five thousand years ago may have possessed an advantage over the Philadelphians of today, who, because of their inheritance of Independence Hall, believe they enjoy the right of self-government.

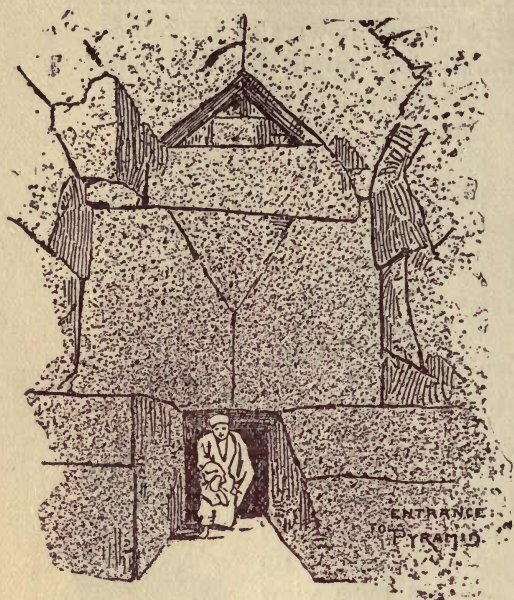
A ROYAL OBSERVATORY

But to return to the Pyramids. If the traveler is willing to undergo the fatigue of being hauled and pushed and hustled up to the summit, he is rewarded by a view which is not only extensive, but intensely interesting.

He may also experience a grim satisfaction in defying the original purpose of Cheops by utilizing as an observatory what he designed only as his pretentious tomb. On



the one side stretches out, as far as the eye can see, the barren desert, grimly suggestive of death and desolation, and only relieved by the smaller pyramids of Sak-



kara, Dashur and Abusir as silent reminders of the dead past of Egyptian civilization.

But as a refreshing contrast to this picture of death may be seen, in the east, the glittering course of the Nile, on the borders of which stretch a varying breadth of rich green vegetation which is picturesquely re-

lieved by the stately date palm tree; while to the northeast rise the graceful minarets of the cosmopolitan city of Cairo.

A COLOSSAL TOMB

If the traveler, after descending from the summit, desires more fatigue, he may crawl through the narrow and slippery passageway into the tomb chamber in which Cheops expected his mummified body and his buried jewels to be perpetually secure. That his plans were utterly thwarted awakens a feeling of keen regret

on the part of those who would like to expose him to public view, like other fossils and curiosities of his age, in the Gizeh Museum.

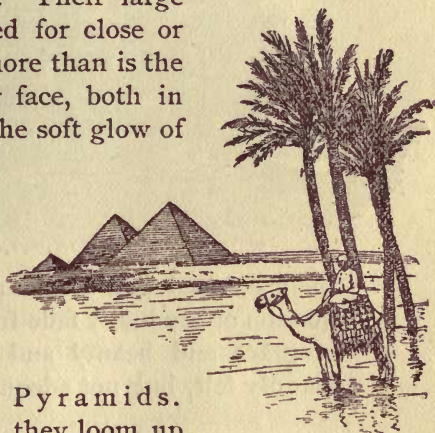
A DIFFERENT VIEW

But there are other times and places when a view of the Pyramids gives rise to other thoughts and emotions.

Some places, like the lives of some men and women, are best seen at a distance. Their large proportions are not designed for close or microscopic inspection, no more than is the Jungfrau, whose fascinating face, both in the bright sunlight and in the soft glow of the full moon, shines with rare and radiant beauty to her distant votaries in Interlaken, but whose unattractive features are disclosed to the closer and critical observer at Wengernalp.

And so it is with the Pyramids. Long before reaching Cairo, they loom up out of the horizon, hazy, misty, and frequently softened with the varying tints of the setting sun, like a deified guardian of the past, welcoming you to the land so rich with its buried tales of the most ancient science, civilization and humanity.

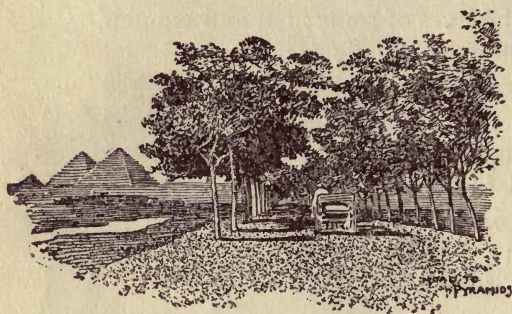
At a distance they are no longer a mere pile of stone, but, like every perfect picture or statue, they become imbued with life—not with the life of today, but with



the life of the hazy past, which is interwoven with the mysteries of the Nile, the charms of Cleopatra, the magnificence of the court of the Pharaohs, the thrilling adventures of Moses and Joseph, and with the mysteries and subtleties of the most ancient magic and priestcraft.

And this living spirit always pervades the Pyramids when seen at the proper distance. Looking at them from the citadel in Cairo, or while sailing on the river

Nile, or from the site of ancient Memphis, or from the train in leaving Cairo, as their misty forms gradually fade in the distance, no such irreverent idea as "stone quarry" is suggested, for as



their colossal and angular forms loom up out of the horizon or gradually fade from view, they assume a form of grace and beauty and dignity which may be profoundly felt, but not adequately described.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS

The Pyramids also tell another story. They point significantly to the temples and baths and palaces of imperial Rome, resplendent with architectural beauty, and adorned with the choicest statues of Grecian sculptors, but which, mutilated and dishonored, were destined to be filled with debris and served but as sub-foundations for future structures.

They point with equal significance to the former Temple of Baalbec, colossal in its proportions and yet finished with all the grace of the best Corinthian architecture, but whose ruins today give but a hint of their former magnificence.

They also point to the site of ancient Heliopolis, whose magnificent structures filled the world with wonder, but of which only a single obelisk remains to mark the spot, while one companion obelisk has migrated to London and another to New York city.

And yet, amid all this destruction of ancient forms of architectural beauty, the Pyramids, antedating them all, have for five thousand years proudly maintained their original form, although stripped of their polished stone veneerings and robbed of their mummified contents.



EGYPTIAN FORESIGHT

Perhaps, after all, our hasty judgment of Cheops, as a builder, was fallacious. Instead of condemning him for consummate idiocy, perhaps we should accredit him with marvelously keen foresight in adopting a style of architecture which has so successfully withstood the ravages of time and the cupidity of men.

We confess experiencing a keen desire to closely inspect his mummified physiognomy side by side in the Gizeh Museum with that of Rameses II., the Pharaoh whose father was responsible for the early adventure of Moses in the bullrushes. We might silently crave his pardon for our first hasty judgment upon his pyramid,

and express gratitude that, notwithstanding his apparent disregard for human life and energy in carrying out his selfish purpose to perpetuate his glory, he nevertheless erected a monument which for thousands of years may continue to be of intense interest to posterity, even though the mummified remains of its ambitious builder may have been utilized as a fertilizer by the Bedouins of the desert.

A WEIRD POEM

Apropos of the above, the following poem is apt to impress one most weirdly as he hears it recited within the very shadow of the great Pyramid in which the embalmed king was supposed to be entombed :

A KING IN EGYPT

I think I lie by the lingering Nile ;
I think I am one that have lain long while,
With my lips sealed up in a solemn smile,
In the lazy land of the loitering Nile.

I think I lie in the Pyramid,
And the darkness weighs on the closed eyelid,
And the air is heavy where I am hid
With the stone on stone of the Pyramid.

I think there are graven godhoods grim
That look from the walls of my chamber dim ;
And the hampered hand and the muffled limb
Lie fixed in the spell of their gazes grim.

I think I lie in a languor vast ;
Numb, dumb soul in a body fast,
Waiting long as the world shall last,
Lying cast in a languor vast.

Lying muffled in, fold on fold,
 With the gum and the spice and the
 gold enrolled;
 And the grain of a year that is old, old,
 old,

Wound around in the fine-spun fold.

The sunshine of Egypt is on my tomb;
 I feel it warming the still, thick gloom;
 Warming and waking an old perfume
 From the carven honors upon my tomb.

The old sunshine of Egypt is on the stone,
 And the sands lie red that the wind hath strown;
 And the lean, lithe lizard at play, alone,
 Slides like a shadow across the stone.

And I lie with the Pyramid over my head;
 I am lying dead; lying long, long dead;
 With my works all done and my words all said,
 And the deeds of my days written over my head.

Dead! Dead! Dead!



THE SILENT SPHINX

But a wonderfully interesting companion to the Pyramids is the Sphinx.

Unlike them, its acquaintance should not be made from a distance, but nearby, as its greatest height is but sixty-six feet from the base. Its face is that of a man (not a woman's, as is sometimes supposed), and probably represents the features of King Amenemhet III. (Twelfth Dynasty), by whom it may have been constructed. Its body is in the form of a recumbent lion, with its front paws stretched outward on the ground, and it is hewn out of the natural bedrock.

This fascinating face of stone may be viewed in the bright sunlight, or at sunrise, at sunset, by moonlight,

or even in the night by the aid of an artificial magnesium light, but the face never wearies, never disappoints. In its calm and sublime dignity, it seems to represent Inexorable, Passionless, Eternal Fate; supremely indifferent to the rise and fall of successive dynasties; treating lightly the civilization of the different epochs; unawed by the revelations of science and of magic;



unmoved by the invasion of foreign armies and the uprooting of ancient customs and idols; equally indifferent to the indignity of having its nose used as a target by gunners, and its body partly buried beneath the shifting sands of the desert. Passionless the face may appear, but this feature is perhaps due to the sculptor's skill, and not to its absence. Nowhere have I seen a

face in stone which has so haunted me since—a face which seemed to hold the power of revealing the most ancient secrets of the past, but which, with its far-away look, was serenely gazing into the most distant future for the ultimate consummation of things, and totally indifferent to the transient events of a day, a century or a millennium.

THE SPHINX'S REPLY

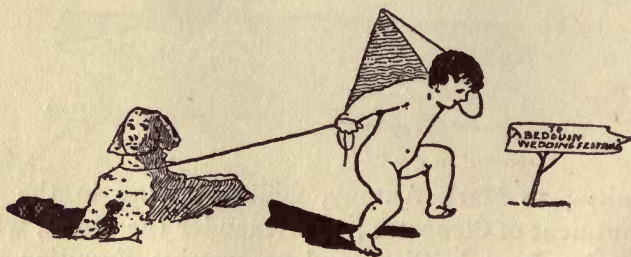
With its weird power of responding to the varying fancies and emotions of the observer, who can tell what it said to Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids; to Saladin, when he gained supremacy in Egypt; to Constantine, when considering the introduction of Chris-



tianity; to Mark Antony, while yielding to the enchantment of Cleopatra; to Alexander the Great, when planning for a brilliant and progressive Egyptian empire; to Moses, while receiving his education in the court of Pharaoh; to Joseph, when celebrating his wedding with the daughter of Potipherah; and to the myriads of other human beings, both great and small, who, during five thousand years, have gazed upon that marvelous face?

To each one it no doubt told a different tale—just as it does today.

The Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Nile—three rare links in the chain which connects the most ancient civilization with that of today. And when we begin to realize the advanced state of civilization in Egypt thousands of years before the discovery of America, and long before the establishment of the Roman Empire, we may well feel that a closer acquaintance with these legacies of the past may serve as an agreeable diversion amid the rush and hurly-burly of the Western civilization of today.



A BEDOUIN WEDDING FESTIVAL



After eating, in the open desert, our evening lunch, spread out upon one of the colossal paws of the Sphinx, and while absorbed in studying, by the soft light of the rising moon, the weird features of that face of stone which for thousands of years has impassively gazed upon the varying fortunes and civilization of ancient and modern Egypt, we were startled by hearing, in the still

night, some of those peculiar sounds the Arabs call music, and which became so familiar to the patrons of the Midway during the World's Fair.

