SIX and ONE ABROAD

By S. J. Thomas

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SIDNEY J. THOMAS

AUTHOR OF

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Sidney J. Thomas

DEDICATED

TO

MY WIFE AND TWO SONS

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

Illustrations.

INTRODUCTION.

It is hard to condense the events of a twenty-thousand-mile trip into a single volume of travel stories, and yet, whether wisely or not, I have overcome the difficulties of such a task. It is still harder to avoid the well-worn track of travel writers and to discover and present for the reader's table an appetizing diet of something new in that line. I hope I have not been unsuccessful in accomplishing that purpose.

The itinerary of the journey described in these sketches included interesting stops at various points on both sides of the Mediterranean, a sojourn in the Holy Land, and in Egypt, and, after doubling back to Naples, a visit to half the countries on the Continent of Europe. Some of the journey was rather hurried, notably so the swift swing we took north out of Switzerland, by way of the Rhine, through Western Germany, Holland, and back to our first latitude at Paris. It was accidental, this excursion into the Netherlands, and therefore just that much surplus, for our program did not originally include it.

It so happened that my lot was cast, quite providentially I suspect, with a party of Christian ministers who had planned their trip to the Old World by agreement together before their departure, and to that fortuitous circumstance is due the religious if not strictly Biblical and orthodox viewpoint from which this book is written in certain of its parts. I was traveling alone except for such companionship as I should chance to form and with no particular plans and routes of travel, at any rate with none that were not subject to change to meet the almost dire necessity for companions on such a long trip in unknown lands.

I was glad therefore to be invited to join the preachers' party, though their programme specified rather hurried journeys and short stops and economical husbandry of limited funds, in which, unless the hurried jaunts were objectionable, I easily enough concurred. The confederation was formed in mid-ocean and was composed according to the preachers' own designation of the mixture, of six preachers and one gentleman.

Let me denote them more particularly: Dr. Stophlet, a dignified Indiana divine, possessing a disposition as smooth as a February sea; Dr. Lubbock, a Chicago pastor, encyclopædic in matters of history and particularly well posted on all events applying to the ready-made route of our itinerary; Dr. Weld, of Minneapolis, a recent Princeton graduate whose journal—his fetich—was forever shocked by Texas levity; Dr. Matthews, of South Forks, Dakota, whose orthodoxy was without a flaw; Dr. Haines, of New York, whose Presbyterian scruples were inlaid with good cheer and who was himself as free of acerbity as his head was of hairs; Dr. Rawlings, of Danville, Virginia, now of Nashville, our spokesman because of his ready wit and ringing eloquence when called upon, especially at those functions aboardship that we had, notably on Lincoln's birthday. And I include also in our company that genial spirit from Pittsburg, Col. McCurdy, who, though with us but a short while, contributed immensely to the general fund of enjoyment.

The book is an album of travel-stories. Just my own pencil pictures. If they interest the reader I shall be very glad. If they prove to be helpful to him, ever so little, I shall be repaid for the trouble of their reproduction.

Many of the illustrations are snap-shots of my own. From New York to Egypt I kept up a steady and unrelenting fire, until I exhausted every film which I had.

S. J. T.

CHAPTER I.

The Sea and its Moods.

The most interesting feature of a trip across the ocean is the ocean itself; its monotony and its beauty when it sleeps under a glittering sheen from horizon to horizon; its violent demeanor when aroused by the winds from its radiant stupor; the delightfulness of the ride upon its gentle swells, when the swells are gentle; and the terrors of its fury in a storm; its overwhelming magnitude and boundlessness, and the resultant impression of helplessness that falls with crushing effect upon a traveler, and of his own inconsequential relation to the great scheme of the universe of which the sea, vast as it is and puissant as it is, he knows is but a small factor.

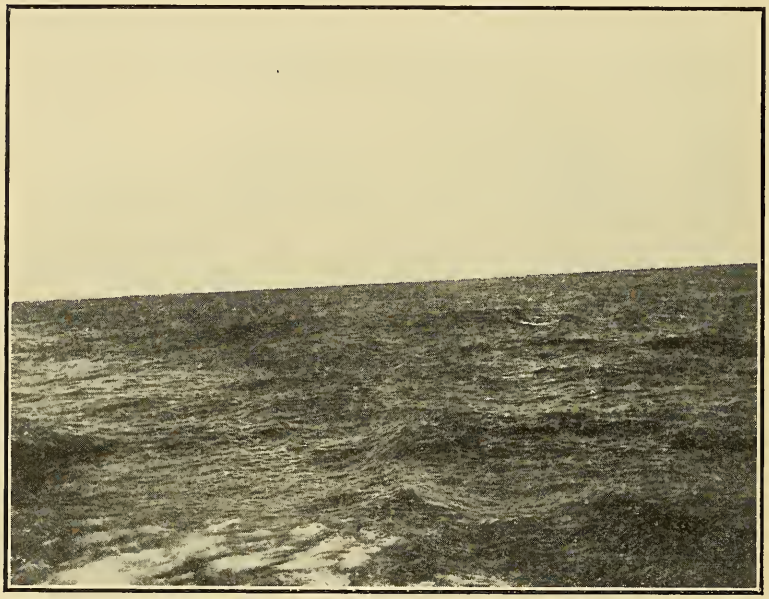
On land or sea, personal conceit has little chance to survive the experiences of an observant traveler. With the varieties of races and tongues with which he comes in contact, the multitudes of people of diverse traits and customs, the absolute ignorance of the world of mankind of any certain single individual such as you or me, and therefore its positive indifference toward either of us; the sea—illimitable, unexplored, all-powerful; the skies, just as vast, and vaster under contemplation, with their peopled worlds greater than ours and its universes unnumbered; what chance has the Ego to assert its little potentiality.

Personally, I do not care for the sea, and I wonder what could have been the Almighty purpose in wasting three-fourths of the surface of the Globe by covering it with water. When it is calm and smooth, it is monotonous and tiresome even if it be beautiful. When it is turbulent, even when "choppy," as the sailors say, it is aggravating and—nauseating.

The first two days out from New York, on this particular voyage, the sea was comparatively smooth and the skies alternately clear and clouded. But during the night of the second day a fierce gale arose, of such intensity that it was epochal, both because of its own vehement turbulance and of certain

drastic, gastric, consequences it entailed. For forty-eight hours there was a violent churning of our vessel and of everything in it and of our own anatomies and of everything in them.

To be seasick is to be superlatively unhappy. Beginning in a sensation of teasing torture this cruelest of all maladies carries its victim by rapid stages to the very ragged edge of despair where hope with poised wing all but takes its everlasting flight. It is a rebellion of every element of the anatomy amid-



THE SEA.

ships; a tangled agony of aches, a rumbling of threatenings within and a maudlin wretchedness of eruption without, with no remedy but endurance and no palliative but the grave.

There is no caste so haughty and disdainful as the caste of the seasick and that of the upper stratum of the immune. These latter, as vain as peacocks, strut among the disconsolate wretches who are down and out, and parade their immunity, and out of the anarchy of his desperation the lower caste victim longs, oh, so earnestly longs for a gun, a great gun from the

deck of a battleship, that he might train it on one of the upper caste immunes and blow him into fragments—not just mutilate him, but tear him into atoms, wriggling, agonizing, miserable myriads of atoms. In an early stage of my own convalescence, it happened during a stroll on the deck one day that I came upon a lady whom I knew casually as one of a company of courtly Carolinians. Reclining in a steamer chair and swathed insufficiently in a steamer shawl, hair fearfully disheveled, ribbons disarranged and negligence apparent in her apparel from loosened bodice to untied shoes, pale unto death, this lady was a perfect picture of abject misery and despair. And, moreover, her head rested upon the shoulder of a man who was as ghastly as she.

I should have known better, for I knew from drastic experience that at that stage of the malady the patient wanted nothing but elimination, eradication, annihilation. Still it was not offensively intended when I asked the lady if I might be of some service to her, and to her husband, the melancholy gentleman who sustained her in unconscious agony. The purple lips parted, the eyes opened weakly, overcast with ochre, and with all the scornful emphasis she could hurl into her words, she replied: "That man is not my husband; I don't know whose husband he is and what is more, I do not care!"

Desperation; contempt; unspeakable misery.

It was nothing short of a calamity to be in the clutches of an epidemic, even in convalescence, during the prevalence of a storm at sea, and unable to properly appreciate the grandeur of the cataclysm of wind and wave. Overhead the gray canopy of cloud and mist was in a state of violent convulsion; beneath and all around, the tumultuous jargon of the clashing devils of the sea; and everywhere the shrieking furies of the tempest. Great Titans of water, colored a deep indigo with the venom of their own madness, rose and clashed and fell, and over the places where the duels were fought, the residue of their wrath was resolved into seething troughs of foam. Farther out, the scene was like unto the rise and fall of mountains, ten thousand ominous cones rising high out of the maddened main, their crests exploding in a fury of foam, and dying as others rose in

their turbulent graves. While, throughout the fierce conflict our noble vessel maintained her course serenely, trundled sometimes in the cradle of waves as high as her lofty masts, coasting sometimes the crystal declivities or plunging the lance of her bow into the vitals of a billow—not a halt in the long fretted furrow she was cutting from America to the African coast, and drawing majestically in her wake a train of blue overlaid with fantastic laces of foam.

The sea can be just as well-behaved as it can be obstreperous;

THREE OF OUR PARTY—THE CONNOISSEUR WITH HAND ON HAND RAIL.

when it is good it is very, very good, and when it is bad, it is horrid. It has its moods like a great uneasy thing of life, at times ugly and dangerous, at times conspiring with sun and atmospheric conditions toward a sublime climax of beauty. In fair weather, in that delightful interim between the breaking of dawn and sunrise, before the mermaid—the sea girls for whom we looked and looked and never so much as got a glimpse of one—have tinted their tresses in the colors of the new day

and are combing them into exquisite curls and lustrous undulations; when the stars, one by one, put out their lights, and the sky begins to blush at the coming of its chief, the gray of the dawn changing imperceptibly to violet, and quickly thence into purple, and to a radiant orange, and to crimson, and crimson into gold, which is the livery of the rising orb; at such a time—the very beginning of the day—it is inexpressibly delightful to stand on the swaying prow of the steamer, its sharp edge opening a way through the trackless crystal and turning a foaming furrow, the great ship rising and falling with the breathing of the waves; and at such a vantage point to expand the lungs with deep draughts of the finest tonic ever brewed in the dispensaries of God or man; and to watch the changing colors of the morning; and to wait for the coming of the sun when he shall appear at the spot on the horizon where the colors are deepest, and send his smiles on tripping feet along a glistening perspective like angels on the ladder of a Jacob's dream.

Hardly less entrancing is the view at the close of a faultless day. Then, the disc of the sun grows to immoderate dimensions before he retires, and the same long glistening ladder of light as that of the early morning is alive with messages of adieu. If a retinue of clouds chance to attend the closing exercises the effect is the more delightful by reason of their flaming livery—vestments of crimson and gold in which they lie against the gates of night.

When we left New York, snow was twenty inches deep in the streets and a full grown and well matured blizzard was stabbing right and left with daggers of ice. Within 60 hours we were basking in temperate winds and under ardent skies. Yet we had not gone more than a hundred miles below New York's latitude. The source of the change was that amorous, hot-blooded child of the Mexican sea, which runs away from home and hurries, steaming, across the Atlantic, diffusing its warmth, but declining to mix with the water through which it makes its way.

We could easily feel the difference, the delightful change, as it came on gradually, until one day we plumped right into the current and its steaming vapors rose in our faces.

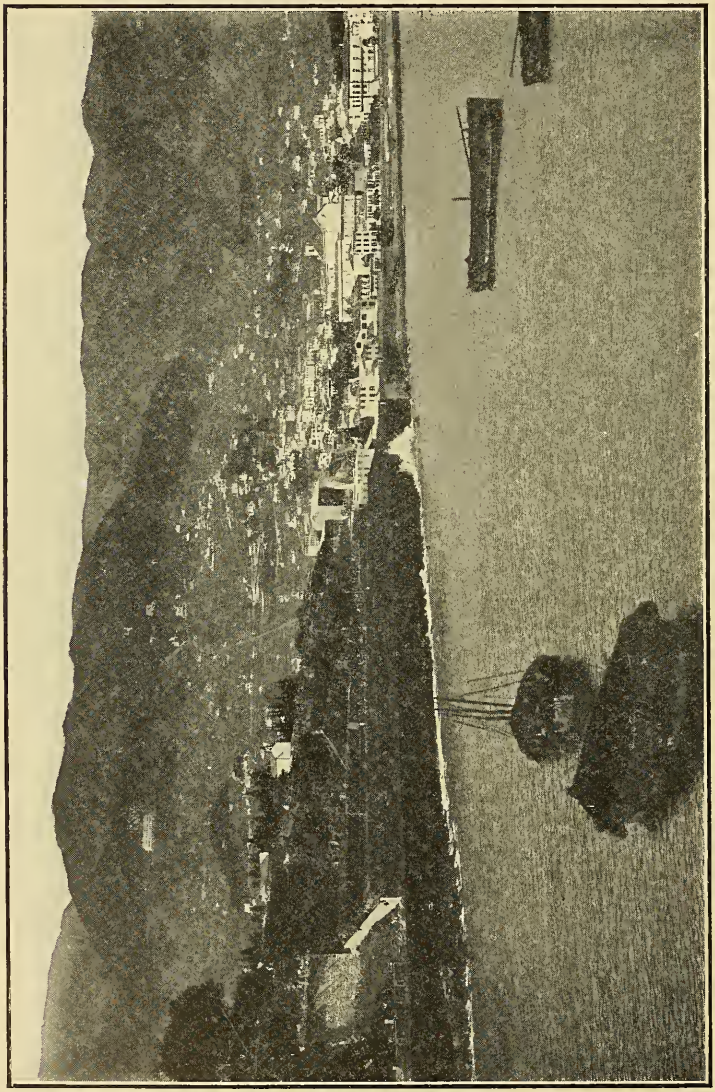
To the north of this stream and out of the range of its influence, the winters indulge in their severest moods. South of it and to the east, the favored nations smile under its balmy breath. North of it, there are icebergs and whales and polar bears and dangerous fogs; south, there is perpetual spring and summer and laziness and flying fish. And that reminds me. We were disappointed in not seeing a single flying fish. But in our meanderings, we flushed, one quiet, unclouded day, a queer specimen of marine fauna that was new to every one on board except the captain and crew. It did not rise and fly away at our approach as the flying fish would have done, nor with tail for propelling screw and fins for a rudder did it skeedaddle through the water, but on the surface of its natural element inflated itself with gas of its own generation until it was swollen up to a number of times its normal size—round as a circus balloon and colored all the tints of a soap bubble—it then committed itself to the winds and floated away.

The course of this strange fish or whatever it was, was directly in front of us, rising and falling as if an experienced hand were on the throttle of its movements. Presently it dropped slowly to the surface and by some sort of automatic puncturing device subsided into invisibility. This phenomenal little creature is known to the sailors as the "balloon fish."

And whales, too—we had a fine company of them for our guests on Sunday afternoon, an occasion never to be forgotten. The keen eye of a mate made the momentous discovery—momentous to us but ordinary to him, as was evident in his manner in pointing it out with a careless remark. All alert, I followed the direction of the pointing finger, but for the life of me I could not see the whale nor anything that might be construed into such a phenomenon. The trouble was, as afterwards developed, I expected too much; expected to see a column of water as large as an eruption of Vesuvius issuing from the forward end of a black, writhing, tremendous thing of life that cleaved the water into a frightful state of agitation, or lay flat, his whole length upon the glistening swells, a dangerous monster at rest. That was my idea of whales, and to save my life I could see nothing in the quiet prospect before us to justify the con-

clusion that we were in the vicinity of the big fish. At length, I took the trouble to carefully follow the index finger of the mate until it struck water away out some five miles, and behold, a little puff, as though some hunter had descried the big game first and discharged his gun at it. That little puff of spray was the nasal discharge of a whale, the mate said, but if it were indeed the output of a whale, the author of the spray kept provokingly out of sight. However, while we looked, another bit of spray shot up, in the intervening stretch of water, and disappeared, and another still nearer, and still another, another, sakes alive! and another right here at us and others here, there and yonder, the last one of them shooting his noiseless gun and the whole bunch presenting the appearance of pickets firing at random on the approach of danger.

The interest in the plot was increasing fast; things were happening; we had accidentally run into a school of the biggest game of the ocean. Presently we were in their very midst, and I counted as many as thirty-two playing about our bow and stern. They were racing and chasing and threading the gentle swells like huge darning needles, but the provoking things would never come up on top and lie there full length till we could take their measure. Now a head would appear—a big awkward ellipse of shapeless black, slit with an enormous mouth like a Mississippi negro's—and then disappear, to be followed a second later by the tail, which rose a few feet while the forward end went fishing, or else barely came into view on the surface. A dozen pistols were fired at the visitors, and while it is unlikely that any took effect, it served to break up the reception, and the whole party ran on ahead of us and out of sight, each leaking at the nose like a broken water pipe.



FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

CHAPTER II.

First Sight of Land.

The sight of land, after being out on the ocean waste for days, is calculated to excite interest in the most *blasé* traveler, but the novice on his first sea legs is delighted beyond measure—any land, so it be but a break in the monotony, the eternal monotony, of water, water, water.

I happened to be up and walking the deck at dawn of the day that was to put a parenthesis of delight in the long, tedious sentence of our journey. A blue black washpot lay overturned upon the horizon. As we watched, slowly the outlines grew and slowly our expectations rose, till the dull surface began to take on tints and undulations; till the physical topography of a fair and charming island lay outspread before us; till from mysterious tropic groves a perfume as sweet as the breath of Paradise came to us on the tenders of the wind with a gracious and refreshing welcome.

Higher and higher climbed the pleasing vision; eagerly and more eagerly we swept it with the eye. Gradually the curves of the rotund top were broken into sharp outlines of peaks, and the brown colors we had seen became their precipitous sides uprearing from the water, and the green was the luxuriant vegetation that thrived in their ravines. Then strips of white appeared and confused us until the wiser heads pronounced them waterfalls, that dropped like loosened bands of ribbon from sky to sea.

Bye and bye the scene was dotted with spots of white and occasionally with broader splotches of white, which upon a nearer view were resolved into individual homes and little towns. And rectangles of different shades of green, little geometric figures, so even and regular, lined the mountain sides. Some one ventured the opinion that they were vineyards, but they looked more like multi-colored stair steps.

As we ran alongside this stranger of the sea for thirty miles a panorama of beauty was unrolled such as is rarely seen on

highways of water. I do not believe it possible for any sight to be more nearly Edenic—mountains rising four thousand feet sheer from the waves that lazily lapped their feet; covered from base to summit with foliage of every variety of restful green; riven with picturesque gorges whose depths were concealed under a riot of tangled vines; cascades leaping down every depression and dropping their substance in a splashing spray of pearls at the edge of the sea. It was not long before we could

THE FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.

see the baby vineyards as they lay like so many thousands of cots, one above the other in methodical order, so little that one might easily step over them, it seemed, and yet hanging so precariously against the mountain's steep side, that should one of the terraces cave the least bit there would be danger of annihilating the whole grape crop of Madeira.

Immediately after dropping anchor the water was alive with bobbing skiffs and naked brown boys in them pleading with gestures and noisy cries for a chance to dive for coins. Not

once, I think, did one of these boys fail, after following with careful eyes the course of a falling coin, to leap on its trail into the water with sprawling limbs and wide open eyes, and reappear shortly with the trophy in his fingers upheld in triumph, tossing it quickly thereafter in the bottom of the boat, wiping his eyes hurriedly and renewing his appeals for further trials.

From the steamer, a couple of miles from shore, the white capital, Funchal, appeared as beautiful as a dream of a city in Fairyland, a cluster of diamonds glittering low on the emerald front of an apparition uprisen from the sea. And when we were landed by tenders on the primitive dock amidst a swarm of brown and scantily, yet plentifully, clad natives, underneath palms that never knew a frigid wind and among flowers that extended a welcome of decoration and fragrance, the secret of its charms was revealed. Tropical luxuriance of vegetation and prodigality of colors. Indolence, somnolence, apathy. Quaint aboriginal customs. Houses of white and roofs of red, and natives in white and red. What a change and how sudden—from New York to Madeira, from civilization's front door to its back door.

A score of upholstered and canopied bullock sleds, the only transportation facilities of the city, afforded a perfect climax to the unique situation—carriages and horses would have been entirely malapropos.

The streets of Funchal are about as wide as the usual alley of an American city, running most often between walls of whitewashed stone houses or the white walls of garden terraces, winding in and out like the convolutions of a corkscrew and paved with rounded pebbles the size of an egg, a pavement enduring enough but very trying on uninitiated feet. My own were bruised so that I could scarcely use them for a week afterward. In many places, notably in the public gardens and courts of the public buildings and best private homes, the paving stones are arranged in artistic designs of black and white pebbles. The entire city—every street and passage—is paved in this peculiar way.

The main business section lies next to the water, where the

COASTING AT FUNCHAL.

grade is not so steep; beyond the stores and shops the rise is almost precipitous. But disdaining the interference of altitude and gravity, the white walls in sinuous parallels climb the abrupt slopes and the white boxes of houses hold on with a tenacity that is marvelous.

In company with a guide I climbed a succession of these tortuous streets to the home—I almost said the aerie—of the American consul. It was a strenuous undertaking for a tenderfoot —tender foot is the exact word—but the end fully justified the effort. Having attained to a commanding elevation by a narrow, circuitous route of pebble pavement between walls of terraced homes and whatnot of this unique mountain city over which the foliage of assorted varieties of vegetation drooped in profusion, we were admitted through iron gates to the premises of this accommodating official, and from the veranda of his bungalow which lacked nothing to make it a veritable elysian resort surveyed the outspread scene of city and sea below, and gained from his lips interesting information which is combined with personal observation in the following story of Madeira:

The island of Madeira is 38 miles long by 13 wide. Over 300 square miles of its rough and rugged surface has been put in cultivation by the natives, an undertaking that would have baffled them had they been as lazy as they look. The mountains all around are belted by a network of walled terraces such as have been mentioned, built to a considerable extent of pebbles gathered on the beach and carried up on the backs of donkeys. The amount of work required to construct these industrial fortifications must have been prodigious, is almost incomprehensible. The thousands of little pocket farms are each about the size of a steamboat stateroom, upheld by walls eight to ten feet high, and every whit of the soil was carried there from the valleys in saddle-bags on the backs of donkeys. Great care has to be exercised by the natives when asleep at night, as Mark Twain has said of certain similar conditions elsewhere, lest in turning over they fall out of their farms and sustain serious injury.

The population is 150,000, chiefly Portuguese, and yet the island is more densely settled than any other country excepting Belgium and Malta. A lady, formerly of Missouri, is the

only American resident. The thermometer registers only the slightest variation during the year. So prodigal is Nature in her gifts of climate and vegetation that the natives cannot imagine anything more to be desired, and regard the utilities of our civilization as encroachments on their ease and never to be thought of in Madeira. The capital and only city has a population of 50,000 citizens, each and every one of terra cotta color and lazy disposition. Lazy steers slowly dragging canopied sleds; the drivers with prod and languid lingo keeping them awake and on their feet; a boy always attending the drive with a greasy rag which he slips under the runners of the sled periodically to ease the friction; uncomplaining donkeys in solemn procession doing the only real work; the slow moving streams of brown in the deep cut channels of trade; the housewives idling in the shade of palms; the priests in garb of shining black; this is Funchal, set against a background that is a duplicate of Eden. It is as fair a spot as was ever kissed by a zephyr or laved in the lap of a sea.

Grape culture and the production of wine are the chief industries. The natives drink, all of them drink, and they drink all the time. But it is not wine that they drink; this they export for the money it brings. Sugar cane, strange as it may seem, is the national curse. Its juice is distilled into a nasty drink that they consume to the extreme of debauchery. Statistics show that more alcohol is consumed per capita in Madeira than anywhere else in the world. Irish potatoes are grown extensively, but they have been attacked by a disease that has reduced the production 60 per cent in recent years and threatens the total destruction of the plant. Bananas are prolific and abundant, but the West Indies and the Canary Islands, owing to better shipping facilities, have stolen the export trade of Madeira in this fruit, and it is now inconsiderable, whereas it was once important.

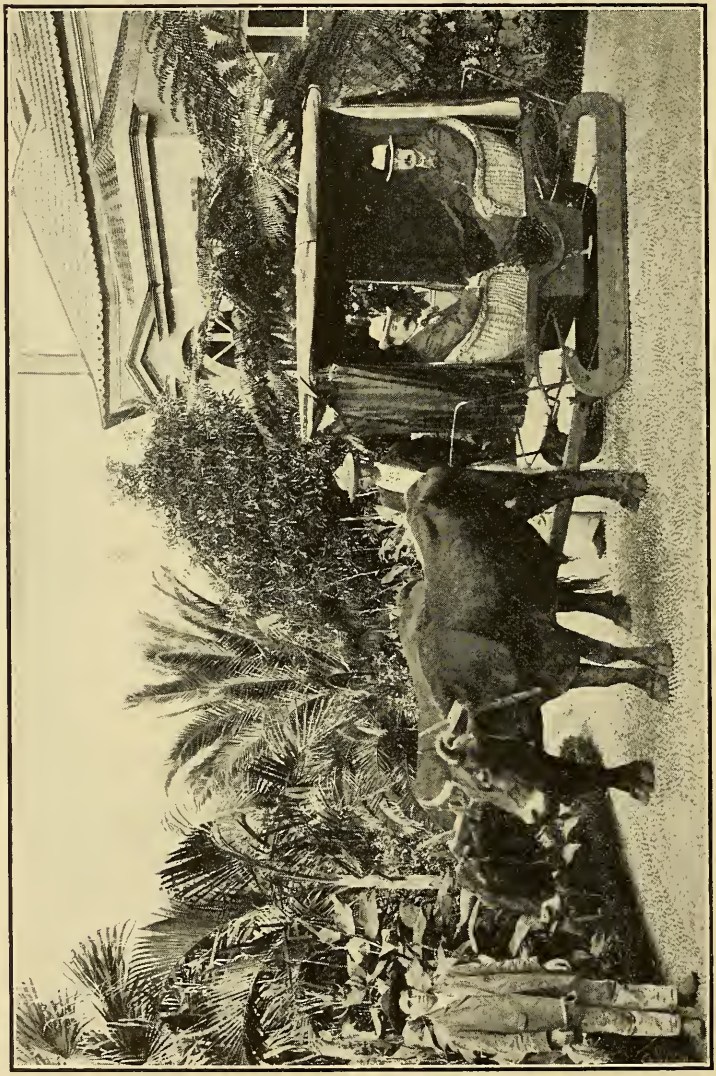
Embroideries and ornamental needle work are a source of large revenue, as much as fifty tons of this exquisite stuff being sold annually to the foreign trade. It is estimated that 15,000 women and girls are constantly employed in the work, much of it being done under contract at wages of 10 cents to

50 cents a day. Girls as young as eight years are quite expert in the art. I dare say, every home represented in our party is now decorated with some of this exquisite handiwork.

A ride up the mountain on a cog road developed some rare views and experiences—moving vistas of emerald that were little more than steps of palms and bananas and cane and vines, terraces with their lapfuls of verdure tier on tier; valleys deep and narrow and rank and dank with luxuriant foliage; profound chasms throwing back against the mountain the echoes of the climbing train; below, the city radiant against the mountain side like red and white embroidery on a tunic of green, and beyond it the quiet expanse of the ocean like a mirror in a frame of blue. A Catholic church on the summit of an eminence at the terminus of the funicular road has among the usual contents of such sanctuaries a number of wax human limbs on its walls, placed there by the devotees of the Virgin out of gratitude to her for healing the particular limbs represented in wax.

To return to the city a ride in sleds over the thick-pebbled roads two miles down the mountain is exciting in the extreme. A native guides the vehicle on foot from behind with ropes, permitting it to glide with great speed. The road is very crooked and in the ride we took it looked at times as if we were to be dashed against the walls, but a dexterous manipulation of the reins sent us safely around the threatening bends and we landed right side up with care at the foot of the mountain, the driver sweating and blowing from the run. Time 9 minutes; fare two shillings and "if you please, 20 reis for a drink."

In enumerating the industries of the island, I have neglected to mention a most important and lucrative one—that of begging. Every child there is a persistent Nemesis at your heels. "Penny, please; me so poor; need-a bread so bad." It is the only English they know and they know that sentence in French, German and Portuguese. Donate a penny to one of them and your munificence is heralded to the uttermost limits of the town and wherever you go thereafter they swarm about you like a plague of Egyptian flies. In the midst of the contemplation



A MADEIRA CAB.

of some sublime scene in which the soul rises into the empyrean, you are suddenly conscious of a collapse to sordid earth by the plea of a little pie-faced mendicant: "Penny, please; me so poor." Drivers beg, guides beg for tips and booze, women assume pathetic tones and poses and beg; all classes beg, not because they are needy, for they need nothing except to be born again somewhere else and graded up, but because it's their business and it pays.

Three small streams, originating in the mountain snows, run through the city in channels twenty feet deep by forty feet wide, the walls of which are of solid masonry. The women do the town washing in the beds of these channels and when they are at work in long irregular lines, with their brown progeny half-dressed, half exposed, on the rocks and their primitive linen outspread on branches and shrubs, the scene is a novel and interesting one.

The milk supply of Funchal is derived from goats which are driven through the streets in small herds. The goats are milked at the residence or place of business of the customer and the goods delivered warm and unwatered. The streets are cleaned by two methods; with brush brooms at night and by pigs in daytime. At any time of the day and at almost any place a poorly dressed and poverty stricken native, usually a woman, may be seen holding a pig by a rope while it eats the refuse of the streets. Late in the afternoon pigs and drivers may be met in droves on their way home.

The money of Madeira is reckoned in reis, a rey having a value equal to a tenth of an American copper cent. The first experience I had with this money was in trying to settle for a light repast of coffee and fruit at a cafe. I asked the amount of the bill and was informed that it was 200 reis. "How much?" I demanded in a shock of astonishment that well nigh gave me palpitation of the heart; "I do not want to buy your shop." The little coffee brewer appeared confused for the moment, but seeing my flustration wrote: "I charge you 200 reis for you eat." It was outrageous, but as I had been foolish enough to appropriate his wares before asking the price I realized the jig was up and there was nothing to do but come

to his terms, whereupon I tossed him my purse and begged him to take it and cancel the obligation. The purse contained one pound sterling in English gold, nothing less, nothing else. But imagine my surprise when the little native shelled out a lot of iron change that filled mine and McCurdy's hats, and our coat pockets. Honestly, the change I received for that sovereign must have weighed twenty pounds. Out of this swollen remnant of my purse I bought a piece of embroidery for which I paid 2000 reis and could have bought another without depleting the purse entirely.

It was to Funchal that Columbus followed a dark-eyed damsel of Madeira from Portugal and, winning her hand, married her and lived among her people several years prior to 1492. His wife is buried there now and a tablet setting out these facts is on the old house where the couple lived.

It is not surprising that a land of such poetry of landscape, such harmonies of color and sun, such symphonies of indolent ease and luxury, should have been introduced to history by a heroic and pathetic romance. In 1334 a young Englishman of humble ancestry, Robert Machem by name, fell in love with Anna D'Arfet, a pretty French maiden of noble family. The addresses of Machem were warmly reciprocated by the young lady, but were opposed by her parents. The match was peremptorily prohibited on penalty of disinheritance. Anna sacrificed her own heart's feelings on the altar of parental obedience and accepted the proposal of another, a nobleman of her own country. The nuptials were fixed, but never took place, for on the eve of the loveless ceremony she met her first and only lover and they eloped under the cover of night in a boat. A storm caught the frail craft and drove it past the boundary of their reckoning. After drifting for several days they were stranded on this island which was then uninhabited and unknown. The fair young bride suffered severely from the exposure and shock of the storm, and in a short time died. Machem remained on the island for a year after the death of his wife and then he, too, passed away. In the year 1418, Zargo, the Portuguese explorer, landed on the island and found the grave of the lady, and on the rude tombstone was an inscription by

the husband giving a brief account of the incident and requesting that his bones, if they could be found, be laid beside those of his wife and a chapel reared over the double grave. This pious wish was granted and the chapel is there today, a memorial of the pathetic romance.

Madeira is little known to the world, and yet it is one of the world's beauty spots. Sailors say they know no place which so delights and astonishes at first sight. How I would like to spend a season in the midst of its incomparable beauties, in the simple luxury of its ease and restfulness.

CHAPTER III.

In Southern Spain.

Pitifully handicapped by superstition and ignorance, Spain has in a hundred years fallen from the van of European nations to a laggard's place in the rear. She is in a stupor, a soporific condition from which she arouses herself at times only for a puff at a cigarette, a drink of liquor or to bend a reverent knee to Mary. With a soil as fertile as our own western plains, with seasons regulated to every necessity of her varied flora and an atmosphere in which her fruit is incubated with little artificial help, the Andalusian hills and valleys alone, to say nothing of the rich lands of Central and Northern Spain, have possibilities of wealth that would choke the markets of the world. But the energy and spirit of once proud and prosperous Spain are atrophied and dead. She is asleep, and our little pop call will not disturb her.

Cadiz is the southern door, a white city that runs out into the sea on a flat tongue of land to welcome commerce and travel. It is very, very white, every building of any character whatsoever being calcimined to a brilliant white. In the dawn from an approaching steamer it looks like a chalk city that soon enlarges and analyzes itself from a solid mass into individual chalk boxes, in rows, and then these boxes become studded with gems as the light of the rising sun falls upon the windows. It is an old city—the Tarshish of the Bible, say the preachers, for which Jonah took passage on that truancy of his in which a whale was the hero. Founded in 1150 B. C., by the Phœnicians, saith the diaries of the Doctors, it was regarded by them as the uttermost limit of the world. It was a dependency of Carthage from 500 B. C. to the second Punic war, when it became, under Cæsar, one of the impregnable fortresses of the Roman empire, and Roman writers are eloquent in praise of its palaces and aqueducts, its great commerce and mighty fleets. In the fifth century it fell into the hands of the Goths and later was a possession of the Moors. When Spain was at her zenith,

following the discovery of America, a continuous flood of gold flowed into the tills of her traders and the treasury of her kings, until as late as 1770 when Cadiz, as the chief port, was reckoned the richest city on the globe. With Napoleon's ascendancy the first step in Spain's tragic decline was taken, and as her character was not strong enough to withstand the luxury of wealth, it was too weak to convalesce from the lethargy that wealth entailed.

Cadiz now is therefore not the Cadiz of old. Like the rest of the country of which it is or ought to be an important port it is bedridden with a well-developed case of inertia and complications. It is satisfied with its present status, which is the same as its past status, and contemplates no radical changes in its programme of inanition and lassitude. The quaint mediæval thoroughfares are so at varianee with everything western that the visitor seems to be wandering in his dreams among the people and things of the long past. They are so narrow that I supposed at first they were alleys, and kept wondering when we should pass out of them into a street. But the expected avenue never showed up and the alleys never grew in width except when we emerged into one of the numerous plazas of the city and in these delightful places, as if in compensation for the crowded inconveniences of the slits of streets, always there was delightful tropical luxuriance of tree and flower and delectable avenues of palms. In very few places was it possible for carriages to pass, and frequently vehicles were compeled to back to a cross street upon meeting others unexpectedly.

As in most Latin towns, the cathedral is the all important building in Cadiz. Costing almost $2,000,000 it is a mystery how the money was secured from these poor natives. It must have well nigh bankrupted most of them, so imposing is it, so rich in decoration, so vast, so far excelling in cost and elegance any church edifice it had ever been my privilege to see in America. But it is a mistake. There is entirely too much money in it for poor folks.

Nothing would do the preachers but that we should visit every cathedral and chapel in Cadiz, and do it first, lest some accident prevent, which would have been lamentable. Being

in a hopeless minority, I could only register a protest and vow revenge and follow. One of the majority was a connoisseur—that is, he had some of the symptoms. He could not help it, for he had caught it from somebody else. It is not natural for anybody to be a connoisseur. It is contracted like all contagious afflictions, from others similarly afflicted, during suppuration.

This particular member of the majority—one of the galaxy of reverends—was a painting connoisseur. He was the only

A TANDEM TEAM IN CADIZ.

one of the party who possessed the astonishing information that a certain little old church of Cadiz of mediævial origin contained a $100,000 painting by one Murillo, an artist of some repute in those parts.

Fairly beaming with anticipation and other symptoms, we followed the connoisseur and a guide, whom we had adopted, into a wee bit of a church, where, after sweeping with tense breath and soft step along the nave, past transept and other

architectural landmarks, we brought up face to face with the famous picture.

The guide halted reverently, inflated himself with an inspiration of air, and began his interpretation. It was by Murillo and therefore must be very, very fine.

"And who was Murillo?" I had the temerity to interrupt.

"Mureel-yo! Don't-ee sobby grande Mureel-yo? Most big picture hombre in de world!"

"No, never heard of Mureel-yo in my life," I sorrowfully confessed amid pianissimo hisses from the connoisseur.

It represented "The Marriage of St. Catherine." I did not know who St. Catherine was, and do not know yet, but that was unimportant, and I did not care to interrupt the pleasant little speech on unimportant details. However, I did venture this one further query: "Where is the gentleman that St. Catherine is supposed to be tying up with?" It was a stunner, and he could do nothing to solve the problem, but sputtered a polyglot explanation one-eighth English and seven-eighths Spanish. A cherub from above was in the act of placing a ring upon Catherine's finger and a number of plump babes with sweet faces were tumbling gleefully in clouds overhead, while an austere man with bushy whiskers, almost an exact likeness of James Russell Lowell, brooded over the scene in misty indistinctness from the panel surmounting the picture. I hope I am not irreverent in the way I have stated this, for it was the painter's attempt to reproduce God Almighty. If I had an idea the Great Ruler of the Universe looked anything like Murillo's $100,000 painting represents Him to be, I confess that I would have to readjust my view of Him. Bold, indeed, must be the brush that would venture into such a field. This picture has particular interest for connoisseurs, because it was the last of the celebrated painter. When he had given it the final touch he stepped back to inspect the result, and, missing his footing, fell from the scaffolding to the marble floor and was killed. (Diary of the Doctors, page 169.)

In a museum close to this church, a sarcophagus, dug up recently in the sands of the city's suburbs, holds the gruesome

remains of a Phœnician of the ninth century before Christ. He is very old and but a skeleton of his former self.

There are so many old things in this country that nothing with a history short of the Crusades stirred a ripple of interest in us. Only now and then did we encounter anything modern. For instance, the Andalusian Dance came in our way. There was nothing musty or obsolete in that performance. It was strictly up-to-date, up to the ceiling, up to the very meridian of high noon. A sprightly company of black-eyed, raven-locked senoritas were the performing stars, the dance consisting of a series of genuflections, contortions and kicks, superinducing dimpled arms and rounded ankles and "ruffled cuffed absurdities," to the music of castanets and thrumming guitars. The skirts of these graceful damsels were visible to the naked eye. On the wall of the stage was a large painting of the boy Jesus sweeping out the shavings of his father's carpenter shop, which gave the performance a religious cast. The six reverends admired this painting very much and sat on the front row and studied it while I profanely watched the dancing. However, the dancing soon became tiresome by reason of its repetition and I retired to the outside while the preachers were so infatuated with the picture that they remained fully an hour longer.

Every man and boy in all Andalusia smokes—cigarettes chiefly, cigars to some extent, but they all smoke—and possibly having acquired the habit here, they will continue to smoke in the hereafter. I had believed that Dewey achieved a remarkable victory at Manila and Schley at Santiago, but I know now that their boasted feats were but picnics with the toy manikins of a nursery. A company of diving boys from Madeira can run the whole of Southern Spain into the sea. I do not mean to be severe on this poor, miserable, decadent people and their sleepy, odoriferous, canyoned town, and I am charitable enough to confess that this severe opinion had its origin, possibly, in a barber chair, where I experienced a touch of the Spanish Inquisition.

To locate the residence portion of the city was a puzzle: We had driven from one end of the town to another, and across a

number of times, but not a single residence was to be seen. We had seen pretty brunette faces peeping through the bars of grated windows upstairs over the shops, but it had not occurred to us that these senoritas were at home. We were in error. The homes of the people were really over the stores and shops in the very busiest parts of town—three, four and five stories of them. I understand that a few wealthy families have real, sure enough homes, from the ground up, in the heart of the city.

All doors are locked through a keyhole in the door facing, the doors themselves having no locks on them.

The donkey is the beast of burden, in Cadiz; that itself is significant, for any race of people who associate intimately with the donkey sink to the donkey's level. That animal will not affiliate with his superiors; he is either on a level with them or above them. A two-wheeled cart with widespread sheet and big straw receptacle swinging from the axle seemed to be the means of freight transportation. If the load happened to be extra heavy more donkeys were hitched on, not side by side, as we do, but in front of each other, tandem style. I saw as many as sixteen of these Andalusian canaries pulling a single wagon, and the procession was a comedy of sixteen acts, each canary constituting a separate act.