Our Pyramid guide, who bore the distinguished name of Hassan, then informed us that his brother was to be married the following morning, and he invited us to witness the consummation of the preparatory wedding festivities which had been in progress for five days.

We gladly accepted the invitation and trudged through the heavy sand of the desert, with no evidence of



life save the distant musical strains, when a sharp turn in the road suddenly revealed a sight which formed a strange contrast to the previous solitude and darkness.

Before us appeared an oblong square formed by Arabs of all ages and sizes and conditions, clothed in their native dress, squatting, Turk fashion, around the edge of the square. In the center of this curious group was a



raised platform carpeted with matting, and surmounted with a bright red canopy, ornamented with Oriental figures, festooned with gaily colored flags, and brilliantly illuminated with lamps and candelabra suspended from the roof of the canopy. To increase the brilliancy of the scene, torches, made of burlap saturated with oil and wrapped around poles, were also lighted at intervals.

Among the Arabs all was life and commotion. The incessant chatter which one hears continually among Arab porters, Arab boatmen, Arab coachmen, Arab guides, Arab merchants—in fact, all who talk the Arabic language—was heard as usual.

An American listening to this vehement chatter for the first time would be justified in suspecting these Orientals of continually quarreling, but he soon discovers

that the peculiarly explosive sound of certain Arabic words may at times express affection when it might be mistaken for violent feeling.

Here were assembled about five hundred male friends and relatives of the groom—but no women, for the Arab rarely escorts his female friends to a place of amusement or entertainment.

Among the audience I recognized the camel boy who had persisted in making my camel trot at a most hazardous gait, and who pretended not to understand my sharp and emphatic orders to have him walk.

I also recognized the son of one of the shekhs who, in eight minutes, had nimbly run up to the summit and down to the bottom of the highest pyramid, but who now experienced difficulty in balancing himself on top of a rickety five foot ladder which two other guides were supporting.

The man who assumed the management of the lighted torch may have imagined himself to be "Liberty Enlightening the World," for, inflated with the importance of his position, he brandished the torch among the flags and the inflammable roof of the canopy with



a recklessness which would have paralyzed an American fire insurance inspector, while his equally reckless jabs among the bare legs of the Arabs would, in America, have resulted in the passage of fierce resolutions of protest by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But neither the bunting nor the legs caught fire, and when we entered the assemblage every one seemed glad to accord us the right of way; to place seats for us at the best and most conspicuous point of view, and to treat us in every way as special and honored guests.



I soon found myself confronted with the following problem concerning human nature: Every one who has traveled in Oriental countries is familiar with the term "bakshish."

The word originally meant "gift," and it may still be employed to some extent in that sense. But its universal meaning, when hurled at travelers by the natives, is, "*Give me some money.*"

And the word possesses the singular power of making every receiver of "bakshish" crave for more, and, in the majority of cases, to also demand more.

You may pay for the privilege of ascending the Pyramids (which money is divided among the several shekhs who control the district), and you may pay for a camel ride, or a donkey ride, or for any other privilege or accommodation, but invariably these, as well as all

other Arabs who may have honored you with a glance, or a word, or a pull, or a push, will demand "bakshish" in addition, regardless of how liberal your first payment may have been—provided you are sized up as being sufficiently tender-hearted, unsophisticated or exasperated to yield to such importunities.

But at this Arabian festivity no one, strange to say, asked for "bakshish."

The camel boy who during the day appeared to have "bakshish" uppermost in mind; the son of a shekh who had presented a demand for two shillings for standing on the Sphinx while our photographs were being taken; the guide who claimed to have given an additional pull or push up the Pyramids, and a consequent fee—these and all the other



"bakshish" receivers who frequent the Pyramids were all there, and they gave us a most cordial welcome, seemed proud of the honor of sitting near us, willingly gave us all the information we desired, saw that newcomers did not obstruct our view—and yet not a single request for "bakshish" was heard!

From what I have learned of the Arab's real nature, I am not yet able to determine whether the genial sphere of friendly hospitality actually excluded the sordid idea of gain (a theory which most Pyramid visitors will treat with incredulity) or whether a still larger

contribution might possibly have been expected as a spontaneous expression of appreciation, such as sometimes follows the enjoyment of that which is novel and entertaining.

However, it is more pleasing to cherish the first view, and I shall adopt it in spite of its probable unreliability.

A wedding ceremony for an Arab is no trifling affair, even though, according to Moslem ethics, he may marry four wives, and also marry the fifth, provided he simply sends one of the first four back to her parents—if living.

I don't know how elaborately the event is celebrated among the very poor, but in the case of Hassan's



brother, who was reputed to own considerable fertile land and whose prospective bride or her family was also reputed to be well off, the preparatory festivities had occupied five days.

During the day the male friends enjoyed themselves mainly in equestrian sports, when upon their handsome Arab steeds, a number of riders would fly like

the wind, then suddenly stop—fire off their guns—wheel around and run as rapidly to their starting point.

The fearlessness and perfect poise of a skilled Arab horseman is beautiful to witness, and an Arab enjoys the sport as much as do our Western cowboys.

Towards evening lunch was provided for the guests, and two buffalo cows slaughtered to furnish the necessary meat.

The bride also had her festivities, but only among her female friends. I was not informed of what they



consist. I tried to find out for myself once when, in strolling through the streets of a Mohammedan village, my guide mentioned that some Oriental wedding festivities were being celebrated in one of the houses we were passing, and I was invited to call upon the bridegroom, who welcomed me most cordially and insisted that I join him in smoking one of his wedding cigarettes.

After listening to the so-called music, and trying to say pleasant things through the interpreter, I expressed a desire to pay my respects to the bride.

The astonished look on the faces of the men proved that this suggestion was a decided innovation; but the groom finally consented when I proposed leaving with the bride a silver souvenir. I was then conducted to a different house and ushered into a large room where the prospective bride, elaborately attired, was surrounded by and chatting with a great host of her female friends. I confess that my courage was put to a test, as I ran this gauntlet of Oriental women, but I cordially shook hands with the bride, and through the interpreter asked her to accept from an American traveler his wish for her future domestic happiness. I also expressed the hope that her life would be as long as her face was beautiful; and this little compliment was greeted with hilarious delight by her many friends as well as herself—for to their eyes it necessarily implied a very long life.

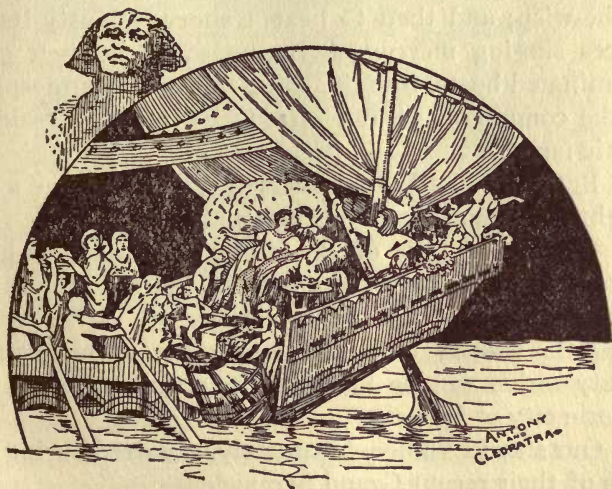
But the only form of entertainment I could discover among these Oriental ladies was "chatting," and for this simple and inexpensive amusement the Arab appears to be especially well qualified by his natural endowments.

But to return to the festivities at the Pyramids.

So-called music was first furnished by Arabs upon their native instruments; and I recognized the same old tune of the Midway. I have been told the Arabs have one or two other tunes, but I don't recall having been



as we re-entered the gloomy presence of the Sphinx, its face, in the pale light of the moon, looked down upon us like a familiar shade from the dim and misty past, and its strangely significant smile might have been interpreted as a disdainful sneer at the simple Oriental festivities we had just witnessed, and as a suggestive hint of the marvelous tales she could tell of Oriental magnificence and voluptuousness which marked those ancient festivities when Egypt was the proud mistress of the civilized world, or when Cleopatra wove her seductive spells over Mark Antony.





Venetian Serenade.

(Published in *Evening Bulletin*)

One of the pleasing impressions which travelers frequently carry away from Venice is the serenade which generally greets them on the first night of their arrival.

To look out from the hotel balcony, over the Grand Canal, and see, in the moonlight, myriads of gondolas noiselessly gliding hither and thither, with their small lanterns, suggestive of the weird flickering of the will-o'-the-wisp; and then to hear a chorus of lusty Italian voices singing merry, enlivening songs in their gaily illuminated boats, lifts the mind out of the atmosphere of the commonplace and introduces it into a realm of poetic fancy.

But occasionally the canals of Venice assume a still brighter hue and a more animated scene.

During the time of the popular regattas, the gaily decorated and illuminated gondolas, the brightly attired participants, and the illuminations of varied colors along the shores, form a unique scene of picturesque beauty which can be found in its entirety only in this historic city of lagoons.

Our stay in Venice, fortunately, occurred during the time of their recent Grand Serenade.

In connection with the International Art Exhibition, which was then being held, a serenade was planned

upon an elaborate scale. A large float for the accommodation of the orchestra and singers was built, which apparently was drawn through the water by a colossal peacock with extended tail, and in which the gorgeous plumage of the natural bird was reproduced with marvelous effect by the ingenious arrangement of thousands



of small lamps of various hues and tints, while the canopy covering the musicians was also composed of innumerable small lights.

The appearance of this gorgeously illuminated bird, with its bright reflection in the water, as it slowly glided down the Grand Canal, was, of itself, a sight not quickly forgotten.

But that was not all. Surrounding the float and appearing as an escort, were a thousand or more gondolas filled with people, while from stations along the shore appeared at intervals a grand illumination of red light, then green, then violet, which lit up the marble face of the palaces and churches with a new beauty, and cast over the water a soft radiance of rich coloring.



And the music on this occasion was not the effort of the ordinary street, or, rather, "canal" serenaders; but included the orchestra, the soloists and chorus of the Grand Opera Company. The music began before nine o'clock, as the float started from one end of the Grand Canal, and was continued until nearly midnight, when the last serenade was given as the procession halted in front of St. Mark's Square.

And the program was varied with instrumental

selections, vocal solos, duets and quartets, and interspersed with the deep, rich harmonies of the well-trained chorus; and as the music penetrated the still air with peculiar clearness and richness, it seemed like a symphony from the sky whose soft echoes finally died away on the water, while the floating mass of brilliant radiance slowly and majestically moved onward in its course. It may be needless to add that each musical



selection was followed by tumultuous applause from those in the gondolas, as well as from the thousands who lined the shores.

ANCIENT VENETIAN SPLENDOR

This brilliant serenade naturally recalled to mind those ancient days of Venetian splendor and glory, when the commerce of this little republic "on stilts" extended to many parts of the civilized world, and its military prowess accomplished the defeat of the Turks

in Syria, the Greeks in the Peloponnesus, and the kings of Hungary in Dalmatia.

In those brilliant days when its palaces, instead of performing the functions of a hotel, were adorned with the art treasures of the world; when its harbor was crowded with ships of commerce; when its warehouses were stored with valuable merchandise; when the doges entertained upon a scale of lavish luxury, and when the rivalry to possess the most costly and gorgeous gondolas threatened ruin and bankruptcy among the leaders of fashion, and caused the enactment of the law requiring all future gondolas to be plain black—in those brilliant days of Venetian splendor it is easy to picture in the mind gorgeous and magnificent spectacles upon the Grand Canal, of which the Grand Serenade furnishes but a meagre hint.

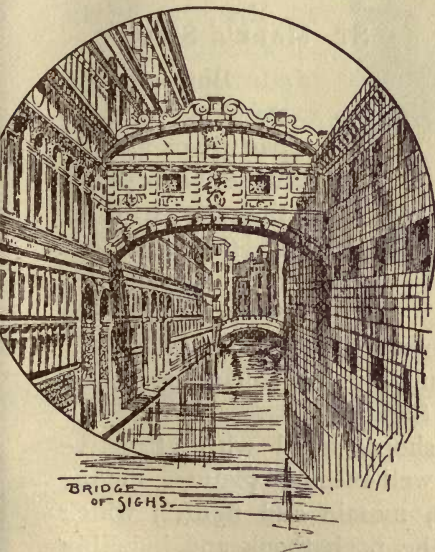
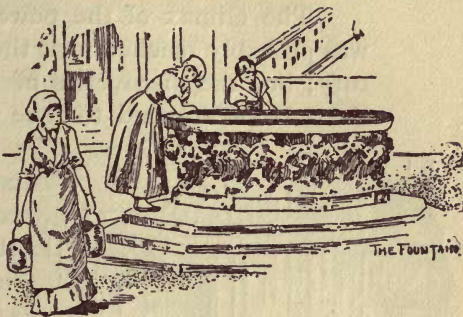
ITS ORIGIN

To the visitor in Venice the question naturally arises why the founders of this city should have chosen a location which required the driving of piles as a foundation to their buildings, and the use of numberless canals for intercourse among its citizens.

But inquiry into its early history discloses shrewd foresight upon the part of its founders, and also demonstrates the remarkable adaptability of the human race to successfully meet, and to thrive under, entirely new conditions.

In the fifth century the invasion of the barbarians was so complete that the inhabitants of Padua and adjacent towns despaired of finding any degree of safety

upon the dry land, and therefore fled to the reefs of sand and mud embankments which had accumulated at the mouth of the different streams in what are known as the Lagoons of the Adriatic. As the inundations of the Nile doubtless developed among the ancient Egyptians the arts of river engineering, surveying, astronomy, the judiciary and other forms of civilization, so the problems growing out of the peculiar conditions surrounding

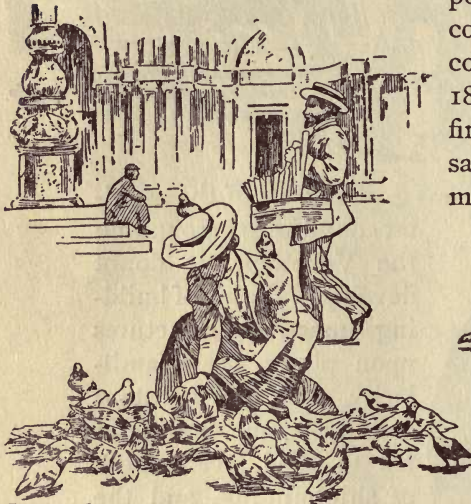


the Venetians no doubt developed the art of building massive structures upon piles; their familiarity with, and constant activity upon, the water led to the development of shipbuilding, and the extensive navigation of other waters; their convenient geographical location made them a natural exchange for the products of the then known world; while their unique protection from attack,

both by land and sea, stimulated their military prowess

and ambition, which led even to the subjugation of Constantinople.

The climax of the power and splendor of Venice was probably reached near the end of the sixteenth century; but the discoveries of America and the Cape of Good Hope are said to have weakened her commercial position, and in 1797 she was conquered by Napoleon, and controlled by Austria until 1866, when she was ceded first to France, and in the same year to Victor Emmanuel.



FEEDING THE
PIGEONS ST. MARK'S SQUARE

ST. MARK'S SQUARE

But, notwithstanding the departure of ancient Venetian splendor, the city still retains sufficient unique and picturesque features to

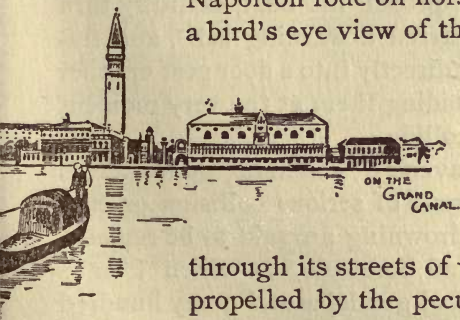
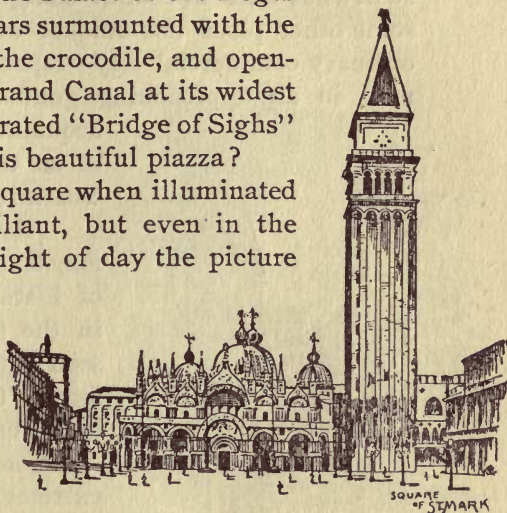
make it one of the interesting cities of the world.

Where else can be found a public square, or piazza, so beautiful as St. Mark's Square?

Lined with bright shops, filled with attractive souvenirs, artistic jewelry, well executed pictures, unique effects in Venetian glass, mosaic and figures, which threaten the depletion of the pocketbook and indelibly impress upon the memory the name of Testolini; and,

facing the mosaic front of the church of St. Mark's, with its historic bronze horses, and with its side wing, or piazzetta, bordered by the Palace of the Doges and leading to the pillars surmounted with the lion of St. Mark's and the crocodile, and opening up a view of the Grand Canal at its widest part, close by the celebrated "Bridge of Sighs"—who ever tires of this beautiful piazza?

The effect of the square when illuminated at night is most brilliant, but even in the sober and searching light of day the picture never grows wearisome, for it may be varied at will by feeding the tame pigeons which alight on your shoulder or wrist and pick grains of corn from your hand; or by ascending the tall bell tower, up which Napoleon rode on horseback, and there obtain a bird's eye view of the city and the Adriatic.



GONDOLIERING SIGHTS

But probably the most novel feature in Venice is to glide through its streets of water in a black gondola propelled by the peculiar stroke of the gondolier as he stands alert on the rear deck.

To lazily glide along in this manner suggests, in itself, a sort of holiday feature ; makes an impression somewhat akin to that of being at the World's Fair or some other place not subject to the regulations of an ordinary commercial city—especially when you recognize, in an approaching gondola, a friend or casual acquaintance last seen in Paris, or on the Pyramid, or in the Yosemite.



Along the Grand Canal may be seen palace after palace of historic interest; and even in the smaller canals may be seen large palaces which in former times were the scene of lavish entertainment.

Some of these canals are extremely narrow, but most of them are sufficiently wide to enable the gondolier to rapidly propel his boat, skilfully turn corners (after having uttered a warning call), and frequently apparently steer directly into a door post or other gondola, but always avoiding them at the very moment they seemed certain to collide.

The skill of the average Venetian gondolier is almost marvelous, for cases of serious collision or capsizing and consequent drowning are said to be remarkably rare. In the Grand Serenade, to which I have alluded, at least a thousand gondolas and many hundred other boats were all huddled together in a close mass and

moving along with the float, but there were no accidents that I could learn of.

Drownings are, however, frequently reported of infants who, in disobeying the parental instruction not to leave the stoop, make an unexpected plunge into the canal. But the Venetian boy and girl learn to swim so early in life that such an accident is likely to occur only with the very young. And inasmuch as water constitutes the main thoroughfares of this city, and as the inhabitants have from time immemorial learned to swim, it might be argued that in the course of many generations the natural instinct of swimming would be transmitted to their offspring; but the history of numerous refractory Venetian youngsters fails to support this entertaining theory.

The amusing spectacle of a Venetian woman on her front stoop, completing her toilet, or swishing her laundry through the water of the canal, suggests a domestic convenience and economy in the canal system




which some might appreciate ; but "gondoliering" through the narrow canals at a time when the tide is low liberates an odor which at first is quite obnoxious, but which, like all other details of our regular environment, becomes more or less endurable in proportion to its familiarity.

* * * *

But in spite of the pleasure and the picturesqueness of Venetian "gondoliering" when the air is balmy, when the sky is clear, or when the light of the full moon imparts a silvery sheen to the water which here and there is darkened with grotesque shadows, it is only necessary to take the same trip when the damp and icy air of winter settles between the stone houses and in the narrow canals ; or to visit the opera on a dark night, with the rain pouring down in torrents and the waves dashing the boat from side to side—it is only necessary to try one such experiment to convince the traveler that, after all, as a matter of everyday comfort and utility the gondolas of Venice are less desirable than the conventional American hack, or even the trolley cars of Philadelphia.





Modern Jerusalem

(Published in *Public Ledger*)

The hurried tourist, who is forced to limit his stay in Jerusalem to but one or two days, particularly during the rainy season, is apt to carry away with him rather gruesome impressions.

The obtrusive exhibitions of extreme poverty; the pitiful specimens of disfigured and diseased mendicants; the unsanitary condition of the streets; the miserable dwellings, and the peculiarly repugnant odor emanating from these conditions, under which exist a compact mass of human beings who manifest an inherent dislike to the bath and laundry, not only grate upon the moral and physical sensibilities of an American, but even threaten the impairment of his appetite.



But several days' familiarity with these sights and odors, coupled with the reminder that, after all, social

misery or happiness is largely dependent upon the native training and environment of the individual, enable us



to discover underneath this unpromising exterior much that is unique and picturesque in this city, whose site was mentioned four thousand years ago as the stronghold of the Jebusites; whose early temple and palaces commemorated the genius of Solomon, and near which was enacted the most sublime tragedy in human history.

The magnificent Jerusalem of the Israelites—the

Holy City of David—with its gorgeous palaces and wonderful temple, is, however, no more. Its ruins may eventually be excavated, if the spade of the investigator will dig down from thirty to one hundred feet through the debris which hides the ruins of the ancient city from modern eyes. But modern Jerusalem can boast of no buildings erected prior to its entire destruction by Titus, in the first century, and the architecture of Jerusalem of today could be justly called a burlesque upon the genius of Solomon as a builder.

THE STORES AND TRADING

To ascend or descend its narrow streets (for none are level), and to pass under their low-vaulted ceilings, reminds the traveler of subterranean passages or catacombs.

The arched vaults or caves lining these alleged streets in the business portion of the city furnish the shops for the trading among the natives. They are usually large enough to allow goods to be piled upon the three sides of the vault, with sufficient room in the center for the proprietor (who performs all the various functions incident to shopkeeping), and allow additional space for two, and sometimes three or four customers; but four is generally the limit.



One vault may dispose of dry goods; another notions; another groceries (from the eating of which may all Philadelphians be delivered!); another fresh meats; another sandals and slippers; another tinware; another wax candles and religious emblems, and so on until one or more vaults may be found for the sale of all such articles as are commonly used by the natives.

But Jerusalemites apparently don't favor the department store idea. Each little shop has its separate proprietor, and the value of the entire stock of the average store would not equal in amount a single good-sized sale in many American retail stores.

The Oriental method of trading is unique. I would enjoy seeing it tried in Wanamaker's, Darlington's or Caldwell's. The customer asks the price of an article, and the shopkeeper names it, declaring at the same time,

with the utmost fervor, that never before had he named so low a price. The customer thereupon cautiously offers a fraction of the price named, and calls, with equal fervor, upon a number of her favorite saints to witness that she will not pay any more. The shopkeeper then slightly modifies his former price, but at the same time ejaculates a prayer to be forgiven for making such a



sacrifice. The customer then makes a slight advance, and calls upon some more of her patron saints to witness that she will absolutely pay no more. And thus they make their adroit moves back and forth, until a price is finally agreed upon, and both instinctively offer up a secret prayer of thanksgiving for having so shrewdly outwitted the other.