There is no room for street cars in Cadiz and little need for them, either, as the population is herded together in a very compact space, everybody living in his own work-shop and nobody going visiting. Ladies converse with their neighbors across the streets, thus paying calls without the necessity of going down stairs and across the dividing space. Still there is a street car line along the shore.

There are 18,000,000 people in Spain; of these only 6,000 are protestants. (Diary of Doctors, page 172.) Seventy-five per cent of them can neither read nor write. They need to knock around a little; to travel; to spread out and let the sunshine in; they need pepper, soap and school books, railroads and mules, machinery and electricity; to eliminate the jackass and trade off a few hundred thousand peacock-y soldiers for a hundred occidental school teachers, their lazy guitars for

lively cornets, their bull fights for base-ball, and cross up those beautiful women with a strain of western blood; and the result would be a regenerated Spain, a renaissance of her former status as a first-rate power and people.

Cadiz smells bad. It has a disagreeable odor like the back-door of a restaurant, and it was a relief always to file out of the shady gulches to the quay and get a whiff of fresh air.

For these and other reasons I was not sorry when the time

OUR TRAIN FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE.

came to board the train for Seville, a larger and better city, ninety-five miles inland.

And what a train! The engine about the size of an American switch engine; without a bell or cowcatcher; the passenger coaches no longer than twelve feet and capable of holding in their two compartments less than two moderate-sized families.

A gong sounds, a boy goes up and down the platform ringing a bell, the engine crows like a rooster, and we are off. Oh, goodness gracious; are we on a sure enough railroad train? It

is hard to believe it, for it does not look like one, neither does it feel like one, and the queer thing rocks like an omnibus over a pavement. There is no stove, no water, no toilet on the whole train, and under our feet a funny little galvanized iron flounder of hot water for a heating system.

No stations are called and we rattle along at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, passing first the ruins of a Roman aqueduct and a fine Roman road still amazingly preserved. Along the coast for several miles are numerous vats of ocean water, and large pyramids of dirty salt standing like miniature Egyptian sentinels over a buried Thebes. And then we enter the farming district, amid blooming apricots and almonds, cabbage and spinach gardens, white houses and rock fences, over undulations like the ocean when it rolls, and in the course of an hour stop at the town of San Fernando.

By this time we have found a way to unlock our cabin door and we join the wholesale exodus into the open air. Everybody, men and women, seem moved by a common desire and head precipitately for a common place, the men disappearing under the sign "caballeros," the ladies under the sign "senoras," both compartments together but separated by partitions of iron which are wonderful conductors of sound. This is absolutely the funniest thing I expect to see on the entire tour of the Old World. Theoretically, the Spaniards are right.

The gong sounds, the boy rings his bell along the platform, the engine crows, and we are off again, this time penetrating at once the richest grape and wine section of Spain. The hills roll and swell as before; every valley is a neighborhood of green gardens; every hill under cultivation; fruit trees are blooming, white houses are scattered promiscuously over the landscape; fences of cactus and century plant between thick gardens appear; and vineyards, orange and lemon groves and olive orchards; now and then a straw hut with its half-savage, half-naked peons; occasionally a small pasture where bulls are bred for the national sport; macadamized roads, as smooth as a pavement and clean as a parlor; haciendas bearing the names of their wealthy owners on their white fronts; and then the city

of Perez, 50,000 strong; and then the outpouring of the train's contents and the comedy aforesaid.

Now we run into a series of plantations where the land is being broken for spring planting, the plow in use being a queer wooden one-handled affair pulled by oxen. After this we see much more plowing in progress, and everywhere the same old plow and oxen. A carload of riding planters would either revolutionize this country or frighten the population to death.

Not a single wild tree have we seen since leaving Cadiz, but now a pine grove shows up, each individual pine being trimmed close up to its top. Lumber is a rarity here, and I honestly believe there is not enough timber in the houses of all Southern Spain to build an American hen house, and there is no such business anywhere as a lumber yard.

The donkey is in evidence everywhere in the country as in the town, but the country burro usually has his back shaved into queer patterns and by this caprice is supposed by the gentry to be better than his urban brother.

Suddenly those queer, old, decrepit trees that we have seen all along, full of knots and riven by age and storm, begin to increase in numbers until there is now an unbroken forest of them on both sides. If the Spaniard would put his oil in earthenware jars instead of goatskins it would be in greater demand and his commerce in this line would surpass that of any other country if he would push it.

And now we are at Seville, a city of nearly 200,000. I would like to write of the cathedral of Seville, a structure second only to St. Peter's in size, the pillars of which are so vast that twenty men touching hands at full arms' length can scarcely reach around one of them; with its organ so costly that $1,000,000 was recently spent in repairs; with its exquisite carving in cedar; and its criminal wealth in gold; with the marble sarcophagus that contains the remains of Columbus, and the tomb of the great navigator's son; with its priceless paintings by Murillo, the "Vision of St. Francis," from which the saint was cut out a few years ago and sold to Pierpont Morgan for $65,000 and afterwards returned by him to the church; with its weird service, its sublime arches, the grand music.

I would like to take the reader through the old Moorish palace, 700 years old, which, with its companion, the Alhambra, are the most exquisitely and delicately adorned structures in the world, its doors and ceiling of cedar inlaid with ivory and pearls, its walls of designs in mosaic; with its arches of frost work; its hall where Queen Isabella gave her jewels to Columbus; its rooms where in the midst of the most elegant and refined sculpture, some of the vilest crimes in Spain's bloody history were committed and with its Queen's bath tub 25x100 feet in size.

I would like to take the reader, too, into the picture galleries, where Velasquez and Murillo and other noted Spanish painters have left their best productions.

But in a trip such as this and a book such as this, details are tiresome and minute descriptions a bore. Moreover, only the most gifted writer can portray those things so that the reader may see them and admire them through the writer's eyes.

The life of the Spanish people is full of interest, for it is all strange to us. There is much to admire in their customs. The women are the prettiest in the world; in all Spain I scarcely saw a single lady who was not prepossessing, if not actually beautiful. But I wonder how they live and manage to maintain such charms without a wilderness of shrubbery, ribbons and birds on their heads. There are millinery stores in Spain; one in Cadiz, two in Seville, and there is said to be a fourth in Madrid; but these are modern establishments to meet the demands of foreign lady travelers only. The senoras and senoritas do not wear bonnets and hats, but a modest mantilla, black, white or cream to suit the individual taste or the occasion and which is thrown over the head when in the sun or dropped down upon the shoulders in shaded streets.

CHAPTER IV.

Gibraltar and Algiers.

A giant sentinel, grave, stolid, imperious, at the gateway of the great mid-continent sea, Gibraltar is the most valuable, if, indeed, it is not the strongest natural fortress in the world. From the Atlantic its outline is an abrupt slope that is not particularly imposing, but a closer view, such as is possible from the harbor inside the bay, brings out the grim, defiant features and establishes the splendid commanding position it occupies.

A solid mass of limestone three miles in length, seven in girth and three-quarters only at its greatest breadth, this colossal rock, in its isolation, is the result of some dynamic force that tore it loose from its original connection with the Sierra Nevadas and projected it into the sea as if in abortive attempt to dam the strait. On the north it is connected with the mainland of Spain by a valley but a little higher than sea level, and on that side the rock shows to best advantage. Full 1,400 feet, this adamantine chief rears his pompadoured head and sweeps the Mediterranean Sea and Spanish hills with never sleeping eye. It is not hard to imagine this bold climax as a recumbent lion with uplifted head and sloping posterior—an ossified emblem of the great nation that holds it.

Around this famous pile the navies of the world have battled for advantage and the floor of the sea is strewn with the wrecks of the conflicts.

Gibraltar took its name from the word Gabel, the Moorish term for mountain, and Tarik, the Moorish chief, who in 711 A. D. was the first to occupy it as a stronghold. From that date to the present it has been taken and surrendered fourteen times, the Moors holding it altogether 726 years. It is related of Queen Isabella of Spain, she who purchased America for a ring and a necklace, and a few other jewels, that she was so intense in her desire to recover Gibraltar from the Moors that she seated herself on a certain rock in the vicinity now called "Queen's Chair," and asserted her determination never to

move until the Spanish flag should float from the fortress. The story goes that the Spanish arms were so ineffectual that she was about to perish on her stony seat when the Moorish commander gallantly ran down his own flag for a few moments and supplanted it with the colors of Spain, allowing the foolish sovereign to save her face.

But the most miserable of all the sieges that have tried the merit of Gibraltar's bulwarks and the mettle of its defenders was the last one, that of 1779, when Spain, mortified and all but heartbroken at the loss of her cherished fort, brought the full force of her great resources to bear upon it. For four years the isolation was complete and the bombardment continuous, but British endurance and sagacity was a match for the attacking guns; the siege was a failure, and from then till now England has been in undisputed control. During that war the English dug a tunnel, technically termed a gallery, in the solid rock, to bring a flanking fire on the enemy without exposing themselves. Since then the gallery has been extended and others constructed until today there are seven miles of them.

It was my privilege to walk through a portion of this underground network of communication. The rough, ragged walls of solid rock; the resounding echoes of feet and voices; the damp, dark and sinuous passageways; every twenty or thirty feet a powerful dog of war, silent, severe and threatening, with his muzzled nose through the windows of the rock; the very presence of the uniformed soldiers in charge of our party; great precipitous depths underneath; the uplifted tremendous heights above and the great guns visible there—all together conspired to give an impression of powerful latent military possibilities, of the terrors of war, of Britain's unstinted efforts to perpetuate her prestige behind the greatest navy and army and the greatest fortifications in the world. Gibraltar is bristling with cannon whose location is a military secret and if the men behind the guns be any marksmen at all, no fleet could run the gauntlet of their batteries.

Between the rock and Spanish soil a strip of neutral ground 200 yards wide is fixed, which by agreement is not to be used or occupied by any nation. Near this point are located the

cricket and tennis grounds of the soldiers, and a cemetery holds in its solemn vaults the fruits of a dozen wars.

On the west side of the hill the town of Gibraltar is located, tier upon tier, pell mell and promiscuous among the rocks. On its main street there is a constant stream of men of many nationalities—a rare opportunity for the student of ethnology. Such a cosmopolitan mixture of breeds cannot be seen anywhere else in the world. Europe, Asia, Africa and the isles of the sea jostle each other in a confusion of costumes and faces and a Babel of tongues; tall, stately, slow-pacing Moors from Morocco; red-fezzed Turks from the Levant; thick-lipped negroes from Ethiopia; gabardined Jews; red coated British soldiers, and fine looking Americans. The city consists entirely of military officials' residences, their quarters and barracks, and the homes of those necessary for supplying and serving the garrison. Of the total population of 25,000, 6,000 are soldiers. No one is allowed to establish a residence or business there except to supply the wants of the garrison, and for this purpose a government permit is indispensible. At six o'clock each afternoon a signal gun is fired and all foreigners are routed out like sheep and at that time the Spaniards may be seen in droves going to their homes at Linea, a town across the neutral strip. Then the gates of the city are locked and no one is admitted except on special order.

The rock abounds in caves, the largest of which is 1,000 feet above the sea, has a hall 220 feet long, 90 feet wide and 70 feet high, supported by stalactite pillars. This cave presents a most beautiful effect when lighted up. It contains a fathomless gulf which recently became the tomb of a couple of English officers who fell into it. It is believed by many that through a subterranean passage at the bottom of this abyss, the apes which infest the Rock came there originally from Africa. These apes are respected and protected by the soldiers and roam over the mountain with impunity and absolute immunity, as they have done from time immemorial.

From Gibraltar, Trafalgar Bay is plainly visible, for it is only a few miles distant. This was the site, it will be remembered, of the battle between Admiral Nelson's and Napoleon's

navies, resulting in a victory for the English and in Nelson's death. At night no lights on the seaward side of the mountain are allowed, but the illumination of the town on the landward side, when seen from a ship in the bay, is almost equal to that of Funchal, Maderia. The British government has fine dry docks, and while we were there a warship was high and dry in the hands of machinists and painters. The visitor is always shown the beautiful Alameda Park, but as he is not at Gibraltar hunting flowers he feels almost insulted when shrubbery is mentioned. There is also a Moorish cathedral, a thousand years old, but the visitor is likewise averse to mixing religion and war, and passes up the church for the guns. The constant blare of trumpets, the marching of troops, the galloping of mounted officers, the frowning of the engines of destruction, and others still that we know are ready for use concealed behind barriers and bastions, the men-of-war in the harbor, the sentries, the walls, everything proclaims the military character of the place.

Gibraltar is strong, but when to its natural impregnability is added the military skill and dogged endurance of the British soldier, it becomes, as it has become, a synonym of all the superlatives of stability. And yet it is doubtful if Gibraltar will ever be more to England than a place to sink her money and to harbor and coal her ships. It is the opinion of experts that war vessels could pass through the strait unharmed under fire from the fort, by hugging the African coast, and if it be useless for this purpose there is no excuse for its maintenance except as a matter of pride and coaling of vessels.

At midnight we lifted anchor and silently stole past the sentries, unnoticed by the watch dogs of the mountain embrazures, or aught else so far as we could tell, save the revolving signal light that threw its searching rays full and fair upon us. The great lion lay still with his shaggy head turned alert and menacing toward the unhappy people who were his last enemies. The shadow of the world's best expression of strength and stability fell athwart the Mediterranean far out, and the moon traced its outlines in the water, as it had done since the

morning stars sang together and Gibraltar was born in the labor of a world.

For thirty hours we traversed the trackless thoroughfare that had borne the commerce of every age of man and had been the scene of conflicts of galleys, triremes and ironclads that changed the trend of history time and time again. This part of the Mediterranean, however, is noted particularly for the piracy that prevailed here unchecked for centuries. The Arabs who overran Northern Africa in the dark ages, preyed upon commerce in the Mediterranean with a rapacity and cruelty and to an extent almost unthinkable. Imprisonment, torture and murder followed upon their depredations—a horrible orgie of blood and misery and a long nightmare of terror to civilization. The ghastly record they made may be surmised from the statement that 3,000 vessels were known to have fallen into the hands of these ruffians of the desert and 600,000 people, citizens of every nation and of every rank in society, suffered the nameless horrors of bondage, of whom only the smallest proportion ever escaped or were ransomed. In six years England alone lost 350 ships and 6,000 of her citizens.

We were approaching the old nest of these bandits of the past, and had already pictured it in our minds as a desolate and forbidding stronghold overlooking the sea and flanked by the sand dunes of Sahara, a fit and becoming habitation of desperate characters. The low African hills were mantled to their feet in sand, sand that was wholly unrelieved except where it was pinned down in occasional folds by a boulder or cactus. Surely on all such a coast there was no fit place for civilization to harbor its commerce or to rear tolerable homes for its men of trade.

The ruffled sheen of the blue Mediterranean glided by in charming monotony; the unoccupied hills rose and fell in graceful undulations; and night came at length and shut out the prospect and played its drama of dreams.

Only a few of the ship's company besides the six preachers and the minority were awake and up when at early dawn we entered an expansive and very placid harbor, where, in the center of its crescent base, a vision rose and developed through

the haze—a succession of spectacular surprises. A chain of blue-black mountains with crests of snow was the background first visible. As the steamer approached, a range of hills detached themselves from the darker mass, and on their front a white city appeared and gradually grew—a city so white that it seemed the hills had uncovered their bosoms to display their alabaster charms. Nearer, the scene resolved itself into white houses, tier on tier from the water up the steep acclivities—square and boxlike, as if they had been molded of plaster, and glistening in the rising sun and colored by it into an allegorical likeness of maidens with pearly teeth and sunny smiles and dresses of white.

It was Algiers, atoning in penitence of beauty for its wayward past.

In the bay a number of large ships at anchor and a score of fishing vessels were spreading their white wings for the work of the day.

Landing by tenders, we pushed our way through a crowd of strangely dressed men who surveyed us and stalked us with gaping curiosity, our guide himself being the most strikingly grotesque of them all, a fat, turbaned Arab with trousers that dragged the ground in the rear, their ample folds drawn together below the knee. This necessary evil had been bargained for by wire and met us at the wharf by appointment. He wore a merry and rather intelligent face and in this respect differed from his companions on the pier who were a picturesque gang of cut-throats unless their faces belied their characters.

First to the left and up a long grade, then to the right and up, and again to the left and up, and once again to the right and up, it was a fascinating route that we were forced to follow from the water to the city's high level, or rather to its last stratum of tiers, and it was a surprisingly modern reception we were treated to after we had accomplished the picturesque ascent—a fine, wide, paved boulevard, electric cars with uniformed motormen, and modern mercantile establishments. There was nothing to indicate that we were in an African town of former barbarian ownership and occupancy, except the strange and polychromatic dress of some of the pedestrians. French

enterprise and skill had reared a duplicate of Paris in white stone on the ruins of the old Arab lair.

But Algiers was not to be estimated altogether by its water front; it was partly western and partly eastern; partly France and partly desert. Just three minutes from the evolutions of our entry the boulevard upon which we clattered formed a noisy junction with a great unpaved, beautifully shaded thoroughfare that was thronged with quaintly dressed, queerly mannered and curiously engaged natives. It was easy to guess that this place was the great market street of Algiers, its main artery of supplies from the desert world of which it was the port of shipment, where tired and dusty caravans dropped their bundles of tropic stuff and after a rest loaded up again with the commerce of Europe. The camels with pondrous awkward strides came and went in this interesting place with lazy indifference to the prancing bobbed steeds of the soldiers and the modern caravans of the rail and sea.

Again the scene changed, and almost as quickly, from Bedouins in their resplendent array, by way of rapturously shaded and verdure-scented streets, to Jardin D'Essai, which is about the loveliest park that has happened since Adam was dispossessed of Eden. The contrast was striking between the irridescent display of primitive love of ornamentation by the natives and Nature's best efforts at luxuriant growth and happy blending of colors and shades. Angular-limbed rubber trees with dense canopies of foliage, sequestered retreats with pillars of palms and architraves of abounding vines, groves of lemon, banana and orange, rippling streamlets, and every flower that blooms in the summer sun—a very wilderness of verdure and bloom; there cannot anywhere be a prettier spot. Amen! saith the preachers.

It was a pity to have to leave this place where one could almost "hear the voice of God walking in the garden," but we were to see yet more beautiful things than even this incomparable garden. Big Breeches (by which uncanonical term the preachers had in an irresponsible moment dubbed the grotesquely attired Corsair who was our chaperon) had us at his mercy and he declared he would show us prettier scenery

than, as he put it, "the Devil showed Jesus from the Mount."

Here the French have constructed a magnificent turnpike around the ravines of the overhanging hills and on either side of its devious course the homes of Algiers are located. Swinging along this road, now far inside a depression where we felt the fragrant breath of the dells and where numerous rills sang in chorus and gulches yawned in accidental discord, and every jagged shoulder of cliff was hung with rarest tropic drapery, now doubling the bold projection of a mountain, always climbing, always above the glistening city, always winding, twisting and curving, the ascent to Mustapha Superieur, as the climax of the tortuous scenic way is called, was an ecstatic and unusual experience. Quaint, rustic villas which had been erected, in most novel and seductive fashion, by the commercial kings and the idle rich of Europe for winter homes, occupied every available site along the charming drive; draped most often, these paradises from red roof to rustic approach with cataracts of vines, the white walls scarcely visible through the verdure, and the merest sprinkle of sun finding its way through the foliage of orange, aloes and palms and the radiant assortment of tropic growth to the velvet underneath.

But prettiest of all, and sublimest of all, and absolutely ravishing, was the view from the lofty summit. From this altitude in proximity to the bluest of skies and where the scenery and situation was reinforced and overwhelmed with luxuriant vegetable growth of every resplendent color and every delicate shade known to the southern sun, looking down from this seraphic environment upon the milk-white city sparkling in the sunlight far below, and out upon the blue, arching sea, and up at the polished dome of the sky, a picture was spread that surpassed even Maderia, and I dare say has few superiors anywhere. Amen and amen, saith the preachers.

And this was Algiers, the city of the desert.

Astounded beyond measure, bewildered as if startled from a dream, we were taken back to the business section of the city where, after formally noting the evidence of French commercial invasion, we were shown the old Arab quarter of the town. In those funky-smelling alleys and the long, narrow stairs of

streets, where "every prospect pleases and every scent is vile," old Moors in the soiled and ragged robes of post-diluvian styles and in morose, embittered resentment of French occupation, emerged from half-concealed openings and sauntered past us frowning; women muffled to the eyes with tea towels and draped in sheets, silent and ghostly as disembodied spirits, flitted from place to place; mysterious veiled figures glided softly as if to inaudible music; all so weird and so strange that it seemed like a seance of spooks. Everything alarmingly quiet, so solemn and sepulchral. We felt as if we were treading upon the crust of a treacherous volcano that would erupt a fiery flood of long-contained fury were an opening to be found in the crust of French occupation. In the little shops swarthy-hooded men sat on the floor and when customers made purchases reached for the goods and delivered them without rising. No policy; no dissembling of their implacable hatred for the entire white race.

Every Arab denizen of the town, including this remnant of the once virile and predatory Moorish race, had sore eyes, and most of them were short at least one optic. From what I could see of the women, and that was very little, I thought they did the proper thing in concealing their features.

Algiers has a population of 160,000, of whom two-thirds are Europeans. The State of Algiers has 5,000,000 people, almost unanimously Bedouins and Moors, and in many places the state is fertile, well watered and has fine seasons. The city has a great foreign trade, is growing rapidly and bids fair to become the chief port of the Mediterranean. In 1815 Commodore Decatur, with an American fleet, first brought the pirates to time, and later France completed their overthrow and occupied their country. Under her magnificent management the native and his customs are fast disappearing, and will soon be swallowed up and lost in the new and progressive civilization swarming around him.

CHAPTER V.

A Semi-Colon in the Journey.

And while the day was coming on, Paul besought them all to take meat, saying, This day is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried and continued fasting, having taken nothing.—Acts 27:33.

The Apostle Paul was a tent-maker before he was a lawyer; he was a persecutor of Christians before he was a Christian himself, and he was all these before he was a sailor. It is a matter of record (Acts 27:33) above quoted that the great first and foremost champion of Christianity was a victim of a protracted spell of seasickness when as a prisoner on board a Roman ship he was carrying his case up on appeal to Caesar, the last trip he ever took on the water, so far as we know. I submit to any one who has ever been in a storm at sea that nothing less than seasickness would have prevented passengers and crew from eating for fourteen days. The record nowhere implies that they were religiously fasting. Luke in his artful description of this aggravating feature of the voyage graciously refrains from details, and the story reads very much like Paul had edited the manuscript and cut out all that he considered not germain to his serious purposes.

With a feeling of deep reverence and of profound respect for the noble hero of the cross, I stood in the place "where two seas met," and with the story in sacred print before me, recalled the incidents of the wreck and its interesting sequel—the breaking in two of the ship, the purpose of the soldiers to kill the prisoners, the interference of the kind centurion whom Paul's diplomacy had won, the swim to shore and Paul on a broken timber drifting in, the camp fire built by the natives to dry and warm the passengers, the serpent, etc. On a rock marking the landing place of the stranded party, known now as St. Paul's Bay, stands a tall monument in memory of the incident and in honor of the chief actor in it.

Malta is about as big as a semi-colon, and to the ordinary traveler just about as important. The pause there for a day

was strictly clerical and in no sense gentlemanly. The preachers were wonderfully eye-singled to matters pertaining to their calling. Due in Athens in a couple of days, they were going there—not because Socrates, Plato, Aristophanes, Homer, Herodotus and others lived there and wrought; not to see the Acropolis and the Parthenon, but—to see the Areopagus or Mars' Hill, where St. Paul preached, and to try to locate somewhere in the piles of ruins the market place where the Apostle disputed with the logicians and others. Upon arriving at Malta, which I was assured by them was the Mileta of the Acts of the Apostles, they did not halt for one ten-minutes precious bit of time at Valetta, the capital and site of the second greatest of England's great line of fortifications, but hurried under a full head of steam for the place where the "two seas met," plumb across the island. And having satisfied their curiosity there and taken fifty snapshots and innumerable notes, and packed their satchels with pebbles for their congregations at home, a pebble for each member, we had to back up circuitously to the place of beginning, which was really the only important physicial feature of the island.

Upon leaving St. Paul's Bay we followed a beautiful military road, eight miles inland, to the "Home of Publius," where Paul and his party were entertained for three months. Over the reputed site of this home stands a Catholic chapel in which an altar marks the spot where Paul held mass each morning while a guest there, the important information to that effect being given in a Latin legend on the altar. Having made it a rule to comply with the Pauline injunction to "believe all things" on this trip, there was nothing else to do but to cudgel into subjection a robust and insubordinate doubt that arose at this juncture.

A grotto in the chalky rock under this chapel contains a room, said to be the one where Paul slept and dreamed for three long months of the future of the great gospel he preached. I did not learn why he was given accommodations underground, but it may have been because he was a prisoner.

In the chapel a marble slab relates in Latin how Publius,

after conversion to the Christian belief, became the first bishop of the island and lost his head in the cause.

Hard by, a cathedral, dating back to the misty past, contains numerous paintings, in most of which Paul and Publius are conspicuous features. The attending priest here lighted a taper on the end of a pole and held it high over an altar sacred to Mary. First dropping to his knees in obeisance, he arose forthwith and withdrew a curtain, disclosing a medallion of the Virgin; and in soft and exultant Maltese informed us the painting was the work of Paul's secretary, Luke. Here credulity again had hard sledding, but the preachers themselves were this time on the brake.

Then by a flight of stone steps we descended into a subterranean graveyard. As far as we went in these remarkable catacombs, every grave had been despoiled of its bones and was vacant. In the 6,000 little state-rooms of the dead there were upper and lower berths, berths for adults and smaller ones for children, berths for the lean and wider ones for the corpulent. There were ground floors, basements and galleries and a bewildering labyrinth of aisles, at every foot or so a solemn vacant bed. The early Christians were buried there, many of them martyrs in the days of wholesale persecution. I confess to a failing for souvenirs, and I picked up what I supposed in the darkness to be a piece of stone from the walls, but which proved in the light to be a bone. I wonder what a story of sorrow it would tell could it only speak of the days when it lived in the upholstery of flesh.

All these things, the Chapel of Publius, the cathedral and catacombs, were at Citta Vecchia, the old former capital of Malta, a dismal, deserted, haunted hamlet of very ancient stone. Cicero in one of his best orations arraigned Verres, praetor of Sicily, on a charge of plundering the temples and robbing the wealthy citizens of Citta Vecchia, and stated in the same connection that Verres had factories there for the manufacture of cotton goods.

The outlook from Citta Vecchia, which is the highest point on the island (750 feet), is unique and interesting, revealing a wilderness of stones that are erected into fence-walls around

countless little patches of green, a veritable honey-comb effect all the way to the water's edge and in every direction, not a tree nor any obstruction of the view, but the natural undulations of the surface. It is a crazy-quilt of rock and vegetation, without order and without break in the continuity of patches except where an occasional fort rises prominent in a commanding locality.

Valetta, the capital and chief city, is quite modern—anything in this part of the world that is less than a couple of thousands of years old is regarded as in its kilts—and a fine city it is, splendidly located on a hill of rock rising abruptly out of the sea. The fortifications, said to be more formidable than those of Gibraltar, constitute one of three Mediterranean links in the chain that unites England to her eastern possessions.

Malta bears the reputation of being the most densely populated country in the world, unless Belgium be an exception, the average being 2,000 people to the square mile (not, of course, including the city). The day's experiences carried us across it from shore to shore in two directions, for it is not over ten miles across the widest portion. Never was a ride more replete with interest; never were views more picturesque, nor customs more quaint.

The island is a rock upheaved from the bed of the ocean, and it is nothing but rock, rock from base to rugged summit and to fretted perimeter, except that a thin soil has settled upon it somehow from somewhere. The roads are carved from the rock and beveled and drained by military engineers and are not surpassed anywhere. As in Madeira, only more so, every available inch of surface is fenced with rock walls and cultivated for all there is in it.

The common design of the cities of Malta is similar to those of Spain and all Eastern cities, so far as I have seen—narrow streets, white houses, the people upstairs over shops and stores.

The inhabitants are of mixed Arab and Italian origin, chiefly of the former, and are known throughout the Mediterranean as a plucky, temperate and industrious people.

Maltese artificers in gold and silver are without peers and the dreamy creations in lace that come from the deft fingers

of Maltese women are esteemed above all others the world over. The decks of our ship were lined with this exquisite finery during the time we were anchored in the harbor, and there must have been enough in the aggregate to have taken one woman a thousand years to create. It was a battle royal between the shrewd salesmen and the bargaining lady buyers. Holding up an ethereal collar a lady with a 98c demeanor would inquire "how much?" and the shrewd native, divining the inevitable "jewing," fixed his price up in the clouds. The feminine hands went up in surprise and surrender. But the trader had only begun the combat which his customer had summarily forsaken. "How much?" was his wary challenge to further negotiations and the lady, knowing the prestige of Maltese manufacture and confirmed in her estimate of its value by the high price named, readily offered one-half the figure, and it was her property. She boasted of her bargain, and he of a sale at twice the price in the shops of Valetta.

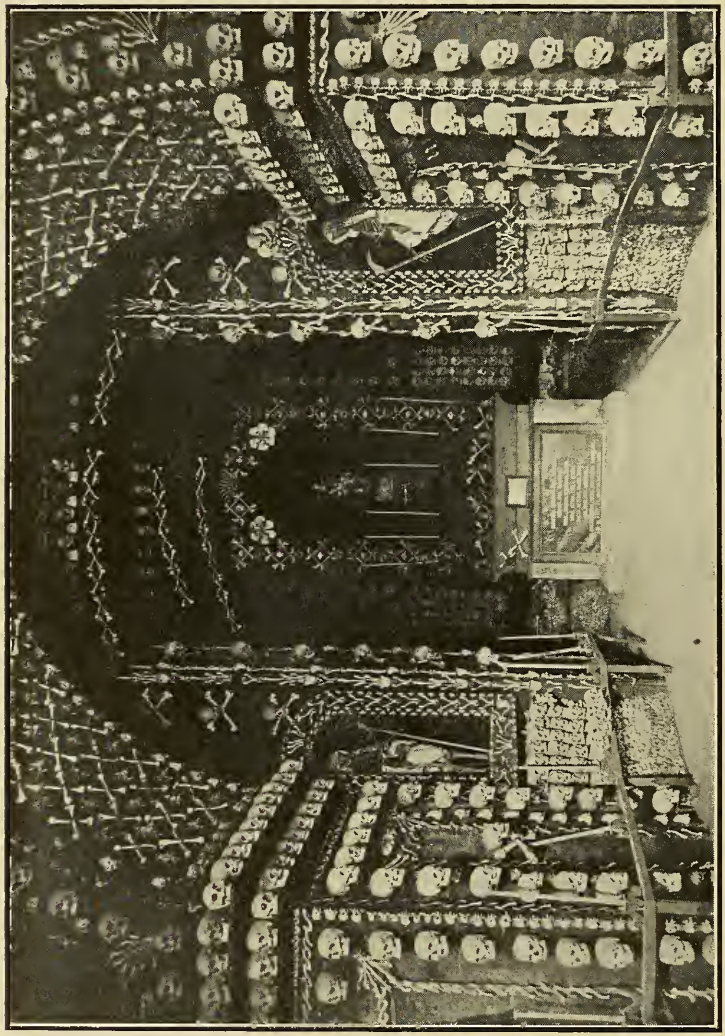
A certain class of the women of Malta wear a peculiar headdress, called a faldetta, that is invariably black and shaped like a sun bonnet with one side extended into a very large, stiff loop that reaches to the waist.

Only one-tenth of the people can read and write, and this to the shame of England, who in the past hundred years has spent a hundred millions on her fortifications and hardly a farthing on the education of her wards.

The law permits the marriage of children, and it is frequently the case that parents have large families before they are themselves 21 years of age. The prevailing ignorance, the great density of population and early marriages contribute to an infant mortality that is appalling.

Catholicism is practically the only religion that has a foothold on the island, and it is said that in this church there are 2,000 clergy, or one to every twenty families.

The Phoenicians were the first inhabitants of this minute bit of land. They were succeeded by the Romans in 259 B. C.; by the Vandals in 534 A. D.; by the Arabs in 870; by the Knights of St. John in 1530; by Napoleon in 1800, and by the English from that year to the present. The Knights of St.



CHAPEL OF SKELETONS.

John, or Knights of Malta, as they are best known, were organized at Jerusalem in 1048 as a military and religious secret order; they were confirmed by the Pope; removed to Rhodes in 1300, and to Malta about 1550, their numbers increasing in the meantime and their battles on land and sea being an almost unbroken chain of victories. Their struggles were mainly directed against the piratical ravages of the Turks and repeated attempts of the barbarians to overrun Europe. Their gallantry elicited the admiration of the Christian world. Under La Valetta, the most famous of the grand masters of the secret order, the city bearing his name was founded and a series of fortifications were begun that have long been without parallel. Two of the cardinal tenets of this order were temperance and chastity, but with the growth of power and wealth the Knights fell from grace in these respects, and their virility as an active force declined. No page in history is more romantic than that which relates the thrilling story of the Knights of Malta.

The Church of St. John at Valetta, is a remarkable basilica. In its architecture there are a hundred marble monuments to the Knights, and in its vaults many curious emblems of their days of chivalry. It is venerable with hundreds of years of age and history and is rich with architectural ornamentation and medieval paintings and needle and loom work. To the native the chief treasures of this church are four notable frauds which are guarded with great care and supreme concern, namely: A thorn from the Savior's crown, stones with which Stephen was slain, some bones of the apostles, and the right hand of John the Baptist, the latter a little the worse for wear, but still wonderfully preserved. On a finger of the cadaver there was once a diamond ring which the great herald of Christianity was supposed to have worn. Think of that, will you? John the Baptist in camel's hair clothing and living on a fare of locusts—John the Baptist wearing a diamond ring. I doubt it. I do not charge anybody with deception, but there is a mistake somewhere, that is all. When Napoleon captured the city in 1800 he took the diamond ring from the finger and threw the withered hand aside in disgust, exclaiming, "Keep the carrion." And they kept it.

But a yet more startling apartment in this remarkable edifice is a chapel whose walls and ceiling are lined with grinning human skulls. This gruesome decoration of bones is not disposed at random and in sparse bits here and there, but is arranged with artistic skill into all sorts of designs, shaped into full framed skeletons that leer at you with ghastly smiles, into curves of arm bones and arches of clavicles and windows and wainscottings of ribs. In the world, civilized and savage, there is not another such a gruesome and appalling spectacle. It was a clever artist who assembled these, the relics of the sturdy Knights of Malta, into such extraordinary schemes of drapery and friezes and ornaments—here an arm bone finished off with finger joints and meeting another of the same kind and together holding a grinning skull as the keystone of an arch; yonder a row of columns with their tops decorated with skulls.

I can see now plainly in memory that awful collection of bones, and I cannot help wondering now, as I wondered then, what a rattling and shuffling there will be in that old church on Resurrection Day. A skull will jump off its pillar and roll around in search of the spinal column to which it once belonged, and ribs will be nudging each other looking for their mates; and there will altogether be an interesting time when all the bones have their reunion, and the Master upholsters them, and they sail away in the skies singing: "Oh, Grave, where is thy victory; Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

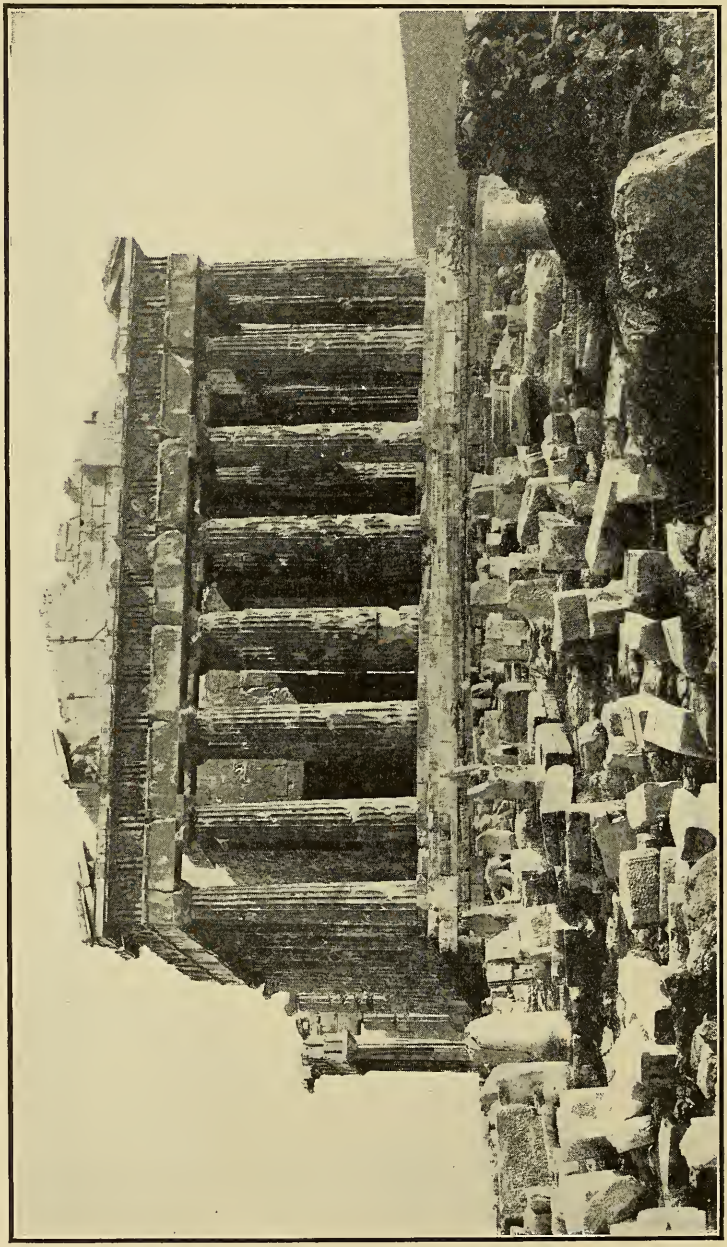
In the Church of the Monks, not far distant, is a scene almost as horrible as this chapel of skeletons, for the bodies of all the monks of Malta lie there unburied in the various dried and twisted stages of decay without decomposition, and wearing the cloaks they wore in life. A story is told of a young man who playfully pinned the dress of a lady to one of these cloaks. When she moved the skeleton seemed to rise and follow her, and the shock destroyed her reason.

But all these superstitions and follies are partially offset by the splendid frugal habits of the people. Education will in time remove these horrible nightmares. Let us think of that day rather than of poor Malta's present moral and mental plight. Let us dwell on the marvelous pluck of her people, upon her

illustrious past, upon her commerce of $5,000,000 annually, upon the pleasing fact that in her savings banks, where the inhabitants deposit their earnings, there is $20 for each of them, even to the babes, and all this earned off bleak, rocky hillsides that would not support a goat in Texas, and which it would be impudent to offer for sale there at any price.

And now farewell, Malta, with thy crazy streets of stairs, with thy darling, delicate, woolly dogs and dove-coated, soft-eyed cats, thy ethereal lace and smart tradesmen, and thy wilderness of rocks and commerce of sacred frauds.

Hail, lovely, historic Athens, with thy marble ruins and glorious past.



THE PARTHENON.

CHAPTER VI.

Athens—Its Ruins.

It was a cold, stormy morning when our ship steamed into Phalaeron Bay and in the enfolding crescent of historic hills found a haven beyond the reach of the elements. To the right a range of mountains, turbaned with snow behind veils of blue, stood up and out of the sea. To the left a rocky promontory reached out into the water after the similitude of a quay piled high with white boxes, later developing into the homes and business houses of a little village by the sea. In the foreground a great basin held in its emerald lap, as if they had been pitched into it, a confusion of white houses with red roofs, and as the surge rose and fell on the low receding shore an engine and train of cars ran swiftly along like a needle sewing lace on a garment of green. A broad thoroughfare ran from the water's edge along the shore until it found an opening, and disappeared behind the hills.

But more striking than any other feature of the view, an athletic mountain rose boldly in the foreground under an imposing crown of ruins. Upon this prominent and striking ruin every glass was trained and every mind intent, for it was none other than that grand old veteran, that incomparable survivor of the centuries, the Parthenon.

We were in Greece, a little water-gashed, mountain-ribbed country that lies upon one of the toes of Europe like a nail.

Shivering in the cold wind, we stood on the shore a few moments and tried to reconcile the steam of a passing train with the marble of the past; and then drove for four miles along a well-paved road to the ancient city. Every knoll and vale on the route, every Greek-lettered house and passing native was the subject of interest to us because of its relation to the great race that made illustrious history there. Even the drivers of our carriages might have been descendants of men who spoke with the tongues of angels.

We did not graduate our observations in Athens by holding

in reserve the best of the city's features until we had seen the minor things as is the usual method of procedure, but gratified curiosity at once by proceeding direct to the biggest and best that Athens has—

The Acropolis.

To lift the eyes from the mean and mercenary surroundings, at the base of this noble old hill, along its great sweep of rock

THE PILLARS OF THE PARTHENON.