But to stroll through David Street and Christian Street (a gross slander upon both names), and through

many other nameless streets, proves most interesting—after you have become inured to the odor. All street without pavement, or all pavement without street (which ever way you choose to describe them), and only from six to twelve feet wide.

Here may be seen rows of women clad in a single coarse cotton garment (with the thermometer at 55 degrees), modestly obscuring their faces behind grotesque veils, but amusingly oblivious to the exposure of their bare feet and limbs, and spending an entire day in disposing, for a few piastres, a basket of onions, or eggs, or carrots, or potatoes, or kindling wood!

STREET SCENES

Winding your way through these narrow streets, a sudden thump on the shoulder may inform you that the right of way is being claimed by a donkey, upon whose two sides immense boxes of vegetables, or meat, or charcoal, take up the entire width of the street.



You may witness a specimen of Oriental gallantry in the swarthy Arab seated upon the haunches of a diminutive donkey, while the care of two other heavily laden donkeys is entrusted to his frail and barefooted wife, who trudges after them to goad or encourage.

In the open street may be seen the itinerant barber clipping the hair of a customer, who kneels before him with such apparent reverence as to suggest the observ-

ance of his Moslem devotions, while the barber is earning his fee.

In the middle of one business street may be seen a mammoth camel, gravely chewing his feed with appropriate dignity.

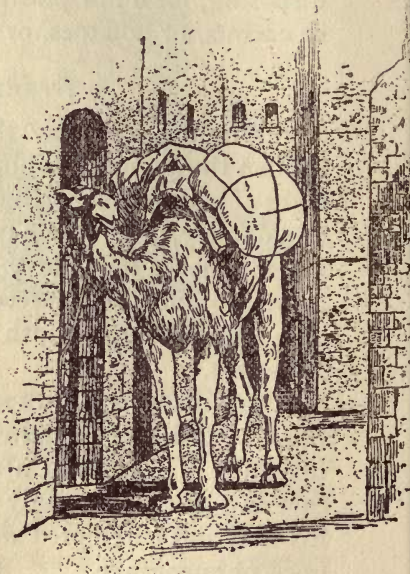
The peculiar looking carcasses carried on the backs of donkeys are but the ancient hides of goats or sheep restored to their original shape while serving as water bottles; while a smaller carcass strung upon the arm of a street vender supplies the thirsty with a beverage resembling beer.



THE ITINERANT BARBER

In the Jewish grain market may be seen the measurement of grain, literally "good measure, heaped up, shaken together and running over"—a form of measurement from which the more advanced Hebrew in other countries doubtless considers himself happily emancipated.

In the dark recesses of these vaults may be seen the mechanic, straining his eyes in the darkness and again straining them in the intense



glare of the bright sunlight, thereby aggravating those diseases of the eye which are so common among Orientals.

And everywhere, from the infant whose lips have been taught no other word up to the aged and decrepit mendicant who suggests a possible escape from the tomb, you may hear the cry of "Bakshish! bakshish! bakshish!"

The plaintive tone in which this universal prayer for alms is made by Orientals may give the novice the impression of intense suffering and unhappiness, but when he discovers how quickly the piteous tone can be changed into laughter or rage, he may be justified in suspecting that the tune is taught very much the same as the old song of "Tomatoes! Red ripe tomatoes!" was taught to the old-time street hucksters of Philadelphia.

And yet, amid this complex mass of human beings, crowded together so closely in the business districts as to constantly jostle each other, and, notwithstanding their fierce gesticulations and ejaculations, most of the people appear to mind their own business and not interfere with their neighbors.

The native Jew, with a long curl dangling from each temple; the full-bearded Greek priest, in his long black robe and tall, round hat, and with hair grown to its natural length, sometimes flowing and sometimes coiled in a roll like a woman's; the Arab, with his tawny skin and frequently commanding figure; the Copt, the African, the Dervishes, the Abyssinian and the Armenian



are all to be seen; and in many instances the costume resembles the lining of a discarded coat, which, as it in



turn became worn out in parts, was replaced by a patch from a discarded calico skirt or a discarded bedspread, or a discarded animal skin, or a discarded jute sack; or, when no discarded material could be found for patching, the space was allowed to remain blank until a piece of some discarded material was providentially furnished. It has been argued that, in consequence of this process of perpetual patching, the same garment is frequently handed down from generation to generation, on the same principle that the human body continues to belong to the same individual, although renewed in all its parts every seven years. But while this historic city, as it exists today—with



its curious and grotesque medley of inhabitants, without a single place of public amusement, and in which the watchman gives a warning whistle whenever a stray traveler ventures into the street after dark—may, at times, be described in a spirit of levity, we experience a different feeling when we turn to the religious features, which have drawn devout pilgrims from all parts of the world,



and in whom we find a peculiar combination of sincere reverence, childlike credulity and a blind and passionate devotion for all so-called sacred things.

For instance, Via Dolorosa is represented as being the identical road which the Saviour trod in passing from the judgment hall to Calvary, and seven distinct stations are marked to indicate the different incidents of

that journey. This road leads into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in which the alleged sites of Calvary and the Saviour's tomb are supposed to be found.

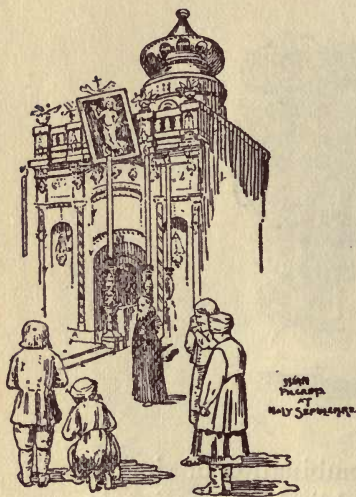
Those who will take the pains to inquire may ascertain that Jerusalem was entirely destroyed by Titus, A. D. 70, and no record of the street now called Via Dolorosa can be found earlier than the fourteenth century. Nevertheless, on Good Friday thousands of natives and pilgrims travel over this road with the devout belief that they are literally walking in the footsteps of their Lord, and then

enter the gloomy interior of that historic church, in which cordons of soldiers are required to preserve order and to prevent a repetition of the horrible scenes of bloodshed which on more than one occasion attended the crowding together of these fanatical pilgrims of many diverse sects.

The sight of these pilgrims in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is interesting to every student of human nature.

Take, for instance, a band of Russian pilgrims—the men with their square faces and long, thick

hair, and with that stolid expression which indicates unusually dull and limited comprehension; and the women, with unshapely figures and somber faces, warmly clad in thick coats and wearing men's stout, high boots. These people are not picturesque. The world must



look very dull and very small to them; but the passionate reverence with which these pilgrims kiss the marble slab represented as covering the tomb of the Lord; their reverent regard for all objects accredited as sacred, and their well modulated chanting in their chapel during worship, is a sight which none can forget.

These simple-minded pilgrims spend no time in questioning the exact location of the sacred points of interest, but devoutly believe that in their pilgrimage



to Jerusalem they have attained the supreme object of their natural life.

And the devotion and reverence of these simple-minded Russian peasants suggest the query whether, after all, the exact geographical location of sacred places is not of minor importance to that of imbuing the mind and heart of the believer with a new inspiration and elevation.

CALVARY AND THE SEPULCHRE

Outside the city wall, however, is a hill, sloping on three sides, and precipitous on the fourth side, which

faces the city, and shows on one side certain depressions which bear a striking resemblance to a skull. This spot is believed by many to be Calvary, and in a garden at its base was discovered, not many years ago, under a great mass of debris, an arched entrance into a chamber, cut into the solid rock, and which contained an ancient tomb, which singularly corresponds to the description of the one in which the body of the Saviour lay.

But, while reasonable doubt may always exist as to



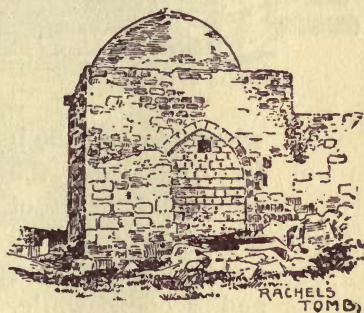
the authenticity of the above sites, there appears to be no difference of opinion regarding the location of the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. And on this mount, away from the distracting noise, the jargon, the odors and the sights of the city of modern Jerusalem, and with the peaceful valley below us, the historic hills around us, and the refreshing odors of the green fields permeating the atmosphere, the reverent mind can find a peaceful inspiration in recalling the

memorable scenes enacted here at the dawn of that era which marked so vital a step in human history.

BETHLEHEM

But a visit to Jerusalem is not complete without a companion visit to the little town of Bethlehem, only six miles away.

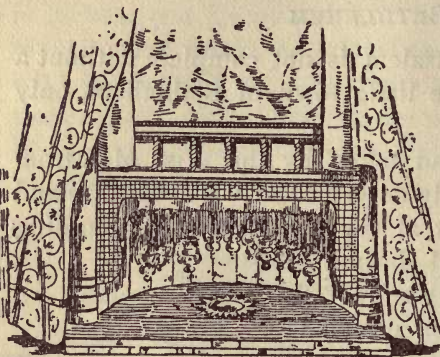
Following the road taken by the Wise Men from the East (so graphically described in "Ben Hur"), and stopping for a moment at the well in which, according to the popular and harmless legend, they saw the reflection of the star which directed them to the manger of the newborn King; passing the tomb of Rachel, on which site, over three thousand years ago, the heroine of that ancient love story was buried by her devoted lover, who cheerfully toiled fourteen years in order to gain his bride; then, entering the town of Bethlehem, we are greeted with the happy faces of the native children, who, rollicking in their rugged simplicity and in their bright red jackets, make a picturesque scene of childish cheerfulness which most travelers recall with delight.



The place pointed out as the birthplace of the Saviour appears to have been regarded as authentic ever since the early part of the second century. It is to be found in a natural cave or grotto in a hill adjacent to

an ancient inn, and is similar to many places still used in Palestine as a stable, and in many instances as

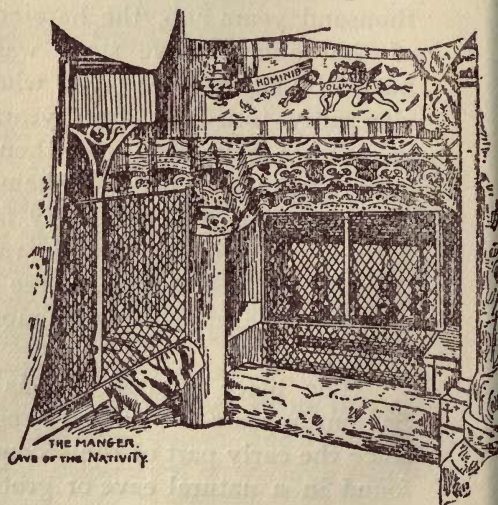
dwellings. The place of nativity and the place of the manger are both marked by simple and unostentatious chapels, and it is with feelings of profound reverence that one gazes on this humble and obscure birthplace



GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY.

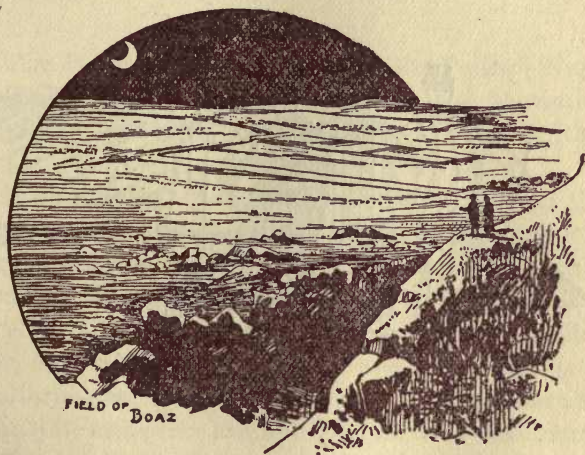
which marked the inauguration of a new realm of power for controlling the mind and heart of men, and perpetually widening in power and scope, while, during the same period, the pretentious military power of imperial Rome crumbled into dust.

In the presence of this humble birthplace, and with the mind reverently recalling the subse-



THE MANGER.
CAVE OF THE NATIVITY.

quent history of the unostentatious Nazarene citizen and carpenter, the comforter of the sorrowing, the healer of the afflicted, the companion of the lowly, the reprover of religious intolerance and hypocrisy—how contemptible appears the attitude of the haughty, the arrogant, the purse proud, the oppressor, the intolerant, whether he be of church, or state, or in private life!

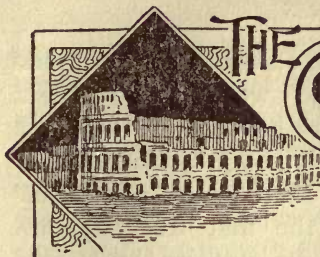


And if we walk to the brow of the hill and overlook the charming and peaceful valley in which that divine proclamation was heralded to the rude, unlettered, but simple-hearted shepherds of old; and if we peer into the remote future of human history, may we not foresee, in the distant ages, a picture of Pagan, Moslem, Jew and Christian, all rising above the petty prejudices created by their individual interests and environment,

and joyfully acknowledging the universal Brotherhood of Man and the common inheritance of one Divine Father?

And may not this ideal condition of mankind be the ultimate fulfillment of that divine proclamation :
"Peace on earth; good will toward men"?





THE COLOSSEUM. ILLUMINATED

(Published in *Evening Star*)

The Roman Colosseum, unlike the Falls of Niagara, the Big Trees of California, or even the Pyramids of Egypt, is never disappointing at first view—neither in size, nor grandeur, nor picturesqueness.

It is the one monument of the “Eternal City” which fascinates the beholder, clings to the memory and looms up as the rightful landmark whenever this illustrious city is recalled to mind.

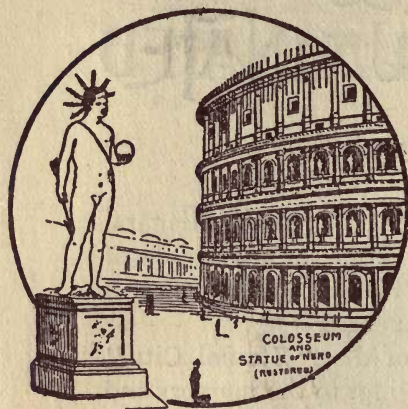
While its outlines are being viewed from the exterior, or while we stroll over the arena, or roam through its galleries, we care little to know its exact dimensions, for the time and place are not conducive to mathematical calculations, but rather to retrospective reflections.

The mind naturally travels back nearly two thousand years when the colossal statue of Nero and the reservoir of his gorgeous Golden House marked the spot of the present structure, and when Titus, upon his triumphant return from the destruction of Jerusalem, with his legions of captive Jewish slaves, completed this mammoth structure, in which were produced scenes of public entertainment unprecedented in Roman history.

By lifting the curtain which separates the dim past,

we can see thousands of captive slaves smarting under the overseer's lash; groaning and sweating under their

heavy burdens; lifting and moving huge blocks of stone, first for the foundation; then for the first tier, supporting its arcades with half columns of the severe Doric order; then for the second tier, with its graceful Ionic ornamentations; then for the third tier, with its ornate Corinthian cappings; then to the dizzy height of the fourth tier, and providing for the support of the masts



to sustain the immense awning; then raising and placing into each arcade of the second and third tiers one hundred and sixty large statues of marble, of which surviving specimens may be found in the Vatican and the Capitoline Museum.

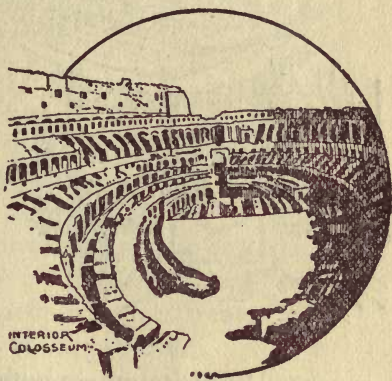
What mattered it if limbs were crushed or lives ruthlessly sacrificed—for were not the builders only slaves? The incredibly short period in which, without the aid of steam engines



and electric cranes, the main part of this gigantic structure was completed, is suggestive of the great army of men that must have been utilized in its erection.

And yet if we could look upon this building today, complete as it came from the hands of the builder, with the sculptured figures added to the symmetry of its curved and mammoth outlines, perhaps our indignation at Roman heartlessness would be momentarily forgotten in our rapt admiration of the structure.

What a commentary upon the vagaries of the human race when we find this structure, which should have been preserved for all time in its original grandeur as the fitting symbol of Rome's ancient power and greatness, ruthlessly desecrated, robbed of its statues, stripped of its marbles—even its blocks of stone



stolen to build some pretentious palace or to commemorate some fabulous miracles ; while the surviving blocks were recklessly mutilated to extract the paltry bits of iron which, imbedded in the interior of the stone, held the blocks firmly together!

What would Marc Antony have said of such desecration and destruction had his shade reappeared in the adjoining forum where he had delivered his oration over Cæsar's dead body? What would have

been said by Augustus, by Brutus, by Cicero, by Hadrian, by Trajan, by Caracalla, by Marcus Aurelius?

In the mutilation and shameless destruction of this imposing edifice is told in unmistakable language the pitiable degeneracy of civic pride among the legatees of the Mistress of the World.

* * * *

But a visit to the Colosseum at night, during an illumination, is one of those rare and rich treats which is never forgotten.

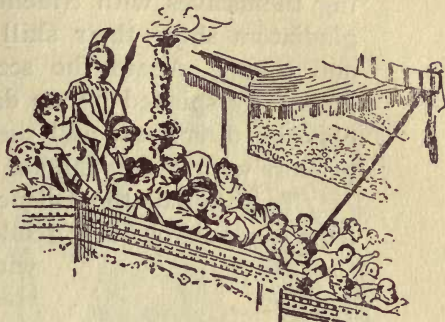


As one promenades over the arena, through the crowd of animated pleasure seekers, and amid the enlivening strains of popular music, the serious sentiments and reflections so often experienced during a visit by day disappear, and a gala spirit takes possession of the beholder.

In his mind are recalled hazy and confused impressions of the time when the arena upon which he is treading was the center of intense and breathless interest, and the encircling galleries crowded with nearly a hundred thousand Romans.

Gradually the impressions become more vivid, when suddenly the entire first tier of the amphitheater is bathed in rich, crimson light; then the second tier follows with a grand illumination of bright green; then the third completes the gorgeous spectacle with a broad expanse of violet; then rockets fill the open canopy

with myriads of flaming and spluttering stars, and amid this dazzling scene of splendor and magnificence, the dim shapes of the past appear before the mind's eye—the emperor, the senators, the vestal virgins, many of them clad in robes of royal splendor and decked with costly jewels, are seen in the podium, or foremost row of seats. Farther up are the knights, the plebeians, the women, all thirsting with a horrible, infernal thirst for the flow of blood, and ready to shout their approval at the sacrifice of human or animal life.



And upon the arena we may imagine the entertainment to open with a grand naval combat. Then, with kaleidoscopic swiftness, the scene is transformed into a wild jungle, in which lions, tigers and elephants suddenly appear and fill the building with cries of rage and pain as they tear each other to pieces.

Again the scene shifts, and two gladiators with short swords fight a duel, in which both are mortally wounded, but who, throwing away their swords, expire in each others' arms in a final fraternal embrace.



Then enter the retiarii, who entangle their opponents in nets thrown with their left hand, defending themselves with tridents in the right; and other gladiators show their skill fighting unchained lions and tigers. Again the scene changes, and chariots drawn by spirited horses dash around the arena from opposite directions, and their drivers pinion their competitors with heavy lances.

To stimulate the debauched thirst of the spectators, female gladiators now redden the sands of the arena with the life blood of their rivals; and as the taste for blood becomes stronger, hundreds of gladiators fight at one time, until nearly all are lifeless or disabled.



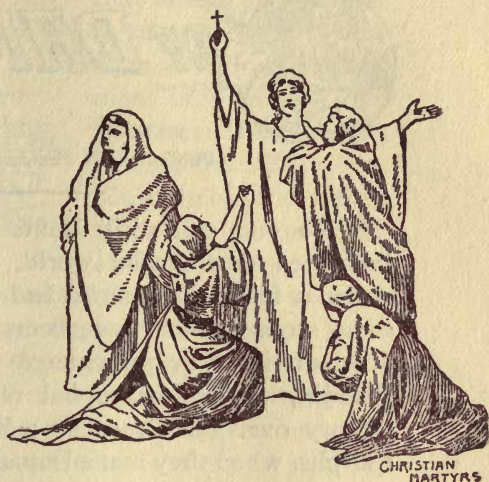
Then a hundred or more helpless and innocent Christian martyrs are thrust forward to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, or, by way of diversion, despatched with arrows. And so, in this gorgeous illumination of red and green and

purple, and the downpouring of myriads of bright stars, we may see, in our mind's eye, new scenes of butchery go on and on and on, during the one hundred days of Roman blood drinking and blood feasting and blood gormandizing, until suddenly the bright illumination begins to fade—the colors blend into indefinite hues—then disappear altogether. Then follows

a darkness so dense, so awful by the sudden contrast, as to suggest that outraged nature, no longer able to stand the sight of this inhuman carnage, this heartless brutality, this infernal thirst for human blood, had suddenly swept from existence all the participants in the dreadful crime, and under its cloak of impenetrable darkness had consigned such scenes to hopeless oblivion!

But as the black and dense smoke from the extinguished lights gradually lifts and clears away, and as the silent and unpeopled galleries of the amphitheater again reveal their picturesque outlines in the soft and subdued light of the stars and moon, we may interpret this peaceful picture to say:

“Under the new realm of the lowly Nazarene these ancient scenes of human debauchery may be remembered—but will never be repeated.”

CHRISTIAN
MARTYRS

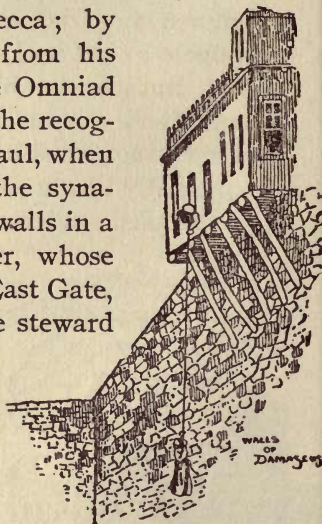
THE BAZAARS OF DAMASCUS.



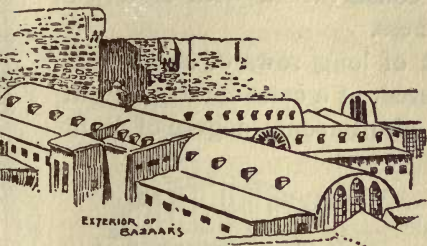
(Published in *Philadelphia Record*)

No one can visit Damascus, the reputed oldest inhabited city of the world, without experiencing a singular feeling of interest and curiosity as he walks the same streets which have been trod for centuries by the Moslems in their pilgrimage to Mecca; by Saladin, on his triumphal return from his victory over the Crusaders; by the Omniad Caliphs, when they made Damascus the recognized Mohammedan metropolis; by Paul, when he preached the new religion in the synagogues, and was let down from its walls in a basket; by Naaman, the cured leper, whose house is still pointed out near the East Gate, and by "Eliezer, of Damascus," the steward of biblical Abraham, who carries us back to the very dawn of Jewish history.