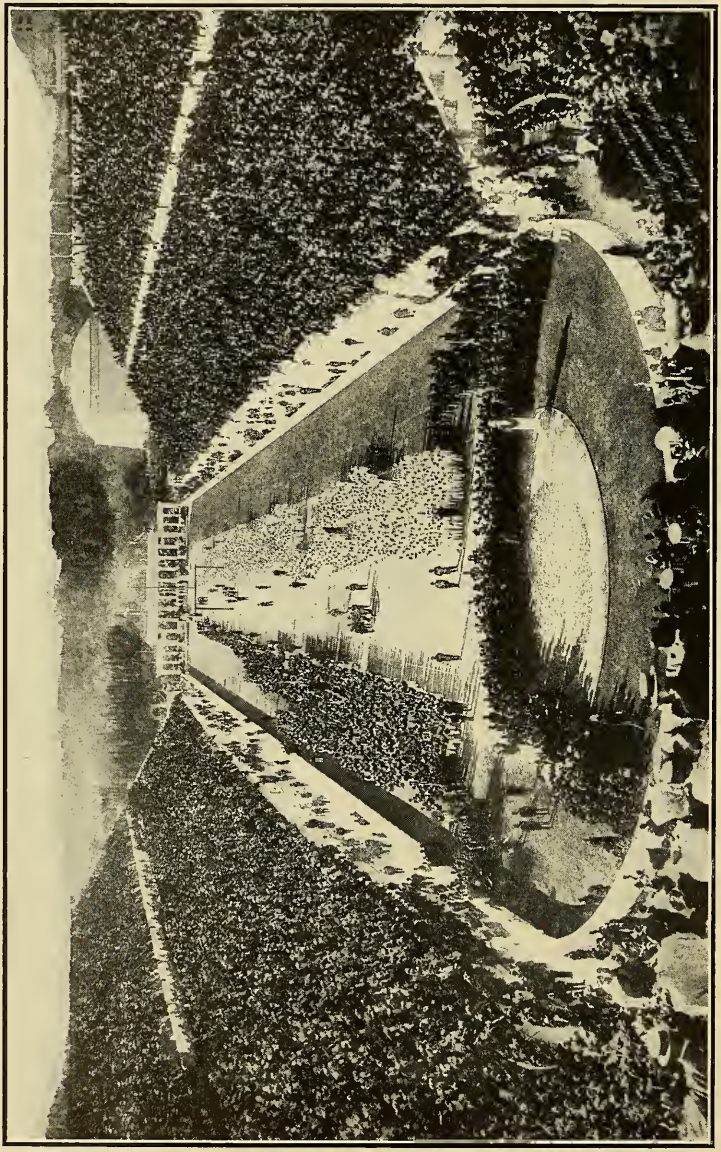
as it rises like ancient Greece itself above the present, to its climax of art in sculpture—the shell of its departed glory—and having with divers interesting experiences mounted by the zigzag and almost precipitous route to the summit where sits in such majesty this heirloom of Greece, to ramble reflectively among its marbles, far above the din and cry of unseemly commerce, under the same blue sky that spread its canopy above the patriots and scholars of the olden time—there is no fitter spot upon the earth to realize the impotency of man and the

providence of God, the sic transit gloria of all things here below.

Museum vandals have despoiled the Parthenon of its statues and carried them away into uncongenial captivity to consort with antiquities of less repute and without repute, and many others have been violated by barbarians who knew them only as pearls are known to swine. Not one has been left, and scarcely any of its friezes, the highest attainment of plastic art, remain to chasten the dull and dolorous front of its lofty portals. All are gone, and only the imperishable, immovable frame of the great fabric has withstood the dismantling crowbars of the museum thieves and the outrages of the barbarians.

The pillars and lintels are yellow—the mellowy yellow of age—but they are good for a thousand years yet against corrosion and will no doubt withstand to the end of time any destroying force but dynamite and earthquake.

The whole surface of the hilltop is a confusion of wrecked marble columns, enough to build many a block of costly mansions. Guards are disposed about the hill to keep watchful eyes upon the tourist lest he attempt to chip a souvenir from a column or a step. A reckless member of our party of preachers lagged behind the rest and, supposing no one was looking, hammered upon a broken monolith and put the result of his depredations into his pocket. But no sooner had he done so than a guard appeared from in hiding and arrested him for his vandalism. He was promptly arraigned in the magistrate's court, where with much trepidation and difficulty of making himself understood he pleaded his innocence of intended violation of law and urged that he should be discharged because there were no prohibitory signs posted to warn against such acts. He was discharged, but as he turned to go an officer gave him a kick from behind. When he protested gainst the treatment, the officer reasoned that he had a right to administer a kick because there was no sign upon his back prohibiting it. The incident was worthy of the day of Diogenes and was a wholesome lesson to the souvenir fiend. It is hardly necessary to add that the offender in this case was our Connoisseur.



THE STADION OF ATHENS.

From the Acropolis the eye is ravished on every hand by views as splendid as the world affords. The white dome of Mt. Hymettus, famed for its honey and its muses, rises sublime and majestic on the east; little farther to the northeast is Pentelicon with its quarries of marble from which two cities have been built, and beyond it is Marathon, where one of the world's decisive battles was fought; Lycabettus rises abruptly out of the heart of the modern city higher than the Acropolis, and a white convent glistens on its summit like a crown; the city of Corinth is barely visible in the blue beyond the hills; to the west the Plains of Attica, green with growing crops, sweep gracefully to the sea; to the southeast the harbor of Piraeus, which held the navies of ancient Greece, is filled now with the fleets of commerce; Salamis Bay, esteemed for the defeat of Xerxes there, is in plain view; the blue Aegean stretches far away to the southern horizon; and a marble city of 150,000 swings in the hammocks of the encircling valleys.

At the base of the Acropolis there is an ancient theater, called now the Theater of Dionysus, the largest place of that character in ancient Athens. It is in the form of an ampitheater, with a stage and orchestra space on level marble floors, and seats of marble in semi-circular tiers on the hillside. According to the historian this theater accommodated 30,000 spectators. There was no roof and no galleries, and when a rain blew up during a performance the audience and the players would retire to a capacious shelter erected for the purpose near by. Several hundred of the marble seats are still in a good state of preservation. These particular seats have marble backs and evidently constituted the parquet. The dignitaries of the city had special reserved seats on which their names were cut, directly in front of the stage. Those holding general admission tickets must have carried cushions with them, otherwise they could never have gone to sleep on the performance. This theater was discovered accidentally during excavations only about fifty years ago. Another theater, the Odeon of Herodus Atticus, has recently been uncovered at the base of the Acropolis. Those posted in such matters aver that

it was an exception to the usual custom, in having a roof, and that its seating capacity was 6,000. At both places the season was closed during our visit and there was nothing doing except when a flock of tourists entered in charge of a guide, like a lot of chicks about a clucking hen, receiving without question the morsels of instruction doled out to them with great pomposity and eclat.

Through the preachers on the ship I learned that there was a place in Athens called Mars' Hill, and that Paul once delivered a sermon there. On the ship for hours before our arrival whenever a preacher was in sight on deck, in state-room or in meditation over the railing, he invariably had his Bible and it was open invariably at the seventeenth chapter of Acts. Paul was certainly a favorite with the clergy, and I doubt not the clergy were just in their judgment of him. The great apostle was powerful in argument, uncompromising, desperately serious. He wielded the sledge hammer of logic rather than plied the brush of rhetoric. Unlike Christ, he rarely used illustrations. Christ was a man of sentiment and of keen appreciation of the beauties of both nature and art. Paul walked among the lilies of the field unconscious of their beauty or that they might fitly adorn a moral or point a sermon. Surrounded, during his stay in Athens, by the finest productions of the golden age of Grecian art, he yet never saw in the peerless Acropolis aught but the dwelling place of idols nor in the statues that lined the streets nor the graceful columns of temples anything worthy of note or comment. Christ and Him crucified was the burden of his mind and of every deliverance. As I stood with the preachers on Mars' Hill and heard one of them read aloud the seventeenth chapter of Acts, I wished with all my heart that I could feel the thrill of emotion that swept over them as they stood in spirit with Paul that day: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious; for as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription: To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship him declare I unto you."

I stood with these reverend and worthy gentlemen again in the old market place, hard by Mars' Hill and the Acropolis,

in the low ground at their base, where Paul met and disputed "daily with them that met with him," but not being so thoroughly in the spirit as they, while they were discussing scripture here, I stole away and examined an old water clock that was used by the Athenians in the time of Paul and to which he no doubt often referred when he wished to cut short his religious discussions for a hot lunch at midday.

The Temple of Jupiter Olympus is one of the most magnificent of the ruins of Athens. Originally, this temple possessed more than one hundred marble columns, each sixty feet high and four feet in diameter, arranged in double rows of twenty each on the sides, and triple rows of eight each at the ends. Only twelve remain standing; three lie prone on the ground and broken into sections. The size of the temple was 350 by 134 feet and was exceeded by that of Diana at Ephesus, only.

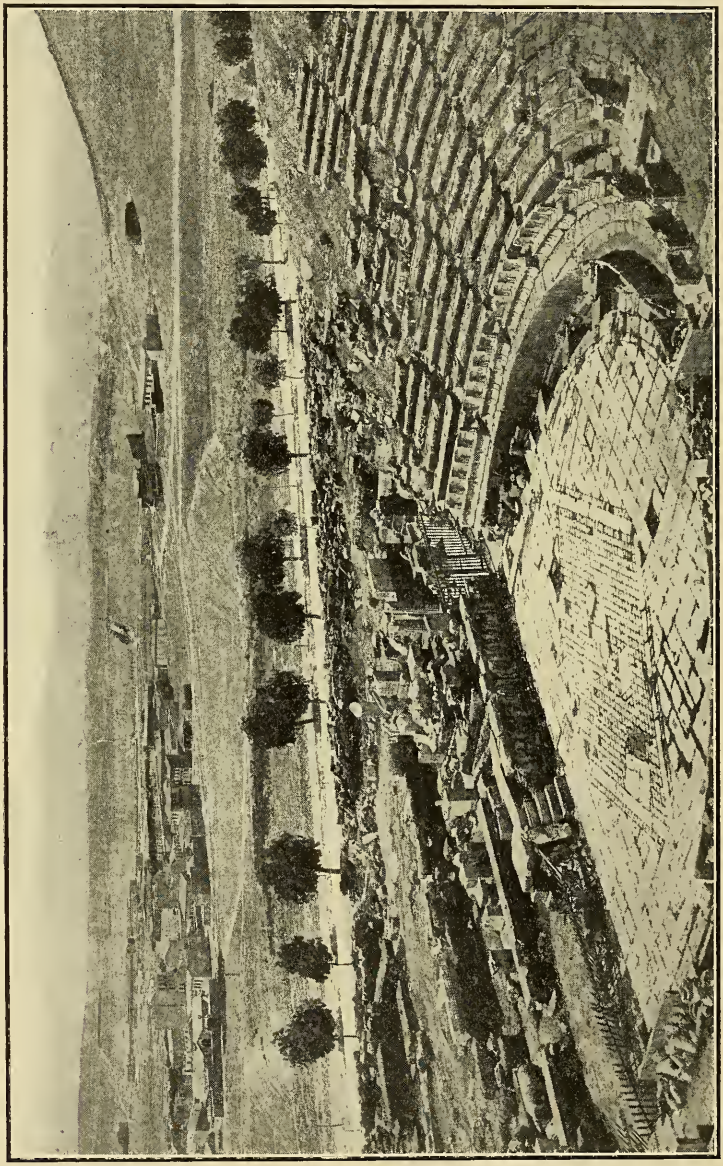
The best preserved of all the old edifices of Athens seem to be the Theseum which retains its first form and parts with the exception only of its original roof, its friezes and its contents. All the massive columns are intact and the golden yellow of their weather beaten marble, their grace, and the whole dignified and solemn outline make an impressive picture.

Within a stone's throw from the Theseum is the old Hill of the Pnyx, a great artificial area 395 by 212 feet, which formed the place of assembly of the Athenians. From a rock which is still preserved there Demosthenes thundered his Philippics and Pericles persuaded with his eloquence.

A cave is shown near this point where it is said Socrates was imprisoned and drank the fatal hemlock, and on an eminence stands a fine monument, well preserved, of a Roman consul who died about 100 A. D.

We saw among other interesting places, the "exact spot" where Diogenes worked in his tub, and if the locality is not apocryphal it was there that he uttered the fine piece of philosophy in answer to Alexander: "If you please, sir, get out of my light."

And lo, the Stadion! Who has not heard of the great anthropodrome? Of the Olympic games? Paul was perhaps not an enthusiastic Stadion fan, but that he attended the races there



THEATER OF DIONYSUS.

is indicated plainly in Hebrews 12:1, where he says: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Quod erat demonstrandum. Notice the Apostle's intimate acquaintance with the races of the stadium. The "cloud of witnesses" was the great throng in the bleachers; every weight was the tunic and sandals and weights used for practice; the besetting sin was the habit of drinking which athletes had to forego in order to strengthen muscle and create endurance, or smoking, or late hours, or sexual indulgencies, or any or all those habits of life that so easily beset one and hurt the physique; the "patience" exhorted was the steady gait of a runner as contrasted with another who started off in a spurt in the lead and was likely to become winded—the steady, patient runner always won; "looking unto Jesus," as the runner always looked with anxious eyes to his sweetheart in the bleachers, or his mother, who watched him with consuming concern.

The first of these athletic grounds was constructed 350 B. C. in a natural hollow where it was only necessary to erect seats in tiers against the hills on three sides, without artificial supports. It went down in the collapse of all the best there was in Greece and remained under the debris until a few years ago when a rich citizen of Alexandria rebuilt the whole Stadion on the exact spot where the old one stood, and in the same splendid style, at a cost of half a million dollars. The amphitheater is of white marble and will seat 60,000 persons. The length of the race course is 1340 feet and of course the marble amphitheater is much larger. The Stadion, rehabilitated and resplendent, is one of the charming features of modern Greece and one in which she approximates her former excellence. While we were leaping the marble seats and running against time in the race course, a miniature demonstration broke loose from a party of Canadians who cheered the name of their country-man who won the chief prize there in a great inter-

national meet, when the guide mentioned the incident in his story of the performance.

What a history Athens has. How inexhaustible the stories of its struggles to the light, its struggles for the right, its heroism, its superb and enduring achievements in every field of refined endeavor. In poetry Homer has never been surpassed; in history Macauley has not equalled Heroditus, nor Thucydides; Solon and Lycurgus are the world's greatest lawgivers; Demosthenes by general consent holds the palm of superiority in oratory; Aristotle was the first great mathematician; Socrates and Plato are supreme in the realm of philosophy; Phydias in sculpture; Pericles in statesmanship; Miltiades in war; and Sophocles and Aristophanes in drama. There is no other such record; no other such list of immortals.

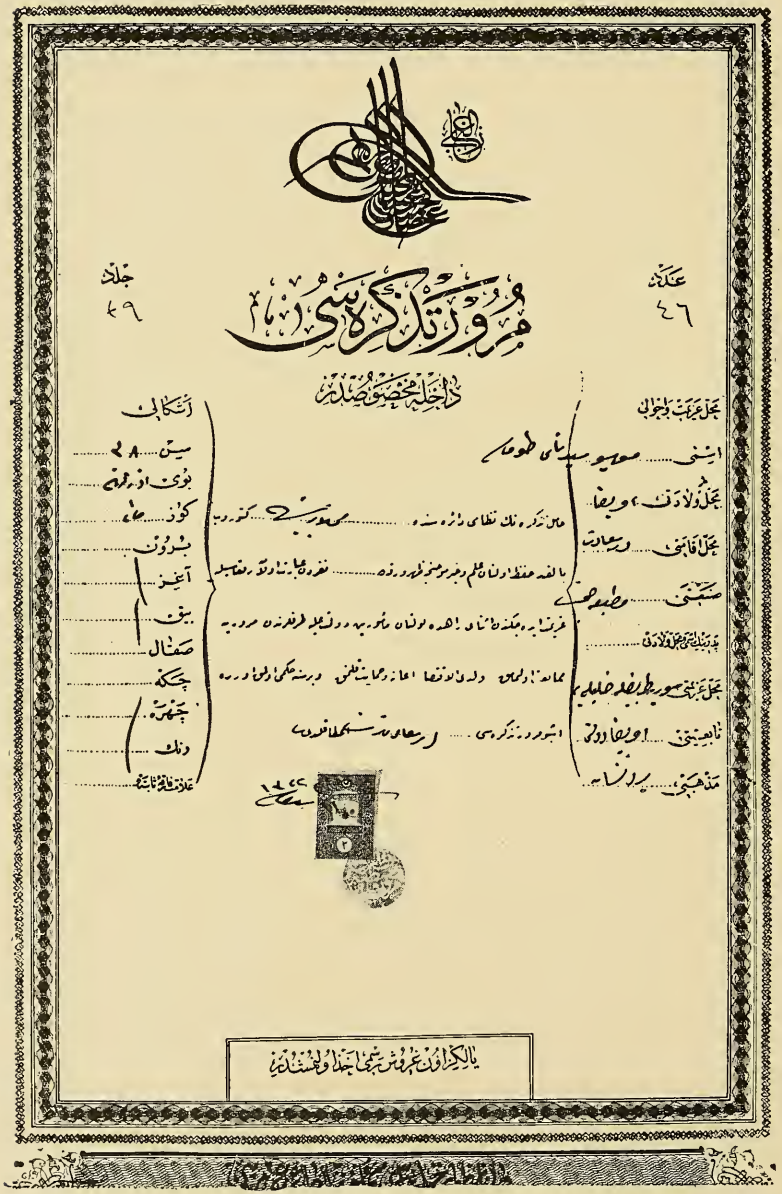
Modern Athens, like the first, is a city of marble, for it should be known that marble is so plentiful that the very streets are paved and curbed with it. Some of the inhabitants, it is said, have marble hearts. The streets are wider than those of most oriental towns and are cleaner. The people are thrifty, and beggars, thank the Lord, are scarce. The old town around the Acropolis is filthy and the natives are repulsive, but the new town is made up of splendid stores and a cultured, intelligent and ambitious class of people. The ancient dress of kilts, as worn by the soldiers and some of the peasants now, is much like that of the Highland Scotch and is quite attractive and novel. The natives in the city, have, as a rule, discarded this costume for the western styles.

The fire of their ancestors is not dead in the breasts of these plucky Greeks. Listen. In this little kingdom of about the size of New Jersey there are 2,500 schools, besides numerous colleges. In proportion to its size it far surpasses the United States in its liberal support of education. There is one university in Athens with 3,000 students and with a library of 100,000 volumes.

In religion, the people are adherents of the Greek church, which is a Catholic church without a pope, but with a governing board of four archbishops who live, one each in Moscow, Constantinople, Athens and Jerusalem.

King George is a democratic gentleman and is beloved by his people. He is a substantial friend and patron of all progressive and enlightened enterprises. This is explained in the fact that he is neither Latin nor Oriental, for it is impossible for a Latin or an Oriental to rise any higher than the dunghill from which he springs.

Before returning to our boat we waited in the city until nightfall for a view of the Acropolis by moonlight. From the crest of Mars' Hill we saw the western skies stained crimson and orange by the dying sun and its last rays fell upon the ruins like the kiss of a parent upon the forehead of a child that is dead. And then the outlines grew dim and dimmer in the gloaming, and from pale to livid against the sky, until it looked like the great rich sarcophagus of a king. But just when Night was in the act of throwing her mantle upon the ruin as she had done for so many centuries, the moon rose and threw her face full and fair upon the scene, and in the track of the long shadows the Night crouched and hid herself. Along the ponderous beams a current of silver ran and a flood of splendor poured upon the stately pillars and the marble floors. A grand and rather gloomy scene it was, productive of queer sensations. We almost expected to see the old heroes of ancient Greece materialize in the moonlight.



MY PASSPORT INTO TURKEY.

CHAPTER VII.

Some Dis-stink-tive Features of Constantinople.

The Aegean Sea is dotted with islands so thickly on the map, that they appear to be only stepping stones between Europe and Asia. But from the deck of a steamer in their midst the perspective widens, and in the absence of continents from the physical vision, they are more like jewels in the azure brooch of the Mediterranean—rising in the shadowy blue, passing in the golden sunlight and fading in the dreamy haze. And each single pearl in the cluster sparkles with some charming legend or lustrous historic fact—Melos, where the Venus de Milo was found; Paros with its quarries of the world's best marble; Chios, one of the seven birthplaces of Homer; Demos, the cradle of Apollo; Patmos, where the Apostle John saw the vision of the Apocalypse and wrote his Revelation, and others.

Threading these gems of the sea the Arabic with unerring instinct wound her sinuous course from the shores of classic Greece till she carried us to the gateway of the Dardanelles and along the surface of this peerless lapis-lazula, past the plains of ancient Troy, to the capital of the Ottoman Empire. All night long and the day before we had been going north, and when we entered the famous straits it was in the face of a blizzard that bristled and snarled at us as a watch dog on the southern outposts of Islam. The liquid surface of the channel through which we glided was waved and grained into a fascinating negligee like a maiden's flowing tresses. On either side the mountains sat shoulder to shoulder, their laps full of forts and the forts full of batteries, their ranks unbroken except where once they retired that the waters might spread into the round blue sea of Marmora, and then again they crowded close together that they might guard the crystal approach to the great Moslem metropolis.

The Turk is so suspicious and so cowardly that he searches every vessel that enters his territory. Before leaving New York we were forced to obtain passports which so far as we could

read them seem to be written guarantees upon our part not to kidnap the sultan or elope with his harem. That wicked little instrument was a description of our persons, with a detailed statement of the size and undulations of the nose, color of the eyes and hair, the convolutions of the ear, height, weight, race, color and mental condition, all sworn to before a notary, signed by the Secretary of State and endorsed by the Turkish minister at Washington. Our steamer had to halt at the entrance to the Dardanelles and undergo inspection by officials with red fezzes and unmentionable breeches, and at Constantinople no sooner had our anchor grappled the mud of the harbor than a force of guards came aboard and took possession of our passports.

A great city lay before us—a city of pinnacles, minarets and domes, of towering business houses coming down to the water's edge where they seemed to stop and brace themselves with effort to keep from sliding into the water—a city of a swarming million and more, a city ensanguined by the blood of warring religions and yet beautiful in its physical settings of hills and waters. The harbor was alive with ocean craft of all kinds from the barge to the ocean liner, and there was an air of business and prosperity that impressed us favorably and threatened to reverse in a measure our preconceived notions of the place.

Suddenly some one caught sight of an American flag and ripped out a lusty yell. It was flying from a boat that carried the American consul and was heading in our direction, and then a chorus of cheers for the red, white and blue rolled up from the decks of the Arabic and were repeated by the hills. In distant lands there is nothing that gives the traveler more pleasure than the sight of his national flag, for it is the symbol of the home and native land that he loves and an assurance of protection, a consoling parental guardianship that is backed by army and navy and millions of men. God bless the American flag—I never knew what the old muslin rag meant before —and speed the day when it will take a million bales of Texas cotton a year and a million pounds of Ohio wool to decorate the tops of American ships in the ports of the world.

It was nearly night when the Turkish officers concluded their inspection of passports, and only a few passengers ven-

tured into the city when at dark permission was given. At rest in the harbor we read from the books of the library the interesting history of Constantinople—of Byzantium, the first city, founded by the Greeks 700 years B. C.; how Constantine came with the "In hoc signo vinces" of a new Rome and the Christian religion; of the building of a great city and its adornment with the riches and treasured art of the decaying civilizations of the East; of Justinian and his famous Pandects; of Chrysostom, the silver tongued expounder of the gospel; of the matchless Hippodrome and its fetes and riots; of St. Sophia the peerless church; of the vicissitudes of the empire, its struggles against the hordes of the western woods who pounded its fortifications so long in vain; its brave fall; its occupation for half a thousand years by the Mohammedans; of the queer customs of this strange people, their religion and government. And with the recollection of this history brooding like a nightmare over our pillows, we abided the coming of the day and its visual revelations.

During the night the Unseen Hand, the same that through the centuries has guided the destinies of men and nations in a way past mortal understanding and yet for the best, threw a mantle of pure white over the city to hide its most patent deformities, and in the morning through the showering flakes it appeared as charming and chaste as a virgin in her veil.

Wrapped and with overcoats buttoned to our chins, we set foot upon the pier.

A throng of Turks, of the unspeakable variety and of the vintage of the twelfth century, red topped and with that incomprehensible surplus of baggy cloth pendant from their seats, gazed curiously at us, the infidels of the West, as we landed and fought our way through them and an advance guard of the inevitable post card vendors. Yes, even in Constantinople the post card agitator measures his insanity with the insanity of the western tourist—the occident crazy to buy, the orient crazy to sell. It is a universal epidemic.

We were not surprised at the sloppy condition of the water front, for such places are liable to be foul in any city, especially in a snow storm. But we expected better of the streets and

were astounded when we drove through them and found that they were filthy in the superlative degree. The sweepings from the stores, the slops from the eating house, the refuse of men and animals, the grinning cadavers of extinct cats and dogs, and the accumulated rubbish from everywhere, all dumped by common consent into the street, there to decompose and raise a litter of smells—this was the threshold of Constantinople and its first dis-stink-tive feature.

The management of our ship, with wise forethought, had provided every necessary thing for our comfort, except clothespins for the nose in Constantinople. I have looked in the dictionaries and synonym books under the heads of "offensive," "foul," "vile," "horrible," and similar terms to find a word to fitly describe this carnival of odors, this riot of filth, but no living English word is rank enough for the purpose. There is but one comprehensive, terse and violent definition—it is Turkish.

And what better place in all the world, not only for Turks, but for an asylum for dogs? Here the dog has found his heaven. Respected far above the foreigner who invades the city, he is all but sacred as long as he lives and is sainted when he shuffles off his coil. And frankly, if I were a Turk, I, too, would revere the dog next to my Mohammed and pray that he might be fruitful and multiply, for in the absence of sewerage and a street cleaning system, he is the only barrier between the people and pestilence. As we drove through the streets—and an oriental street is always a narrow odoriferous canyon—the driver picked his way carefully through the herds of dogs lest he injure one and incur the displeasure of Allah. Most of these animals were curled up in groups on the little sidewalks; others were moping about without any effort to avoid the traffic. A remarkable thing was the way the traffic gave the lazy, stuffed beasts a courteous right of way.

Please do not get the idea that these are ordinary dogs, or that their appearance or disposition on the streets is anything short of the extraordinary. They occupy the entire city, forty-odd thousand of them, and are so distributed that no locality is congested, and the supply does not exceed the demand. They

operate with system, dividing the city between them, and woe to the canine that strays into quarters not his own, for he is promptly set upon and killed by his kind, unless he be swift enough to escape. This is a law that prevails among them and is said to be strictly enforced.

The history of these animals, especially with reference to their origin and the time and cause of their migration, if they did migrate, and their establishment and multiplication in Constantinople, would be interesting. It has been written by some story tellers that under the present Sultan the dogs have been banished from the capital city, but these story tellers are telling a story.

The dogs doze all day and prowl and howl all night. It is the howl and trait of the coyote and not of the dog. An American who lives in Constantinople was annoyed by a specially vicious dog in his vicinity; and in the midst of his vexation, he shot at the animal. A furious mob of Turks surrounded him at once, and he was arrested by officers and thrown into jail on a charge of "carrying arms with malicious intent to murder a dog" against the peace and odor of the city. It is a grave misdemeanor to kill a dog, with a maximum penalty of three years' imprisonment. In all the world there is not another such sight as the dogs of Constantinople.

The city that was so charming from the ship was disagreeable from the carriage, and as we slowly moved along the crooked lanes of slush and putrifying refuse we were thoroughly disillusioned. On every side were the oriental streets of stairs with the ascending and descending throngs, and everywhere groups of sleeping or drowsing dogs. The current of humanity was like a river of red, as far as the eye could reach, a vista of bobbing, crimson fezzes; the larger current where we cautiously pushed our way reinforced by cataracts of humanity that tumbled into it from the steep side streets. I think the fez is the neatest and most attractive headdress worn by any nationality of men. I am also of the opinion that the Turks are the most able-bodied specimens of physical manhood to be found on the globe. Ah, but they are fine looking fellows, of brawny limbs, broad shoulders and tall powerful forms. As a

EXPRESS SYSTEM OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

rule they have a bad eye, but it is no wonder such an irresistible momentum of muscle overran the effete legions of Constantine even behind their battlements of granite. It is a nation of giants and, properly led and properly trained, they can whip any other country. The wonder of it is how such an upholstery of physical strength and stature can be attained in such a foul environment. See those big boned fellows, doing the duty of express wagons and teams; how they are bending under the great burdens on their backs. Notice that one particularly; there must be 400 pounds of heavy boxed freight on his back; how the ligaments of his brown face stand out like cable strands of iron; how firmly he plants his foot on the muddy pavement; who is he? The freight and package delivery system of the city. There are no express wagons nor moving vans; just the backs and muscles of men.

Every now and then we passed a fountain where persons were filling vessels, usually empty Standard Oil cans, or drinking from cups, and some one usually officiating in the distribution of the water. We learned that the city was full of these fountains, most of them built by the municipality, but many erected by private capital and actually endowed. At these latter an attendant is paid to serve the liquid free to all comers and keep things in repair. One of the precepts of Mohammed deserves to be specially commended, and in that precept is found the secret of the health of the people and of their superb physiques. He inveighs against the drinking of intoxicants as a sin against Allah, and it is one of the astonishing proofs of the restraining force of their religion that one hundred and eighty millions of Mohammedans have faithfully obeyed this law 1,300 years. Say what you will about the Turk, but give him credit for the finest example of sobriety among the races of men.

Constantinople is divided by a narrow arm of the Bosphorus called the Golden Horn. On the northern side is a section called Galata where there are as many Europeans as natives, and another section called Pera which is strictly European. On the southern side, the old city of Stamboul, which is Turkish to the core, is located. The long bridge connecting the two divisions

is the main throbbing artery of the metropolis, where two currents of humanity sweep past each other from dawn till dark. I drove across this popular connection in a blinding snow storm and later in the day sought it out again on foot for a study of the complex life of the people. It is a drawbridge and at stated times is lifted to permit the passage of ships. It is also a toll bridge and must yield the government a marvelous harvest of coin. In the quiet waters on either side there were forests of masts and ships' rigging, skimming row boats and red-hatted men bending to the oars. On the bridge, a continuous rumble of wheels and clatter of horses' hoofs, a veritable Bosphorus of agitated fezzes, a cyclorama of startling costumes, a masquerade of sects and classes and nations—the aristocrat in braid and gilded display, the tattooed beggar in his wrap of rags, the pompous soldier, the woman spook with her face in eclipse, the Jew, the Greek, the Arab, the gaping tourist, the native porter bending under his burden, the toll taker—the whole composing a stirring and amazing potpourri of color and conditions that is unsurpassed anywhere unless it be in Cairo.

In Stamboul the buildings were low and the citizens unprogressive, and but for a tram car that made semi-occasional trips along the twisted streets we could have easily imagined we were in the dawn following the midnight of the dark ages. This car was pulled by horses and was preceded by a herald on foot who blew a horn, and that horn the crumpled output of a ram.

As the main street was only about fifteen feet wide a constant glut of humanity and vehicles was inevitable. In this section mosques were numerous and the devout citizenship had mounted their homes with low domes in imitation of their churches. After an hour of slow driving, innumerable stops and incessant "hiyi's" from our driver we drew up at a museum which proved to be quite a store house of crippled antiquities and mutilated statues, the magnificent marble sarcophagus of Alexander the Great being the chief attraction.

CHAPTER VIII.

St. Sophia, the Bazars, and the Bosphorus.

The city of Constantinople is so old and the besom of strife has swept over it so often and so fiercely that scarcely a vestige of its early history remains to tell the tragic tale of its rise and fall—only the gray walls, useless now, and a few monuments, and that splendid pile of the world's best second-hand sculpture —St. Sophia, beautiful even in its Ottoman setting and against its background of crimsoned history. Justinian built it at the enormous cost of $60,000,000 contributed for the purpose by all classes of and from all parts of the empire. The most skillful builders of the age were employed to construct it upon plans revealed to the emperor by an angel in a dream. (The angel and dream part of this story was perhaps an interpolation of Justinian's to match the cross-in-the-clouds mirage of Constantine). After six years, during which time all other matters were forgotten in the one absorbing project, the temple was completed and the emperor, on Christmas eve, 537, laid aside his crown and exclaimed, "Solomon, I have surpassed thee."

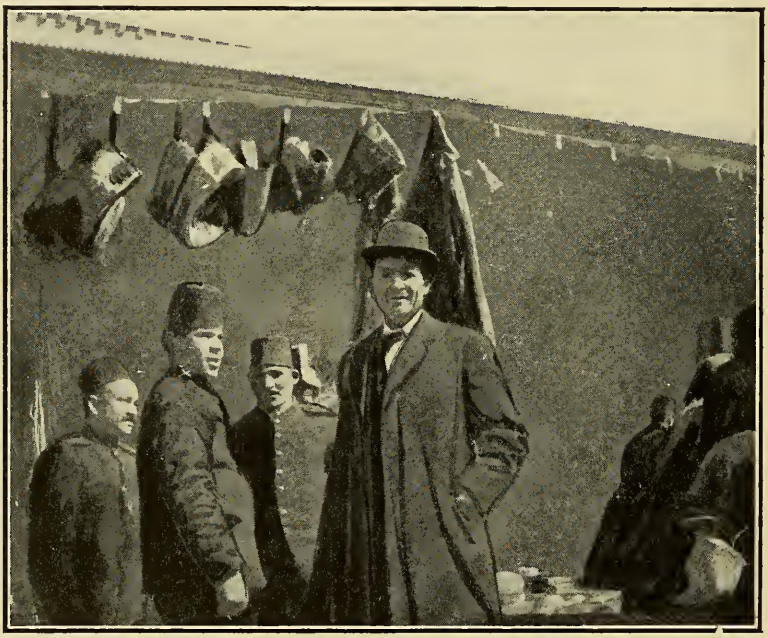
I had heard much of this building—no doubt had heard too much. The books blossomed with adjectives in its description, and those who had seen it painted it in such glowing colors that we approached it from the architectural desert of old Stamboul with great expectations. In charge of an orthodox guide, we passed by way of a narrow, sloppy introduction of street into a tower wherein we were wound around and up by a spiral footway till we were discharged into a gallery overlooking the main floor.

"Ah, me! Finest specimen of Byzantine art in the world! Lovely columns; grand arches," was the ecstatic exordium of our conductor.

True; to some extent; but the view was blotched by forty-eleven-dozen Turkish rugs that curled rudely at their edges and made a mess of the clean marble floor, and by the Mohammedans in head rags and extension breeches and bare, brown

feet squatted around and going through the genuflections of worship.

"Magnificent dome! Beautiful mosaics!" continued the guide in an effusion of mangled English. True; but the graceful sweep of the dome and the labyrinth of arches that supported it were blurred by a flock of pigeons that roosted in the cloisters and left the stain of their droppings on every floor and balustrade and pillar. Strange idea that of making



ENTRANCE TO THE BAZARS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

a pigeon roost of so noble a sanctuary, but it is the Turkish way. The only wonder is that dogs, too, are not kenneled there.

From a dozen positions in the balconies the guide spun his skein of ecstacy and exaggeration, and we, his dupes, wondered and retrospected. Then stepping again into the spiral hopper, we unwound the quaint old elevator to the starting point. No infidel can touch the holy floor of a mosque unless he be shod in No. 12 goat skin slippers; and in these gondolas we slided

in and glided about in a comic farce—all of us except those who wore rubbers, which were deemed sufficient to prevent contamination. It was hard in this ridiculous equipment to appreciate the real merit of the imposing old structure. But look up! High up and above the distracting interpolations of superstition, up to the stately arches and crowning archivolts, up to the sweeping canopy of gold and catch the tints that are penciled there, remembering that it is the romance and witchery of the early Aladdins of art and that the porphyry columns are the same that supported the unrivaled Temple of Diana at Ephesus! It was beautiful, in a way, but it was a beauty that was tinged with sadness, and to save my life I could not work up a spark of enthusiasm over such a minor matter as architectural technique for thinking of the dreadful carnage that marked the transition of the place from a temple of the Savior to a mosque of the later Prophet, when twenty thousand Christians were butchered there, in the very place where we were standing, and their blood ran in streams on the floor.

It is a short drive and an abrupt mental lapse from St. Sophia to the bazars. As the Mohammedans look forward to a pilgrimage to Mecca, so our ladies looked forward to a visit to the bazars of Constantinople. Marvelous city within a city, these bazars! Four thousand two hundred shops under a single roof; nine miles of narrow, unspeakable streets and they glutted to the last limit with a mass of trading, yelling, smelling humanity that jostled itself in a general promiscuous mix-up—a prospect that would have been too much for any foreign civilized woman except an American, and even for her upon any mission but shopping. The Turk, as eager to sell as our dames were to buy, opened the way out of the street to his shop that was a concern no larger than a steamboat cabin, and a steamboat cabin is the smallest thing I can think of. In many of the shops the keepers sat cross-legged on the floor (for be it known there is no such a nuisance as a chair in all orthodox Turkeydom) and when bargaining with native customers, would make sales and wrap and deliver the goods without moving from their easy position. But the moment a bunch of American women would storm the little hole in the wall they would rise

and prepare for the inevitable battle of price and counter price.

The bazar area was sectioned off so that wares were sold only on streets assigned to that class of goods—rugs, laces and kindred material on one street, shoes on another, jewelry on another, etc. The upshot of such an arrangement was that we trousered sons of Adam had to traverse the entire nine miles of alleys to accommodate the omnivorous purchasing penchant of the ladies. We rubbed joints with donkeys, butted into the baggy declivities of Turks, elbowed mysterious veiled women, collided with robed Arabs, dodged eunuchs—those curios, preposterous, elongated, harmless burnt-cork obelisks who were out with children of the aristocracy on shopping and airing missions; saw narghalies in operation, those queer Oriental pipes of lofty stature and vermiform appendix—ran into covies of vagrant odors, and finally, loaded down with shawls, opera bags, cushions, embroidery, mother of pearl boxes, brass bowls, rugs, silks, fans, dirks, sabers, fezzes, veils, shoes, and other miscellaneous et ceteræ, we issued from the long, dark tunnels into the light.

Just then, in front of us in full view, a muezzin appeared on the balcony of a minaret and called out in melodious baritone the appeal to devotions. Immediately others were heard in the distance, like echoes of the first one, and still others and others in all parts of the city. The sound of the combined voices was like unto the whangey music of a bagpipe. A shopkeeper turned his face to the southeast—toward Mecca—and began to pray. Others did likewise, but only a few paid any attention to the call as long as there was a chance to sell something. The great majority kept right on in their work of separating piasters from the infidel and in non-devotional pursuits. The song of the muezzin was, of course, in the native tongue, but translated into English it was: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayers; come to prayers." Five times a day this call is made from every minaret in Turkey and Turkey's dependencies. All devout Mohammedans drop secular matters and repair at once to the nearest mosque to pray. Some perform their devotions from any place where they may chance to be at the time of the call, but prayers are not deemed of

much consequence outside the sacred atmosphere of the sanctuary.

The women of Turkey are slaves to the queerest and most ridiculous fashion in the world. It was all I could do to keep from, accidentally or somehow else, lifting one of those queer, grotesque veils and peeping at the prisoner inside. Indeed, I did venture to get close to one of these spooks, one afternoon on the Galata bridge, and looked rudely through her figured mask of gauze, and I saw that her features were comely and that she was smiling unresentfully at my impudence. But just when I was becoming interested, a big, red-hatted officer tapped me on the shoulder and broke up the seance. A Turkish woman is never seen on the streets with a man, and no man is ever allowed to see the face of a woman except he be her father, husband, son or brother.

In that benighted land there is no such thing as courtship. And what a deprivation! What, indeed, is marriage without the delightful prelude of smiles and tete-a-tetes, the golden moment of engagement, the rapture of anticipation and the ineffable plannings for the life where arithmetic is shattered and one and one make three and sometimes half a dozen? In Turkey there is no wooing, no love, except such as is wrought out in the home after the nuptials. The father chooses his son-in-law, and groom and bride see each other's faces for the first time only when their lives have been united for better or worse.

A male visitor in a Turkish home can never see the face of his hostess and cannot enter her apartments, even though he be a relative. Out in the street, although a Turkish woman may not show her features, it is parliamentary for her to exhibit her ankles, and I noticed that she was always strictly parliamentary in that respect. Women and men are not allowed to sit together, in the home, in the mosque nor street car, nor anywhere. More than that women must, as near as possible, be out of sight to the opposite sex. To insure absolute privacy and seclusion, the windows of the female apartments of a home are screened with close lattice, so that the curious feminine eye may look upon the passing crowds and yet be invisible to any pro-

MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN.

fane masculine optic. On trains, in waiting rooms, steamboats and street cars, there are separate compartments where partition walls come to the assistance of the ladies' veils in effecting their complete isolation.