That this city should have continued to exist during these thousand of years, while Babylon, Antioch, Corinth, Baalbek, Memphis and other great cities of antiquity have long since crumbled into dust, may



seem singular at first thought. But when its peculiar topography is understood, it is not difficult to believe that nature predestined it to survive in some form so long as the human race exists; for Damascus is built within that beautifully fertile strip of land which stretches out like a field of bright emerald in



the surrounding desert, and which is perpetually watered by the fountains which gush forth at the base of Anti-Libanus, and then spread through many miles of water courses, gurgling like fresh mountain brooks, giving life and nourishment to many forms of vegetation, and greeting the ear with a continuous melody of cooling refreshment.

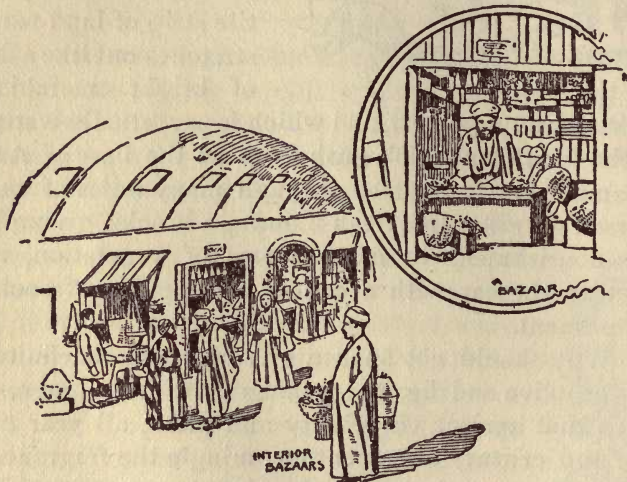
Why should not such a city continue indefinitely? for the olive and fig, the pomegranate and orange, the peach and apricot, the cherry and plum, all year after year and century after century, mingle the fragrance of their blossoms and yield an abundant harvest of delicious fruit; while at the same time this perennial stream of water rushes rapidly through the city and can supply each household with its own fountain.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF ORIENTAL CONSERVATISM

But the features which are most novel and striking in Damascus, and which most travelers are apt to recall most vividly, are its celebrated bazaars. And to an

observing American they possess a special interest because they practically illustrate one side of the picture which contrasts Oriental conservatism with American enterprise and progressiveness.

These bazaars consist of long rows of shops, with the intervening street covered, at a considerable height, by an arched roof, which admits some degree of light.



As a rule, each bazaar is devoted to a special line of goods, such as, for instance, the saddlers' bazaar, the silk bazaar, the fez bazaar, the tobacco bazaar, the boot and shoe bazaar, the coppersmith bazaar, the silversmith bazaar and the Greek bazaar.

To stroll through these bazaars rarely grows wearisome to the American or European traveler, for they not only amuse and entertain, but also give a practical

insight into Oriental life and character. In them may be seen the baker boy carrying on his bare head a tall pile of thin, flat cakes of bread, and shouting, "Ya rezzak" (meaning, "Oh, Allah, send customers!"). Or the lemonade or raisin water vendor, who rattles his brass cups and shouts the equivalent of "Refresh thy heart!" or "Allay the heart!" or "Take care of your teeth!" Or the vendor of beet root, turnips and cucumbers pickled in vinegar or salt water, shouting, "Oh, father of a family, buy a load!" Sellers of nosegays may utter the significant warning, "Appease your mother-in-law!"



Intermingled with these cries are the peculiar sonorous tones of the muezzins, as they stand upon a balcony projecting from an upper story of the mosques which are freely interspersed among the shops. The appearance of some of these muezzins (who are sometimes young boys) as they support one cheek with their hand, and shout with all their might, is very similar to the street hucksters of Philadelphia, as, in their loudest possible tones, they call out the various fruits and vegetables they offer for sale.

MEETING PLACE OF THE NATIONS

Tramping through the bazaars may also be seen a heterogeneous combination of individuals and animals. The Persian, in his flowing robes of rich colorings; the ordinary Arab, in his plain skirt of blue cotton; the Greek priests, with their long black hair and beard and with flowing



FLOWER AND
CAKE VENDORS

black robes and tall round black hats ; the Jew, with his conventional front ringlet ; an occasional demented Dervish, who shows an utter disregard of civilized ideas of dress ; the Moham-
 medan woman, with her face entirely concealed behind a veil of most grotesque pattern ; the patient donkey, carrying as many as three riders on his back ; the public carriage, used freely by both natives and travelers ; the private carriages, conveying the Governor of Syria or some other dignitary of position or wealth ; the pet lamb, with its head and legs colored black and its tail purple and red ;



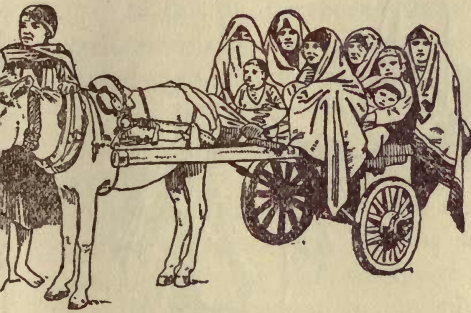
the donkey, with its hair clipped to represent an ornamental design in mosaic ; or a team of eight powerful oxen, slowly drawing two blocks of granite for use in repairing the old Mosque of Omayyade ; and the ever-present Damascene dog, lazily dozing in the roadway, and only deigning to move at the approach of some great dignitary.

With such odd scenes, and with the streets thickly peopled with so motley a crowd, it is not surprising to find the bazaars of

Damascus a source of entertainment to the traveler.

TRADESMEN WHO ARE UNPROGRESSIVE

But it is only when the methods of the tradesmen are studied that the startling contrast is realized between the slow, unprogressive conservatism of the Orientals—with its enervating effect upon their industrial and wealth-producing powers—and the wide-awake, enterprising, pushing spirit of America, which not only develops our natural resources, but which, by its ceaseless activity, also creates new forms of wealth which enrich



the buyer, the seller and the general community. In a critical comparison of Oriental and American commercialism may be found the key to the solution of some complex social and industrial problems.

Nearly everything in the Damascus bazaars is done on a small scale, and most of the proprietors seem disinclined to employ labor to perform that which they can possibly do themselves. The saddler, for instance, personally buys his material, converts it into the gayly decorated Syrian saddles, with their broad, clumsy stirrups; keeps his accounts, sells his goods, and apparently performs all the functions connected with his business, with the help, very often, of only an apprentice. And he is also generally content with whatever trade

comes his way, without being disturbed by the greater number of customers who may patronize his neighbor. Possibly the Moslem belief in fatalism is at the bottom of this apparent contentment or apathy, and it is not without significance that many of the signs which appear above the doorway quote some phrase from the Koran, instead of the name of the proprietor, or the character of his business.



The above features also seem to characterize the shoemaker, who makes and sells those bright red and yellow slippers. Also the dealer in silks, as, squatting in the center of his booth, he gravely hands down and unfolds one pattern after another and replaces them with the same calmness and dignity if they are not purchased. Also the silversmith, as he lays aside his tools, and with his three keys unlocks a safe and submits the article you ask for. Or the coppersmith, as he ceases pounding and

exhibits trays as large as six feet in diameter, or a pitcher, or a copper pot, or any other article in his line.



IN THE GREEK BAZAAR

In the Greek bazaar, however, many of the shops are owned by those who have had European experience and who exhibit an assortment of Persian rugs, woodwork inlaid with mother of pearl, "Damascus blades" and pieces of ancient armor, and a great variety of souvenirs especially attractive to travelers.

In this bazaar there is keen competition for securing customers, and the passing visitor is frequently buttonholed at the threshold of one of these shops and warned that all the other shops in the bazaar will charge him double price, and he is urged to come inside and inspect. If he yields, a curtain is generally drawn across the doorway, but for what specific purpose I am unable to say.

If the traveler is unsophisticated, he may pay the price demanded for such articles as please his fancy, but if he is posted regarding the Damascene method of trading he will more likely take with him a reliable "dragoman," gather together such articles as he desires to purchase, count out one-half, two-thirds or three-fourths of the price (according to the character of the articles), hand this amount to the



BUTTONHOLED BY
A GREEK.

“dragoman,” who, without further ceremony, bundles up the articles, hands the money to the dealer, and trots off with the collection—although rarely forgetting to return and collect his own commission.

“Get as much as you can” appears to be the go as you please principle which underlies Oriental trading, and the custom of having one fixed lowest price for all customers appears to be practically unknown.



LONG HOURS OF LABOR

The impression that prevails among some that Orientals are slow and lazy is not supported by the habits of the average Damascene artisan. He begins his labors early in the day, and continues generally until nearly nightfall. And he is rapid in his movements, although working with the most primitive tools. Steam engines are a rarity, although horse power is sometimes used when considerable power is required. I visited an establishment where, in one department, furniture and other wooden articles were inlaid with mother of pearl. In

this department a boy had before him the wood into which the pattern had been cut, and, with his eye, he



DAMASCUS
SWORDSMAN.

measured the size and shape of the indentation, picked up a shell, broke off a piece with a hammer and then patiently filed it until he succeeded in making it fit, after which he drove it firmly into the indentation.

In the same factory the operator, instead of using a modern scroll saw or a lathe, supported a stick of wood in a frame having a steel point at either end, which was inserted into the wood, thereby furnishing pivots upon



which it could turn readily.

Around the stick of wood was then coiled a string, which was fastened at one end to a long bow, while the other end was held in the right hand. By moving this bow backward and forward the wood was made

to revolve rapidly, while a sharp chisel, guided by the left hand and foot, cut the wood into the desired pattern. I afterward saw this same principle utilized on a large scale in Cairo, where one man used his entire energy in revolving the wood, while another man controlled the chisel.

In the metal department of this establishment boys and girls, apparently as young as ten years, were employed in beating the metal into shape, or forming the

various designs, but all were quick in their movements, although accomplishing but little in comparison with the results of American machinery.

HOME LIFE IN DAMASCUS

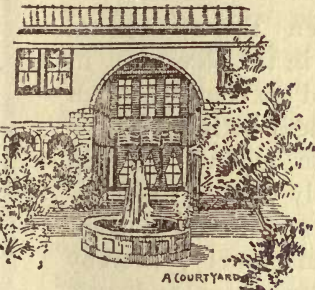
An unexpected but agreeable introduction to the Damascene style of living was furnished, for, after having



passed through several workshops of this establishment, we suddenly found ourselves in a handsome courtyard, with a fountain in the center, and an open, arched room at one end with divans running around the three sides, on which were seated the ladies of the household, sipping coffee, smoking cigarettes and apparently enjoying their morning entertainment of a family chat.

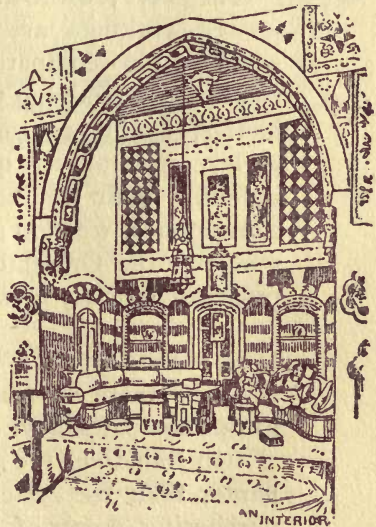
Adjoining the open room at the opposite side of the

court was an exhibition room of all the fine wares made in the factory through which we had just passed. But the exterior of this handsome dwelling disclosed only plain walls, with nothing outside to indicate its luxurious character.



I visited another dwelling house in Damascus fronting, with plain and almost windowless walls, on the street called (but not truthfully called) "Straight," and after passing through an unpretentious passageway, entered another open court with gushing fountain; luxuriant foliage; with two open highly arched rooms on opposite sides in which groups of ladies were smoking and chatting, while the walls and ceilings of the closed rooms were ornamented with fine carvings, embellished with very rich colors and gold, and suggesting a high order of Oriental art and luxury which could never be suspected from a view of the exterior.

Whether this custom of excluding architectural beauty from the eye of the public is due to a fear of being plundered, or to a selfish desire of limiting its enjoyment to the few, I am



not able to say, but certain it is that in Damascus no forms of architectural beauty can be found upon the outside of dwellings or palaces.



When these Oriental features in the oldest city in the world are compared with the restless activity of the American manufacturer in constantly devising and inventing new forms of labor saving machinery, whereby larger quantities, and, per-

haps, superior qualities of goods may be produced at lessened cost ; while at the same time the hours of labor for the workmen are gradually being lessened ; and when we also compare the enterprise of the American merchant in studying the wants and comfort of his customers, supplying them with a constantly enlarged variety or improved quality of merchandise, and surrounding their trading with every imaginable form of convenience, we gain a glimpse of the wide gulf which separates the Oriental policy of conservatism from the progressive policy of wide awake America.

SIGNIFICANT INDUSTRIAL COMPARISON

And there are some practical teachings to be found in this comparison which are not without significance.

In Damascus the artisan works longer and probably harder than the American workman, but the limited purchasing power of his day's toil forces him to live with his family in one or two cheerless rooms without

modern sanitary or culinary convenience; to exist mainly upon bread, turnips, cucumbers and a few other inexpensive varieties of food; to dress in the commonest kind of clothing, of which he generally possesses but one suit at a time; to send his children out to work almost in their infancy, and to be content without the use of those household comforts and luxuries which the American has been taught to consider necessities.

And the significance of this contrast lies in the fact that the Damascenes, like all other Orientals, oppose the introduction of labor saving machinery, mainly upon the ground that it would supplant the hand labor, which even now has difficulty in finding continuous employment.

One of the most startling illustrations of this character was brought to my notice in Palestine, where numbers of young girls were carrying baskets of small stones on their head to furnish ballast for a projected railway.

But, as a matter of fact, we find that American and English artisans are employed as steadily as those in Oriental countries, and this fact supports the theory that as labor saving machinery reduces the cost of the finished product these products work their way more and more into general use, until they are classed among the actual necessities of life, and their cost is included



in the wage rate which the bread winners are expected to receive in that country.



It is easy to find instances to support this theory. Several generations ago the house of the average wage earner in America was not supplied with gas, bath, hot and cold water, nor a range, nor a heater. Frequently the walls were whitewashed and bare of pictures and other ornamentation. Many of the floors were uncarpeted, and the furniture was of the cheapest and crudest character, while books, musical instruments and similar forms of luxury were a rarity. The clothing was made strong and durable and generally worn until threadbare. The food was of the cheaper kinds and limited in variety. Educational opportunities were also few—while hours of labor were much longer than at present. But even this former condition of the American artisan was superior to the present condition of the average Oriental, for in many places an entire family is forced to live in a single chimneyless room, and an Arab woman's ordinary dress costs but fifty cents and never goes out of style.

Does not the theory seem plausible that wage earners, as a rule, get in return for their labor a certain measure of the comforts which are incident to the conditions under which they live? If goods are made by the slow and costly process of hand labor, the comforts are proportionately few, because of their relatively high cost; while if the same goods are made by the more economical

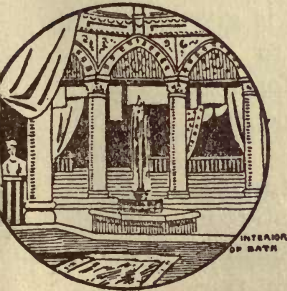
methods of machinery their low cost results in adding them to the so-called necessities of the wage earner, while the consequent increased demand, directly traceable to their low cost, gives employment to an increased number of new laborers.



What influence the general introduction of labor saving machinery would have upon the Orientals in their present state of civilization may be a mooted question ; but in the dreary picture of Oriental life of today we have a graphic hint of how direful a backward stride would have to be taken in our Western civilization had labor saving machinery been excluded from the industries of America.

IN A TURKISH BATH

Probably an accurate inference regarding Oriental conservatism may be drawn from a visit to one of their celebrated Turkish baths. In view of the Oriental origin of this form of bath, and of the further fact that it is used more generally by Orientals than by Europeans or Americans, I naturally expected to find something of extraordinary merit or luxury.



Entering one of the finest of these establishments, I was much pleased with the Oriental character of the first scene, which represented a large open court, in the center from which gushed one of the many refreshing

fountains in Damascus, and around which on all sides were raised platforms supporting large combination chair couches, upon which the Orientals were reclining—some napping, some sipping coffee, some smoking the nargileh, some chatting, and one going through the varied postures and gestures connected with the ninety-nine Moslem prayers he was offering.



Instead of being conducted to a private room, in conformity with American and European views of propriety, the bather is expected to disrobe before this miscellaneous audience (as well as the outside audience in the street, whenever the door is temporarily opened), and he then stores his clothes in a large drawer underneath his couch.

The publicity of the disrobing act is, however, satisfactorily but humorously modified by the attendants, who, by the free use of innumerable towels, construct a sort of temporary screen.

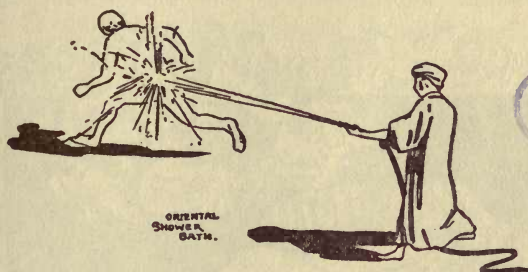
After this preliminary, the bather is given wooden sandals, with high strips fastened to the bottom, which convert them into a form of stilt, which, upon the feet of a novice, constantly threatens to break his neck.

Thus equipped, he is conducted to a so-called hot room, in which the temperature is about equal to a hot summer day in Philadelphia. He is then subjected to a slight rubbing, his limbs are pulled until they "crack," after which, if he desires the luxury of a shower bath, a



stream of cold water is shot at him, from an ordinary hose, which smarts sufficiently to justify his sudden exit for shelter.

He is then wrapped in a number of enormous Turkish towels, his head is picturesquely "turbaned," and he is conducted to his couch, where he can recline and imagine himself to belong to one of those adventurous bands whose exploits brightened the pages of the "Arabian Nights."



In order to gratify the curiosity, it may pay to take a single Damascene Turkish bath, but for thoroughness, cleanliness and genuine comfort, and the enjoyment of all the paraphernalia with which American ingenuity has improved the crude methods of the Orientals, I would recommend the European or American Turkish bath establishments—a most excellent specimen of which may be found in Kelsey's model establishment in our own city.

The Damascenes will probably conduct their baths in the present style for the next century. On the other hand, Americans will no doubt add improvement after

improvement to make this exhilarating bath still more enjoyable and invigorating. And this, in a nutshell, forcibly illustrates the story of Oriental conservatism and American progressiveness.





Pompeii and Vesuvius

“The City of the Dead! the City of the Dead!” was the significant and only comment made by Sir Walter Scott, when in profound thought and meditation he walked through the silent and unpeopled streets of unearthened Pompeii.

And this sentiment of awe and reverence is shared in some degree by all visitors. It is difficult—almost impossible—to repress it. And the sentiment widens and deepens as, in our imagination, we restore the dwellings, the shops, the temples, the theaters to their former condition, and reanimate the people who thronged its streets and participated in its amusements on that eventful day in the year A. D. 79.

The stones in the street pavement are just as they were two thousand years ago; and the deep ruts in them make it easy to picture the coming of a gorgeously painted chariot, drawn by spirited horses and rapidly driven by a haughty Roman whose proud figure and jeweled garments betoken his wealth and position.

Passing the wine shops, with their marble counter still intact, it is not difficult to repeople them with those who, in laughter and song, there whiled away their hours of idleness.

Coming to the public fountains at the street corners, we can easily picture the natives stooping to drink

water from the spout, for the deep indentations worn into the marble show where, for many generations, they rested their hands to balance their body as they leaned forward.



Entering the house of the tragic poet, or of Pansa (an excellent reproduction of which can be found in Franklin W. Smith's house in Saratoga), or of Diomeda, or of Sallust, we can bring to mind the master of the house transacting business in the front rooms; or, by passing through the peristyle into the dining room, with its atmosphere cooled by the spray of gushing fountains and fragrant with the perfume of flowers, we may see the table supplied with the choicest viands and delicacies, and the reclining figures of hilarious diners, who believe in interpreting the conspicuous presence of a skull, not as a warning to prepare for death, but as a reminder that life is short and that they must extract all possible pleasure while they can.

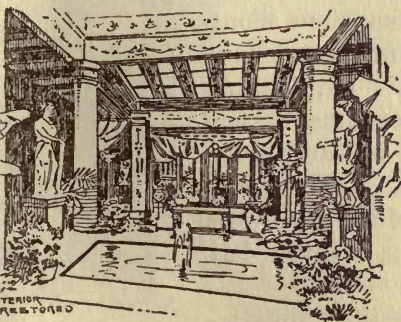
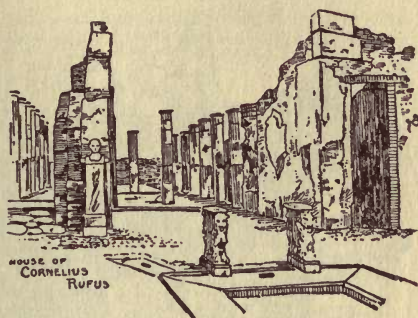


Leaving the dwellings and entering the market place, we can imagine the stalls again filled with the

fruits, the vegetables and provisions of the times; and also picture the women, clad in their Grecian gowns of gay colors, whose thin, loose drapery gave such picturesque outline to the natural form, bargaining with the same vivacity which marks the Italian women of today.

Looking into the bake shop, we may reanimate the very baker who baked that celebrated loaf of bread, stamped with his trade mark, but which, instead of nourishing the people of his time, has been singularly preserved for the curious gaze of people of countless generations.

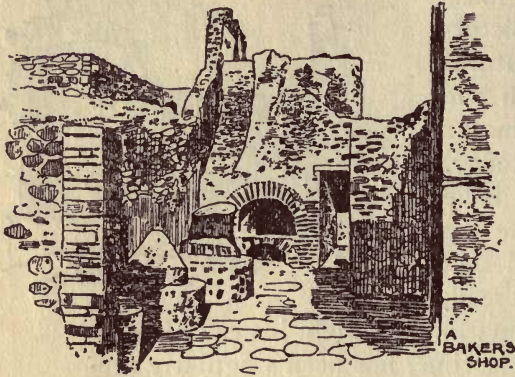
Entering the open Forum, we may almost hear the voice of the candidate for office as he appeals for votes in the coming election.



Passing on we can imagine votive offerings being made in the graceful white marble temples of Apollo, of Jupiter, of Fortune, and in that mysterious temple of Isis, whose oracle made the worshipers hopeful or despairing, according to the

whim of the priest, who, by means of a concealed speaking tube, transmitted his voice to the stone figure.

Entering the elaborate baths, we can again picture the luxurious Pompeians enjoying all the exhilarating details of bathing, massaging and anointing, or idling their time in chatting over the current events of the day.



A BAKER'S SHOP.

Passing near the quarters of the gladiators and the streets they frequented, we can almost overhear their coarse jests, and their outbursts of

loud laughter, while pursuing those voluptuous pleasures of which such curious relics have been bequeathed to the student of history.

Or in visiting the open theater, we can picture an audience of five thousand Pompeians shouting approbation or condemnation of the performance of the actors. Or, looking into the Bay, which at that time washed the very portals of the city, we can picture it dotted with the boats of those who, under the blue canopy of an Italian sky, were serenely sailing over the most beautiful bay in the world.