Birds, as are dogs, are much respected in Constantinople and it is a crime to kill them. Above the trellised rigging of the ships in the harbor the air was alive with the white wings of gulls, and myriads of wild ducks rode the waves and dived, conscious of their immunity. Here again the Koran has a bright page and again is evident its influence upon its obedient believers. It proclaims the taking of animal life a sin and to comply with its precepts many devout Turks refrain from eating meat. A strange mixture of gentleness and brutality is the Koran—a bible that holds sacred the innocent lives of birds and beasts and yet bestows the prize of blissful immortality upon the hook-nosed Turk who sheds the blood of the "infidel."

I shall never forget the bright, cheery Sunday morning when we lifted anchor at Constantinople and headed for the Black Sea, along the course of the incomparable Bosphorus. It was early morning. The antiquated town of Stamboul, with its minarets and domes, its cypress groves and white walls, its Sophia of noble pedigree and sad and sanguinary history, was the first to retire before the retreating disorder of houses and hills; the multitude of water craft marched and countermarched in the confusion of escape; the great yellow rows of buildings in Galata ran together and in a jumbled mass deployed out of sight behind the banks of the Golden Horn; the sun rose from his sumptuous Asian bed and sent a shower of silver arrows into the harbor; and the Bosphorus opened her plump, brown arms and folded us to her pulsing bosom—the bosom of the Venus of waters. Upon the surface of this beautiful stream the craft of mythological legend and of the great armies of ancient history, of Xerxes, Darius, Mahomet, Godfrey and Tancred, have moved on missions that changed the story of the world. Legend and history have been swept in succession into the crypt of Time, but still the noble, incomparable stream flows on and flows as pure and chaste as when from the passion of two seas it was born to bless and perpetuate their union.

The hills, symmetrical and uniform, inclined gracefully to the water, not one out of line, and were crowned with beautiful villas and castles. Evergreens and vines colored the picture, and at one place the palace of the Sultan, isolated by a wall that climbed the acclivities and wound around the hillsides, added interest to the view. At another, Roberts College was prominent. As we passed this institution the 400 students, who had been apprised of our coming, waved their handkerchiefs in welcome and ran up an American flag in our honor, and the six hundred irresponsibles of our steamer returned the salute vociferously.

At the entrance of the Black Sea we looked far out to the cold, cheerless coasts of Russia, toward Crimea and Balaklava, where another six hundred rode boldly and well.

And then, doubling back on our course, we came again to the open sea.

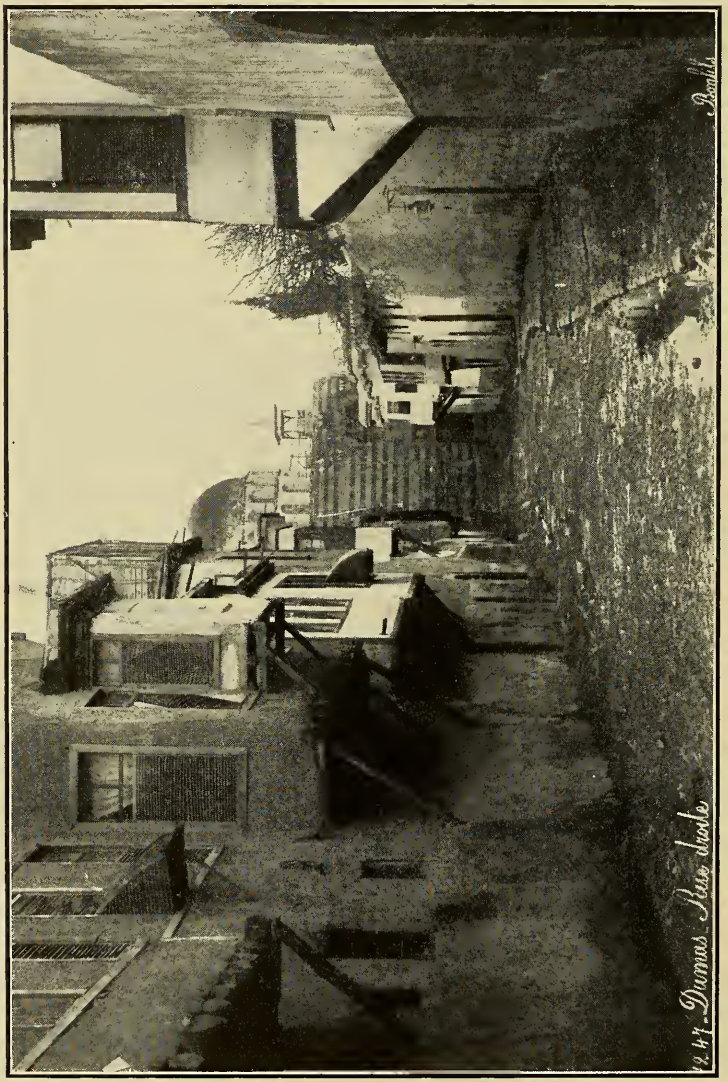
CHAPTER IX.

Two Rainy Days in Damascus.

Damascus is the oldest city of the world, having maintained a continuous existence almost from the Creation to the present time. It was ancient when Jerusalem was founded; it was hoary with age when Romulus and Remus laid the foundation of Rome; it was an old city when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt; and had been standing for centuries when Abraham moved his tented settlement from Ur of the Chaldees down into Canaan.

Its longevity is due to its location in a plain that is fed by two everlasting streams of water, making it a fertile resort in the midst of a forbidding desert. In all the Orient there is not a place more favored by nature for the perpetuation of a city. The Barada (the Abana of Scripture) gushes out of the side of a mountain a few miles north of the city, a full grown river from its very origin. The valley through which it runs is green with vegetation, and when it reaches the city it plunges into the very heart of it and dies—dies in motherhood, the birth of an oasis, the remnant dribbling away in streamlets and vanishing in the sand of the desert. The Pharpa, another noble stream, heads at the base of Mount Hermon, and running along the southern limits of the oasis, shares with the Barada the credit for its sustenance.

Damascus has a population of 250,000 and there has scarcely been a time in its existence when it did not contain a population as large or larger. Founded by Uz, the grandson of Shem, it is mentioned a number of times in Genesis as an important city in the days immediately following the flood. Its commercial prestige has always been due principally, of course, to its situation in a fertile oasis in the midst of a desert, but also to its location midway between the great territories of Persia and Arabia to the east and the ports of the Mediterranean to the west. All the caravan roads of Northern Syria converge here.



THE "STREET CALLED STRAIGHT."

Damascus from time immemorial has been noted for the superior excellency of certain wares it produced. No linen is as good as the damask of Damascus. Its rugs are even superior to those of Persia and Smyrna, and its looms are noted for the splendid quality and tone of the silks they weave. Its silver- and gold-smiths create exquisite things in filigree that are the envy of the jewelers of the world. Its hammered brass adorns the homes of people of every land and clime. Its steel has been famous for forty centuries.

The artisans and shopkeepers of Damascus are shrewder and more industrious than the business men anywhere else in the Orient. As in Constantinople and other places of Turkey and Turkey's dependencies, most of the shops and business establishments of Damascus are grouped together under the motherly wing of one vast roof, but nowhere else are these "bazars" so interesting as here; nowhere else is there such a quaint and curious conglomeration of races. I happened to be in the "bazars" on a Friday and that being the Sabbath or holy day of the Mohammedans, the afternoon was a holiday for all the craftsmen and they poured into the streets in great numbers. Only with difficulty could I push my way through the jostling crowds; Greek and Jew merchants were noisily auctioning fabrics and Arabs with their heads wrapped in heavy robes and legs and feet bare were bidding against each other for the articles.

It was either raining or making an assault with attempt to rain the entire time of the two days we spent in this remarkable city and the narrow defiles which could only be termed streets by the widest stretch of metaphor were sloppy and intensely odoriferous. In filthiness and foulness they were in every respect a counterpart of the streets of Constantinople. On either side of the tortuous course of this Broadway the "skyscrapers" lifted their square shoulders fully ten feet above the stream of humanity that drifted by in bloomers and blouses and fezzes and turbans. And, mirable dictu! an electric car ripped a seam in this agitated crazy quilt of men. It had been in operation but a short time and was still a novelty to the natives who looked upon it with distrust. Electricity and steam in the

Orient will yet accomplish what missionaries have striven for in vain for hundreds of years. A cross between these plunging stallions of civilization and the dams of Turkish superstition will be a freak at first, but in all events will be an improvement on the present stock, and the gradual breeding up will be one of the miracles of the twentieth century. Please mark this prophecy.

There are no gongs on the street car of Damascus, but a ram's horn is contantly blown by the motorman. Because the Mohammedan religion inveighs against bells and gongs these sonorous things are never heard in all the great extent of territory that Turkey controls—excepting only Jerusalem where Christians are privileged to ring mass bells. There are no bells even on the few locomotives that run in and out of Constantinople, Smyrna and Damascus. There is no music of any kind in the myriads of mosques, no sweet sounding instruments in their homes, for music, too, is of the devil and is forbidden. In all Asia Minor there is no desolation so acute as the dearth of melody—of voice and of instrument—only the songs of the birds and the occasional note of the unorthodox shepherd in the mountains. And there are no pictures, for pictures are a violation of the command of God not to make a likeness of any created thing. This is especially true of the paintings of animals, birds or men, and the Mohammedan who would hang in his home the image of any such, be it ever so beautiful, would be dealt with severely. For that reason the kodak is looked upon with aversion and cannot under any circumstances be taken into a mosque. For that reason, too, upon the rugs and exquisite fabrics they weave you will never find the interwoven outlines of birds or animals, and not even the figures of flowers or foliage or vines, but only the incoherent designs of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen.

The only two side walks in Damascus are on each side of the above noted street car street (the streets in the cities of Turkey are never named), and are just wide enough for two Arabs but not wide enough for an Arab and an American. I sauntered along this avenue with one foot squashing in the mire and the other on the walk, noting the queer sights in the winding suc-

cession of dens; Turks making narghalies of cane and cocoanut shells; adjoining, perhaps, a khan where camels were fed, and odors rushed out; shops where brawny arms were hammering brass; ovens where unclean cooks were preparing slabs of pastry which were to be carried away by boys in their dirty hands and sold on the streets; second-hand caravan equipments, camel bells and saddles and even second-hand clothing; groups of Turks playing checkers while they sipped coffee or held the snake-like stems of narghalies in their mouths; companies gathered around second-hand iron things spread out for sale in the streets; those indecent lavatories in full view where a little stream of water issued from the wall and ran down into the mud; men and boys spinning silk and linen thread and winding it upon bobbins with the most rudimentary contrivances; old time looms running it into cloth; wood-workmen sitting on their heels, with queer saws and a string attached to them and looped around a piece of lumber to do service as a turning lathe; places where Irish potatoes were stored in large quantities, and sometimes wheat; and so on.

A Mohammedan cemetery, the oldest and most noted in Damascus, quite in the heart of the city, was a striking sight. The graves of this strange city of the dead were so close together that there was scarcely standing room between them, being mounds of mud and straw, some thirty inches high, with an upright monument of mud at the head surmounted with a Turkish fez of the same material, if the deceased were a layman, and by a figure of the headgear peculiar to his station or office if he were an official. In a mud house here upon the payment of a fee, we were permitted to see the tomb of Fatima, daughter of Mohammed, and mother of the most distinguished descendants of the Prophet.

A short drive through a narrow street that was knee deep to the horses in mire and filth and vile with offensive scents brought us to an old wall, which like so many other things in Damascus has held its own for ages against the changes of time. Here the odors of the city which had been growing in geometrical progression reached their climax, and I could not at first think of the events of history connected with the spot for the

overpowering spectacle of half a dozen huge pyramids of manure that riveted attention through the sense of smell. It was the public dumping ground. A native was just then emptying a couple of saddle-bags of stuff from the back of a donkey and another was alongside our carriage on his way to the forming mound on a similar mission. A third was digging into the largest pyramid and filling a brace of pouches with the stuff for sale to the poorer classes for fuel. On the wall here, where it juts out and forms an angle, there is a squatty little house that marks the place where St. Paul was let down in a basket by his friends to escape the fury of the Jews. The angle, I suppose, served to obscure the basket and its occupant from the watchmen and make escape possible, and the Apostle's diminutive size no doubt enabled him to huddle up securely in the little elevator.

Within a stone's throw from this point stands the house of Naaman, the leper, the wealthy nobleman who availed himself of the services of the prophet Elisha. It will be remembered that he raised a vigorous objection to the bath in the muddy Jordan prescribed by the Prophet while the clear waters of the Abana and Pharpa were rippling by his door at Damascus. And that he offered the prophet a bit of baksheesh and was surprised at his refusal to accept it. The house is now a home for lepers and we were satisfied with a long distance view of it.

In the same vicinity in what is known as the Christian quarter, we visited the reputed home of Ananias, not him of the unsavory reputation for veracity, but the man of God who was told to go to the house of Judas in the Street called Straight and there inquire for Saul of Tarsus, who had lost his sight that day mysteriously in the glare of the light from heaven. The home is underground and its ancient aspect, if nothing else, favors its authenticity. I suppose the accumulations and changes of 1900 years one way and another will account for the house being underground. The preachers accepted it as genuine and I went with the majority. It didn't matter much, anyway.

The Street called Straight is straighter than the letter Z, but not as straight as the letter S. Luke was not much given to facetious expression, but there is a dash of fun in the way

he speaks of this angular, zigzag and crinkled thoroughfare as a "Street called Straight," and as we rode along it for a mile the clever turn of his irony was apparent in the many crooks and corners.

The most fanatical Mohammedans in the world are those of Damascus, and they hate a Christian like a Russian hates a Jew, or a woman another of her kind whom her husband says is pretty. I didn't like the looks of the natives of Damascus a bit; they were surly, sober and serious and leered at us foreigners with a what-business-have-you-got-here expression that was not very reassuring.

We were in the great mosque of the Hyphenated-Arabic-Syllables on Friday—that is as near as I can translate the name of the mosque into English—and were hurried through it with expedition, for it was worship day and no strangers were allowed during services. We had to wear snow shoes similar to the equipment forced upon us in St. Sophia at Constantinople. They were so much too large that one of them came off my foot and without intending any disrespect I took a few steps before getting into it again. It was a serious blunder, for a watchful guard was upon me in an instant, and I have no doubt a repetition of it would have prolonged my stay in the city.

The church stands upon the site of the house of Rimmon mentioned in the Bible narrative of the cure of Naaman above noted, (so said the preachers and I'll bet on their accuracy of Biblical statement), and contains a magnificent shrine under which the head of John the Baptist is said to be interred. This Bible character has an arm in Malta, his trunk is buried in Samaria, and his head in Damascus, but I am sure the separation of his bones occasions no inconvenience now, as the great martyr has long ago acquired a new suit of upholstery and has no further use for the old. In the court of the mosque near the exit stands a mausoleum of Saladin, the Moslem general who crushed the crusades and who was the greatest hero of the chivalry of the middle ages. The tomb is of wood and is covered with black broadcloth, embroidered with silver, and fine cashmere shawls. At the head is a glass globe con-

MALCHIZEDEK.

taining the faded bouquet presented by the emperor of Germany on the occasion of his visit in 1898. After the emperor's return home he sent an ornamental wreath of gold and silver to replace the bouquet, but because a Greek cross was a part of the design it could not be allowed in the temple. This trouble was overcome by the erection of a bay window in the temple to contain it.

The houses of Damascus are diminutive affairs built of mud and held together and strengthened with straw. From many of them there are projections of wooden sleepers upon which bay windows are built. Practically all the residences are flat-roofed, furnishing a comfortable place for sleeping in the hot summer and a place to hang out the family laundry to dry. The streets are narrow and unspeakable channels of mud. If there are any gardens in Damascus I did not see them. If there are any parks they escaped my most searching investigation. If there is anything in Damascus to produce a flux of flattery such as the tourist writers have who visit the city, I did not see it.

I wish to do Damascus full justice. We were there in the middle of March when winter yet dallied in the lap of spring, and winter and spring together were making a mess of it. The foliage was just peeping from the bursting buds. It was at its worst, in the rain and in its barrenness, but granting all this, it can never be more than a dirty, water-riven foul smelling city of disreputable houses and people, outspread upon a carpet of green, a sight fair enough to the camel-sick traveler who has come upon it from the Syrian waste, but not very prepossessing to one right off the Bosphorus. Its charms at its best are comparative and not elementary.

The view from the mountain on the south, where a suburb of closely packed white mud houses have the advantage of an elevated position, is good. The city looks better from a distance, as all things oriental do. The sun broke from the heavy portierres of cloud while we looked, and the city of mud was transfigured for a moment into a great brooch of thick set pearls pendant from the mountains by the silver Abana. But it was only for an instant. From where we stood Mahomet

saw the white city and said: "It is not permitted to man to enter but one paradise and mine is above." And he declined to enter upon the scene that fascinated him more than any he had ever before beheld. To Mahomet, perhaps, mud was an accessory to beauty, and filth no detraction from its charms. It is probable that the view from the mountains was splendid to Mahomet, just in from the Arabian desert, and he never knew what ugly underclothes the pretty overskirts hid from his eyes.

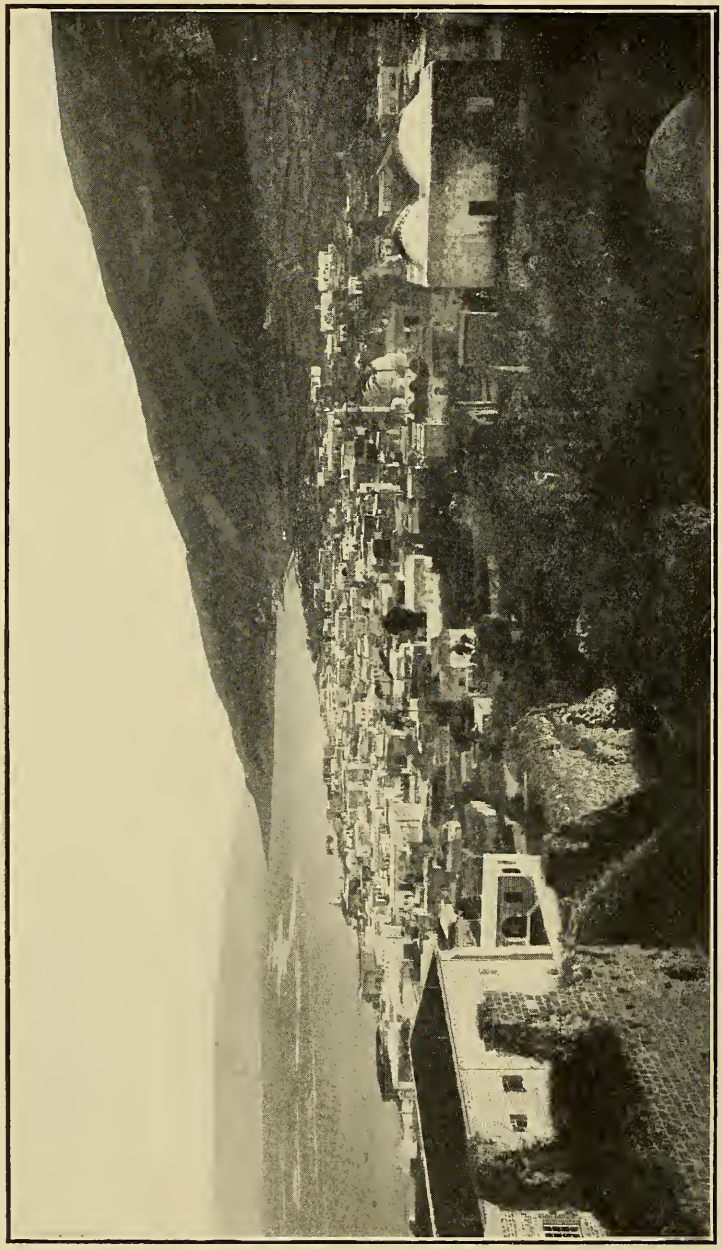
In the distance, some miles away, a little village is distinctly visible from the mountain, where Paul was abruptly and strenuously converted while on his way to Damascus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." It was all I could do to prevail upon the clerical majority not to undertake the trip to this spot, so infatuated were they with the great Apostle and anything by the merest inference and conjecture connected with his career.

A tradition to which all Moslems accede fixes the Garden of Eden in this oasis and has the Abana and Pharpa as the Euphrates and Tigris of Scripture, and really I am inclined with all humility to believe the tradition is correct. It is the best opportunity for an Eden in all that section for hundreds of miles. Adam is reputed to have hung on the outskirts of the oasis after his expulsion and his grave is now upon the mountain where we "stood and viewed the landscape o'er." I do not claim kinship with any Mohammedan, but I do claim a hereditary interest in Adam, and it was with much regret that I was unable, owing to limited time, to trace these traditions back and verify them.

Damascus, in rainy weather in March begins with a "Dam" and ends with a "cus." It was cold when we were there and we had no fire in the hotel and altogether we were most unfavorably impressed with the oldest city in the world.

We were aroused at half past four in the morning of the day of our departure, to take a train for the south, and while we stood shivering on the heel of Mahomet, as the site of the location of the station is called, a brilliant and most impressive spectacle charmed us from the eastern skies. The night

had just begun to fold her sable tent like the Arab and silently steal away. There was no obstruction of cloud or mist nor vague suggestion of either. The morning star, dazzling and in the full splendor of its perihelion, negligently irregular, as though the hand of God had thrown a bit of plastic glory against the blue east wall, glowed and palpitated from its place, while the golden crescent moon sought to reach it with extended graceful arms. This beautiful picture suggested the present ascendency of the Mohammedan religion in the East and the supremacy of the Star and Crescent. But in a short time the purple and crimson heralds of the King of Day appeared, and when he arose in majesty and threw all lesser lights into eclipse, I thought of the time that is surely coming, it may be soon or it may be long, when the sun of the Christian religion will arise upon the land of Mohammedanism and throw its religion into total and eternal eclipse.



LAKE GALILEE AND TIBERIAS.

CHAPTER X.

Lake Galilee and the City of Nazareth.

A desolation of treeless hills and unwatered valleys stretches from the southern limits of the plain of Damascus to the northern boundary of Galilee, or the Holy Land proper. It is a desert, uninhabited save by wanderling bands of Bedouins except in an occasional spot where water is found in sufficient quantities to sustain a village. The greater part of the country lying along the route of the railroad is covered with limestone boulders so numerous often that they seem to have been sown broadcast. Sometimes a herd of sheep and a lone and lonesome keeper relieve the monotony of the waste, and sheepfolds of boulders rudely thrown together are its only architecture. Caravan roads, those trackless highways that have existed unchanged and unimproved since the time of Abraham, wind around the mountains and across the "waddies," and anon in the distance upon these primitive trails slow moving lines of camels may be seen half hidden in the clouds of dust they raise.

The camel is a queer and interesting beast. Grotesque and ludicrous in aspect, as dignified as a judge, as pompous and haughty as a king, as humble and retiring as a barn roof behind, with abnormal commissary bumps on his middle and the whole superstructure mounted upon a slender and lofty scaffolding, it is difficult to conceive of nature producing such a freak in any other light than that of a burlesque. A train of these caricatures seen in the distance have the appearance of a line of turtles slowly creeping along on stilts. At closer range they resemble the ostrich. Near at hand when wearing a single bridle rein that drops from the vicinity of the bulging eyes in a loop to the hand of the rider, and chewing its cud, never did a barrister with glasses and chain and complacent mien look more judicial than this philosopher of the desert.

At Darat fifty miles out from Damascus, during a delay caused by a change of engines, our party started toward a

mud town about half a mile distant, which we were informed was the capital of the old district of Bashan, noted in the Bible for its bulls, saith the majority. On the way we encountered several detachments of camels carrying bags of wheat from the mud village to the railroad station for shipment. We held up a section of this transportation line and compelled a wee bit of an Arab who was in charge to convey us back to the station. The ride was a unique experience. The camel has often been called the ship of the desert, and really it has all the motions of a ship at sea, and sea sickness inevitably follows a long ride upon one of them by a novice. Arriving at the station platform, we alighted in a novel manner. At a signal from the driver and a jerk at the halter, the camels each in turn dropped to their knees and proceeded to fold up like a knife until they were settled in a bundle on the ground, enabling us to step off easily from their hurricane decks.

At Darat the great Haj highway, which the railroad follows from Damascus, veers off to the left and proceeds to Mecca. This is the route taken once a year by devout Mohammedans who desire to visit the birthplace of the prophet, and the pilgrimage always begins at the "Heel of the Prophet" in Damascus.

The railroad ran into the mountains shortly after leaving Darat and began a circuitous descent toward the valley of the Jordan and the Plain of Jezreel. For a distance of fifty miles the scenery was as grand as any in the Rockies of America. The hills which had been hovering threateningly in our front for some time came together at length in an effort to block our progress, but we dodged them by perilous leaps and numerous burrowing and turnings and twistings, and forced an entry through and around them until we finally ran into, high up against the mountains, a picturesque canyon, in the channel of which the Yarmuk foamed and fretted turbulently. Deep tributary gorges complained violently at our intrusion and the echoes rolled along their abysmal hallways like the lamentations of the lost. The mountains manoeuvered in magnificent disorder. Not a tree nor a shrub interrupted the graceful drapery in which the canyon's sides were clad, but when, as

was the case sometimes, these emerald cloaks were thrown back, fantastic formations in stone and strata were disclosed —elaborate decorations of weather and strata not unlike the friezes and bas reliefs of ancient temples.

After executing all kinds of loops and bow-knots, and threading mountain after mountain through artificial eyes the railroad dropped by circuitous gradients to the level of the stream. Then the mountains threw open their doors, the echoes were quieted, and the train muffled its querulous din out of respect for the most hallowed spot and the most beautiful site in all the Orient. The hills, recumbent, venerable, sedate, were grouped around an esplanade, in the midst of which a river, in travail from the northern snows, was accouched of a delectable sea. It was Galilee, child of the Jordan, noted in sacred story and teeming with sacred memories.

Of course we left the train here. It was at the close of a cloudless day. We stood for a few moments in mute admiration of this beautiful babe of the Jordan and of its cradle of mountains, and as we looked, the sun kissed it and left it for the night to the enfolding mountains and to us.

So intent were we upon the splendid scene and prospect that we did not stop to take note of the disreputable mud town that hung like a barnacle on the green bank nor of the slovenly aborigines who sought to sell us their dirks and cigarette boxes as souvenirs of the holy place, but with hurried accord flocked to the pier and to the boats that were tethered there for a sail upon the pretty loch in the hush of the twilight.

The more fastidious of the party who left the train here took passage in the steamboat, the only vessel of that character on the lake, while the inseparable six and one shipped, with others, in a large row boat after the manner, we imagined, of the craft of Peter and Zebedee's children, the trio of Jews who once ran a fishing business here in partnership. (Luke V, 19). The oarsmen of our little boat were three swarthy Mohammedan lads and a gray veteran who acted as manager and baksheesh collector, all of them diked out in their best clothes in honor of our visit. It is worthy of mention, too, and should be handed down in history, that their feet were

clean and their toenails manicured and shining like polished tortoise shell.

When we were well out upon the waters and the boat was rising and falling with the rhythmic inflections of the waves and the oars splashing with uniform melody, the Arab boatmen began to sing in their native tongue, the grave old gentleman forward hymning line after line and the lads chiming in after each line with the chorus: "He-ya mana la-ya man." I had one of the boys, the most intelligent of the lot, to write the chorus in Arabic characters in my notebook, and afterwards had it translated by our dragoman into these splendid words: "Those who believe in God will be saved." The words of the song were not intelligible to us, but the melody was of no mean order. At its conclusion our own party, filled through and through with the aptness of the tune, broke into song and the hills caught up the refrain and repeated it in musical echoes:

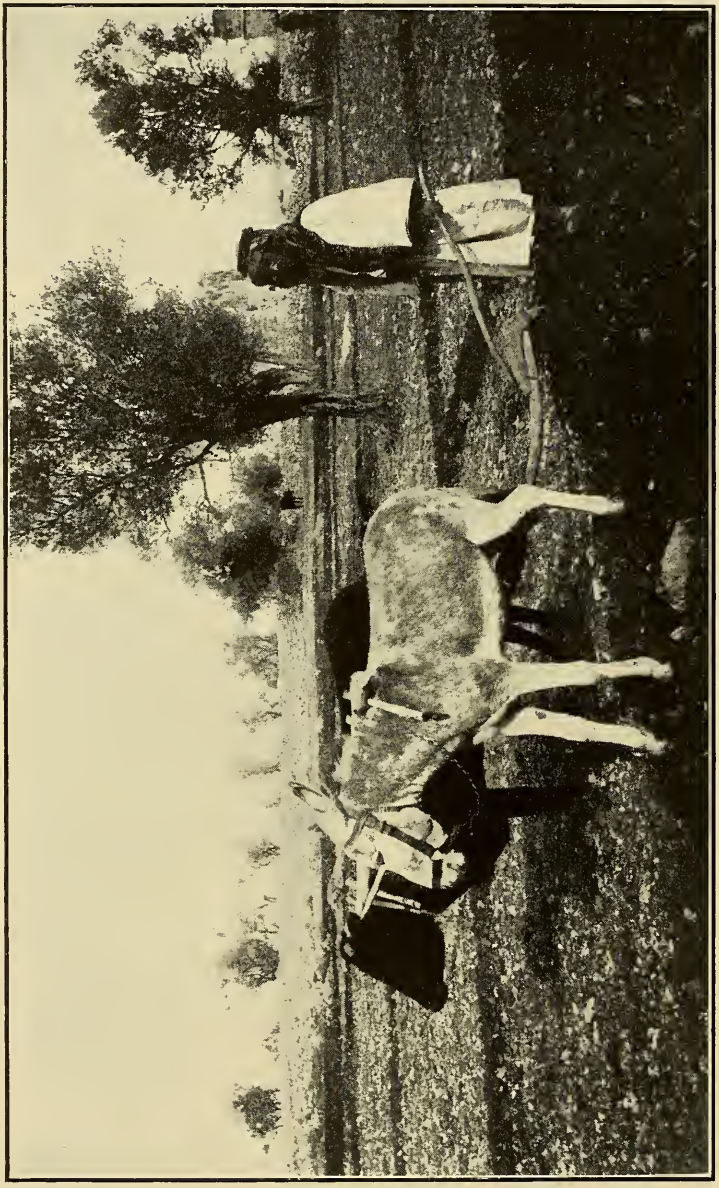
"Oh, Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Come sing thy song again to me."

In the gathering darkness, with every noted sight out of view, the incidents of early Christian history so many of which occurred on the shores of this beautiful lake, seemed to come to us liked winged messages from those vague and distant times, and were almost as distinct as a present and visual reality. Did the Christ, upheld by an unseen hand, walk upon these waters when they threatened His disciples? It was here that the demonstration of His divinity was made. Did the disciples grow disheartened in their efforts to land a lunch of fish from the water? It was here that the Christ supplemented their weakness with His omnipotence. Did the Great Teacher grow tired in His humanity when the needy and astonished throngs sought His services continually? It was upon the bosom of this lake that He found the succor of privacy and rest.

It was dark when we landed at Tiberias, after a sail of six miles, and in a monastery of the Greek church, one of the few clean and airy buildings of the town, we found lodging for the night.

Tiberias has a population of 8,000, and is the only survivor of the numerous cities that existed around Galilee in the time of Christ. It was founded by Herod Antipas, a tetrarch of Galilee, as a pleasure resort and his palace was its principal feature. His brother Philip had built a city and called it after the daughter Caesar, and Herod in a spirit of greater servility built this one and called it after Caesar himself. During its construction a Jewish cemetery was disturbed and for that reason no Jews would ever live in or enter the city. Christ himself never visited it, though most of His life was spent in its vicinity. Herod was a dissolute old wretch, and among his many improper acts he conceived an attachment for Herodias, his sister in law, though he was married at the time to an attractive daughter of an Arab sheik. The law would not permit a second marriage, nevertheless he brought the woman, Herodias, with her consent, into his home, and thereupon his wife indignantly packed her wardrobe and returned to her father's home in the mountains. The old sheik, in resentment of the insult to his daughter, gathered his clans and made war upon Herod, pressing his army so close that he was forced to move to his castle at Macherus, near the Dead Sea. At this juncture John the Baptist, in a series of out-door sermons, was taking Herod severely to task for his adultery. Herod himself cared little for the criticism, but Herodias demanded John's arrest, and Salome, her daughter, requested and secured his head. An interesting sequel to this story is to the effect that Salome married a Roman general, who was afterwards transferred to Spain, and that while skating on the ice of a river there, she fell through and her head was severed from her body by the sharp edges of the ice. This may or may not be true; it is immaterial now.

I stood in the early morning on the pier that juts out into the lake at Tiberias, in company with several ladies and among a number of Arabs of both sexes who had been fishing and had just brought in the results of their operations. The fish, of a uniform size and weight, were dumped on the pier in a palpitating mound several feet high. This was the city market, and a brisk business in live fish was being done. The natives



PLOUGHING NEAR NAZARETH.

came in throngs. The scales used were a primitive affair, and the weights were rocks of different sizes.

The morning was damp and exceedingly chilly. The natives had their heads and trunks swarthed in an abundance of cloth, but their shins and feet were bare. Presently a stalwart Arab removed his headgear and laid it aside, then untied his girdle and dropped it, and was in the act of taking off the only remaining garment, when it occurred to the lady visitors that it was time to return to the hotel. They had scarcely turned their back when the scalawag stripped stark naked, and unabashed in the presence of the women and children of his own kind, plunged into the water. He was back shortly with his skiff and offering to take us for an ante-breakfast ride.

Tiberias is a typical Arab and Turkish town; that is, it is unclean and offensive, and the inhabitants are about as low in the scale of civilization as mankind ever gets. It was a supreme delight to leave the fetid streets and to embark in row boats upon the pure bosom of the waters and under skies neither of which the degradation of man could contaminate.

Directly across on the opposite side, in the edge of a desert place, was the locality where Jesus fed the 5,000, while the throng sat upon the grass and wondered at the multiplication of the menu. To the right were the hills where the swine, inoculated with the devils of the Gadarene lunatic, ran down into the sea and were choked.

To the left, through a depression in the basin, Mount Hermon, white with snow from summit to base and forty-five miles away, was visible. A mass of ruins on the northern slope where the mountains once retired to give place to a great city was all that was left of Capernaum, the home of Christ when He lived by the sea. Verily the curse that he pronounced upon it for infidelity and wickedness, has been literally fulfilled: "It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for Capernaum."

Bethsaida and Chorazin have completely vanished, without a wreck or ruin to tell the story of their desolation, and the home of Mary Magdalene, called Magdala, were better extinct

than to have declined to the level to which the Bedouins have brought it now.

As we cruised from point to point it seemed somehow unreal and as if we were in a mystic barque in fancyland. And yet the stirring scenes on this the frontier of Christianity assumed a reality that we had never known before, and it was not hard to rehabilitate the dead cities and people them with the cosmopolitan throngs of the gospel. It was a consoling thought, too, that while squalor and superstition had violated most of the sacred places of the Holy Land, virgin Galilee had not surrendered her chastity. The lake is thirteen miles long, four to six miles wide and 680 feet below the sea level. In the summer the atmosphere becomes very humid at times, and the rapid evaporation develops sudden squalls such as came upon the disciples when Jesus was taking a nap "in the hinder part of a ship on a pillow." (Mark 4:38.)

Speaking of squalls, we had an experience with one when we were preparing to leave the lake for Nazareth. Melchizedek (such was our abbrevation of the unpronouncable name of our dragoman) had provided hacks and teams for our conveyance, and we had occupied them and were waiting his pleasure to go. But the commissary stores had been delayed somehow, and when they appeared presently, Melchizedek and another son of Esau, his assistant, at once went into a state of violent physical and verbal eruption. Red hot sulphurous Arabic flew thick and fast; they shook each other and all but came to blows; they screamed and grew red in the face; and it was apparent that one of them would soon draw a deadly knife and plunge the blade deep into the other's vitals. Every man in the party jumped out and ran to separate them, and then, seeing our alarm, the belligerants subsided abruptly and broke into laughter. Melchizedek explained that they were not mad, were not even quarreling, but only consulting as to the proper vehicle in which to store the provisions. That is the Arab's way. I have seen them fuss to the ragged edge of murder many times, but never yet have I seen them fight, much as I hoped they would sometimes.

It is six hours from Tiberias to Nazareth. Distance in the

East is computed by time and not by lineal measurement, and time is regulated by the donkey, whose gait is as regular as the swing of a pendulum. The ascent of the mountain overhanging Galilee consumed two hours' time, during which one of our vehicles overturned, horses, hack and four Catholic priests executing a complete somersault without an injury or scratch, but which developed another tempest of words between Melchizedek and the driver, which was worse.

The soil of Galilee is a rich mucilaginous loam of chocolate color and as fertile as the delta of the Nile. The natives tickle it with a caricature they call a plow and it smiles with a rippling wealth of grain. The valleys at the time of our visit were veritable hanging gardens of green and brown, the mountains being the velvet covered supports from which they swung, and the whole irregular undulating surface was literally covered with white and crimson anemones—the scriptural lilies of the valley. In the midst of this landscape of chromatic fields, of emerald cones and devious vales and glades, a few miles out from Galilee, the Mount of Beatitudes rose superbly.

I had seen cathedrals until recollection of them was a nightmare—they were all so frightfully melancholy and oppressive, so suggestive of the tomb—and what a relief it was to stand in God's own cathedral in Galilee, with its nave of light and transept of flowers, its dome the outstretched canopy of the sky, its incense the swinging cups of the lilies of the valley, its light the golden radiant sun, and its floors spread with a carpet woven by invisible looms! From a pulpit here Jesus spoke the incomparable sermon on the mount, a deliverance in which there is more condensed wisdom than in any that ever fell from the lips of man.

Our reveries at this point were abruptly dissipated by a bunch of blue-shirted children who came on the run mysteriously from somewhere with extended hands for baksheesh, and an irreverent old pilgrim jumped upon a rock and quoted that beautiful invitation of Jesus: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

At noon we halted at a pond for lunch, and while we were struggling with leather-upholstered chicken legs and petrified

rye bread, Melchizedek mounted a boulder and explained as near as we could make it out, that a man by the name of Conrad, who was a "Sherman," led a crusade through this section of country, and that the Turks whittled on him at the spot where we were stopping, until nothing was left of him but a toe nail and a jaw tooth. That was the literal translation of his harangue and explanatory gestures. Melchizedek

WATER JUGS, NAZARETH.

was an accomplished linguist; he prided himself on his ability to speak nine different languages; and he could, but the trouble was he spoke them all at the same time. He wore a gorgeous robe on this trip which he claimed was given him by Emperor William for carrying his cigarette box during his visit in 1898. We have never yet seen a dragoman in the Holy Land who did not figure conspicuously in the retinue of the emperor at that time.

Emperor William's visit was a god-send to Palestine. Roads

were repaired for the first time in 1,972 years; bridges were built, and city streets were cleaned. A fine road from Nazareth to the "bloody pool" where we dined, was built by the sultan for his royal guest, and we certainly enjoyed it after floundering, bumping and churning through the mud from Tiberias.

Two hours before reaching Nazareth we came upon the village of Cana, where at a wedding Jesus performed his first miracle. It is a hamlet of the usual cluster of mud huts without windows or apertures, the same never-swept lanes, the same sore-eyed aggregation of human nondescripts. A Catholic chapel stands over the ruins of an old house claimed to be the home where the marriage occurred. There is a fountain in the midst of it and an altar over which there is a display of Latin, a part of which translated is: "What God has joined together let not man put asunder." The Greek priests have the place located in a different part of town, and in their chapel are two of the very stone jars that contained the vine that blushed when Jesus spoke. You pay your money and take your choice.

A little rock house, in this vicinity, cross-crowned, marks the alleged spot where Nathaniel lived. An English mission is a bright resort where we saw a school of Arab urchins with clean noses and heard them sing the songs of Him who was their Savior as well as ours.

The road left Cana through a lane of cactus hedges and coiled upward through the mountains, a long white serpentine stretch of natural pavement, until it reached Nazareth, the boyhood home of Jesus.

There we ran into a nest of superstition and religious foolishness. But the town was so clean and the inhabitants so much more intelligent than any we had seen in this part of the moral vineyard that we fell in love with it. The houses were built of stone and there was an air, a little whiff at least, of civilization about the place.

We spent the night at a monastery, a three-story structure capable of accommodating 300 guests and operated by monks in brown robes, shaved heads and long beards, Franciscans I think.

Nazareth is situated high up in the mountains and contains a population of about 10,000. Its location is determined by a great spring known as Mary's Fountain. Springs are the town builders of the East; let this one at Nazareth cease to flow and the population would decamp before sundown, and the buildings would quickly lapse into decay. At this fountain we saw the life of our Savior's city; women washing; others carrying jars of water atilt on their heads; children at play in the mud; and men leading camels and donkeys to the trough beneath the spouting stream. It is the hub of the town; its assembly grounds.