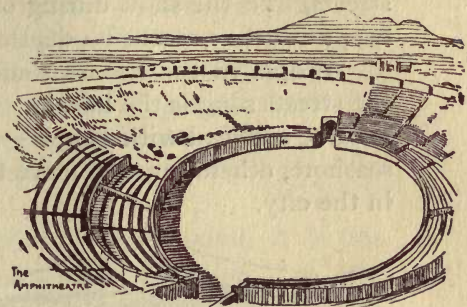
Temple of Isis.

Having, in our imagination, thus restored the brightly stuccoed dwellings, the white marble temples, and the classical statues to their former

picturesque beauty; and having seen the people engaged in their ordinary pursuits of business, of social affairs and of pleasure, we must complete the eventful picture by feeling a sudden quivering of the ground—by hearing a deep, hoarse rumbling, like that of distant cannonading; and by seeing from the green topped summit of

Mount Vesuvius a huge pillar of smoke and ashes, which, rising higher, higher, higher, and broader, broader, broader, spread as far away as Africa—as Egypt—as Syria—and changed the blue Italian sky first into a dull gray and finally into a deep black; and first dimmed the bright rays of the sun; then changed its face into a dull, reddish disc; then obscured it altogether—until the blackness of night and death fell like a funeral pall upon the scene below.

What actually occurred at the time of the dreadful catastrophe seems almost incredible, but according to the testimony of reliable eye witnesses, such as Pliny (who succeeded in escaping from the city, but whose uncle lost his life at Stabiae, while watching the eruption), fine ashes first fell, which became thicker



and denser, until they penetrated the houses, vitiated the atmosphere, piled up deeper and deeper in the streets, like the snow during our blizzard of last February, until they reached a depth of three feet.

People in the houses sought the streets—those in the streets sought the houses. The main thoroughfares became crowded with people—some eager to reach the seashore, others eager to leave the shore and seek refuge in the city.



Parents became separated from their children, wives from their husbands, and in the dense darkness could only hope to be reunited by the sound of the voice, which was almost indistinguishable amid the lamentations of the women, the cries of the children, the shrieks of those being trampled and crushed, and the weird, dismal shouts of some Galileans that "Babylon is fallen ! Babylon is fallen !"

At the same time the sea became convulsed with violent agitation, threatening to engulf those who ven-

tured upon its surface, and then Vesuvius suddenly gushed forth a great pillar of fire, which covered the city with a shower of red hot pumice stone to a depth of seven or eight feet; then belched out another shower of ashes, and then a second shower of pumice until the entire city was covered to a depth of about twenty feet, under which the unexcavated portions of the city still lie buried.

With this tragic picture fresh in mind, it is but natural that we should experience a sentiment of profound pathos as we tread the pavements and streets which today are the same as they were on the day of the eruption; and as we gaze upon the frescoed walls of the dwellings, and enter the shops, and visit the temples and inspect the baths and theaters.

From the discoveries and researches which have been made, it would seem that during the three days of the eruption, probably two thousand Pompeians perished. In one large underground room were found the bodies of eighteen people, who probably selected that place as a safe refuge, but who were stifled with the fine ashes or the gases.

The fact that Pompeii was known to have been a wealthy and luxurious city, while, on the other hand, the jewels and gold which have been unearthed in modern times were comparatively meager, warrants the belief that shortly after the eruption numerous excavations were made to recover jewels and other valuables; and for several centuries the ruins were probably repeatedly ransacked for the marbles, statues and precious stones used in the embellishment of the temple and other

buildings. After that period, however, the city seems to have been entirely forgotten for about fourteen centuries, when, in 1748, the discovery of some statues attracted the attention of Charles III., who caused excavations to be made. For a century the work went on with more or less irregularity, but since 1860 a systematic plan has been adopted which, if carried out during the next fifty years, and with an expenditure of about one million dollars, will probably result in laying bare to the public gaze all that remains of this wonderfully preserved and interesting "City of the Dead."



* * * *

But an appropriate companion visit to Pompeii is the ascent to Mount Vesuvius.

Leaving Naples by carriage and driving through the old district of the city, where the proverbial characteristics of the Neapolitan poor can be seen to advantage, we begin a gradual ascent through fertile fields and productive vineyards. On the road we are met by troops of Neapolitan youngsters whose manual training seems to have been limited to learning the one song of "Bakshish! bakshish!"

I know how aggravating this cry is to many travelers, and how it is deplored in guide books, but as

the custom has become almost universal in European and Asiatic countries, and therefore must be endured, I am inclined to believe that it may be converted into a source of entertainment instead of proving a nervous irritant.

Probably only a very small proportion of those who ask for *bakshish* expect to get it, for it may be received only once in response to several hundred appeals, and the equanimity of the pleader is not often disturbed when the coin fails to materialize.

In response to such appeals I have frequently extended my own hand and jestingly asked them for *bakshish*, and this almost invariably excited among the children the greatest glee and good humor.

And many of the Italian babies, with their round, chubby faces, black hair, and large appealing eyes, are too picturesque to treat harshly or with disdain—even though they are taught to clamor for *bakshish*.

And some of them are so bright and attractive that the question spontaneously arises: Is it not, after all, the mere place of birth and social environment (for which the individual is wholly irresponsible) which gravitates the prattling infant into a future flower seller of Naples, a Bedouin daughter of the desert, or a belle of Fifth Avenue or Rittenhouse Square? Do not the differences lie mainly in the exterior? May not the motives and inherent character be the same—regardless of position or external appearances?



And this fellow feeling for humanity engenders a kindlier feeling and a keener interest in those who appeal for *bakshish*, and suggests the thought that this form of appeal may be but the natural outgrowth of those pitiable conditions which betoken a bitter struggle for mere existence—a struggle which is significantly indicated by the clothes of these Neapolitan children, not one suit of which appears to have been made or purchased for the boy or girl wearing it, but seeming rather as a legacy from parent or grandparent, and but slightly modified to meet the wants of the wearer.



One little fellow, about eight years old, persisted in following the carriage from the outskirts of Naples to the very base of the cone of Vesuvius and then trotted back, a distance of probably eight or ten miles, and he appeared most grateful for the few centesimi which he finally received.

On the way we were met by a band of strolling blind musicians whose serenade was most acceptable. Further on a cripple greeted us with a whistling performance which was quite skilful. Then



we were met by another band of musicians, and also by the makers and vendors of the somewhat celebrated wine, bearing what appears to me a most sacrilegious title. Then a young man met us who proposed to take certain coins and imbed them in the hot lava and return them to us—for a consideration. And girls picked flowers and boys gathered specimens of curious stones for us; and so, in ascending the mountain, the recipients of *bakshish* proved entertaining to me rather than annoying.

But after a time the beautifully fertile region suddenly stopped, and in striking contrast appeared a vast bed of black lava, which had been belched forth during the last eruption in 1895.

The solidified forms which this molten stream of lava finally assumed appear like a weird and gruesome tableaux to illustrate the agonizing convulsions of the mountain as it again poured out its vials of fiery wrath upon the luckless dwellers within its reach.

One might suspect that Gustave Doré had visited such a place in depicting the scenes in Dante's "Inferno," for almost the entire bed of lava appeared like a heterogeneous mass of human arms and legs and headless trunks, all coiled and twisted and entwined with



serpents and with the limbs of animals, while here and there might be seen the uplifted head of a hyena, or of a vulture gloating over the field of death and desolation. When Bulwer located his witch of Vesuvius in the mountain the fertile fields covered its very summit, but had it then existed as this bed of lava now appears, it is easy to imagine her inhuman gloatings at the prospect of dwelling amid such weird and gruesome surroundings.



But after reaching the foot of the cone, and refreshing yourself with the excellent *dejeuner* which is there provided, we make the ascent by means of a cable incline railway, which at some places is almost steep enough to suggest the substitution of an elevator.

For those who enjoy looking out from such a steep ascent a magnificent view of the surrounding country and the Bay of Naples may be obtained, but when you leave the car and begin the final ascent of the cone, a scene of excitement generally follows which precludes

many travelers, upon the occasion of their first visit, from thinking of much else than their personal comfort and safety.

The distance from the terminus of the railroad to the mouth of the crater is several hundred feet. The ascent is extremely steep. The ground consists of fine, loose ashes, and the wind generally blows at so furious a rate as to threaten the unceremonious uplifting of the traveler and depositing him somewhere near Naples.



The guides have a trick of rushing you up at so rapid a rate that you become, in a few moments, thoroughly exhausted, and pant as though nearly all the breath had left your body. In this helpless condition you gladly cling to the strap which the guide offers (fee, two francs), or allow yourself to be hoisted upon the shoulders of two guides (fee, four francs), or tumble into a sedan chair carried by the guides (fee, twenty-five francs), to aid you in reaching the summit. While there you may be able to enjoy the extensive view of Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii and the Mediterranean, and you may approach the mouth of the crater and see an enormous round cavity filled with smoke and steam, in which rocks and stones



are thrown violently upward from the interior, and the

sound of the explosions is like that of distant thunder. If you would accept the guide's suggestion to hand him a franc, which he will throw in for "good luck," you may afterwards comfort yourself with the thought that the franc may add to the material comfort of the guide if, perchance, he threw in a pebble instead of the coin.



F.R.C. 4 FRANC

And when you are rushed down the cone, and the guide, in a singularly significant tone, asks, at a point which is most precipitous, for some *bakshish*, you may be tempted to promise him all your worldly possessions if he will only take you to a place of safety.

To most travelers the second trip is likely to prove the more enjoyable, for he can then plan the details of his program in advance and when he is in full control of his reasoning faculties.

But when, safely housed in Naples, you see peering at you through the thick darkness of the night, the red, burning lava, slowly oozing through the side of the crater, you may detect in its lurid glow a sullen look of warning that, sooner or later, the demon of the mountain will again feel too cramped within his narrow confines, and will burst forth and hurl destruction upon all who venture too near his lair.



BAKSHISH

And if we look at the summit of Vesuvius upon a clear day and with a favorable wind, we may see again and again a huge pillar of white smoke gradually rising above the crest, and as its upper part expands it may assume a colossal shape of Apollo, of Venus, of Hercules, or of some other classic figure which adorned the temples of Pompeii, and as they slowly melt into ethereal nothingness, we may recognize in them a fitting symbol of the departed glories of the "City of the Dead."





NOTE.—It may not be convenient for all to cross the Atlantic and enter the beautiful bay of Naples, and from there make the interesting trip to the unearched city of Pompeii; but, if I mistake not, models of a number of these ruins and restorations were presented to Philadelphia by the late Hon. John Welsh. It must have been a quarter of a century ago that I first saw them in Fairmount Park near the Green Street entrance, although afterwards removed to Memorial Hall.

If the reader is sufficiently interested and will first breathe the atmosphere of ancient Pompeii by reading Bulwer Lytton's old work, "Last Days of Pompeii," and become interested in Glaucus (Bulwer's name for the tragic poet); in Ione (whose classic face and figure can still be seen in the Naples Museum); in the blind flower girl Nydia; in the priests of the Temple of Isis; in the base, but interesting character of the Egyptian Arbaces, and in the gruesome Witch of Vesuvius, he may be able to visit Pompeii in Philadelphia, and restore its buildings, and reanimate it with life, according to the caprice of his own fancy and imagination; and if a keen desire be therewith awakened to roam among the real ruins in Vesuvian Bay, who knows but that the coming century will make easy the realization of many impracticable longings of today?



THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

MAR 21 1934

DEC 18 1940 M

SEP 8 1941

6 Jun 49 HLB

Due end of SUMMER Period
subject to recall after —

JUL 10 71 7 30

REC'D LD JUL 12 71 - 2 PM 7 0

LD 21-100m-7,'33

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C008345566

81016

DT 54
A3

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