Along narrow winding streets we were led by Melchizedek to the various points of interest, first visiting the Church of the Annunciation, a Catholic institution over the spot where they believe the Virgin was notified of her mission by the angel Gabriel. There are really ruins of an ancient house in this place that may have been the home of Mary and Joseph, a flight of steps leading down into it. A cave it is, more than a residence. Here, in what is called the Chapel of the Angel, we were shown a marble slab worn deep with kisses of the believing through the ages, indicating the spot where the announcing angel stood, and a marble column is miraculously suspended from the ceiling where Mary sat when she heard the news. The "Kitchen of the Virgin" is a dark cavern where Mary prepared the family meals. The Greek Orthodox people have a rival annunciation place at the Spring. And so again we are forced to arbitrate between these factions. The preachers I think decided in favor of the Latins, and I will not dissent.

It makes no difference what little old underground joint was the real exact place of the Savior's abode when he was a citizen of Nazareth. It is enough that the hills are the same, the flowers the same family of bright spirits that welcomed Him as He passed among them. Perhaps some of the natives themselves are descendants of Jesus. There is always a great deal of sentiment in a spring, a bubbling spring. Youthful fancies and foibles are associated intimately with such places, and any man whose early life does not involve a spring as well as a wash hole deserves sympathy. It is boyhood's trysting place; the

source of consolation after heated spasms of play; the rendezvous of plotting juvenile clans. Wonder if Jesus used to sit on the rocks of this fine old spring of Nazareth and splash His feet in the water and plan boyish pranks with his associates. I guess He did, for there is nothing un-divine in any of it. It is certain that He drank from it thousands of times.

CHAPTER XI.

From Joppa to Jerusalem.

"Hail-ee, Hail-ee, El-oo-Eezer."

This was the chorus of the song of the boatmen who piloted us over the mischievous waves from our steamer, two miles out, to the landing at Joppa. It meant: "Hail, Hail to Jesus," and was sung by bare-foot, turbaned, baggy-trousered Mohammedans as a kind of welcome to us to the land where the author of Christianity lived. Our visit meant piasters to them and therefore, and therefore only, were we welcome.

Joppa is an old town and is now, as it was in the time of Solomon, the shipping port of Jerusalem and Palestine. It was from Joppa that Jonah sailed on his truancy from duty, bound for Tarshish (now Cadiz, Spain), and in the Mediterranean somewhere nearby he had his three days submarine outing in the commissary department of a great sea fish especially prepared for his accommodation.

It was at Joppa that Peter saw the vision that impressed upon him the universal scope of Christianity. If tradition be true, I saw the house of Simon the Tanner, and stood on the flat roof where Peter saw "heaven opened and a certain vessel descending unto him as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things." It is a very old place "by the seaside," and could very well, so far as appearances go, be the identical home of the hospitable tanner. Confirmatory evidence is found also in the fact that that part of the town is even today occupied by numerous tanneries, many of them no doubt with a lineage running back to the days of the apostles.

Sore eyes seem to be epidemic in Joppa and blindness and defective sight the rule to which there are few exceptions. Melchizedek explained that this affliction of his race was due to the glare of the sun upon the limestone rocks, but a better reason is found in their personal uncleanliness. I think I have in this series of letters somewhere intimated that

the towns of Turkey and Syria are dirty and foul. If so I will merely ditto Joppa in that respect.

Picking our way among assorted nuisances from Simon's house, with trousers upturned and skirts hoisted, beggars in all stages of misery and deformity blocking our progress and even appealing to us from upstairs windows with extended hands, we proceeded by way of an enclosed passage, such as are seen so often in the East, to an open square where the sun beat down upon hundreds of indolent squatting natives and drove every insinuating odor back into the alleys. Here oranges in large quantities were on sale in little chicken coop shops, and their buxom, rotund and cheerful forms contrasted agreeably with the tawdry other stuff that was on sale.

Nowhere have we seen a more refreshing sight than the orange groves of Joppa. This particular section is well favored for the growing not only of oranges, but also of lemons, dates, apricots, pomegranates, and figs, and tropical vegetation of almost every variety flourishes luxuriantly, for a few feet under the surface of the soil there is an inexhaustible supply of water. The hotel at which we stopped was located in a tropical garden where parrots squawked in the rank foliage and pet monkeys swung from the trees. Perfumed zephyrs swept the promenades, and everything was lovely except at such times as we chanced to stroll upon the streets and encountered the semper sideant and sore-eyed populace.

A queer feature of the life of the city was the goatskin vessels used for the transportation of water. A native was filling one of these vessels at the well of the house of Simon the Tanner while we were there. It was the entire hide of a black goat, minus only the head and tail, sewed together. When being filled at the neck end, the billy showed signs of coming to life, the sides expanding, the legs becoming rigid, and the thing when full looked like a bloated cadaver a week old. No water for us in Joppa; we sucked oranges instead.

A tomb reputed to be that of Tabitha, and the room where Peter "gave her his hand and lifted her up, and it was known throughout all Joppa and many believed in the Lord," are preserved in the Greek church here.

GOAT SKIN VESSELS.

But Joppa was strictly an accidental stop and both the clerical and lay members of our party tolerated it only until time for the train to leave for Jerusalem.

A railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem! Did any prophet or seer of the old days, any judge or king, any but Christ himself foresee such a road of steel? And did any but He ever foresee a steam-winged caravan upon the rocky waste where Goliath fought and fell and David wielded his sling, and Samson plied his mighty muscle and loved and wrought his own destruction?

What a bedlam of noise at the railroad station! What a medley of curious costumes and people! The whirling carriages with antique drivers and modern passengers; the brown porters in their immensity of breeches tottering under towering loads of trunks; natives tugging at bundles in the hands of passengers and begging for an opportunity to earn a tip; the train men excited and explosive; the women ghosts in pairs and groups peering over white face-scarfs at the strange dress of their Western sisters. And over the whole tumult and mixture a family of palms holding their plumed umbrellas. I should have said our own party was scarcely less excited and noisy than the natives outside. The long expected was about to happen; Jerusalem was only four hours away. Anticipation was boiling in every vein and sizzling on every lip.

We are off.

For a couple of miles we run through a belt of orange groves where the trees are bending under burdens of golden globes and the air is fragrant with the breath of flowers. Then we enter the Plain of Sharon, where wheat and fresh sod alternate in a checkerboard of green and brown rectangles, the same beautiful variety all the way to the distant purple hills; camels are pulling obsolete plows in the sun swept fields, and gay-robed, bare-legged natives are guiding the meandering curiosities with one hand on the single handle and the other gripping a goad. We know now why the Savior spoke of putting the "hand" and not the "hands" to the plow. This is every whit sacred ground, once the home of the Philistines and the battlefield where Israel strove for its possession. On the summit of yonder hill a monastery marks the site of Zora, the birth-

place of Samson. Eucalyptus trees in a parallel follow a caravan road, the great highway from Syria to Egypt, where it crosses our route at right-angles, and hedges of cactus divide the little farms. Intermittent hamlets of mud, their roofs verdant with the spring growth of grass, and each with a single minaret to relieve the monotony of its scant architecture, soil the comely surface of the plain. Now we pass the village of Ramleh, the reputed home of Joseph of Aramathea, and a crowd of children offer bunches of brilliant nosegays for a penny and a basket of oranges for a piaster (6 cents).

After thirty miles of level surface, the whole of it in cultivation, the plain begins to slope upward to the mountains and the green foothills are radiant with lilies-of-the-valley and roses of Sharon, with now and then a vineyard and a watch tower. Occasionally a hill with less of rock and more of soil is terraced to the top with baby vineyards; on a ledge of rock high up a stork solemnly awaits the opportunity to drop an Arab kidlet or a hawk scans the honey-combed hill for a hare. Melchizedek passes through the car and pompously announces our arrival at a station where the Philistines kept the Ark of the Covenant during the time it was in their possession, and we get out for a "stretch" and observation.

The engine has made this stop to catch its wind for the pull to Jerusalem, which from now on is exceedingly steep. With a shrill screech of confidence, it plunges immediately into a canyon and the reverberation multiplies against the overhanging hills. We are now in a dry rocky channel and will follow it fifteen miles to its source in the hills of the holy city. Melchizedek, omniscient on all points of biblical topography, has Mr. McCurdy, the Pittsburg Irishman who joined us miraculously at Joppa after an absence of two weeks on other trips, to open the Scriptures at the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of I. Samuel and read the story of the battle between the Philistines and the Israelites, of David and his journey from Bethlehem, and of his unequal duel with Goliath and its surprising result. Right here in this channel, says he, is where the thrilling events occurred, and from this brook he took the fatal pebble; on the mountain side here the contending hosts

were gathered. How contracted the fighting space, fit only for a battle with spears and bows, or for a railroad track, or for goats, numbers of which are crawling like black ants high up on the rocky slopes yonder.

And now at last, after many a turn and many a groan of complaining wheels, the little engine is panting in the suburbs of a town. No one has announced it, but the noisy multitude of hack-men, the imposing aggregation of limestone houses, can have but one meaning—we are at Jerusalem.

The sun has set, and from a cab driven by a reckless Jehu we glimpse the old city in silhouette against the gray evening sky. And now it is in full view across the deep valley—a confusion of white rock and steeples and domes cramped within enclosing walls, while a generous overflow of structures of every shape and color runs down into the valley and clings to the slopes of adjacent hills. It is beautiful; it could not be otherwise in such a commanding location. In the awe of twilight it seems like a vision—a resurrection of history—and as we behold and dream and recall, the pathetic lamentation of Jesus comes to us in memory: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophet and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

CHAPTER XII.

A Jerusalem Hotel.

The Holy Land is one of the favorite objective points of travel; not, indeed, of that vast annual migratory host that ebbs and flows with the seasons in quest of pleasure; but of that lesser and more substantial and sensible contingent which finds its pleasure in observation of historic places. Pleasure turns up its nose at Palestine.

It was the time in the calendar of travel when visitors are most numerous in Jerusalem. Accommodations were scarce, and in lieu of anything better we secured quarters at the Notre Dame de France, an enormous building just outside the walls, the largest in Jerusalem with the exception of the Russian Hospice.

It was the rainy season and the weather, while not severely cold, was exceedingly penetrating and disagreeable, Jerusalem's great altitude bringing out all the rigor there is in a winter or early spring.

The hotel was of stone without a single bit of wood anywhere in its composition that we were able to discover. I doubt if there is enough lumber in all the houses of the city of Jerusalem to build a chicken coop. The floors were stone, weather-stained stone; the walls were unplastered stone exuding dampness at every pore; the ceilings were clammy stone; the stairs—steps and railings—hard unfeeling stone; our bed itself was an assault and battery of stone.

There was no stove in any of the 300 rooms, for which delinquency, however, there was a good excuse in the price of wood which was 35 cents a pound and nothing but olive roots to be had at that price.

A tallow candle tinted the darkness of our den with the faintest suggestion of a light.

The hotel, in fact, was a monastery that served as a religious hermitage half the year and during the other half was converted into an inn, the monks retaining a wing for themselves. These

Franciscans took possession of the adjacent garden during intervals of sun, and when flitting about or sitting in their long black robes and hoods looked like phantom creations of Dore.

Nine American priests were our companion guests, and a jollier set of fellows never went abroad. A separate table in the dining hall was assigned to them and to us and a couple of ladies who were sisters to as many of the priests.

Now a Jerusalem bill of fare is a curious collection of dishes.

IN THE GARDEN OF NOTRE DAME—THE NINE PRIESTS AND OTHERS.

Breakfast is a mere formality, consisting of coffee, which is coffee in name and not in substance, and a baseball bat that serves the purpose of bread. Luncheon and dinners are more substantial and edible entities, three varieties of meat being served at these two meals. Usually we had goat chops, the violently aromatic oriental kind, sometimes camel—a palatable piece of hump or a slice of the receding rear. On one occasion porterhouse was served, but it had a peculiar grain and the consistency of caoutchouc. Our waiter was a Turk who was

supposed to speak English, and could almost do so at times, and when we requested him to translate the meat into English he explained that it was donkey porterhouse, whereupon one of the Catholic fathers humorously observed: "Ladies and gentlemen, let us bray."

IN A SHEIK'S COSTUME IN A JERUSALEM PHOTO GALLERY.

CHAPTER XIII.

Bethlehem and the Manger.

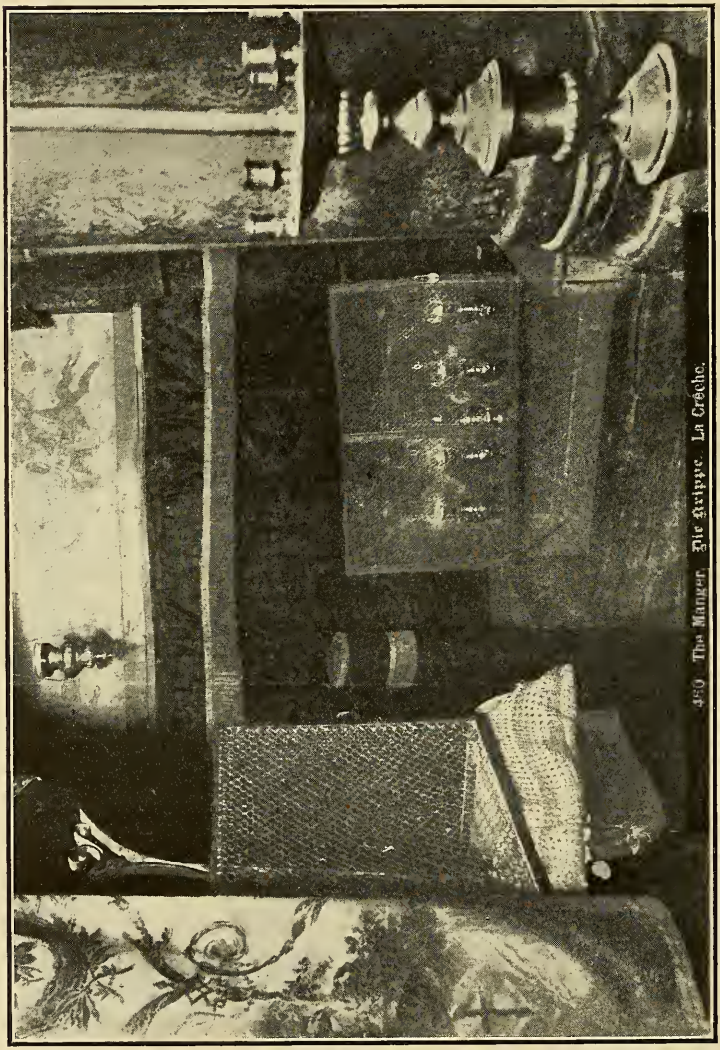
It was a suggestion of the priests that we see Jerusaelm and vicinity in chronological conformity with the New Testament story, and we readily assented to the arrangement, but we never did, not in a single instance did we ever get up early enough to join the fathers in a visit to any of the sacred places. They were always diligently up with the five o'clock matin bells and off to mass somewhere, continuing thence their program for the day.

In agreement with the chronologieal program and ignorant until the time to start on the journey that our Catholic friends had gone on ahead in the wee small hours to mass service, we arranged before seeing the city, so full of interesting sights and so hallowed by history—to visit first the birthplaee of Him who was its eentral figure and greatest personality. Incidentally, the chronologieal sequence was broken after this first trip, for the protestant majority seceded into an exeursion into Samaria and left MeCurdy and me without benefit of clergy, to see Jerusalem with unorthodox eyes.

Bethlehem was four miles distant to the south, and the road led to it over the backbone of a mountain—a splendid road of natural pavement of roek. For this trip we engaged the services of a new guide. We regretted to part with Melchizedek—he was so interesting, and we had become attached to him, but he had another engagement and was not available.

This latest acquisition was a dignified Syrian in European dress, with the exception of a bright red fez that decorated the terminus of his tall form. His name was a quadruple-jointed title that we could not pronounce, and so we dubbed him Jehoshaphat for short.

Jehoshaphat rode with the driver, and at all points of interest slowly and pompously doled out his valuable information. A earob tree by the roadside he averred to be the variety that bore the husks "the swine did eat" and with which



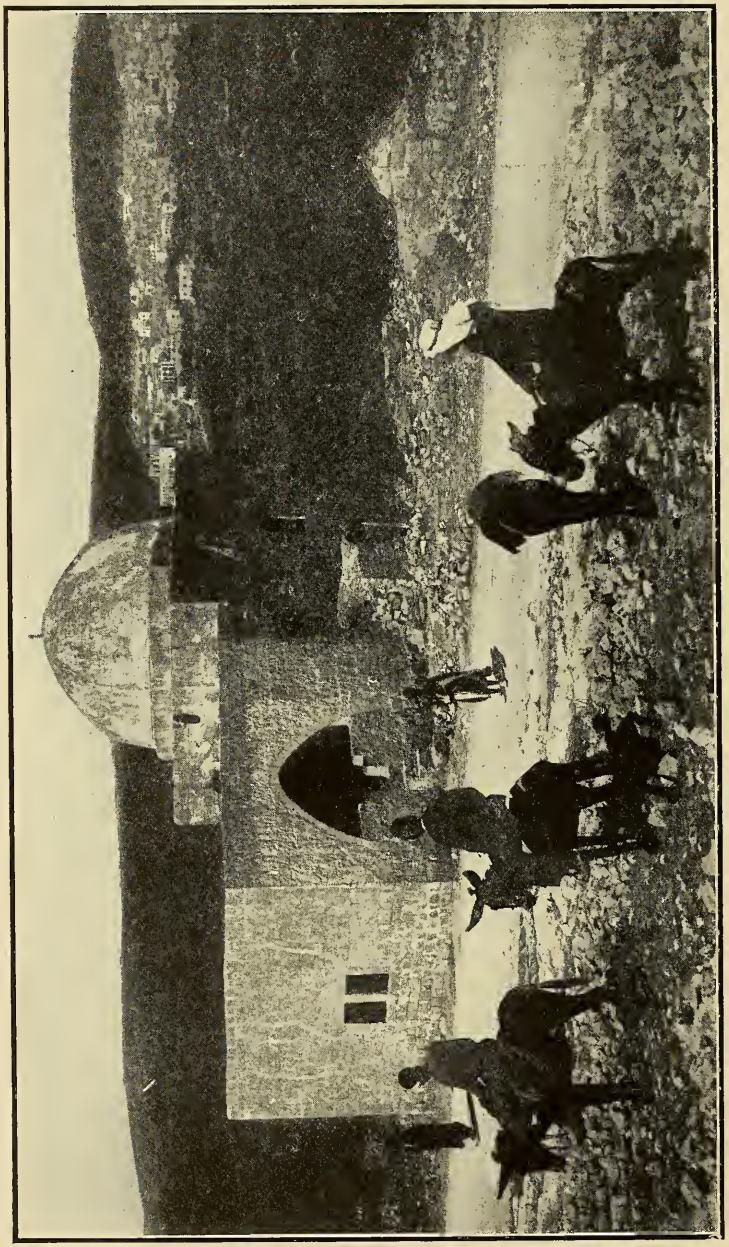
THE MANGER.

the prodigal son would fain have filled his stomach. We had a kind of Sunday School notion that the prodigal son was driven to the necessity of eating corn husks, and he had therefore always had our earnest sympathy. But notwithstanding the revision of our opinion of his diet, the wayward boy is still entitled to some commisseration, for the carob husk is about as unpalatable as a liveoak acorn.

Three miles out we came upon a little patch of ground literally covered with pebbles, which Jehoshaphat claimed were miraculously produced. According to his story, a man was sowing seed broadcast on the spot and Jesus, passing by, asked him what he was sowing. The man insolently replied that he was sowing stones, and Jesus, to punish him for his impertinence, actually turned the seeds to stones. The fact that this does not appear in Scripture threw some doubt upon it in our minds, but Jehoshaphat insisted that the stones were there to speak for themselves.

From the top of the hill the town of Bethlehem came into sight. A considerable village it was, and quite picturesque. To the left, deep down in a narrow valley half covered with rocks was the site of the field of Boaz, where Ruth went a-gleaning and a-husband-hunting; and here squarely by the roadside was the tomb of Rachel, the favorite wife of Jacob. It will be remembered that she died at Bethlehem while Jacob was en route to Hebron. The tomb is an imposing one, and there is little reason to doubt its authenticity.

Bethlehem has a population of 8,000, though you would not think it from a distance. Ten people live in a space in the East that would be stuffy quarters for a single American. Everything is on a small scale. We drove along a narrow lane of rock houses until we came to an open square, where the entire population of the town seemed to be collected. Leaving the carriage we were conducted by Jehoshaphat, we ignorantly supposed, to the great attraction of Bethlehem, for he led us in devious paths, along by munching camels and through crowds packed compactly in the streets to—not the Manger, but a curio shop. The impudent rascal. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could restrain an impulse to hurl him from



TOMB OF RACHEL—BETHLEHEM IN THE DISTANCE.

yonder cliff down into Boaz' field. Had we come all the way across the ocean and a sea to buy an olive pin tray or a mussel shell scarf pin?

It was only three minutes to the church of the Nativity. The front of this edifice was a high blank wall of indifferent construction, and the entrance a doorway so small and unpretentious that it appeared to be an accidental hole that the builders forgot. Stooping low, we entered and groped along a narrow passage way till we stood with uncovered heads inside an old chapel that was erected by Constantine away back in 330. The floor was of rock, worn concave and irregular by the tramp of millions of feet; its columns were monoliths that had been slicked and soiled by millions of hands. Its solemn and venerable aspect was emphasized by the darkness and even by the light that was strained into a faint glow through the translucent transoms.

The church is owned by no one, unless it be by the Turkish government, which keeps a guard of soldiers on hand to prevent the Christian sects from flying at each other's throats as they have done more than once. The Roman Catholics, the Orthodox Greeks and Armenians are assigned certain portions of the floor space over which they may spread their rugs, hang their lamps and burn their candles, and to encroach upon forbidden territory is a crime that calls for arrest.

Jehoshaphat pointed to a nail in the wall. Some years ago the Latins put it there for the purpose of hanging a picture. The Greeks objected and a furious riot followed. The Turkish soldiers quelled the disturbance and set a sentry to watch the nail. To extract it would be to take sides with the Latins, and so it remains as a sad reminder of the bitterness of the rival sects, and the little foolish nail is watched as carefully now as are the transgressions upon the forbidden floor space.

A short flight of steps leads to a grotto, the stable where Joseph and Mary stopped for want of room in the inn, and where the most memorable event in history occurred, unless the event of Calvary thirty-three years later be more important. Half a hundred quaint lamps of olive oil are burning dimly there. Under an altar a silver star laid in the pavement marks

JEHOSHAPHAT.

the alleged exact spot where the Savior was born, announced in these Latin words: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est." The Latins own the star, while the Greeks control the place of the manger a few feet to one side. The manger itself, genuine or fraudulent, was removed hundreds of years ago to Rome and is preserved there to this day in a Catholic cathedral. The place where it lay is a niche in the rock lined with marble and is almost concealed by a profusion of lamps, tinseled trappings and wire grating.

There is very little room to doubt that this is the spot where Jesus was born, and that He lay in the very manger there. We know that the location of Bethlehem is the same today as then; we know that Jesus was born in a stable and that the stable was connected with a cave; we know that there is but one cave in the village; and so the chain of evidence is complete. In addition to this chain of physical circumstances, St. Jerome who officed in the grotto for thirty years in the fourth century, asserted positively that it was the birthplace of the Savior.

The tomb of Jerome is cut in the solid rock and the faithful old Christian has been asleep there for 1600 years.

In the grotto adjoining the tomb of Jerome is shown the Chapel of the Innocents, where several thousand of the little ones are said to have been butchered by Herod (Matthew 2:16).

Outside once again, it was a short walk to the crest of a hill on the outskirts of the village, whence we looked down upon the little plain where the shepherds are said to have received "the good tidings of great joy."

And then to David's well. It will be remembered that Bethlehem was the home of David; that it later fell into the hands of the Philistines, and that David craved a drink from it much as we today crave a drink out of the gourd from the old spring of our boyhood. These are his words: "Oh, that one would give me a drink of the water of Bethlehem which is by the gate."

The curio venders of Bethlehem waste enough energy to convert every goat path in Judea into a railroad. They sell everything that can be made out of chalky rock or mother of pearl,

and all but knock you down and force you to buy. One article they sell I am inclined to believe is a fraud. A hill near the cavern of the manger is said to have been permeated by milk from the overflowing breasts of Mary and thereby became sanctified. For centuries there has been a superstition among the women of the town that a fragment of this rock dissolved in milk or water will promote fertility and increase the flow of mother's milk. The sale of these tablets is one of the leading industries of the town.

Most of the inhabitants of Bethlehem are believers in Christ —I will not say they are all Christians. There are less than one hundred Mohammedans, and Jews are not allowed to reside there—an unwritten law that the Jews do not dare to violate. The women are rather attractive; they are cleanly, and what a delight it was to feast our eyes upon a native woman of the Holy Land who was not ashamed of her face, whose countenance and feet were clean, hair given some attention, and who wore clean and neat fitting clothes. The married women have a towering headgear that is not unbecoming. Then, too, it is a custom for the young ladies to wear their dowries on their foreheads—their fortune, their separate property; those who do this are the aristocrats of Bethlehem, and well may they be envied, for the string of coins upon a feminine brow often amounts to as much as three dollars and six-bits.

Bethlehem is clean—not exactly as clean as a horse lot, but cleaner than a livery stable, and that is more than can be said of any other town I have seen in the Orient so far. And there is not an unsavory odor in the town. It is pleasing to know that the Home of David, the place where the romance of Ruth was enacted and the motherly Rachel lies sleeping and Jesus was born, is in the hands of the most intelligent and industrious little colony of people in Palestine.

CHAPTER XIV.

Inside the Walls of Jerusalem.

There is no sleeping after five o'clock in the morning in Jerusalem, for at that early hour an epidemic of premature melody breaks out in a dozen or maybe a score of places, and nowhere else, unless it be in Rome, is there such another jangling nuisance of pounding bells. Thus awakened on the first morning, I arose and ascended the lofty tower of the Notre Dame, where the loudest of the bells had been ringing, and looked down upon the city and vicinity outspread in beautiful panorama of limestone and landscape.

Inside the walls the scene was a jumbled confusion of houses that were box-like concerns with flat roofs and parapets, evidently the summer sleeping places of the inhabitants, and each of them having somewhere on its top a dome resembling an inverted washbowl. No streets were visible, but I imagined the shadowy rifts running irregularly between the buildings indicated these. Every foot of available space was occupied by some structure of stone, there being no such a remarkable condition as a vacant lot or a piece of ground upon which to hang the least prospect of a real estate boom. An idea of the crowded condition inside the walls may be gathered from the statement that there are 40,000 people who live and do business in a little compressed area half a mile square, and that there are a large number of chapels, mosques and churches besides. The houses have two stories as a rule, in addition to the fresh air roof garden arrangement on top. The first floor is occupied as a shop, the other for family living purposes, and the entire structure is rarely more than fifteen feet high.

The city outside the walls, quite as populous as the one inside, had more space to air itself, the buildings were more commodious—some of them even modern—and the streets were of generous width for an eastern town. Mount Zion and Moriah were surrounded, except on the north, by deep and precipitous valleys, and a depression through the midst of the walled city

separated these two eminences. Directly east across the Valley of Jehoshaphat, through which the brook Kedron runs when it rains, majestically rose the Mount of Olives, the largest of the mountain neighborhood.

The general view in every direction was one of rugged mountains and ravines, a wilderness of rock, and in all the wide expanse of hills and valleys there was not a solitary tree to soften the hard outlines except a few olives here and there that were preserved perhaps in memory of some sacred event.

Our company, excepting the priests who sight-saw by themselves, went into consultation with Jehoshaphat and planned a tour of visitation; and when we issued in a body from the door of the Notre Dame a hundred or more fakirs, representing every phase of Jerusalem mendicancy and trade, flew at us with appeals. Gnarled and twisted beggars held out gallon tin cans which they rattled with noisy importunity, and shopkeepers jerked our sleeves and insisted on showing us into their places of business. In the doors of these shops the goods were displayed in the most tempting manner. There was no monopoly in Jerusalem curios; competition was not only active, it was rampant and riotous. Damascus shawls glittered in tinsel from racks, Turkish artillery bristled from tables, olive-wood camels sat complacently in full view and begged for a change of ownership, and all along the line Syrians were leaping up out of the squalling crowd and beckoning us to visit them. Jehoshaphat, filling as he did the dual role as our guide and as agent for every curio concern in the city, insisted that we visit the shops "just to see the many beautiful things." But we rebelled with such vigor that he led us without further parleying through the mob and into the gate of the wall.

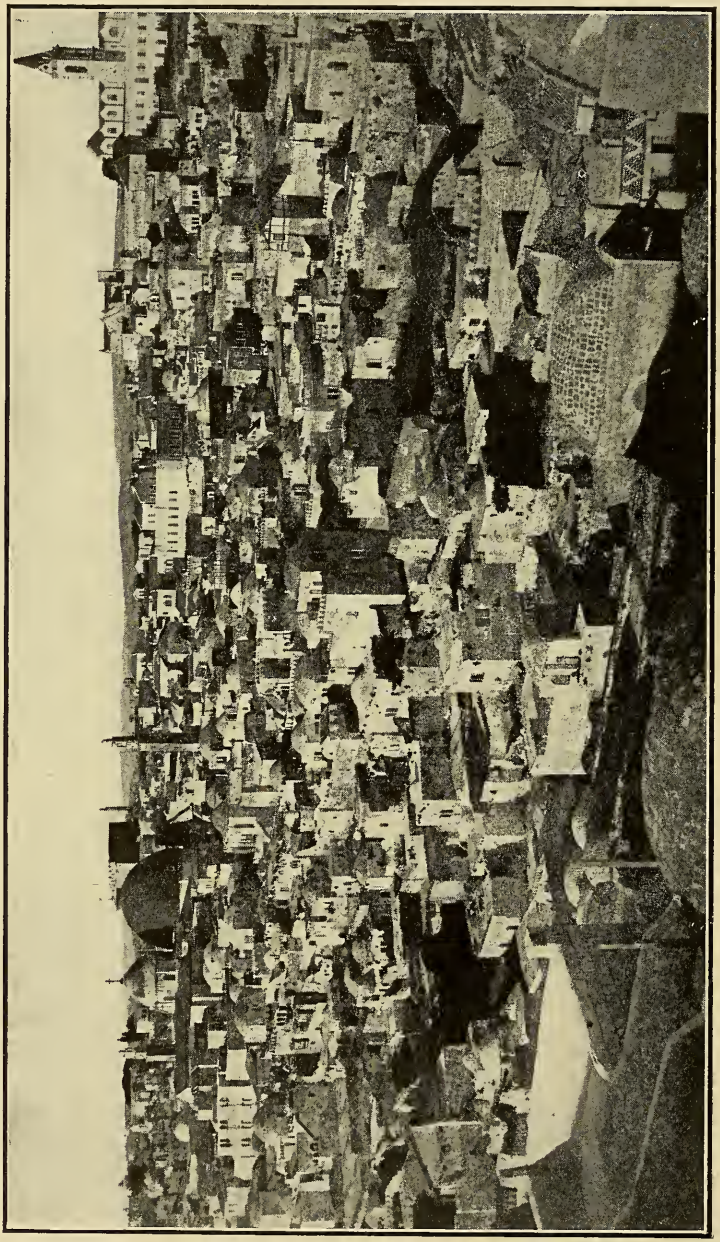
The streets inside the walls were only a few feet wide, indifferently paved with rocks, and closely crowded on both sides by low houses that were occupied for any purpose from a stuffy joint to a church. Following the inexorable course of these channels whithersoever they led, we came presently to a rather abrupt dip in the topography and descended by a narrow and devious passageway more like the steps of a mysterious hall than a street till we emerged in an open court where gangs

of folks in strange dress sat in the midst of beads and trinkets that were offered for sale. The beads, which predominated over other stuff, were of a blue color and possessed the virtue of keeping off the "evil eye," a sorcery of the spirits which is dreaded in the East. They are worn upon the arms and ankles, and even the horses, donkeys and camels are protected by them from bewitchery when worn upon their heads or necks.

We were at the entrance of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In a niche to the left of the door of this noted church, inside, a company of Turks were playing at a game, callously indifferent to the throngs that came and went. Their duty was to interfere in case of a quarrel or a fight between the rival fanatics, and the fact that numerous riots have occurred there and that the sects still entertain exceeding bitterness toward each other makes their constant presence a necessity and not a mere formality. In front of us under lamps and aboriginal gewgaws was the Stone of Unction, which we were informed by Jehoshaphat was the identical stone upon which Christ was laid after his crucifixion. A Russian Pilgrim was at that moment kneeling before it with his hands uplifted and a look of passionate devotion upon his face. How reverently he kissed the slab; how tenderly he pressed his lips against it; how his shock of unkempt yellow hair fell upon it and trembled with the fervency of the adoration! While we watched curiously, this pathetic fellow drew from his long, heavy cloak a bunch of beads and rubbed them upon the stone, and likewise a number of handkerchiefs, to sanctify them and absorb the virtue of the holy thing that he might use them in his far-off home to heal his loved ones in case of sickness. And then he drew away regretfully to seek another object on which to spend his high-wrought veneration; and others came, and still they kept coming, crowds of ignorant, superstitious pilgrims and natives to go through the same pious routine.

The rock is a fraud. About once every hundred years it wears away and is replaced; but the new one is kissed and venerated with undiminished fervor.

A few paces to the right up a slope of the floor in a dark



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

apartment is the reputed place of the crucifixion. For aught we know it may be the real Calvary. Over this sacred ground lamps are burning and there are altars, one dedicated to Jesus, another to Mary. In the hilltop through the open floor are revealed three holes encased in silver wherein stood (?) 1900 years ago the crosses of Christ and the thieves. In the rock, which is part of the hill, exposed to view through an opening and protected by iron grating, is a fissure alleged to have been made by an earthquake following the crucifixion; and through this crevice our guide, who believes all things, informed us the blood of Christ ran from his piereed side upon the head of Adam who was buried directly underneath, in that way becoming effective ex post facto upon Adam's sins.

A room cut from the rock in the side of this alleged Calvary is pointed out as the place whence, as a sort of headquarters, the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, in the fourth century prosecuted her search for the three crosses. The crosses were found, in a cave in the side of the hill; and it is said of this pious woman, all of which is implicitly believed by the simple people who worship there, that in order to determine which of the three crosses was the one upon which Christ was crucified, she had a woman who was incurably ill placed upon them; that the invalid was thrown into convulsions on two of the crosses, but that the third restored her to perfect health.

A portion of the column to which Jesus was bound during the scourging is preserved in a niche under a lattice screen. The devout pilgrims, unable to kiss this object, do the next best thing—push a stick, which is kept for the purpose, against the column and communicate their caresses through that medium. The footprints of Jesus are shown in the rock, and the stocks in which his feet were placed.

There are all kinds of chapels, altars and contraptions erected over the supposed localities where the various events incident to the crucifixion occurred. There are: The Chapel of Parting the Raiment, of the Invention of the Cross where the crosses were found, of the Crowning with Thorns, of the Derision, of the Raising of the Cross, of the Agony, of the Nailing to the Cross, of the Apparition where Christ appeared to Mary after

the resurrection, and last and most important, the Holy Sepulchre.

The Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, the main feature of the church, stands upon an elevated platform to which there is a small ante-room called the Chapel of the Angel. Here we waited half an hour for a chance to enter, and when we finally managed to crowd in, bending almost to our knees at the door, we were conscious of other feelings than those of idle curiosity, for there are good grounds for believing it to be the place where Jesus' body was actually laid, and where, too, it became the first fruit of the resurrection. Fifteen lamps were burning in this little place and it was hot to the perspiration point. In the center, protected by a glass case from vandalism and kisses, the stone was shown which the angels rolled away from the tomb. Even the glass case over this stone showed the wasting effect of superstitious affection; indeed it is entirely worn away in time by the constant contact with lips of the ultra-devout and has to be frequently replaced. Stooping low and perspiring freely, we peered into the room of the sepulchre where a priest was sprinkling holy water on the heads of Russian pilgrims who were reverently, passionately, lingeringly kissing the spot where the Savior lay. After the Russians had retired with sorrow like that of a mother taking last leave of a child at the grave, we entered. There was room for only four or five persons. The never-failing lamps were burning, forty-three in all, thirteen belonging each to the Latins, Greeks and Armenians, and four to the Copts. The tomb, which is two feet high, three feet wide and six feet, four inches long, was cut in the rock, and was veneered with marble to protect it from vandalism and the disintegrating effect of kisses. Apertures in the ceiling of the chapel allowed the smoke of the lamps to escape, but the heat was intense. In the side of the chapel we saw the holes through which the holy fire was given out on Greek Easter.

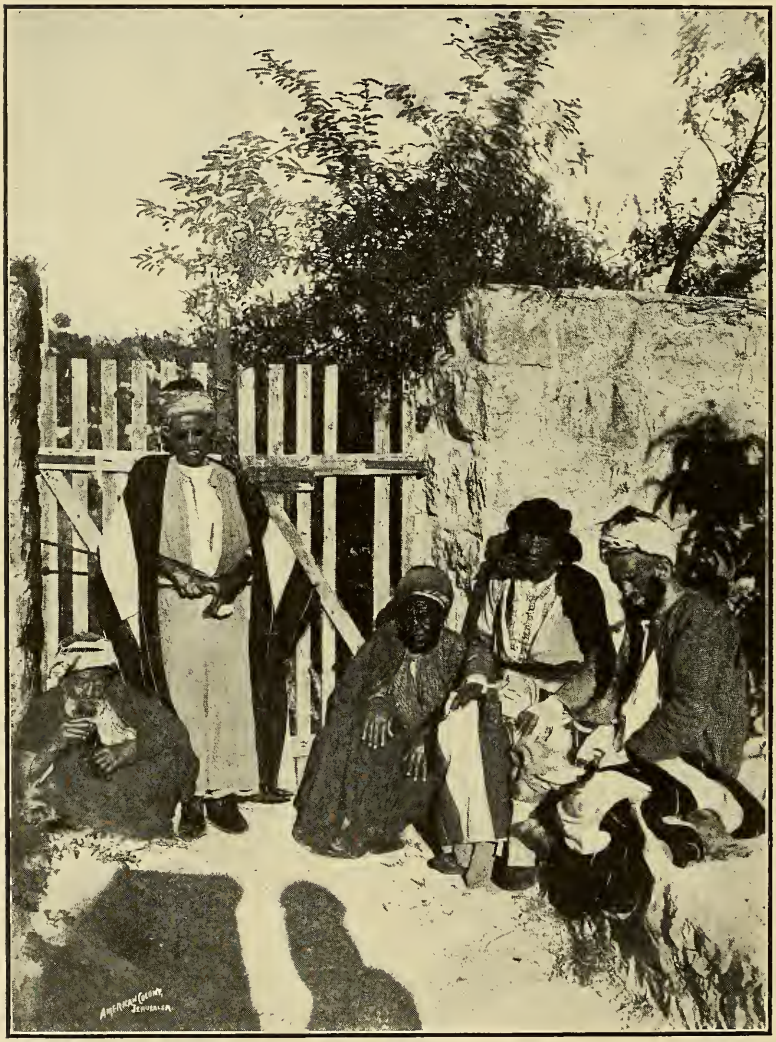
The tombs of Nicodemus and of Joseph of Aramathea are near the Holy Sepulchre, and the two marble circles indicate where Mary and Jesus stood on the morning of the Resurrection. In a large room, unoccupied for any other purpose, a

rounded stone marks the exact center of the world, for it is part of the orthodoxy of Jerusalem that the world is flat, and it is the prevailing belief that imaginary lines drawn diagonally across this old globe from its four corners cross at this rock.

I have not yet mentioned the Chapel of Longinus—the Roman soldier who thrust his spear into Jesus' side, and who, after repenting of the deed, earned a place in this Westminster Abbey of superstition—nor the Chapel of Adam whose bones the resourceful church officials have comprehended in the limits of this comprehensive sanctuary, nor the tomb of Melchisedec, nor scores of other chapels and sacred sites, enumeration and description of which would fill a volume. But there are two objects in the Church about which there is no doubt—only these two—the tombs respectively of Godfrey de Bouillon and Baldwin I, noble misguided crusaders who led a foolish fanaticism that is bearing fruit to this day. In a chapel adjacent we were allowed to look upon the sword and spurs of Godfrey.

Upon leaving the Church we proceeded along the route of the Via Dolorosa, a narrow, crooked way leading to Calvary through a part of the business section from the place where the condemnation of Christ occured. There are fourteen stations along the route marked in Latin: "Station I," "Station II," and so on, each of the fourteen representing some fiction of the procession to the cross, or some real incident such as the transfer of the cross to the back of Simon the Cyrene, etc. At this latter station, which is No. VI, if I remember correctly, there is a depression in the wall, now worn to quite a cavity by the kisses of the faithful, which it is claimed was made by Jesus' hand as he fell under the weight of the cross.

Why should the way from the Roman Governor's palace to Calvary be regarded as a Via Dolorosa? Why should Christians weep at the tomb of the Savior? Why should they sorrow upon observing these historic sites or in mental recapitulation of the incidents of the arrest, trial, condemnation, the flagellation, mockery, the journey, the jeers, the cross? It must have been real pleasure for Jesus to suffer the attempted scheme of his humiliation. It did not humiliate him to spit in his face, nor to press a crown of thorns on his brow. He



LEPERS, JERUSALEM.

did not mind the beating, and the burden of cross-bearing was even sweet when he knew it was part of a divine plan. The death on the cross was not hard. John Jacob Astor went to his death on the Titanic with a smile on his lips in order that his wife and unborn child and other ladies of the ship might live, and many a man and many a woman has suffered worse tortures and a more grievous death than Jesus and did it, too, heroically, sublimely, even joyfully. It is nothing to die. The most hardened desperado can die. Suffering is worse than death, and yet it is little to suffer, for many a woman suffers agonies of body and spirit vastly greater than those to which Jesus was subjected. And I have no sympathy with those pictures that represent my Savior with sad and dejected and hopeless, abject and pitiful expression, for I know he withstood the taunts and whips with courageous mien and demeanor and that there was an air of triumphant assurance in his conduct. The way to the Cross then was a way of triumph; a great plan was in labor and a great purpose was born on Calvary. Tell me that Jesus minded the little insignificant incident of death!

It must be about 300 yards from Calvary by the Via Dolorosa to the House of Pilate, and after traversing this gloomy, dolorous, devious way, part of the time in dank and dark and rancid, covered, streets—for some of the streets of Jerusalem are covered—it was a relief to find in the House of Pilate something that appealed to our credulity as being genuine. Under the floor of a convent which stands at this place, several feet below the surface of the street, we could see a fragment of an ancient pavement; and if this be in fact Pilate's palace, there can be no doubt that the pavement is the Gabattha of John 19:13. The chequered rocks upon which the soldiers played their games of dice are visible yet.

Connecting with this old palace by the Ecce Homo Arch is the Castle of Antonia, where Paul adroitly pleaded his Roman citizenship to escape a whipping (Acts 21:37), and which is occupied as a garrison now as it was then.

At this point we secured the attendance of a Turk guard—an absolute requirement—and stepped inside the Temple Area,

a rare and welcome experience after being crowded and jammed in stuffy channels and rooms that differed little from catacombs. This noted holy place seemed like a convent campus, with its two imposing buildings and its extravagance of grass and open and unoccupied space—just space—and its merciless circuit of walls; walls within walls; a kind of holy of holies. I almost shouted with delight at the sight of this little park of thirteen acres in the midst of crowded Jerusalem; and the green grass was so clean, so pure and inviting, so very different from the poor dirty, ignorant, superstitious folks who controlled it, so suggestive, by its universality, of home, so hospitable-like its wide-spread carpet of welcome. There was no exclusive sanctity in this—God's carpet—and no special shoes were required to insulate alien feet.

Jehoshaphat began at once a peripatetic lecture on the history of Herod's and Solomon's temples, which we abruptly terminated—we could get all the history we wanted in books—and made our way toward the great central and commanding feature, the Mosque of Omar.

The old temple in which Christians are most interested was destroyed long ago, and not one stone was left upon another—a literal fulfillment of Jesus' prophecy; a part of the original pavement of the court doubtless remains, and a fragment of the wall that enclosed it—only these and nothing more.

The Mosque of Omar was erected in 691, as a Mohammedan fane, and has remained such ever since, except for a few spasmodic epochs when crusaders were in possession of the city. It is a marble structure in the form of an octagon, each of the eight sides being sixty-six feet wide, and hovering over it a monstrous dome that is crowned with a gilded crescent. This is regarded by many travelers who are capable judges as the most beautiful structure in the world. I think the estimate the wildest kind of an exaggeration. Certainly there can be nothing specially charming in the exterior except in comparison with other architecture of degenerate Jerusalem.

Donning the inevitable snowshoes, we passed through the inevitable door curtains into a circular room that was more remarkable for what it contained than for its beauty. Squarely

under the dome was a rock, unhewn and irregular in shape, about 20x60 feet in size, which marked the highest point of Mount Moriah. There is no question that upon this rock the sacrifices of the old temple were offered, for a conduit cut in the rock leads from its surface to a subterranean chamber, and it is not doubted that the blood of the slain animals was disposed of through this channel. It is also believed to be the place where Abraham prepared to offer up his son Isaac. The rock was enclosed and protected by an iron railing, and being one of the most sacred treasures of the Moslems in Jerusalem it bears the special distinction of not having been touched by the polluting hand of any non-Mohammedan since the period of the crusades.

Two strands of the beard of Mahomet are kept in a case in the center of the temple, and on a certain religious occasion once a year this priceless hair is carried around the temple in a procession and with much ceremony. In the floor a slab of stone contains three nails, and when we came upon this object we were informed by the credulous Jehoshapat that Mahomet during his temporal life drove nineteen nails into it—that all but three of them had been extracted by the devil, and when the last one should be drawn the end of the world would come. We were assured that the payment of a franc would so delight the Prophet that our admission into his paradise would be guaranteed.

These are all the temple contains. It is not a mosque at all, but an enclosure for the rock. The canopy of the dome is a graceful sweep of gold and brown wrought into charming designs, and translucent tiling in many colors over the numerous windows reduces the sunlight and diffuses it in a mellow polychromatic radiance. This light, the windows, the dome, are beautiful, but the effect upon the eye, which would, otherwise be entrancing, is marred by the presence of the huge, uncomely rock which predominated over every attempt at tasty ornamentation. In the cave underneath, excavated 2,000 years before Christ, are niches where Abraham, David and Jesus are said to have prayed, and in the center of its floor the tramp of the foot resounds in a manner that indicates a cavity beneath,

and authorities believe there is a connection there with the sewer that carried off the blood and other matter of the sacrifices, but the Turks will not permit an examination to be made.

The temple has much of the stone of the palatial Temple of Herod in its walls, and some of its pillars are said to be relics of the greater Temple of Solomon, the one that astonished the Sheban queen. The pavements of the spacious open courts are largely just as they were in Christ's time, certain chisel marks and styles of dressing upon the stones enabling antiquarians to identify them as Roman, Hebrew or Saracenic workmanship. The grounds contain numerous praying places, a marble Mohammedan pulpit, with its accessory of stairs, etc., and while we were rambling from point to point, the call of the Moslem muezzins resounded from the minarets of the city. Our guard at once excused himself and joining a party on a plat of grass went through the genuflections of Mohammedan worship. Far off to the right near the Beautiful Gate, a woman clad in black and veiled as Moslem women always are, dropped to her knees, lifted her hands and fell forward, flat upon the ground. We were struck with the intense devotion of this simple people and felt like taking off our hats out of respect to the religion that, however erroneous in many respects, will yet not permit its millions of adherents to worship in the presence of any picture nor become crazed over any stone or hole in the ground.

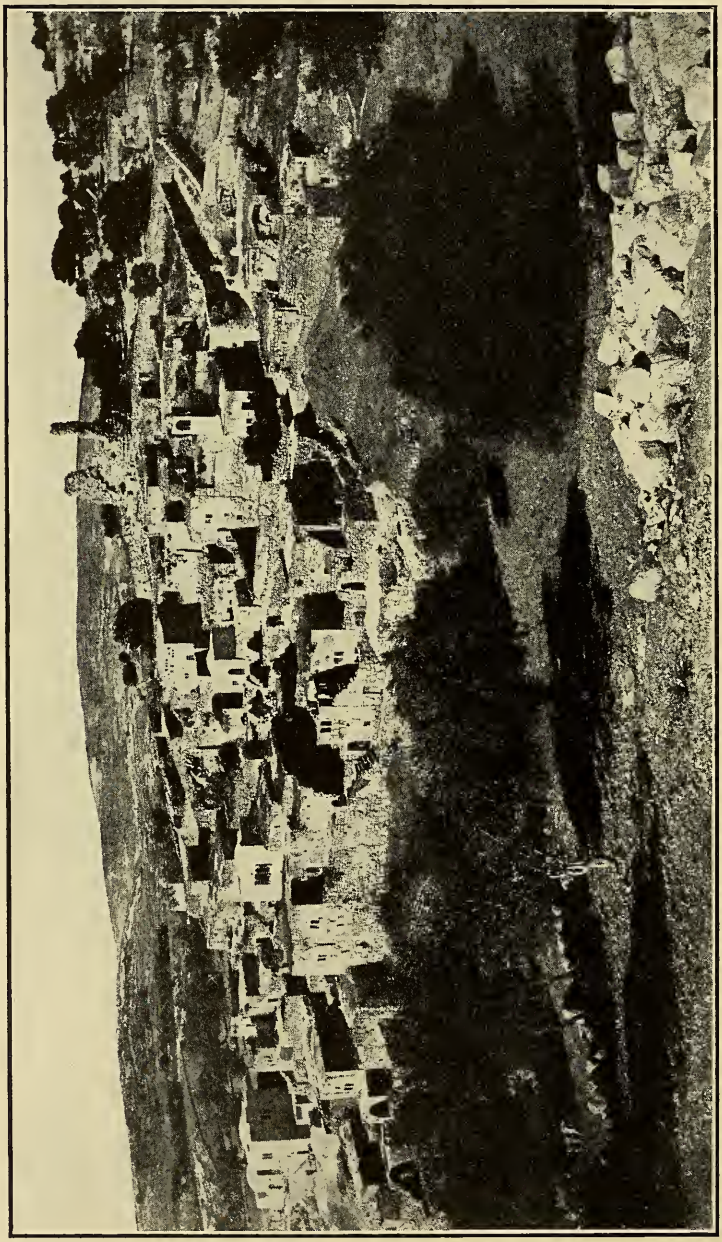
CHAPTER XV.

The Wilderness of Judea, the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

The road from Jerusalem to Jericho is a dangerous one to travel even now as it was in the olden days. At least the Bedouins who live in the mountain fastnesses seek to perpetuate that notion as a paying proposition. These pirates of the mountains have plied their commerce of robbery, and of murder as a side line, until Turkey, powerless to restrain or conquer them, has accepted the alternative of paying them an annual sum as a guarantee of protection to her citizens and property.

We left Jerusalem a cold, rainy morning to go down to Jericho, in charge of Melchizedek, our variegated linguist of the Galilee trip, and prepared to spend two days and a night on the journey, for the distance was twenty-odd miles.

Skirting the Mount of Olives, or rather rounding it midway between its ornamented summit and the deep cut valleys that isolated it from Moriah and neighboring hills—noting as we passed that the lower west side was literally covered with Jewish graves—we followed a beautiful white road in its deviation till it finally accomplished the circuit of the mountain. On the steep east side of the famous mountain we encountered the village of Bethany. What an unworthy scion of the first Bethany that Jesus knew and visited! Oh, I don't know, of course; the little village may have been then, as now, untidy and unbeautiful, and the inhabitants may have been then as now, to paraphrase the poet, unswept, unhonored and unhung, but I imagine Mary and Martha were a couple of tidy spinsters who would not have lived a day in such mean surroundings. The story of these gentle, pious women is one of the prettiest in the Bible, and it was a real delight to stand upon the ground hallowed by their hospitality to the Savior. How often did He retire to this quiet, congenial home from the tumult of the city and the activities of His busy career! Of course, this home, the home of Martha and Mary, is shown—the original



BETHANY.

home slightly disfigured—but I am inclined to accept the warning of the guide books that it is only another link in the chain of petty graft in Palestine. The tomb of Lazarus is another place of interest in Bethany. As I walked down the flight of steps into this ancient crypt it required little effort of the imagination to reproduce the Bible scene of Christ standing in the door of the grave, the imperial voice of command, the retreat of death, the affectionate meeting of the dead and the living, the latter looking on with startled eyes. Into this tomb, if Lazarus really slept in it for four days prior to his resurrection, he was no doubt laid again and permanently, and his sisters, too, to await the second coming of their Guest of blessed memory.

At Bethany, our party was joined by an escort of Bedouin sheiks, a couple of terra cotta bucks in startling costume astride gaily caparisoned steeds. In grandmother bonnets and color-banded cloaks, antediluvian muskets across their backs and the decorated handles of dirks showing in their sashes, they were as picturesque and dangerous and pompously vain as any inflated marshal who ever rode at the head of a Fourth of July parade.

They can afford a display, these sheiks, for they have the most lucrative graft in all Judea. Every party that goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho is forced to pay them a tribute under cover of their employment as guards. I asked Melchizedek if there would really be any danger in case a party chose to avoid the rule and make the trip unattended, and he answered with that Oriental shrug of the shoulders and arching of the brows that means so much. After all, it is more civilized than their former method of forcible detainer and hold-up; it is also high finance of the modern order, and those sheiks ought to have their pictures in the magazines and their feet dangling over the arms of mahogany chairs on Fifth Avenue. All the way down and back they rode along the line of our caravan—for there were half dozen carriages and hacks in our party—adopting every artifice they could to impress us with a sense of their importance.

After descending with many a zigzag and abrupt turn to the

foot of Olivet, we halted at the Apostle's Fountain, one of the two springs between Jerusalem and our destination; many a time Jesus and his Apostles must have rested at this liquid semi-colon in the sentence of their journeys to and fro from the Jordan and the cities there. Beyond the fountain, the road wound and turned with the sinuous ravines and rose and dipped with the hills until upon a ridge of rock twelve miles out from

GOING UP FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICO—NOTICE THE FINE ROAD AND THE DEARTH OF TREES.

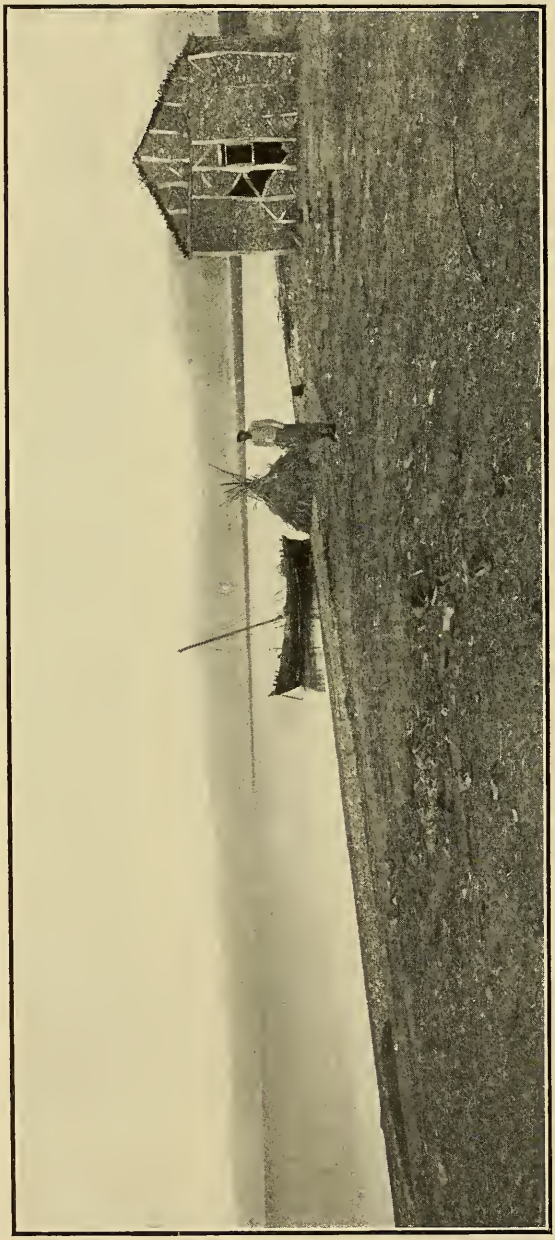
Jerusalem it reached an inn which is declared, with what warrant I know not, to stand on the exact spot where a certain man of Bible times fell among thieves. It is called the Good Samaritan Inn.

At once upon leaving this refreshing hospice we were in the midst of the "wilderness of Judea," and it is hard to imagine a wilder scene—rock-ribbed, mis-shapen mountains, the miscarriages of creation—a bewildering confusion of ossified angles and petrified irregularities—a cyclopean scrap-pile without a

fragment of a curve of beauty or a single segment of symmetry. The ragged cliffs of one mountain almost dove-tailed into the concavities of another, and there was no room in that hodge-podge of disorder to hang a valley or to erect a habitation. Did you imagine that trees were necessary to the constitution of a wilderness? Be disillusioned now, for in all the extent of the wilderness of Judea there is not one emerald-tufted tree nor humble shrub to offset the epidemic of deformity or add a touch of color to the riot of unrestrained disorder. Nor so far as we had gone was there even a stream to trill a rhythmic protest against the jargon of discord. And the gorges gaped, and the ravines yawned, and Desolation sat with ashen hue and solemn mien upon the whole incongruous misfit. There was never a feudal castle so impregnable as these natural fortresses of Judea. An ideal haunt of the Arabs, impenetrable and secure, the world never saw the army that could dislodge them.

From the highest points of the road we got occasional glimpses of the Jordan valley, and of the Salt Sea, too, where the waters of the famous old river, having run their spiral course, tumble into the great blue coffin and die.

At last the final plunge; it could be called nothing else, for the road began to pitch violently in an attempt to relieve itself of objectionable travel and at length suddenly dipped at an angle that was as steep as could be without being perpendicular, forcing us from sheer danger to quit the carriage and take to our feet. The scenery here reached the climax of the wild and weird. To the right mountains seemed to be piled on mountains as if drawing back from some calamity they feared in the valley at their feet. To the left a dangerous chasm opened its jaws of crinkled strata. Somewhere below in the midst of this picturesque rupture a stream sang a plaintive melody, and as we progressed slowly afoot we could hear it quarreling with impending rocks or rapturously shouting as it leaped a declivity. It was the brook Cherith, the same that cheered Elijah in his hermitage. Overhead in graceless flight and gloomily perched on the cliffs we descried a number of ravens, descendants, no doubt, of those that fed the prophet; the Old Testament scene was reproduced complete with the exception of the actual pres-



THE DEAD SEA.

ence of the lonely man of God and him we could easily supply with the imagination.

A little path wound along the other side of the chasm—a mystery it was how it was cut there and steady must be the feet that follow it. It was the Pilgrims' road to the Jordan, and as we looked the advance guard of a troop of these melancholy people appeared—stalwart, golden-haired enthusiasts who had come all the way from their Russian homes to see the sacred places of the Holy Land. In fur caps, heavy cloaks, and ponderous boots, under rolls of bedding and provisions and assisted by stout sticks, they wended their way by the tortuous, dangerous path, a string of them two hundred yards long.

Presently from a bend in the road the valley of the Jordan smiled in our faces, and the hills of Moab away across on the other side of the great empty amphitheater came into view through a heavy purple haze. A clump of thatched huts some miles away and two or three more presentable houses that were said to be hotels marked the site of ancient Jericho. We had come down a distance of three thousand feet since leaving Jerusalem, the sun had pushed the clouds away, every bit of breeze was barred by the mountains and we were very, very warm when after walking and sliding for half an hour we finally came to the end of our transportation troubles. With coats off and perspiration profuse we entered the carriages again and drove across the limpid, rapid, cheerful Cherith—in its green depression an Arab tent and nude Arab urchins at play—to the Hotel Gilgal, in the vicinity of old Jericho.

Stopping at this place only long enough to apprise the cooks of the arrival of thirty ravenous appetites, and pending the preparation of things to satisfy them, we drove through the village—a village consisting of two competing hotels of unpretentious architecture, and of mean mud huts and Arab tents—by a road that was banked with evergreens a mile or more to Elisha's Fountain. After our experience with the desolation of the morning drive, this great dashing stream was a joy forever. Somewhere in the Bible it is stated that Elisha salted these waters to heal them and sweeten them, and certain it is that they were sweet to our eyes that day. I could have stood

for hours and looked into the depths of the peerless pool and listened to the music of the great water wheel as it turned in the splashing current. In the midst of our rapture here Melchizedek, after relating the story of Elisha's miracle, pointed with omniscient eclat to a bleak mountain that was almost within a stone's throw, and stated that Christ was "quarantined" there for forty days—what he tried to say was that Christ was tempted there.

After returning to the Gilgal, while the familiar odor of a broiling billy in the kitchen announced the subject matter of our meal, and awaiting the opportunity to fall upon him, we analyzed our environment in shirt sleeves from a second-story window. The sky was clear and a hot sun was pouring down upon the plain from the meridian. A garden of orange trees, banana foliage, flowers, cactus and grasses surrounded our rendezvous and water as bright as a covey of larks was singing in rills and winding from emerald copse to flower bed; while capping the whole tropical climax was an old, fat, unadulterated negro woman with face of shining ebony, bare and rusty feet, bandana head-rag and toad-frog nose, a replica to every detail of the old-time darkey of the South, waddling with aimless abandon in the midst of the scene. Poplar trees were plentiful in every direction in the immediate vicinity, and spires of slim cedars and tufted palms were occasional in the view. A cemetery, neglected and in ruins, the road with its never ceasing current of carriages and camels and pilgrims, the homelike cackle of hens and crowing of cocks, the drowsy drone of katydids, the singing of birds, bright-winged butterflies a-sail in the pulsing waves of light, the azure sky aflame with a radiant sun, a violet mist solemnizing the great basin and mystifying its rugged perimeter—such was the picture that we saw, and such was the outspread panorama of the Promised Land when Moses stood on Pisgah yonder and viewed the landscape o'er.

This land is said to have once flowed with milk and honey; it is not so now; the goats and bees have taken to the mountains. The Promised Land is not a very promising land; it is too hot for civilized man to take up a residence in its oven, and I imagine

that in August the temperature would be about right to sterilize an Arab or fry a pigment in a negro's skin.

Thirty minutes at lunch—goat meat and a variety of vegetables from the irrigated garden of the hotel.

Thirty minutes more of preparation for the afternoon ride, and we hasten to the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

The Dead Sea appears to be hanging indistinctly in the sky like a mirage, and surely not more than a couple of miles away, but as we approach it, it seems to recede as if luring us to some special bargain in scenery or to some dreamy retreat behind the trailing mists. The two miles are doubled and still the mysterious water is apparently as far away as when we started toward it. Dust rises from the wheels of the carriages and settles in impalpable clouds of nuisance in our eyes, while a perfect deluge of heat pours upon us out of the red-hot sun. Vagrant herds of camels shuffle awkwardly from thorn bush to thorn bush, the only vegetation with nerve enough to attempt an existence between the salted soil and the blistering skies. On either side are the blue-tinted mountains, towering now in desolate cones and holding the great grey lifeless sea in their extended arms. The sky is dulled to a pallorous drab, and drooping down and over all a dim, mysterious mist. It is the atmosphere of the calamity, of the ruin, of the dead. All the while the odor of things embalmed in salt has been growing more pungent until as we stand upon the naked banks it rises in almost visible fumes. As far as the eye can reach now the liquid surface of the sea is spread, lapping the pebbly beach at our feet and dying in the distance behind the insubstantial curtains. For several miles on either side the shore is sparsely spread with wrecks of drift—uprooted trees denuded of foliage and bark, and their limbs and roots white and ghastly like so many skeletons. A kite or some other bird is flying above the scene and the wonder is what it can hope for in this desolate locality.

It is strange that this great sea is mentioned so little in Scripture, not once, so far as I am informed by the preachers, in the New Testament, and only a single time in the Old, Genesis 14:4, where Sodom, Gomorrah and two other cities are

named as existent in the Valley of Siddim "which is the Great Salt Sea."

East of the lake on the mountain slope the remains of the old castle of Macherus where John the Baptist was beheaded by Herod can be seen and above it rises Nebo—somewhere in the cloisters of its ravines is the crypt of Moses:

> And no man dug that sepulchre,
> And no man saw it e'er;
> The sons of God upturned the sod
> And laid the great man there.

The Jordan is so very crooked that its coils are twice the length of a straight line drawn from Galilee whence it issues to the Dead Sea where it dies. A muddier freshet never went down the Mississippi than prevails in the channel of the Jordan during the rainy season of late winter and early spring. An undergrowth of reeds and bushes lines its banks and obscures its sloven appearance all the way of the drive until we come squarely upon it. A rickety bridge of poles leads across an overflowed slough to a shanty where the omnipresent souvenir man has his haunt, and upon this bridge we move in single file through a deadly fire of kodaks, till we stand where the Israelites first stood on the soil of the Promised Land. The river is swollen and as brown as an unwashed Turk; its current sweeps angrily around a bend vexedly tossing the low hanging boughs of trees. For a shilling a ride may be taken in a skiff, or for half a franc a canteen may be bought and some of the water taken away, having care to boil it when you get back to Jerusalem. At this place Jesus is said to have been baptized of John —the locality is traditional—but it is not traditional that those pilgrims yonder are right now and in our sight undressing and creeping down the slimy banks into the water, men and women as naked as when they were born. Those pilgrims are not bathing in the Jordan from simple sentiment such as moves us to ride upon its surface or carry it away in canteens or cut walking sticks from its reeds, but from a sincere belief in its sancity and healing virtue; directly they will wet a sheet that they have brought for the purpose and this they will carry home

and keep piously until their death and in it as a shroud they will sleep securely till the Judgment.

It is hard to cudgel the brain into a leap across the centuries to those holy times when Christ's own feet pressed the soil my own are pressing now; hard to realize that here the dove of the Holy Ghost descended upon His shoulder; that the hosts of Israel traversed this plain; that countless thousands lived in walled cities here; that its fertile fields met the eye of Moses in the dim beginnings of time. But it is even so. Epochs of history have been made in this now deserted arena, millions have striven and worshipped and died, and in a long hiatus of inactive centuries their works have been covered by debris till they can be seen now only and vaguely through the glasses of history.

On our return to Jericho we passed a Greek monastery that marked the place where John the Baptist is said to have made his home while preaching in the wilderness. It is easy to understand why John was clothed so scantily here; it was all the climate demanded, and really a more elaborate toilet would have been next to impossible in summer.

There are two splendid perennial streams at Jericho which are capable of irrigating an extensive area—the Jordan is too low for utilization in that respect—but I think the Israelites were wise in changing their headquarters as soon as they possibly could to the cooler heights of Jerusalem. Of the old walls of Jericho there are astounding remains and the archaeologists are resurrecting them from the mounds which denote the city's location.

And now we bid farewell to Jerusalem and all the Holy Land. We have seen stranger things than we expected to see in a land where we knew everything was strange. The people are low in the scale of intelligence; in this there was disappointment; fanaticism and superstition are more in evidence than piety and spirituality. The Jews are returning to the city slowly, but the Jews were never tillers of the soil. The consequence is the trades are full and far in excess of the demand and the returning Jews are in the straits of poverty. Rothschild and other men of the race have built extensive apartment houses in which

THE RIVER JORDAN.

the Jews are permitted to reside for a limited time without paying rent; at the expiration of the term they are supposed to have established themselves in a self-supporting business and must give way to others.

In the course of years, perhaps of decades, conditions will change; some progressive nation will take hold of Palestine and cultivate its valleys and terrace its hills so that it may support a great population as it used to do. In that event the Jews will flock there and the dream of their restoration be realized at least in part. At present agriculture is seriously handicapped by the oppressive taxation of the Turkish government. The rate is ten per cent of all products of the soil, of olives and grapes and what not. If that were all that they took it would not be so bad. But the taxes are farmed out, sold to the highest bidder, and the satrap who secures the privilege is given *carte blanche* in his collections. He takes what he pleases and he pleases to take often as much as 60 per cent of the earnings of the people—takes the actual produce, not the money, for the producer has none.

Those who live inside the walls of Jerusalem are fortunate, for the government exacts no tax at all from them on any property there.

Every family in Palestine is required to pay a tax on 30 pounds of salt whether they have it or not. Turkey owns the Dead Sea and will not permit any one to handle its commerce of salt but herself and she sells it high. The government also exacts an army tax of $2.50 from every one not a native Turk, in default of which he is committed to prison.

I had occasion one day to visit the American Colony, a splendid example of thrift and intelligence, located some two miles north of the city, and while I was there a number of Jews came—Gaddites they were called, a portion of the tribe of Gad who had recently come to the holy city from Southern Arabia. A more forlorn, ragged and distressed looking body I had not seen before even in Jerusalem. They had come to ask for assistance from the colony in paying the army tax, and the big-hearted Americans paid it for them.

CHAPTER XVI.

Queer Egyptian Customs.

In Abookir Bay, just off the coast of Egypt, the boy hero of McGuffey's reader "stood on the burning deck, Whence all but he had fled." As our steamship passed over the battlefield of water where this unusual feat of youthful obedience was enacted, the Pharaohs and Ptolemies dropped into second place in our esteem, and we were glad that the route of our journey led by so hallowed a spot and that we were enabled to pay the tribute of a visit and of a reminiscent sigh to our school hero in the very place where "The flames that lit the battle-wreck, Shone 'round him o'er the dead."

This was surprise number one. Number two came quickly afterwards when we steamed into the harbor of Alexandria amidst hundreds of steamboats and ships and dropped anchor alongside as busy a wharf as can be seen anywhere in the world. In our conceptions of Egypt we had drawn too heavily on the past and had not taken into consideration the possible changes made by commerce. The forest of rigging and masts, the turbulent wharf, were a surprise and meant that we would have to readjust our conceptions of the country. It was the hand of the Anglo-Saxon turning up the clock of Egyptian time, the iconoclasm of Progress asserting its right of eminent domain in one of the sacred graveyards of history.

We dared not stop over in Alexandria because of the bubonic plague which was epidemic there at the time, and therefore had to be content with a cursory survey of its splendid modern buildings and streets, its Pompey's Pillar of ancient fame, and with a long-distance view of the site where stood the lighthouse of Paros, one of the famous Seven Wonders of the World—wonderful then but insignificant now had it survived to pit its beacon against the domesticated electricity of today.

Our railroad out of Alexandria followed the course of a canal which connects the city with the Nile, but early in the journey it appeared to digress from the direct route and with

no other excuse than to allow a view of a certain splendid grove of palms. Ah, these palms, how gracefully they stand in their fretted trunks and plumes of unchanging fashions, children of the ancestors of creation, rioting in the parks and fringing the outskirts of a city that has banished them from streets where they had aboriginal rights. How they hang together in clumps on the level plain as if dreading the encroachments of enterprise and counselling upon their own preservation. How unlike the Mediterranean shores anywhere else along its thousand miles of upraised curbing of mountains, this widespread stretch of lowland and of marsh and meadow and sand and palms.

The scenic panorama was unlike anything we had seen before. For a hundred and fifty miles not a hill nor the least suspicion of one; a hundred and fifty miles of green fields, the richest in the world, and that in the very midst of the wastes of Sahara the poorest in the world. As far as the eye could reach there were waving rectangles of grain, and here and there natives in blue shirts—I will not mention their trousers inasmuch as there were none to mention—lazily playing at work, some with hand-sickles swiping the ripening grain, others sound asleep beside antiquated plows or on pallets of fresh cut alfalfa. It must have been wash day in Egypt, for on every hand women were engaged in this work on the banks of the numerous ditches. The laundry list of an Egyptian family cannot be very extensive. I should itemize the entire wardrobe as follows: One man's gown, one woman's gown. The children were dressed in a suit of hair and a sun-grin, neither of which was ever washed. To this latter rule there seems to have been one notable exception, as shown in my diary. I quote as follows from that literary mixture: "Saw an Egyptian woman bathing an Egyptian baby in an Egyptian mudhole. Victim using universal language of babies. First time we have seen a native in Turkey, Palestine or Egypt exhibit the slightest concern about his personal cleanliness. Let us build a temple here and call it The Temple of the Unusual Lavation of the Obstreperous Lad."

The Nile Valley of which the great river itself is the heart,

the canals its arteries and the thousand ditches its veins, is a strip of verdant and fruitful life. Being absolutely level the water is diverted from the canals to the ditches by a process that is primitive in the extreme. A big wheel on the rim of which jars are attached is turned slowly through the water of the canal and the water thus collected in the jars is conveyed mechanically into the ditches where it flows by natural gravitation on its mission of nourishment to the fields. The power is not the gasoline engine nor the windmill, but an Egyptian buffalo or a camel, one seen as often as the other. These animals, always blindfolded and always treading uncomplainingly the rounds of their monotonous routine, were the most unique feature of the Valley scenery. I do not know why they are blindfolded unless it be to prevent them from growing dizzy. The buffalo is a slate-colored pachyderm of docile disposition, with horns folded up on its neck to emphasize its domestication.

Hamlets of mud houses slipped by the car window every few minutes; at first I supposed, of course, these queer little box huts were of some substantial material, but no, sir, they were of mud, pure and simple—mud which had hardened in the furnace of perpetual sunshine. On the square tops of many of them there was a rank growth of wheat or some other grain, and in one instance a goat, belly-deep in the growing forage of a house-top, nonchalantly observed our arrival. In front of these unique abodes men and women whose complexions had been burnt through the progress of the centuries to match the soil were to be seen frequently squatting or in some other indolent posture while dogs and goats shared with unshirted children the freedom of the inside. There is something, I reckon, in the hazy atmosphere of Egypt and in the easy careless life of the sunshot basin to induce frivolous facetiousness; on no other hypothesis could an entry like this in my journal be explained or condoned: "From the Crimes and Casualties column of the Delta Morning News I have clipped the following item: 'Mohammed-A-Lie in attempting to step over his house today tore his shirt from his ankle to the vicinity of his kidneys. He is in bed from the unfortunate accident, as his change we understand was in wash when it occurred. We hope to see our respected

fellow citizen out again tomorrow with the rent fully repaired and trust he will avoid such playful escapades in the future.' ''

The quickly shifting panorama of scenery and action kept the eye busy—the irrigation ditches with their parallels of planted trees cutting the fields into squares, the water sparkling in its lazy progress in the ditches, the green grain like a multitude of mats upon a vast level floor; the water wheels and the quaint power that turned them; the natives in blue mother hubbards, the mud towns, the absence of isolated farm homes, the railroad without cut or dump in its whole course—contributing all this, to the making of a spectacular and attractive picture.

Many kinds of crops are raised in this fertile summery basin, cotton being the chief product, a long staple variety that yields from a bale to two bales and a half to the acre when the worms do not damage it seriously. The cotton gins of Lower Egypt would astonish Joseph quite as much as would the iron horse with nostrils of fire and mane of steam could he open his eyes and look upon the land over which he once ruled as premier, or Moses could he return from Pisgah to the little house-boat of his infancy, or any of the Pharaohs.

Several cities with pretentious modern buildings, with factories and with surprising viaducts spanning the car tracks were passed, at two of which the road branched off to join intersecting lines in this populous delta. And then we paralleled the west prong of the Great River to where it joined its fellow, meanwhile running straight toward two massive pyramids that pierced the sky far above every tree and village and that expanded on the vision and continued to expand until at length the delightful journey terminated in their shadow in Egypt's capital and greatest city.

* * * * *

Who has seen Cairo and has not been charmed with it?—its perennial sun and rainless seasons, its shadowy streets, its cosmopolitan people, its gayety, its hotels more elegant even than the palaces of Cleopatra, the quaint and curious customs of the native section of the town, the queer intermingled races, the encroachment of civilization on the domain of antiquity, and

A STREET IN OLD CAIRO.

the reluctuant acquiescence of the old tribes therein, its rare history.

There are two distinct towns composing the city, the modern and the ancient, and the one is as emphatically modern as the other is strikingly ancient. In the modern town there are electric cars, spacious streets—ah, me, how rare a thing is a wide street in any aged town of Europe, Asia or Africa—up-to-now shops and stores, and as swell a procession of equipages as ever drove down the Champs Elysees on a Sunday afternoon. Procession, did I say? From the veranda of Shepherd's Hotel I counted four hundred turnouts in fifteen minutes, landaus, victorias and cabs drawn by blooded Arabian horses worth each a year's salary, and besides these an innumerable train of autos and sundry miscellaneous vehicles down to the jogging donkey cart. In this hotel, by the way, we sat at dinner every day from eight o'clock till nine-thirty while the menu multiplied and diversified, and Soudanese waiters in brown mother hubbards that swept the floor and with rings in their ears and tattooed crescents on their cheeks glided and slided about with every dish known to the caterer's art from fricasseed frog legs to scrambled crocodile tears, a different waiter for each course, and a little brown dwarf in mother hubbard dress at the portierres, and under the spell of entrancing music that showered down upon us from a hidden orchestra through an artificial jungle of natural palms.

Magicians—Cairo is full of them, every kind of fakir and legerdemain performer, the cleverest, too, in the world. I stood and watched one of these wizards for a time on the hotel veranda, and had it not been that I knew his operations were illusions I would have thought them to be miraculous. Trees grew out of the floor and fruited, ropes came down from the sky, bells rang in the air and dropped mysteriously to the floor. The burning bush of Moses and the budding rod of Aaron were duplicated. A cobra stood upright on its bended tail, its neck distended, its tongue quivering in its mouth and tried to dance to the music of a whistle.

Out on the street brown men and boys were offering for sale stuffed crocodiles and alligators which they carried uncon-

cernedly under their arms. Others sold ostrich plumes and boas and ivory fans for a song, and amber beads and shawls with hammered silver worked into designs in the netting that they offered at a dollar an ounce. Boys stripped to the waist ran in front of the stranger on his promenade and turned handsprings for pennies as compensation. Along the street carriages flew and, curious coincidence, seen at any time of the day, a camel cheek by jowl with an automobile, or an Arab in ruffled hood and striped cloak at the elbow of a duke or a synonymous American editor. In the composite throngs soiled Egyptian ospreys sought their prey for the night and men whispered into the stranger's ears the ugly details of a debauchery so vile that the very thought of it was sickening and asked to be employed as guides to those snares of corruption. Over the turmoil of this parliament of nations the exquisite music of an English regiment band could be heard or in lieu of this fine music the strains of an orchestra, and as apt as not, chiming in with band or orchestra, the tom-toms of a native procession.

Yonder comes a curious procession, headed by musicians with blaring instruments that sound like the commingled cries of children and bleating of goats. A couple of carriages bring up the rear, one open and full of men, the other covered and concealing darling Mohammedan women. What is it? I run from one shop to another to find someone who can speak English, and learn that it is an aristocratic family celebrating their return from Mecca, a trip that insures their entry into glory.

Every day of our stay in Cairo was a repetition of the uproar of the preceding one, and yet there was always some development that added a fresh feature to the crazy tumult of sound and scene. Once we had the good fortune to witness a wedding procession. A couple of harlequins in checkered clothes and mounted upon gaily-dressed camels performed little foolish tricks and beat upon drums suspended from the backs of the camels. Following them were a couple of carriages filled with veiled women holding babies in their laps. Then came the bride's carriage with the glass windows curtained on the inside to effect her complete concealment, though I think I saw her push the curtain aside and take a peep at the crowds; even

in Egypt a woman has a woman's universal curiosity. Behind her carriage was a queer little contraption swung between two elaborately decorated camels and in it were children tossing "Turkish Delight" into the street for the children to scramble after. The bride was going to the house of the groom. He had never seen her, though she might have seen him, and he was not to see her, even that day, for the procession was only preliminary to the actual union which occurred several days later.

I was fortunate in being enabled to witness three funeral processions, and these processions, like all other affairs of matrimony and religion in Cairo, were notable for the effort at display more than for the sorrow of the bereaved. Such is the civilized custom of the heathen, and such, too, let me add, is often the heathen custom of civilization. A lot of old men with their heads and breasts smeared with—could it be mud?—yes, and twisting a blue cloth over their shoulders came down the main street (because it was the most public street) on a cart drawn by a donkey, and following them two blind men and some children singing dolefully in another cart. Then came the funeral carriage with the uncoffined corpse and a man and a woman holding it upright. And last, a body of hired mourners crying artificially. The whole procession was moving as fast as a donkey could trot, for the Mohammedans from some religious scruple rush the deceased to his grave within a few minutes after he has drawn his last breath.

All these things are a part of the life of modern Cairo.

The old town is altogether a different proposition. Its streets are a tangled maze of crooked rifts between the queerest buildings that were ever erected, and its denizens are the unalloyed Ishmælites without a taint of civilization either in their veins or customs. Their shops are about the size of a cupboard, sometimes but rarely as big as a kitchen. As in Constantinople, these shops are arranged so that all of them having the same kind of wares for sale are located in the same quarter. I started out one morning to see if I could get lost in this labyrinth of ravines and succeeded most gloriously in doing so, but in the course of much aimless drifting I came upon a myste-

rious scene the nature of which I could not solve, nor did I have the least suspicion what it might be until I got back to the hotel and learned that I had flushed an Arab university, and one, too, that was world famous, having a matriculation of eleven thousand students, though I am sure I did not see one-third that number. I did not think much of this university. It had no campus whatever, and there was not the sign of a chair in the whole institution. Teachers and pupils sat on the floor with their feet crossed under them, and (shades of the deestrict school) the whole eleven thousand, if that number ever got together, studying aloud. Please try to imagine the confusion. Most of the students had racks to place their books upon and these books were none other than the Koran and the Life and Deeds of Mahomet. Little do they care whether the earth be a plane or a sphere; the Prophet and his commands are all important.

Continuing my wanderings, in the course of time I emerged from a gloomy streetlet into a large square, on the opposite side of which stood a pretentious palace where a small body of Turkish soldiers on foot were executing evolutions and which they kept up until they came to a rigid stand in front of the palace. It was then a few minutes to twelve o'clock. Exactly at noon a troop of cavalry rode out from a gate that may have been an entrance to barracks and halted before the palace door. A carriage quickly followed. An attendant swept the steps and put down a carpet before the door. And then a dumpy little man in European dress and Turkish fez appeared and entered the conveyance. Driving around the corner the carriage proceeded rapidly down the street surrounded by the soldiers in a gallop. It was the Khedive of Egypt going to prayers at a mosque, as is his custom every Friday at noon.

Drifting back into the streets of old Cairo I came again in contact with its many strange features the more carefully to consider them. What a queer combination of the queerest and quaintest sights and sounds and smells in the world! What a bedlam of drivers' "hiyi's" and tumultuous medley of noise! What a circus of peculiar costumes and customs; what unthinkable houses, of mud and bamboo and palm, full of Arabian

merchandise below, latticed above to screen the unmasked women of the home, and throughout the length of the drunken, staggering streets these latticed windows on opposite sides projecting till they almost met! The Mohammedan custom of feminine seclusion does not detain the fair ones at home; it only covers them up past possible recognition. In Constantinople they conceal their faces entirely, but in Cairo the instinct of womankind, whether Caucassian or Bedouin, to exhibit her charms has asserted itself until she has dropped her veil below the eyes, and the forehead and orbs are exposed. This veil is suspended by a string through a brass or silver thimble on her nose, a rig that is exceedingly ludicrous. The aristocratic ladies show better taste in leaving the thimble off.

The camel was of course mixed up in the general scene, and the donkey, too, was inevitable, the meek and lowly burden bearer of the Orient everywhere. Cigarettes were in nearly every mouth and coffee dens were frequent where natives were gathered in convivial and boisterous intercourse. Smallpox signs showed on many faces and diseases of vice and of filth had left their marks upon the features and persons of most of the men. There was the water carrier, too, with his hairy goat skin across his back, stopping now and then to deliver an installment of his liquid stock bubbling from the neck of his vessel. Lemonade venders clinked their cups and hawked their merchandise. Boys with eggs and hunks of cheese, peddlers with dates, grapes and vegetables, or with cakes, cried out for purchasers. All this in a narrow street only a few feet wide and where the crowd was so thick that there was hardly room for another person.

I looked in at a dive where a number of men were playing cards, dominoes and checkers, while a couple of disreputable women were beating a tambourine and sawing on a cocoanut fiddle, singing raucously meanwhile. At the end of each musical rendition the men would grunt a long-drawn-out "Ah" of approval without looking up from their games.

The peripatetic barber of Cairo, one of its oddest features, seems to have street privileges that others are not favored with. Selecting any location in the street that suits his fancy, this

itinerant artist opens up for business, shaving any customer he may have while he sits cross-legged on the mat. After exhausting the supply of victims which the vicinity affords, he changes location and bids for patronage in new quarters. The price of a shave and haircut is one piaster, which is equivalent to six cents in our money. The barber's right to possession of the street appears to be generally recognized, for traffic takes care not to interfere with his operations, though a novice under the razor would certainly become nervous lest the congested street overflow into the barber's territory.

Now the Arabs do not constitute the whole of the native population of Egypt. There are Ethiopians as well; there are negroes so black that a piece of charcoal would make a white mark on them; there are Hottentots with their faces carved so elaborately that they look like animated mummies; there are Soudanese—stalwart brown men from the Equator in blue or white night-shirts reaching to their feet; there are Copts, who claim to be lineal descendants of the Pharoahs and their subjects and to have lived on the Nile continuously since those distant days. Then, to cap the climax, there are eunuchs, without mention of whom any story of Egyptian life would be incomplete. Always tremendously slender and tall, superlatively black and scrupulously dressed, this burlesque on humanity may be seen occasionally in charge of a detachment of white Turkish children, or at times, anon, wheeling a baby-buggy, but usually he is in evidence high up, stiff and vertical in colored clothes and vermillion fez, driving a carriage for an aristocratic Egyptian family. I happened to be standing one afternoon at the entrance to the bridge over the Nile where two great recumbent lions, emblematic of England's suzerainty, guarded the approach, when one of these eunuchs came dashing up. Attired in blue satin gown which was held in place by a wide yellow girdle, carrying a brass-mounted staff and sweating profusely, this foolish creature cried out in native dialect as he ran something that everybody understood to mean clear the way. Close behind came a spanking team of blacks driven by a second eunuch in livery to a carriage containing a lady in elegant dress and invisible white nose veil and a maid

holding a white sunshade over her. I wondered at the endurance of the runner and how long he could hold out. That he gloried in his authority and esteemed the servile right-of-way that traffic gave him as ample compensation for the fatigue suffered was patent in his arrogant and ostentatious air.

He was a "herald," a functionary of the native rich, whose duty it was whenever the family went out, to run ahead of the carriage and announce its coming.

CHAPTER XVII.

The World's Greatest Wonder.

Some thirty-four hundred years ago there lived an Egyptian king whose native name was Rameses and whose royal alias was Pharaoh. He was an enterprising ruler but cruel in his exactions of forced labor from the subjects of his kingdom. He built great cities along the Nile and lined their avenues with sphinxes in granite and other monuments. Coming to the throne in his boyhood he reigned sixty-seven years. Among his subjects was a large and prolific tribe of people who, if not his actual slaves, were reduced to a condition of compulsory labor equivalent to servitude. There was race suicide in the higher classes then as now, and this Pharaoh foresaw in the rapid increase of his vassals their early preponderance in numbers and the danger of a rebellion in which they might succeed. He resolved to forestall such an eventuality by a very simple though not altogether innocent plan; he would kill the male children of these people as fast as they were born. To escape this decree all sorts of schemes were resorted to by distracted mothers. How many succeeded we do not know; but we know that one of them concealed her little one in the reeds of the Nile. A daughter of the king, looking for a secluded place to take a swim, came upon this babe, and the mother instinct asserting itself, she took it in charge and adopted it in the royal household.

Since the occurrence of the events just related, Solomon, Elijah and all the Prophets and other noted characters of early sacred story, except Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and their immediate descendants, have lived and died, and the history of the Hebrew race has been made and become a vague record, Alexander has conquered the world, the Roman government has come into existence, grown to illustrious proportions and reeled to its decay, and all the old kings and celebrities of whose careers we read are dead and their bones resolved into the dust from which they sprang.

And yet the other day I stood by a glass case in the museum of Cairo and looked into the eyes, and into the face, a face almost as well preserved as if the spark of life had departed from it yesterday, of this Pharaoh. It was the veritable body of the ancient king who reared Moses to manhood and oppressed his people to the point of rebellion. Wrapped in a shroud more than thirty centuries old and preserved by an art that perished with his civilization, his head scarcely marred by the chisel of time and every feature intact, his half-open blue eyes peeping at the curious throngs as if aroused from heavy sleep and wondering at his strange surroundings, this mummied figure is, in my humble opinion, the most remarkable sight, natural or artificial, in the world today. Surprised into a mood of historical reverie I felt almost as if I were in the actual presence of a Pharaoh in his palace in the rudimentary epochs when the world was young and men were mental and religious children. Those fixed blue eyes as though he were trying to open them from a long, long stupor, the sloping brow, the curved nose, the lips half open as if about to speak in answer to our sighs of wonder and queries as to his career, the lustrous maroon of his complexion, his close-cropped hair not yet despoiled of its brilliant gloss, how miraculously as natural as the corpse of a day in our time!

Rameses was found only a few years ago, in 1890 I believe it was, in a very peculiar and accidental way. An Arab, digging in the sand near Thebes, struck an opening which he uncovered and investigated. Shrewd enough to understand that he had hit upon something valuable, he attempted to conceal the discovery until he could appropriate to himself whatever it contained. His companions becoming aware that he had struck a mysterious shaft, he admitted the fact but pretended to have found in it some desperate evil spirit, which information was sufficient to keep his fellow Arabs out and quieted their suspicions. To give additional color to his story he threw a donkey into the pit one night and fenced the animal off from view, and it was easy enough thereafter to convince all the natives who visited the place that it did really contain evil spirits. By this ruse he managed to get away with

some valuable treasures the pit contained and to dispose of them with considerable profit to himself. Of course the news was not long in reaching the Egyptologists who were making excavations in the locality, and their suspicions becoming aroused, they made an investigation. One of them, Brugsh Bey, describes his experience upon entering the tomb, for tomb it proved to be, as follows: "My astonishment was so overpowering that I scarcely knew whether I was awake or only in a mocking dream. Resting on a coffin in order to recover from my intense excitement, I mechanically cast my eyes over the coffin lid, and distinctly saw the name of Seti I the father of Rameses II, both belonging to the nineteenth dynasty. A few steps further on in a simple coffin, with his hands crossed on his breast lay Rameses II. The farther I advanced the greater the wealth displayed: Thirty-six coffins, all belonging to kings and queens, princes and princesses."

So natural and lifelike was this old monarch in his little decorated box that I was prompted to ask him about the untold things in the career of the Israelites who dislodged the mammoth blocks of stone from the solid sides of the hills and sledded them under snapping muscles across the sands till they lay in massive and enduring symmetry in the monuments he builded. His wife, a queenly mummy by his side with a smile of royal vanity, as well preserved almost as he, might have told it all, as a woman usually does, had we irreverently pressed her for the story. Symmetry. Wonderful, these corpses of royalty! And there were others. The next Pharaoh, who would not let his people go until ten plagues in succession had softened his stubbornness, and who reconsidered and gave them chase until his pursuing soldiers perished in the sea, this Pharaoh, too, was found asleep in his tomb and transferred to more airy and commodious quarters in the museum. The identification of these Pharaohs and of all the other pickled kings, queens, princes and princesses in this excavators' morgue is complete; their deeds are writ on the very coffins in which they lie; and if the skeptic doubts the story of Moses let him

stand in the presence of these ancient dead and read the verification of the Bibzle narrative.

After looking upon these men and women, but little worsted by their long imprisonment, there was scant interest to be found in the multitude of granite sphinxes in the various rooms of the museum, or in the incomprehensible characters carved sometimes on obelisks and painted sometimes elaborately in colors on sarcophagi and mummy cases, or in the crudely wrought likenesses of Egyptians in kilts, with big almond eyes, napkins on their heads, and feet and head at uncomfortable right-angles to their bodies, or in those strange figures of hawks' heads on human bodies, or in the jewelry, scarabs and pottery numerously displayed. It was all as bric-a-brac to a startling feat in legerdemain, this museum bric-a-brac in comparison with the legerdemain of the mummies.

And now we have come to the end of the program, by general consent the climax of all that is best to be seen in Egypt.

In that inflexible ukase which was issued each morning from the council of ministers and gentleman—the program of the day—on this particular day the museum had first place merely as a preface to the greater event of the Pyramids. The Museum was in nonpareil; the Pyramids in pica. Individually, and strictly as orbiter dicta, I found the preface to be greater than the prefaced. Mummies are more wonderful than a rock pile; the embalmer of the builder greater than the builder he embalmed; Pharaoh in rags and spices more marvelous than his stupendous demonstration in solid geometry, his or his kin's on the bank of the Nile—the clerical majority and most everybody else to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Pyramids—not, mark you, the pyramids (little p) of Egypt, for Egypt has perhaps a hundred pyramids—but the Pyramids (capital P) of Cairo, which are pre-eminent over the whole tribe of Egyptian pyramids, are situated six miles from the city of Cairo on the west side of the river, a fine paved road leading to them from the Bridge under the interlocking branches of crooked-trunked, angular-limbed trees all the way. An electric car line offers an optional route.

Now an electric car and the Pyramids was an anachronism

not to be tolerated and we scorned the impertinent trolley for a carriage of ancient vintage and driver of Ethiopian descent. On and near the Bridge we met numbers of camels on their way to the market from the green fields of the valley with burdens of alfalfa so large that they obscured all the animal but the ugly lower joints, ungainly head and rubber neck.

Through the foliage as we progressed, the immense triangles

AN ALFALFA TRANSPORT COMING INTO CAIRO.

grew upon the view, more and more, until at the edge of the sand where the Sahara rises for its stupendous sweep to the Atlantic they towered in majesty and grace up to the very burning dome of the sky, two of them the ancient original couple and the third so small that it looked like a sprout that might have sprung up in later years from the union of the first primeval pair.

The ascent to their bases was too steep for the carriages to negotiate or else the fee we had paid was not steep enough to prolong the ride that far. At any rate, we did not care, and

leaping from the carriage, we ran, almost consumed with interest, along the spiral sandy course, fighting our way through white-gowned guides who besought us for employment.

Ah, what a tremendous structure is old Cheops; Thirteen acres of rock his great base, his summit 480 feet above the ground, and that, too, with forty feet of his original top missing. His massiveness is made up of units of stone proportioned in size to the positions they occupy, those at and near the base being of immense dimensions, the others diminishing in size geometrically till they dwindle to small units at the top. Originally the four triangular sides were covered with a veneer of polished slabs of red granite, but these were taken away by the kaliphs to be used in the construction of public buildings hundreds of years ago. An Arabian writer speaks of this vandalism and tells how "people without sense," the workmen of the son of Saladin, did their utmost to tear down the third and smallest pyramid, but as they could only dislodge two stones a day, the work proved too costly and was abandoned. When the historian asked one of the workmen if he would put one of the stones in place again for a thousand pieces of gold, his reply was that he could not do so were the reward a thousand times a thousand pieces of gold.

With all the depredations, however, which the ages have made upon these venerable piles, there is no considerable depreciation of their first grandeur and imposing magnificence. They stand today practically in all respects as they stood when nearly four thousand years ago they received the mummied bodies of the kings who builded them. Their surfaces are rough, their corners ragged from the inconsequential crowbars of the kaliphs, but this rugged exterior, these petty tamperings only emphasize the tremendous solidity and inertia of the structures and assure their endurance to the day when every mountain and monument shall crumble into fragments and be dumped into the scrap pile of Eternity.

But they are foolish things, these Pyramids, monuments to the pride and folly of a king who dreaded oblivion and sought by such pompous procedure to bridge the chasm of forgetfulness. He succeeded in bridging the dreaded chasm, but of

what avail is it to him now when the modern world looks into his dried and bloodless face and he can neither correct their criticisms with a word from his shriveled tongue nor accept their flatteries with a smile? What a fearful expenditure of muscle and of means it must have required to build them! What multitudes of men groaning under burdens they could scarcely bear! What rivers of sweat; what streams of blood running from the overseer's lash!

The entrance to Cheops was formerly quite concealed, only the priests knowing where to find the movable stone that would admit them. But it is open now and the interior may be explored by any who care to attempt it. It so happened that I had this unusual experience alone, the clergy being at the time occupied in taking measurements of the basic stones. The narrow tunnel which conducted to the mysterious interior was some thirty inches high and wide, and of course I could neither stand nor sit, but falling upon my elbows slid feet forward down the tunnel for 320 feet, one guide holding my feet, three others tugging at my hands and head, and all of them pressing their toes into little slick concavities to prevent a plunge to certain death at the end of the channel. It was desperately hot. There was no air, and the sound of the strange voices of the guides and their faces gleaming gruesomely in the glimmer of the candles which they carried "filled me, thrilled me with fantastic terrors no mortal ever had before."

At the first landing a huge block of granite had fallen from its place and blocked the passage and I trembled as I thought of the relation of this individual stone to the whole structure and of the effect of the dislocation and what my own chances would be in case of a catastrophe.

Up another grade of some thirty degrees for a distance of another 320 feet along another narrow sepulchral channel just as hot and oppressive as the first one we had navigated with such difficulty, and we came to a chamber some twenty feet square and high where we could at least stand erect. This was explained to be the tomb of a Pharaoh. The guides struck a magnesium light and I was enabled to read the hieroglyphics

on the walls with much interest. Nothing gives me more pleasure than reading hieroglyphics. I used to write them myself when I was a very small child.

That's all there was inside; just the midnight den and its execrable approach.

Again outside, soaked with perspiration and blinded by the terrific brilliancy of the daylight in contrast with the Plutonian darkness of Cheops' bowels, I found the Doctors resting from their measurements of the rocks. They had the exact sizes noted down in their books—some fifteen feet long, others twenty feet, some thirty feet; width and depth four, five, six and eight feet, and so on. They were having spasms over the miraculous cleverness of the Egyptians in quarrying, transporting and placing these enormous units of stone.

And then during a lucid interval in their ravings we essayed to join a party and climb to the top of the big pyramid. It is an easy matter, though attended with some fatigue, to climb up by the ragged corners. One is not allowed to make the ascent unattended, for the Egyptian government needs the money and the guides can use what fees fall their way. And so it happened that we fell among thieves and were robbed of several francs apiece by the long-shirted rascals who did nothing but follow along and help certain rheumatics of the climbing party and certain terrified maidens who with many a scream and flutter and disarrangement of lingerie leaped and fell from rock to rock. This ragged stairway is not a made-to-order affair, but is the very useful result of the spoilation by the kaliphs, hereinbefore mentioned.

The outlook from the flat summit of this master monument was worth all the effort of the ascent. The prospect was radiant with the glow of an uninterrupted midday sun, and the blue-gray dome of the sky trembled with the fervor of an oven that is never cooled. Far to the west and to the south the unwatered wastes of Sahara swept in barren billows till they touched the rim of the sky and scorched it into colors of orange and brown and purple. The muddy Nile was sluggishly enseonced in a bed of green of its own creation, so long, so straight, that scarcely a coil could be seen, and we could

not guess whence it came yonder out of the violet haze nor whither it went yonder in the spreading delta of dissolving fields and cities. And Cairo in sensuous dashing dress exposed her charms voluptuously at our feet.

We must have remained an hour, at least, on the top of this, the world's greatest monument, with our feet dangling over the rough parapet, or walking carefully upon the uneven floor. The Doctors took advantage of the opportunity to journalize their deductions from the stone measurements. Each of the six committed to the sacred pages of his little book the solemn asseveration that it was "marvelous" beyond human comprehension, how the ancients built the Pyramids. That no mechanics, nor machinery, nor engineering tricks known to the present age could possibly have transported the great stones of which the Pyramids were built from the quarries twenty miles across the river or from Assuan up the river a hundred miles, and hoisted them to their places. And then to complete the superlative comparison they closed their tribute with the old tourist chestnut that the art has been lost and we are left to grope in ignorance of it. Alas and alack!

The preachers were under the influence of a spell that seizes nearly all travelers and causes enlargement of the eye and degeneration of the understanding. Now, I am no mechanic —never built a structure other than an occasional air castle— am phlegmatic, and critical too, I guess, and maybe a bit iconoclastic, inclined to run counter to the accepted order, and all that. But after seeing the Pyramids of Cairo and after hearing the verdict of the Doctors, I ventured to write a dissenting opinion in my heterogeneous journal, and I respectfully submit it here for endorsement to any reputable American engineer, in haec verba, to-wit: "There is no ground for extravagant praise of ancient Egyptian mechanics and skill. Their mechanics was muscle pure and simple. A couple of hundred negroes ahold of a rope could draw any rock in any of the Pyramids over all Egypt. If two hundred were insufficient then two hundred thousand could have done it. A dozen Egyptians with crowbars could have tumbled the cubes from their origin to their destination, not easily nor quickly to be

sure, but anyhow in the course of years. Over the mounds of sand that answered the purpose of scaffolding the rocks were rolled by physical force, supplemented by the lever power with which they were familiar. That is all there is to it, and to assume that the ancient builders were in possession of mechanical appliances and superior scientific knowledge which have been lost and never equalled, is absurd. The steam and electricity of the present could build a pyramid twice as high as Cheops in half the time that was required for his construction. More than that, plenty of contractors in the United States would gladly undertake to mount old Cheops on jacks and move him all over Egypt without breaking a stone or disturbing a joint, were the compensation sufficient. This is not exaggeration, for the same skill that can move a six-story brick building down a hill with thirty per cent. grade, and up another such hill, without loosening a brick, as I have seen done in Boston, could handle the Pyramids in the same way, and bring them even across the ocean, if ships large enough for their transportation could be supplied, and they would be supplied all right if the money was in sight."

The Sphinx is yonder, only a stone's throw distant—venerable, lonesome old pioneer; suppose we submit the riddle to him and inquire what he may know of mysterious Egyptian history and mechanics. How serious he looks, how oblivious of his surroundings, how homesick for his people, gone these forty centuries and more. Head erect, half submerged in the sand, this mysterious veteran of the desert, deaf to all inquiries and as reticent as all his race are reputed to be, he heeds not the curious throngs that look upon him every day in the year and snap their kodaks impudently in his face in a continual volley, and with wide-open eyes and immobile features he gazes absent-mindedly over their heads toward the rising sun, serene and placid, biding the time when he, the oldest statue of the earth, shall be the last to be shaken by the thunders of Judgment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Street Life of Naples.

"Sunny Italy"—land of purple mornings and radiant noons and hazel twilights, of soft sea winds, of amorous sun and faultless equipoise of seasons, of seductive rendezvous and palm-shaded haunts, land of romance and story, of history and fable, of peoples great and peoples insignificant; land where stilettos flash in the climax of deep-laid plots and unholy amours flourish like vegetation in the wooing sun; land of incomparable scenery—"Sunny Italy" was our next engagement. The connoisseur was happy over the prospect of great picture galleries to explore, and the preachers were joyful over the opportunity soon to be theirs to die with the Christian martyrs in the Colosseum and sleep with them in the catacombs and to suffer in chains with Paul in the Mamertine prison.

The Bay of Naples was in its best receptive mood—placid, in blue dress and violet veil. What a charming union of mountain in refined and tasteful green with the Bay in comely habit of blue and pearls of gleaming tint and flounces of rarest design and shade! With what grace of slope and ease of extending arms did the mountain enfold his bride, loveliest child of the Mediterranean, a Helen that no Paris could steal and no voluptuous god violate.

The music? We had expected it, or at least it seemed an appropriate reception to somnolent, sensuous Italy—the singing of a skiff-load of dark-eyed Pattis and their rampant and riotous kicking to every angle of vision, including any who might be overhead, and an inverted umbrella to receive the encores of silver showered down, depleting the pockets of the preachers.

While the clerical majority was thus pleasantly engaged my own unwayward eyes had fallen upon a great blue-black peak, isolated from its companions of the mountain chain and at rest against the purple wainscoting of the sky. It was smok-

ing—a bad habit for men and a worse one for mountains—the smoke rising in blue curls out of its shaggy top and eloping with the vagrant winds—disappearing ere it had time to assume shape and form. With truncated chimney like a great ash heap, fluted and riven by the fiery chisels of its own eruptions, Vesuvius is the central and commanding feature of the panorama of Naples and vicinity, and however the eye may wander along the green vertebrated line of hills or upon the variation of villas and villages, or out upon the dreamy sea merging its modest color and sheen with the violet of the sky or lazily lapping the pebbly beach, it will always return to this historic old volcano with its smoking chimney, its history of repeated disasters and its possibilities of violence to come—always, unless diverted by some Italian girl in a state of eruption, in competition with whom a volcano, however noted, has little favor.

The city of Naples, in some respects, is quite modern and commonplace. It has modern buildings, civilized streets, up-to-date shops and stores, street cars, horses and carriages. Arabs and gowned Egyptians and indolent camels had all vanished into the limbo of recollection and a new and assorted variety of men and things appeared in the cyclorama of this western life. The main streets are wide and when the storekeepers are not sprinkling them, the wind is hoisting the dust and scattering it broadcast. The water-wagon has not yet arrived in Naples. Occasional fountains are playing in occasional piazzas, and every wisp of spurting water is gurgling from a fish's open mouth or pouring from a cup in a mermaid's tresses, or from some mythological beast in stone or iron. It is strictly Neapolitan to have everything elaborately ornamented. The stones in the buildings are never merely plain and beveled; that would be vulgar; but the high store fronts are decorated by the chisel and the plastic creations of the mould. Once away from the principal thoroughfares, though, and the streets become orientally narrow, picturesquely crooked and quaintly interesting in the small scale upon which business is transacted.

The city is built upon the mountain slope and is nowhere

approximately level except near the water's edge. It curves with the horseshoe bend of the shore, and mounts the steep inclines, occupying the dangerous tops of cliffs and clinging to the abrupt hillsides. In its very center a mountain rises sheer and perpendicular to a height of several hundred feet, its front a rough untouched surface of solid rock, its rear receding into the Apennine chain that comes up from beyond Vesuvius and winds through the middle of Italy till it joins the Alps. An elevator is in operation from the base of this steep hill to its summit where the outlook is charming in the superlative degree.

In the tall tenements near the wharfs, the lazarone lives and plies his occupation of petty theft and begging. Eight and ten-story buildings are filled with families of the poor, and the streets are so narrow that the laundry of these "miserables" is swung across them, and this unquestionably is the queerest feature of Naples. Looking along the deep cut chasms to where they bend out of sight these festoons of homely linen flapping in the breeze, here, there and all the way from bottom to top; and then walking underneath the strange spectacle, to see between the pendent things the heads of black-haired women at work in the rooms, and children scantily clothed at play in the bed of the channel or in the pent-up little homes inside; it's novel. Now and then a Dago rolls his cart of vegetables or fish slowly along with his head turned up toward the towering tenement tops, crying aloud his wares, and occasionally a woman sends down a basket or bucket to be filled with raw materials for dinner, announcing from her lofty perch what she wants. Long distance trading.

The Neapolitan dairy system is the most sanitary in the world. It has no wagons nor bottles, nor is the source of supply either prided holsteins or meek-eyed jerseys. It's just goats. I was walking along the canyon of one of the streets of flapping linen one morning when I gave right-of-way to a small herd of goats. Curiosity led me to follow these, my friends of the Mediterranean.

It is goats and donkeys all the way around the great midland sea; everywhere—in Spain, Northern Africa, Malta,

Greece, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt, and even here at Naples—the donkey is the burden bearer of the great majority and the goat the main reliance for support. And now abide the donkey, the goat and the native—these three; but the greatest of these is the donkey—and second in the scale is the goat.

Feeling somehow that I was witnessing the last incident of the kind it should be my privilege to witness again on earth, and surely the last of this trip, and drawn by the charm of long association with them, I could not resist the suggestion of curiosity to follow my friends and learn their mission. In a few moments the driver halted his herd and threw his voice into a fourth-story window where a disarranged feminine head quickly appeared, and while the woman of the disarranged head was lowering the primitive elevator the man at the bottom of the canyon was hunkered down and vigorously extracting the contents of the udder of a nanny, operating from behind. This customer having received her milk fresh off the bat, the herd resumed its movements to the next station, a lead goat knowing the route and directing the itinerary. With wiggling tails and bobbing heads and udders full and dragging the pavement they turned into an opening, and curious to relate, clambered right up a flight of stairs till they came to the second floor of the apartments—I following keenly interested—and stopped in the hall to permit the driver to milk one of them and make deliveries. No need of a pure food law [illegible] no danger of watering the milk.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pompeii.

It is fourteen miles by rail or trolley from Naples to Pompeii. The soil of the country intervening is a mixture of the vomit of Vesuvius and the alluvium of the hills, being exceedingly fertile, and everything from a vegetable to a vineyard grows rich and rank upon it. A few minutes before reaching the exhumed city we stopped at the site of Herculaneum which went into extinction at the same time as its sister city. Through a strange freak of the volcano, Herculaneum was sewed up in a preparation of molten stuff which, when it cooled, congealed into the hardest of stone called lava, while Pompeii met its fate in a deluge of pure ashes and cinders. That accounts, it is said, for the fact that Pompeii is being exhumed, and that Herculaneum must wait for the crowbar and dynamite of a later time.

It sounded strange, the screech of the locomotive; it looked strange, the whirling train of cars; it felt strange, that we of this day could step from modern power-driven vehicles that would startle Cicero and Caesar were they to awake and see them, and walk into the open homes of men and women as they left them nearly two thousand years ago never to return.

A grove of green olives contrasted pleasingly with the smutty opening in the wall—the Marine Gate it is called—and through this grove and damp and gloomy gate we entered, climbing a steep pavement which bore the traffic of the long ago, watched, as we passed, by a statue of Minerva that has guarded the entrance through all the vicissitudes of fire and quake and centuries of burial.

And then we stood, as thoughtful visitors always stand, speechless in the thrall of the scene before us—a dead city; a city buried and embalmed nineteen centuries ago, and now its grave clothes removed and its features exposed to view. I wondered if history were not in error as to its dates and that if it were not really yesterday that a happy multitude of people

jangled the bells of industry and ran the scales of pleasure there; only yesterday that the devils broke loose from yonder mountain with brands of fire and scuttles of pumice and burned the city and buried the remains. Vesuvius was still smoking, the houses ready for repair and reoccupancy, the pavements showing the wear of wheels, the door-sides soiled by the touch of greasy hands, the counters of wine shops showing the stain of glasses, well-curbings chafed and deepcut by oft-used ropes; these and a thousand other tokens of the every-day life made it hard to believe that we were looking upon the corpse of a city that perished in its prime a few years after Jesus wrought his miracles in Galilee. The same paved streets upon which Cicero walked, the same street wells from which the Romans drank, the same stores where they bought and sold, the same theaters where they listened to plays, the same amphitheater where they saw the cruelties of the combats between men and between men and beasts, the same temples where they worshiped in a way, the same bakeries, wine shops and houses of bad repute which they frequented, are there today just as they were left in the hurry and confusion nearly nineteen centuries ago, only a little the worse for their unusual experience.

How sensation follows sensation and thrill as one stands, say at the Market Place, and looks, silently looks, for it is impossible to speak except in whispers as one would do in the presence of the dead; looks up the silent streets where rambling tourists peer into the vacant shops and theorize upon the habits of a race that conquered the world only to fall a helpless victim to a mountain's illness; up the sloping thoroughfares where maimed statues sit serenely unconscious of Time's destructive vicissitudes, and empty temples and courts, dumb for nineteen centuries, are trying to speak to us now of the old days with their remnants of former grandeur. Then to ramble along with no aim but to see what happens to cross the vision, to note the evidences of every-day life, the little things that history omits, the tracks of chariot wheels on the floor of the streets, the wine jars in the cellars, the pictures on the walls of deserted homes, the crude marks made by children on furniture as our own children do today, the lasciv-

ious drawings of libertines in dens of vice—the bed rooms of these dens containing drawings so indecent that only the male members of a party are taken in to see them—oh, Pompeii was a wicked place; was worldly, sensual, intemperate—and after seeing the caricatures on the walls of private rooms, the bold exposure of sex in statues, and the unthinkable sex signs displayed publicly by resorts on the Lupercal, I doubt not that Providence, if Providence really rewards virtue and punishes vice, first threatened poor wayward Pompeii by the earthquake of '63 and then, despairing of its repentance, peremptorily destroyed it with the catastrophe of '79.

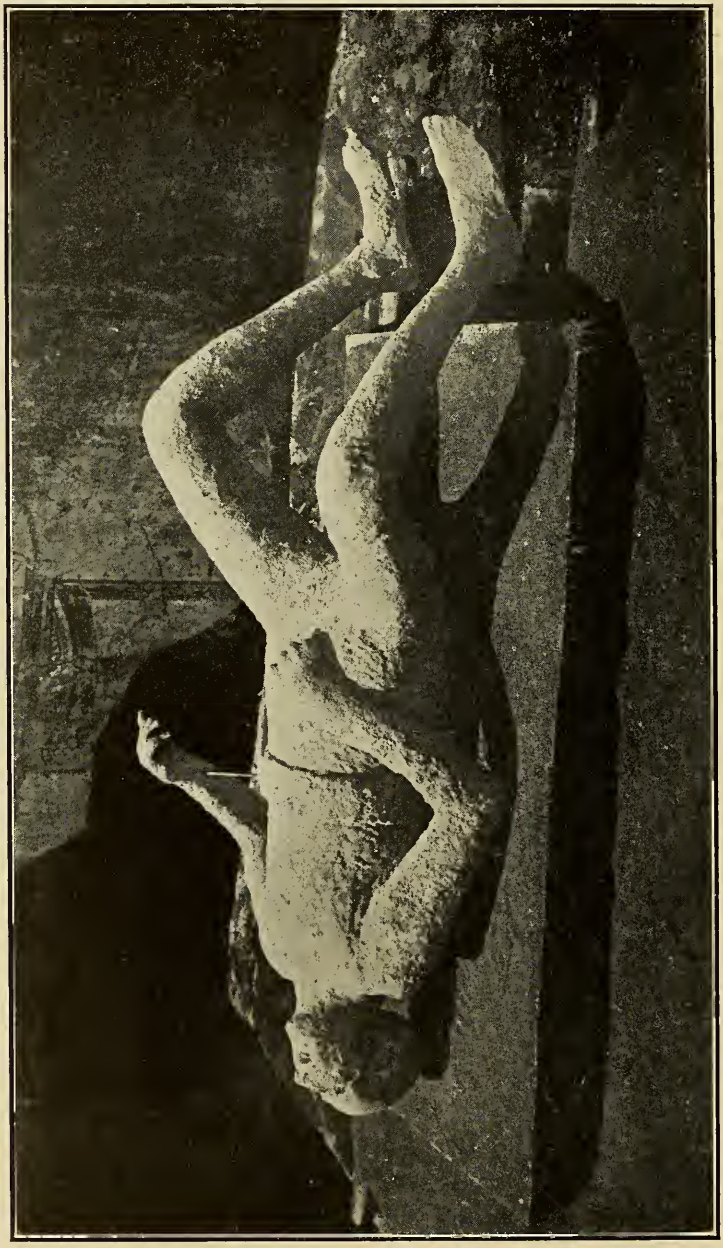
Pompeii evidently was to Rome what Atlantic City is to New York. It had its beach where bathers reveled in the surf, its amphitheater of gruesome memory, and its theaters. The beach is buried under twenty-odd feet of pumice and ashes; the amphitheater is a great empty shell now eloquently idle on the city's outskirts; the theaters, though the seats could be filled every day, even now, could the old players reappear and react their plays, are closed and unused, it's a safe guess, forever. I sat upon the hard, merciless bleachers of one of these queer open-air theaters and undertook an imaginary reproduction of the stage, the actors, orchestra, audience and performance, but the effort was so handicapped by a battery of stone from underneath and a broadside of sunlight from overhead that it met with poor success. The only feature of the original scene I felt certain I had guessed correctly was that the cushion boys must have done a thriving business and that an overhead curtain, though necessarily a monstrously unwieldy contrivance, must have been a refreshing reality.

There was no residence district to Pompeii. It was annoying to us, the problem of how and where the 20,000 citizens managed to live in this little hemmed up area of less than a single square mile. Scattered here and there among the business shops, and occasionally out in what by strained metaphor might be called the suburbs, the homes of the aristocracy of Pompeii have been uncovered in a striking state of preservation; where and what the nature of the quarters of the poor were Vesuvius has left us little upon which to build a con-

jecture. I declare, one feels, on entering one of these deserted residences, as if he expected to meet the queerly dressed gentlemen who last occupied them, and who own them yet for that matter, could they or their heirs appear and prove title. With slight variations, all are alike in general plan—an unpretentious door; a short hall; a spacious square court flooded with skylight, the floor thereof worked into geometric designs, in its center always a basin, often a statue-fountain; on either side of the court, bed rooms; in the rear the dining room and kitchen; and still beyond often a third open court where the lady of the house kept her pot plants and trained her vines, and gossiped with her neighbors.

What a queer feeling of nobody at home and of trespassing one experiences in these remarkable homes! Did we see on the threshold, traced in marble, the cordial word: "Welcome?" Perhaps so, but it was a lie, we were not "welcome," though to be sure it was a pathetic fact that we were not unwelcome; and we prowled on tiptoe from apartment to apartment and from fresco to mosaic with the surreptition of a sneak, half fearful lest the owner return and indignantly eject us.

The furniture, bric-a-brac, dishes and what-not of housekeeping had joined the wholesale hegira of all the movable contents of homes and shops to the museums, and every woman and ever scion of woman, whether woman or not, finds in these treasure houses the chief gratification of curosity in Pompeii and Naples. Not anywhere in all the world is there such an edifying and interesting collection of the handwork of ancient peoples, such a clue to their manners and customs as in these museums. There is no reason why we should, but somehow we had supposed these forefathers of ours lived differently from us and in a very inferior state. But a ramble through the museums of Pompeiian antiquities will have the effect of reducing this exalted notion of ourselves. Name any vessels of common household use and the chances are that it can be duplicated or excelled by an article used for a similar purpose in Pompeii nineteen hundred years ago. There are divans, glass pitchers, tumblers, candelabra, hand-painted



CAST OF A MAN—POMPEII.

wood and china, dolls, kitchen cabinets, steelyards, scales, lamps, door latches, locks, nails, bolts, colors and pigments, bottles, pins, bells, bridles, buckets, chains, hinges, pocket knives, forks, spoons, plates, saucers, pans, table knives, pens, ink and paper, trowels, surgeons', butchers' and artists' tools, combs, jewelry, blacksmiths', carpenters' and sculptors' instruments, books, needles, baskets, funnels, etc. The similarity of these articles to our own is positively shocking to our twentieth century vanity. Indeed, I had supposed we were the discoverers of the art of plumbing, and was surprised to see in the wreck of this old town gas pipe of different sizes, with unions, T's and hose bibs over which ours were apparently no improvement. There are ladies' toilet articles galore, most of them resembling mi-lady's of today, there are rings, bracelets and necklaces which fair ones wore then that would arouse envy in the swellest circles now, there are iron safes which ancient avarice used, mirrors in which preparation was made for the theater and amphitheater, there are theater tickets and announcements, there are loaves of bread of the same profile and texture as those which are produced in the bake-shops of today, except that they are a bit harder and more indigestible, there is horses' harness, and chairs that were in waiting in the parlor, there are skeletons of tiny chicks, of mice, of cows and swine, and snakes and tortoises, each a rattling good clew to the mystery of Pompeiian life, which by the way, with these revelations is not such a mystery after all.

That they had cooks in those days who were equal to the demands of the most fastidious epicures is proven by a certain fine plump cake that found its way into the Museum from the dining room of a Pompeiian merchant. What a fine specimen of culinary skill it is? Exactly of similar shape and size to those our best cooks prepare, several strata high, bulging with leaven, covered with icing and bearing the mark of some ornament on its top, a slice missing out of a triangular section of its side, crumbs on the plate and the very knife at hand that produced them, this cake comes as near actually speaking to us of the domestic life of those early days and of the hurry and alarm which followed the eruption as any of the dumb relics

CAST OF A DOG—POMPEII.

of that remarkable morgue. It should be added, though, that it is black with age and hard as sandstone now, and doubtless as unpalatable.

Then, there is flour, and a kind of grits, and nuts in abundance, salt and spices and sundry indispensibles of the pantry, each black with carbonization but maintaining its original shape and easily identified from its similarity to corresponding articles of the present time.

But by far the most interesting feature of Pompeii is the human beings that have been dug from the ashes. Only a little over half of the city appears to have been exhumed and yet, it is officially asserted, more than six hundred human skeletons have been found. An account of the pressing circumstances that delayed these unfortunates until it was too late to escape would make an interesting story if we but knew it. But in lieu of the written story, thanks to a lucky discovery, we are enabled to guess quite accurately, we think, the tragic circumstances that attended their dissolution. By a clever scheme of withdrawing the bones from the cavity where a skeleton was found and refilling the cavity with cement or plaster, the original shape of the body has been preserved as well as a perfect likeness of the features at the moment of death, and a fac simile of every outside garment, of rings on the fingers and ornaments in the hair. The plastic ashes formed a mould about the body and caught for our information the facial lineaments of fear, of misery and despair, and nothing in all the world is hardly so thrilling as that display of gray, unmoving Pompeiians in the dumb reproduction of the tortures of their death. Like the purple tenants of a morgue those ancient dead lie in perpetual state, unshrouded and uncovered, yet unlike any corpse that was ever seen before, rehearsing in silence the wretched manner of their taking off; some with arms shielding their eyes from the cinders or extended in supplication to the gods; others with hands clinched and muscles tense and legs drawn back from the heat of the ashes; one or two with placid faces and passive limbs indicative of complete resignation; the features and forms of all admirably preserved; the hair of the women done

up in Roman fashion not unlike the coiffures of the women of today, but disarranged evidently in the excitement of the catastrophe. A woman en ciente could not leave her bed, and forsaken by her husband and friends, if indeed she had either, was left to perish, and an almost perfect fac simile of her figure and condition is left to indict the cruel ones who forsook her.

A sentinel (or soldier, maybe) died faithfully at his post, and the ashes cooling about his body kept an excellent cast of his tunic and of his resolute and noble face.

A dog with the instinctive loyalty of his kind remained by his master's side and perished with him. It would have been easy for this dog to escape the falling cinders and make his get away with the hurrying throngs. Men deserted their sick, their very kin, but according to the circumstantial evidence of a remarkable cast of this noble animal he was faithful to the end. All doubled and distorted in the spasms of his death, this cast, so pathetic, so realistic, so wonderfully perfect, arrests the attention of visitors more than any other relic of those unhappy days and calls out more remarks of admiration and pity.

I left the desolate, deserted and dead old city by way of the Street of Tombs, and lingered among its monuments to read the epitaphs of the rich departed. This street was the Fifth Avenue of Pompeii's aristocratic dead, where the living endeavored by ceremonial and display to project the vain pomp and glory of this existence into the next. Beneath the cold monuments, unconscious of the city's lapse into a long sleep, the tenants of this royal street have kept their palaces unchanged.

The dead within the dead.

Oh, Time, Thou Destroyer of men and of every glory-gilded darling of their hands, how ruthlessly dost Thou erase the puny scrawls of Fame and dump the achievements of epochs and of ages into Thy abyss of oblivion. And with Pompeii's fate before us, as well as the rise and fall of every individual career, the breath of birth, the flutter of life and the shriek of grief at the grave, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

CHAPTER XX.

248 Kilometers to Rome.

"All aboard for Rome."

This announcement did not proceed from the lips of a railroad official of Italian persuasion—'tis not the Italian custom—but it was the boisterous overflow of the minority member of the party of clergymen and gentleman. It sounded very, very strange.

A Neapolitan railway station is a structure of strange parts to an American, though it is not so much so to an Englishman or a traveler from the continent, for it differs but little from his own at home. The waiting room is subdivided into three compartments, suited to the caste and social standing of the prospective passenger—the aristocracy and the nabobs in luxurious seclusion, the middle class in less sumptuous separation, while the great unwashed undercurrent is set adrift in saliva spattered corrals.

We did not come under the head of either the upper crust or undercurrent, it seems, and so we passed, by the grace of a plumed and striped-legged guard, under a portal placarded "secondo classe."

Think of a passenger train without a conductor, if you can, and you will have the Italian variety. Think of a ticket that is never punched, and of a passenger's hat that is never decorated with a conductor's identification slip, and you will have the Italian way.

The gatekeeper—I have him to this day in memory's cage of curiosities—a rather vicious homo with eyes of tar shot with electricity, and moustache corded into threatening stilettos—this gentleman inspected our tickets and waved us through the opening to the platform. The tickets to us were nothing more than interesting aggregations of vowels, with a few consonants patrolling the pasteboard to prevent unseemly intimacy between them. An Italian hates a consonant with all the abomination that a German hates a vowel.

Our tickets called for "Roma." It is strange, with the veneer of civilization the denizens of Europe's big Mediterranean boot have, they cannot correctly spell the names of their own cities. Naples appears in all their literature as Napoli. There is no Florence—the predominating consonants in that word bar it from their lexicography—it is Firenzi. Venice has vowels enough but it is too unmusical and they call it Venezia. Milan has the fatal fault of concluding with an enemy to their vocabulary, and they add an "o" to bring it into good repute. Pisa and Genoa have the proper liquid lisp, and these names are spelled according to Webster's appendix. And so it was to "Roma" we were going, instead of to Rome, as we had innocently supposed.

The smoking cars of the train we were about to take were decorated with the word "fumatori;" those in which the fumes were not allowed flew the phrase "E vietato fumare." The whole train from engine without cow-catcher and bell, to the "wagon lits" (sleep wagon) in the rear, was a curious affair. The cars were not cars at all but carriages—low enough for our lanky preachers to chin, and necessitating a ducking of the head. Most of them were divided into three compartments (the cars, not the preachers), each with seats at the ends, fore and aft, comfortably upholstered in plush (the seats, not the preachers), the backs overspread with indestructible lace. These are not movable or reversible chairs, neither indeed can they be in such close quarters. The compartments accommodate eight passengers, provided none of the passengers is unusually obese, and half of them must ride with their backs to the engine. The penult of this train was a long car carrying on its sides the French words, "wagon restaurant," which, translated into United States, means dining car.

This peculiar railroad rolling stock was lined up for 100 yards along a tufa platform, and the open doors of every compartment swung out upon the platform, presenting the appearance of a procession of cabs. The classification of each compartment was denoted by the Roman letters: "I," "II" and "III," on the outside.

On a journey of a hundred miles or more the carriage is

reversed half a dozen times, so that the passenger who first gets his seat fronting toward the engine and starts off with the presumption that he is fortunate in position, finds that ere his tour is terminated he is drawn backward as much as forward.

It is half past 13 o'clock. The hour of our departure has come. The big station clock refuses to break its timecard into shifts of twelve hours each, as all civilized timepieces do, but runs through to 24 o'clock, which is midnight. It is therefore 1:30 in the afternoon by American time, and 13:30 by Italian clocks and time tables, when some one blows a keen, intermittent whistle, and preparations hurry to a conclusion. Up and down the long train excited guards rush with impetuous zeal slamming and locking the doors, and we are prisoners of travel, in cells, without communicating doors, without raucous-voiced brakeman or porters to declare the stations, without even a meek and lowly "butch" to cry out in nasal monotone his glass pistols and blood-and-thunder literature.

We are off for Rome. The distance is 248 kilometers, or 165 miles, and the route is weatherboarded, ceiled and shingled with scenery that baffles the best efforts of pen and tongue to describe, though not the best that Italy has in stock by several degrees. Crawling first with hesitating caution through the crowded slums, and then with better speed by the places where macaroni, vermicelli and noodles release their odors, we are soon going at full clip toward Vesuvius. We wonder whether we are to pass by Pompeii, and are to see again the skeleton of the city upon which the mountain fell with consuming fury, when the engine suddenly turns to the left and flaunts its carbon pennant in the face of the desperado of the Apennines, as a child in its curls and knickerbockers teases a giant and runs away.

Gardens, green on the gray sputum of Vesuvius, and fed by fragrant mountain rills; vineyards where the young vines are making their first trip over the wires, roads as plump and white as the powdered face of a maiden, old-fashioned mills and patches of wheat and orchards of olive, and white-rocked

homes—the shelter of indolent labor; towns where traffic plods along narrow streets and beauty revels in the lap of prodigal nature; desultory clumps of pine with every tree trimmed of its branches to its tufted top; such is the kaleidoscope that turns before the windows of the train as it whirls through the curving volcanic valleys, the clattering wheels furnishing the only emphatic note of thrift to the drowsy music of rustic life and landscape scene.

This plain, this wide sweep of valley, replete with Dago drudges and red-hooded women, crowded with baby plantations that are tilled with rudimentary tools, redolent with the perfume of blossoms adrift on sluggish currents of air, all its wealth incubating under a sun whose heat is strained to moderation through a violet veil, is the most fertile spot in Italy, and one of the most favored in season and climate in all the world. It is Campania, famous in history and story. Through it ran the Appian Way, the great trans-national thoroughfare of the Caesars, and in its enclosure of protecting mountain chains, the town of Capua, Cumae, Linturnum, Salernum and others of less note flourished. Under its mild sun and among its rich granaries Hannibal wintered his African troops while the Roman army waited in dread his movements of the spring.

But it is not of the history of Campania I wish to speak, rich as it is in historic story, but of its vineyards which are to-day its crowning glory. Over the whole outspread expanse of palpitating plain, from the low hills, whose undulations have traveled every year for 2,000 years and are yet as fertile as the waxy floor of Kansas to the circling valleys where the rich loot of the mountains is hidden by the snows, everywhere within the scope of vision there is one unending, unvarying stretch of vines. If there are olive groves or truck patches they are tolerated only because they do not interfere with the dominion of the grape.

And how queer these vineyards are, each with its avenue of trees, and every tree alike in kind and size and form. These trees of the vineyards are the most striking feature of rural Italy. They serve a dual purpose—that of fuel and of supports for the vines upon which the shoots are trained. In the winter,

when the sap has subsided, the year's growth of sprouts is pruned off, like wool from a sheep, and this is the fuel that is to last the family until the harvest comes again. Get an idea from this of the abject necessity to which modern Italy is driven for fuel; not a tree in all the great peninsula except these, or such as these as are planted by the hand of need, or occasional shrubs that fringe the gorges in the inaccessible ravines high up against the clouds of the mountains. Now picture if you can, the whole of southern Italy, on every plain and wherever on mountain side the soil is caught up against abutment of rock or can be held by artificial terraces, covered by vineyards; and add these quaint stumps of trees that yield their annual shearing of sprouts, and you have the modern kingdom in the struggle of its peasantry for a livelihood.

And now the engine begins to labor as it rises by curving graduations along the water courses, until it reaches the cool air right off the mountain snow. As we follow its lead and turn to the right and to the left, and at times double back at higher altitudes over the way we have come, the horseshoe sweep of the Campania in its lazy fatness and beauty grows purple in the distance, and we finally dismiss it for the newer view of streams, for gray rock-walled chasms and peaks that are bare, imposing and tremendous fellows. Higher and higher yet we creep and crawl until in the solitude of this assemblage of giants we cannot conceive of the possibility of human habitations, and then suddenly burst upon a hiatus in their ranks, and before our surprised eyes a valley hangs with precarious tenure from the diverging ranges of rocks, and every inch of its fertile surface is covered with the ubiquitous vineyard.

Dilapidated castles crown occasional peaks, relics of the era of unrestrained outlawry, or those of those older days of Etruscan supremacy or of Roman rule—we wot not which. Sufficient it is that they tell in picturesque isolation and decay of strenuous days that were long, long ago superseded. It is up here at a town, midway between the snows and the first valleys, where the air is crisp and inspiriting, that we stop for a change of engines. The doors of the carriages are thrown open and the passengers pour out upon the platform.

On a siding at the station is a large wine tank, a duplicate in all respects of the oil tank cars of this country, and I know it is an innovation of western Europe and America, for not often does an Italian ever conceive a notion outside of a fiddle, a piece of macaroni, a cathedral or some new design in stealthy devilment.

A stream rolls in a pellucid flood by our feet and hurries with noisy glee through the town to a frolic on foot somewhere in the chasms of the mountains.

"All aboard for Rome," again calls out the hilarious minority. He has anticipated the whistle, which follows his announcement, and we scamper to our cells, the guards hastily lock the doors, and without a toot from the engine or a prelude from a bell, we are off. Robbed, we are, of half the joys of travel by the absence of an engine bell and by the silent formality in getting in motion. Even the whistle of the engine when stops are made is so shrill that with the rocking of the cars we almost imagine we are a-whirl on a merry-go-round, superinduced by a screaming toy engine.

It is almost 16 o'clock, and our journey is half completed. We are due at Rome at a quarter past 18. The Apennines show no disposition to retire in our favor, and we leave them at every opening, finally dashing into a valley that will lead us after awhile, by meandering sweeps, close to the Eternal City. Men and women are spading up their vineyards—the women always wearing deep blue skirts and bright head kerchiefs. Once only we see the sod turning before the plow, but the plow is after the similitude of those of Spain and the Holy Land—a single-handed concern, and the power is an Egyptian buffalo, those blue, hairless beasts with horns flattened back on their necks. Occasionally patches of wheat or clover break the monotonous regime of vineyards, and the vineyards themselves differ from their trans-Apennine fellows in that the trees, alike in all other particulars, hold on their knotty round tops betwixt two supporting sprouts, their last year's yield of fuel.

The clouds have been gathering for some time; now they have burst and are drenching the valley. Through the mist upon

the glass doors we can catch indistinct glimpses of mountains rushing by, and now and then descry a peasant squatting under a blue umbrella. No Italian of any class, caste or condition ever carries a black umbrella. There is something about all the Southern races that makes them admire gay colors; and so these brunettes of mountains and sea carry colored sun shades. wearing barber pole hose, crimson bandanas, scarlet skirts or shirts—and the peasant in the field, the aristocrat in the villa, the soldier in feathers and stripes, all are arrayed in the brilliant plumage of the rainbow. It is the harmony of sentient nature with the vivid hues of landscape and sky.

A walled town appears on the summit of a low hill and its aspect is so ancient and its pretentions so great that we wonder if we have reached imperial Rome. Scores of caves are gaping in the caves of the hills with evidence of habitation; and as we progress beyond the city without a stop, these underground homes (of hermits and religious recluses, we surmise) continue in evidence, until we bid farewell to the dreary view of mountain fastnesses and caves and gray decaying city, and pass through the inferno of a tunnel, out upon a great expanse of plain, which is a treeless waste in appearance like a western prairie, slightly ruffled with undulations. Here, there, yonder, solemn ruins are keeping vigil over a desolation that none have dared to occupy since the Roman legions drilled upon its unobstructed floor, or Roman magnates nursed their gout and dyspepsia in the days of Roman opulence. Majestically tramping the line of the horizon, like a procession of mastadons, a gigantic aqueduct, the greatest of all such Roman enterprises to be seen throughout Europe and western Asia, makes its way over the topographic swells, from somewhere in the mountains where the water is pure and plentiful, to the city of Rome—along this main 2000 years ago ran the floods that supplied 4,000,000 souls.

We are traversing the Roman Campagna. As beautiful as an Arizona llano, and as useless now under the volcanic cover repose the secrets of battles lost and won, and in its chemistry the bones of countless soldiers and citizens have been resolved into their original elements.

Straight ahead, against the sky's wainscoting of crimson and gold, the sharp outlines of steeples and pinnacles are cut, and towering above them all a dome, immense and imperious even at a distance of twenty miles, dominates the whole visible landscape, even as its prisoner occupant dominates the religious thought and scruples of half the world.

Leaning out of the carriage window, I try to catch and diagnose every ruin and at the same time keep an anxious eye upon the city ahead, growing fast in the widening perspective. Imagination starts a reel of moving mental pictures, but the whole inspiring reverie is suddenly upset by a modern race course, with its pennants, grandstand and jockeys in loud uniforms astride bob-tailed horses in a steeple chase.

Under a span of the Claudian aqueduct we dodge, and through coal yards and railroad machine shops slowly make our way to the old walls beyond which the best of the old city and all the new is hidden. And then, through an opening, battered by the rams of modern enterprise, we enter, and in the shed of a splendid station, become the guests of Rome.

CHAPTER XXI.

St. Peter's and the Vatican.

Our first day in Rome was ushered in by a terrific clanging and clamor of bells, the like of which we had not heard before, not even in Jerusalem. It was a noisy fanfare of steeple choirs, not the resonant, robust notes of American bells, but the nasal jangle of thin-throated chimes.

At five o'clock, an hour when the traveller, weary from the strenuous routine of the previous day, and a laborious appendix of half the night, is getting his sweetest and most refreshing sleep, this tempest of the sonorous muezzins of religious Rome is exasperating in the extreme. All the way from the ponderous gongs of the cathedrals to the tintinnabulations of suburban chapels the reverberations rise and fall in swells and waves and surging billows, encircling the city in a pounding belt of sound. The first tempest of calls to matin service lasts about five minutes, and then a recess ensues. The sleeper's nerves are quieted and he hopes for a supplementary snatch of repose, when the bedlam breaks loose again and his temper is upset and in the extremity of his vexation he dresses and goes down to the sitting room, there to find a lot of red-eyed, yawning and mayhap grouchy fellows who have been similarly roused from their slumbers and are seeking surcease from their troubles in American and English papers and magazines.

After breakfast—no, that's a misnomer, for no breakfasts are served in the hotels of Europe—after disposing of the several transverse sections of a column of baker's bread, capital, entablature and all, we fell in with the usual custom of engaging carriages and a guide. And while the preachers went into consultation with the guide to arrange preliminaries and plan the itinerary, I took advantage of the delay to find the bank where I was to have my first news from home since Cairo. Ah, how pre-eminent above famed ruins and curious scenes, pictured Madonnas and paintings, the memory of a little woman and two boys in a far away home looms in the mind on such

trips as these. Wait, you clamoring guides! Avaunt you pestiferous cabmen! These lines snatched from envelopes bearing the postal likeness of our own Washington, and stamped all over with the cold formality of foreign offices through which they have come, are worth all the ancient chiselings of all the ruins of Rome.

The programme of the drive as adopted by the preachers was one of several itineraries the guide had about his person. It was a printed sheet and is reproduced here ad literatim, ad punctuatum:

Drive Programme
29nd Avril
Carriage will call for Hotel
9 a m start for 9,15 sharp
Visit the Pincian Gardens from whom the seven
hills in Rome will explain (Best Bir-wue
of city-town) Thence drive over
Vatican (museum—Sculpture—
sistine Chapel—Loges Ra-
fael—Pinacatoque)
Procedure to the Hotel and Lunch

———

Starting once More 2,30 Sharp
Visit church St. Peter Pantheon Roman Phorum
Colosseum Returning back for
Hotel Around 6 p m

From the Pincian Gardens—beautiful place on a charming hill—we had a really fine "bir-wue of city town." Below, lay the modern city looking very much in panorama like any other modern city, some of its peculiar features being: Isolated gray splotches of ruins—old solitary columns and spectral ruins widely scattered, zealously guarded from the threatening encroachments of commercialism—cathedrals whose keen and ornate spires resembled in a measure the masts of a multitude of ships at anchor; St. Peter's, majestic under a superabundance of dome; the Tiber, sinuous and murky, mirroring the hundreds of buildings that lined its historic banks; right at our feet be-

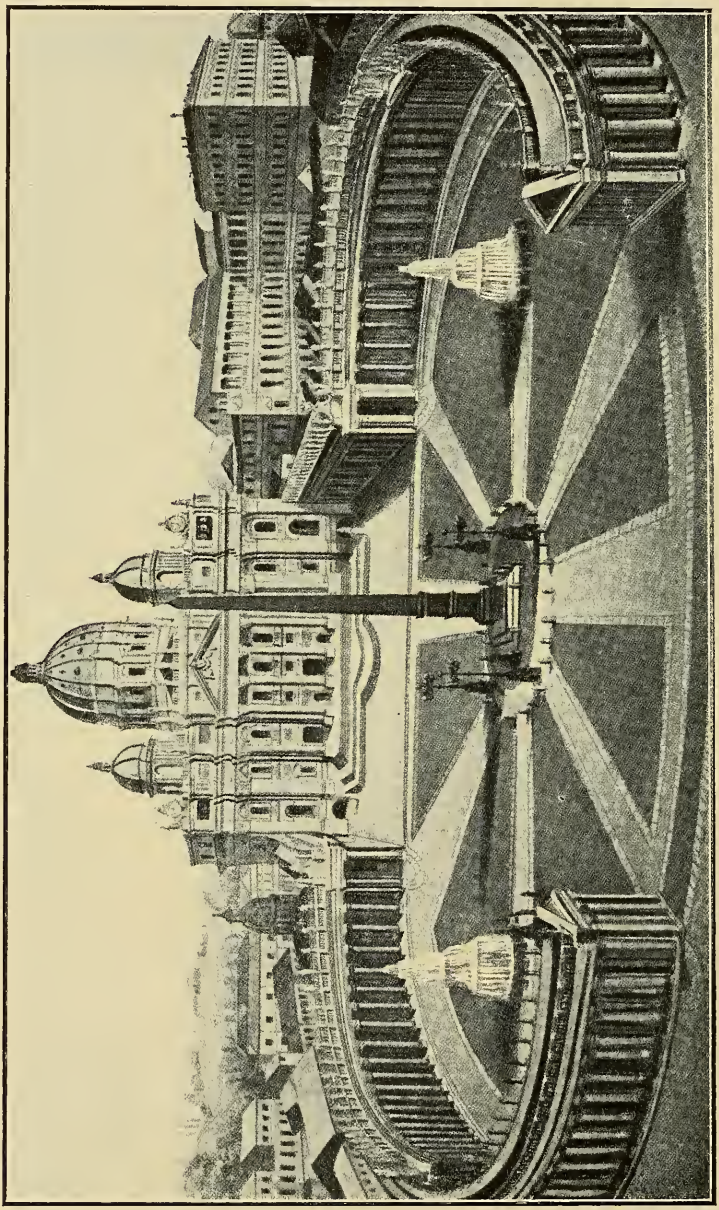
neath the bluff on whose decorated top we stood, the site of the ancient Circus Maximus, restored and having in its center an Egyptian obelisk—one of seventeen in different parts of Rome, this one holding hieroglyphics that recorded the name and deeds of Rameses II, the foster-father of Moses, of date 1330 B. C.; guarding this monument are four lions, through whose open mouths issue perpetual streams of water from the melted snows of the mountains; to the left, hard by, the unpretentious house that was the home of Shelley, an English poet of some note, and, adjoining Nero's grave, and near it a chapel where Martin Luther dwelt during his visit of 1512.

All the original seven hills had such meretricious and thick-set adornment that we were forced to close our eyes in order to rehabilitate them with the old first structures and to restore the scenes of the old times. The Tiber, too, venerable remnant, the only one left with all or any of the former status of things, while preserving in the main its ancient curves and turbid aspect, had nevertheless changed its course so as not to carry through the ages the opprobium of the Tarpeian rock yonder whose blood-stained front it used to lap.

All around were the weather-grimed statues of heroes and gods that were the work of the world's best chisels.

A drive in Rome, a mere drive with interlocutory stops, is unsatisfactory, but we were committed to the guide's programme, and at that unctious dignitary's own time having parted with the Pincian Gardens and with a fin-de-siecle couple who had temporarily annexed themselves to us there for guide-lore privileges, we unraveled a skein of Roman streets to where they became untangled at a bridge over the Tiber, and followed its straightened course thence by Hadrian's imposing tomb—marble-lined and sumptuous once, now the dismal prison of army derelicts—till we brought up presently and without incident at St. Peter's; and there the guide's printed programme received a smash by unanimous consent and we never tried to follow it again.

The first impression of St. Peter's was disappointing. The stone of its front was so discolored by smudges of weather rust



ST PETERS.

that we wondered why the world ever got its consent to go into raptures over it.

The exterior was massive enough and impressive too, but was utterly crude and unsightly. The Vatican building adjoining it on the right, but for the figures of saints on its front, might well be mistaken for a modern American factory, so devoid of finish, so numerous its windows and so square and small its panes of glass.

A spacious court in elliptical form and circumscribed by colonnades of clustered columns, each cluster surmounted by a statue of a saint, introduces St. Peter's. Exactly in the center of the court stands another of the seventeen Egyptian obelisks of Rome, this one having been procured by Caligula. A couple of fountains, one on each side of the court, discharge veritable cataracts of water over graduated basin rims, the falling floods contributing happily to the combination of effects.

Interest is added by the recollection that it was at this particular place that Nero established his wonderful garden and circus. It is also related in Catholic records that Peter was crucified between the "winning posts of Nero's circus" and that he was buried where he died, "close to Nero's palace." Around and over his grave the church of St. Peter was built.

The pavement slopes upward toward the entrance to the church until it breaks into a flight of steps of such proportions that we thought one of the ancient amphi-theaters must have been cut in two with a steam cheese knife and straightened and spread before the doors.

The interior, sufficiently magnificent on its own hook, becomes more so to the eyes that have been misled by the facade and approaches. How sublime the symmetry of dimensions! How vast the proportions; how majestic the great sweep of 600 feet of nave and of transept scarcely smaller! How exquisite the decorations, the gildings, the chiseled lacework, especially of the canopy of the dome uprising in grace 440 feet above the tesselated floor!

Eighty thousand people can attend a service in this church. There are no seats, of course, but an almost boundless expanse of standing room. The marble floor, a composite of individual

stones the size of an art square, starts off from the entrance where we stood, 200 feet wide, and as it recedes, the aisles on the sides seem to press the great columns toward the center, until the marble squares are reduced to diminutive units in the chequered perspective.

The ceiling is a drapery of gold leaf, tucked and pinned into graceful folds, every particle of the costly fabric being hammered into mosaic or drawn by tedious patience into designs of incomparable filigree. The walls are alive with pictures of Virgins and sainted characters of the wonderful history of the Catholic church that seems to be perfect in execution. And yet, never a painter's brush was used in the creation of these particular pictures, nor the slightest pinch of pigment from a painter's palette. They are mosaics, bits of colored stones assembled with infinite patience and blended into all the shades and tints and outlines of a picture that is as faultless as the art of the genius that built them.

The rotunda is 613 feet in circumference. Supporting the dome are four elaborately chiseled marble piers, fluted, frescoed and adorned with busts of notables, each pier 234 feet around and 200 feet to the capitals that blossom underneath the heavy curvatures of the dome. High up there, so immense are all the proportions and ratios that they seem but half the real distance, couched in deep cut niches in the piers, are four figures in marble relief. I should have said they were hardly life-size, but the records have it that they are sixteen feet in stature. These statues are likenesses respectively of Longinus, reputed to be the Roman soldier who thrust his spear into Jesus' side on the cross, afterward repenting and becoming His follower; Queen Helena, mother of Constantine, who went to Jerusalem in her day and located the holy historic places, found the three crosses, the manger, etc.; Veronica, who is reputed to have caught the impression of Jesus' face on her handkerchief; and Andrew, the disciple. Around the base of the dome in mosaic are the words in Latin: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

A bronze figure of Peter in bare feet stands upon a pedestal

against one of the huge pillars in the nave. Occasionally a devout person in passing drops a fervent kiss upon the extended foot, which is at a convenient height for such caresses; the more fastidious, however, place a hand upon the toe and kiss the hand instead. The foot has been worn smooth by these devotions, and the outline of the toe is scarcely discernible.

The treasures of the Vatican are too numerous to be included in a running sketch such as this. In its great library of 150,000 priceless manuscripts but few are exposed to the eye of the visitor, each having a secure niche under lock somewhere in the labyrinth of galleries. In these catacombs of literature a narrow hall, almost 200 yards long and dark and winding like a secret subterranean approach to some mysterious cave, leads between continuous rows of cabinets, in whose closed drawers, labeled in Latin, the literary treasure-trove of antiquity lies. Outrunning the echoes that dogged our heels in this weird and melancholy duct, we debouched into the ante-chamber of a great room where the sun flashed his brightest light in our faces. In this room, white with the light of day, the walls fairly screaming with loud and painfully gorgeous pictures, the ceiling a riot of fluttering angels and saints—a savage extravaganza of color—are kept and carefully guarded the premier treasures of the world's oldest manuscripts. The Codex Vaticanus, the earliest copy of the Scriptures extant, has a cabinet all to itself; and beg as much as we would, we could not obtain a glance at the precious relic; not because the keeper in charge was unaccommodating, but because every exposure hastens its obliteration and we were not such distinguished guests as to call for the keys.

In lieu of the coveted sight of the Codex, we were shown a law brief of Cicero in his own hand, a bit of the Aeneid in Virgil's own personal writing, and the love letters of Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn, interlined and corrected, every erasure prized as we would prize the scrawl of a child that is dead. A hundred glass-topped stands occupied the expansive floor, each with its thick lid, removable for momentary glances at the treasures inside, so very like an undertaker's morgue, where the victims of a disaster have been collected. In its very middle

a baptismal bowl of the richest, deepest green malachite, a gift from the emperor of Russia, is so conspicuous that it never fails to halt the visitor and elicit his admiration.

But if the Vatican library and its museum attract their thousands, the picture galleries draw their tens of thousands. Michelangelo's Last Judgment, Raphael's Transfiguration, and several thousand other noted pictures are here. I have only this to say about them: Why, oh why, did these princes of the brush never hear a call for their talents from the delectable landscapes of Italy? If I had all the "master" paintings of the Vatican and was unable to turn them into cash, I think I would trade them off for chromos of pleasing views—a hundred Madonnas for a single splashing waterfall; a hundred and fifty saints for a single mountain scene with a passenger train paralleling a stream and a buzzard afloat in the azure overhead.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Tragedy of the Catacombs.

There is an air of dolefulness about everything in Rome which hangs like a pall of some past or impending calamity over it. So dense, so all-prevailing is this atmosphere of melancholy that it has a depressing effect upon the visitor. To laugh in such surroundings is as irreverent as it is impossible, humor is as reproachful as a joke at a funeral, and, to add to the dismal situation, when we were on the scene the skies wore their heaviest robes of grief and poured out their lamentations intermittently in floods for six dreary days. It may have been that the clouds and the precipitation were chiefly responsible for the condition, though the ruins and the cathedrals and their historic suggestiveness were factors. Of one thing I made up my mind after the first day and that was that I would never again look upon the sorrowful painting of an old master nor go inside a lachrimose cathedral, a resolution I adhered to manfully for a day and a half. Life is too short to be haunted to the end with memories of Angelo's horrors or to have its pleasures eclipsed by recurring recollections of weird cathedral services and painful cathedral gloom.

I heard but one hearty laugh from native or visitor, saint or sinner, old or young, fat, lean or medium, during the entire period of our sojourn in Rome, and that joyful out-break, though at my own expense, was a welcome rift in the gloom, a red flag shaken at the bull of melancholy. This bit of comedy was so rare that it seemed like a flower entangled in the weeds of grief and I plucked it and pressed it, and now give it to the reader.

I was standing in the door of my room, with a map of Rome in my hand, a kodak over my shoulder, waiting for the preachers, to go on a tour of great expectations through the catacombs, when a chambermaid appeared with a bundle of laundry. Now, this maid was of French extraction and Italian residence, and was, of course, on speaking terms with both those languages,

but she was as much a stranger to English as she is spoke as was French as she is butchered to me and mine. Incidentally, the maid had a navy blue birth mark all over her face. Of course this was a misfortune that was a source of chagrin to the poor girl, but it cut such a prominent figure in this story that I cannot afford, even out of consideration for her, to omit it.

"How much?" I inquired in the only language I knew, desiring to know the cost of the laundry. The reply was a shake of the head and an embarrassed smile that flickered around the edge of the birth mark like a phosphorous ruffle on a quilt scrap.

"How much this laundry?" I repeated at the top of my voice, hoping to crack the density of her understanding with the concussion, but the maid was still speechless and the embroidered smile was unabated.

In desperation I abandoned speech and resorted to the rudimentary pantomime of the paleozoic age. No results. I took an Italian coin from my pocket to illustrate the subject; ah, that was the open sesame to her comprehension, and out of a crevasse that opened in the midst of eddying smiles came a volley of French that rattled on the armor plate of my incomprehensibility. I had started something anyway and that was encouraging.

The lady pointed to a bit of a slip gathered in the cord with which the bundle was bound, which I had not seen, and I pounced upon it as the probable solution of a predicament. Eureka! It was the coveted bill. But the total—surely there must have been some mistake—$6.10 for only a dozen garments —had I been mistaken for a nabob of unlimited wealth and unlimited unconcern as to the disposition of it? It was robbery in approved banditti style—I would not submit to it. I glanced again at the little buff strip in the hope that I might find the first reading erroneous; but there it was in plain hand that any American could read—6.10. I then took the trouble to glance at the itemized list to determine by what process of mathematics and outrageous charges the laundry robbers arrived at such preposterous results.

Mirabile dictu! It was the laundry of a woman, the lingerie of some wealthy dame or damsel—wealthy because the Alpine figures charged against each piece of apparel would indicate a lot of delicate and intricate lace and ruffling that had taxed the care and ingenuity of the washery. I do not mind telling the reader, as I am now far away from the jurisdiction of this offense, that I abstracted the price list of this bit of laundry, and now, with infinite blushes I present it for perusal; in words, tenor and effect as follows:

Linge d' Hommes.

7 mouchoirs	.70
4 chemises, simples	2.00
4 chemises, de nuit	1.60
2 paires de chausettes qua bas	.40
2 camisoles en flannelle	1.00
4 faux cols	.40
Total	6.10

How grateful I was that in a moment of exasperation and confusion I had not broken the wrapper and plunged into the secrets of this feminine package. Here, maid, take this bundle, handle it tenderly, and deliver it to its rightful owner with my respects.

But the maid hesitated, and I tried by every sign known to calisthenics to communicate to her my discovery that the bundle was not mine. I pointed to the list, which was prima facie and positive; I pointed to her as representative of her sex, but she would not believe. She only laughed, a scornful, skeptical laugh, and pointed toward the bundle as if mischievously daring me to open it. This I emphatically declined to do upon any provocation or pretext. Whereupon the maid, maintaining all the while a provoking placid demeanor in the midst of my own perturbation, opened the package—and there in shining starch lay the familiar friends of my own meager wardrobe. The mistake was mine. The suspiciously listed items were only the French for shirts. Of course, however, the prices charged were either a mistake or robbery, and I

went down by way of the "lift" to interview the "portier," the autocrat who presides over the destinies of the hotel. The mistake again was mine. The figures were Italian liras and centimes, a lira being equivalent to 20 cents in our money and a centime to 1-5 of a cent. My bill was therefore only $1.22.

This episode was a pleasing prelude to a day which was to be replete with the antithesis of comedy—the tragedy of a trip through the Catacombs.

Musing somewhat upon what we had seen and were destined to see, and amused somewhat over the comedy of the maid and the laundry package, for the preachers had seen most of it and heard it all, we followed the pompous lead of the guide in a roundabout course, to inspect intervening places of interest. Rattling along the damp gashes which the modern Romans call streets, we came after many a turn and dip to the Ghetto, the Jewish quarter of the city, where that exclusive race has had its reservation since the time when Titus drew the first great throngs of Jews along the Appian Way as trophies of his triumph, following the siege of Jerusalem. Only a scant four or five years had elapsed since Paul had "finished his fight" and received his "crown of rejoicing;" Peter's body, if tradition be true, was hardly yet cold in the damp of death, when Titus brought to the great world city the ancestors of these people. I am sorry to have to record, incidentally, the fact that their coming renewed in Rome those doctrinal differences which had brought about the crucifixion of Christ, and there is some basis for the claim that the contentions between the old line Jews and the Christians on the Messiahship of Christ contributed in no small degree to their stigma in the eyes of Rome and to the cruel orgies of the Colosseum.

Within a few minutes after emerging from the crazy gulches of the Ghetto we stood at the place on the bank of the Tiber where the bridge that Horatius defended started in its course across the river. The guide, who had been christened Cicero by our party because of his eloquent speech at the Forum, knew all the details of the bridge incident, and we were utterly amazed at the wonderful story as he related it. He was our very own

and we swallowed implicitly every impossible feature of his story though it smashed McGuffey, "Dick's Easy Orations for Beginners," and contradicted Livy, Tacitus and Gibbons' "Decline and Fall."

We drove along the left bank of the brown old Tiber, taking absent-minded notice of the boats that were loading for a trip to the Mediterranean eighteen miles down the muddy current, by a street car track that ran in kinks and curves upon a pavement of sun and shade mosaic, until we came upon a pyramid in a corner of the city wall. A pyramid in Rome! And why not? She was a cosmopolitan city. There was a temple

A BERTH IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

to Isis and Osiris in Pompeii; and there are now seventeen towering obelisks that were stolen from sleeping Egypt in the days when Christianity was yet in the womb of prophecy. Then why not a pyramid? This architectural freak is one-twentieth the size of Cheops, the largest of the Egyptian pyramids, is made of concrete faced with brick and was once covered with slabs of marble. The Latin inscriptions on its sides indicate that it was erected to one Caius Cestius, who departed this life twelve years before the birth of Christ, and that 230 days were required to complete the work of construction. History takes passing note of this man Cestius and informs us that he was a glutton of the most lordly and exaggerated type. It is stated in a little milder form, however, the word "epicurean" being substituted for glutton. It is alleged that he had his table filled with the most delicious

dishes that the empire of Rome could furnish and that the most expert caterers could prepare. It is further alleged that he ate a hearty meal seven times in the twenty-four hours, and when his appetite lagged under the load it carried he would stimulate this conscience of the stomach with a feather to induce desire and morbid pleasure in further feasting. There was no inscription on the monument telling of what the fellow died, but I am willing to risk my reputation for correct conjectures that it was of a disease that had its locus somewhere below the belt and above the bottom of his pockets.

An English cemetery adjacent to this mausoleum contains the humble tombs of Keats and Shelley, the former bearing the pathetic epitaph suggested by himself: "Here lies one whose name is writ in water." Shelly's resting place is marked by a simple slab that was laid in the presence of the poet Byron. His remains are not there, only his heart which was his best part, his body having been cremated according to his request.

Five minutes beyond the cemetery stands the church of "St. Paul's Beyond the Walls," the only feature of the interim of space being the diversion afforded by a bunch of Italian urchins who turned handsprings in the road and ran along by our side with extended hands for the quid pro quo. It was absolutely imperative, so the preachers said, that we visit this church, but if it had not later developed that the place was really very interesting I would have been confirmed in my first opinion that the divines had deliberately enticed me thither with a view to forcing a fracture of the resolution I had made two days before, never to enter another cathedral.

The annals of the Catholic church have it that Paul was beheaded during the last year of Nero's reign, in the year 68, and that his body was buried in a small cemetery belonging to a Roman matron by the name of Lucina; that the simple chapel erected over his grave at the time remained intact until the reign of Constantine, when it was enlarged and embellished; that this chapel endured until the year 1813, when it was destroyed and soon thereafter the present structure was begun on a great scale.

It is well to remark here that all great Catholic cathedrals,

and Episcopal ones, too, for that matter, are cruciform in design, that is, the interior open space is disposed in the form of a cross. The main floor, representing the upright beam of the cross, is called the nave; the transverse section representing the cross-beam is called the transept. Parallel with the nave and separated from it usually by rows of columns are open spaces that go by the technical term of aisles. The most sacred spot in a cruciform church is the head of the nave, because it was at the top of the cross that the head of Jesus lay. The sacred altar, where prayers are said and the incense is swung, is at the head of the nave. If there should be any extraordinary cause for the erection of the church at the particular spot it occupies, that feature has preferred position at the point where the nave and transept cross. At "St. Paul's Beyond the Walls" the tomb of the Apostle has this special distinction. And not only the remains of Paul, but all that was mortal of Timothy, his favorite pupil in the ministry, lie here; side and side, the great pioneer of Christianity and his trusting disciple. Thus saith the records of Catholicism. A most attractive, and indeed a gorgeous pavilion, of richest bronze and elaborate ornamentation, stands above the reputed tombs, supported by four pillars of alabaster that hail from the quarries of Assuan, the gift of the Khedive.

The walls of this church are adorned with oil paintings representing biblical incidents in the career of the Apostle, and up against the ceiling and reaching almost around the expansive interior are mosaic portraits of all the 260 popes, wondrous works that, without the touch of a brush, have materialized into faultless and faithful pictures. The first on the list is Peter, with abundant brown whiskers. Number two is a likeness of Pope Linus, who succeeded Pope Peter in the year 67, according to Catholic lists of succession. This pope, I noticed, had unusually brilliant eyes, and wherever the visitor might turn, those lustrous eyes would follow him.

"What is the trouble with Pope No. 2, Cicero?"

"Ah, yes, look this way, gentlemen, please. Pope Linus, yonder, next to St. Peter, you will notice, has very bright eyes. They are of solid diamond and are worth many thou-

sands of dollars. They were presented by the present Queen of Portugal, who is a lineal descendant of Linus. Each of these medallions of the pope's cost 5,000 liras ($1,000). The little chapel there—come in, gentlemen—here now is the crucifix that spoke to St. Bridget. The picture of Christ on the arch is the oldest of Mary's Son in the world, except some that we shall see in the catacombs. That beautiful altar yonder, so green and shining, is the gift of the Czar of Russia; it is malachite."

The ceiling is a shining drapery of gold, the floor as clean as if it had just been swept, and glistening like a mirror. In a word and without further description, the church of St. Paul's is in my opinion even more splendid and more beautiful, if it is not as colossal, than St. Peter's, and that is putting it strong. I shall never forget the faultless expanse of marble floor, nor the rapturous ceiling, nor prettier by far than all other structural decorations of Rome, or of Europe even, the forest of superb violet columns with their capitals in glowing white and heliotrope, veritable flowers blooming on stems of rarest sculpture; the grateful absence, too, of tombstones, excepting only those of Paul and Timothy, and if I had the least suspicion those great men were really resting there, the church would be invested with an interest that would give it a place in the Westminster Abbey of memory forever.

"About three kilometers down that row of eucalyptus trees (he did not say eucalyptus, but it was what he meant) is the place where St. Paul was martyred," observed Cicero, when we were once more out in the open. "Want to see it? Close to pine trees where anonymous Greek Acts say he was beheaded."

While the preachers were hesitating, McCurdy broke in: "If pine tree there yet, we go see it; if not, we go catacombs. Understand?" And we were off for the day's big feature. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes we arrived at a rock wall where we left the carriage and entered an enclosure that had every symptom of an old abandoned field; to the right nothing but a waste, its monotony broken by occasional ruins; to the left the same, except in the background the city of

solemn gray; directly in front a little house and a grove. At this little house Cicero engaged the services of a fat, brown-robed Franciscan friar to conduct us; nothing could have been more in harmony with the ruins we were to see.

After that queer-habited gentleman had delivered to each of us a wax taper and had observed in French and English brogue: "Zis ze way, zhendlemen," we followed him into his backyard, expecting to see some great architectural demonstration at the opening of the underground city of the dead. But there was nothing in sight except a mound that looked like the entrance to a western Texas storm house more than anything else. Imagine our astonishment when the old friar wobbled straight to that storm house and without preliminaries or hesitation stepped into the dark hole, remarking as he stooped and led the way: "Look for your heads, zhendlemen."

The steps leading down into the silent abandoned city were cut 1800 years ago in the solid rock. They are worn, now, and well they may be—badly worn—for many a sad and grievous mission had called the living into those dismal haunts, for a million souls—oh, no, no, no, not the souls, but a million bodies from which the spirits had flown, were laid there in pockets where the chemistry of dissolution had wrought their return to the dust from which they came—thousands headless from the executioner's axe; tens of thousands limbless and lacerated to their doom by enhungered animals in Rome's great slaughter house.

Twenty feet below the surface we struck bottom and encountered there a covey of irreverent girls who had just done the catacombs, as they flippantly put it. Like a procession of haunts with staggering will-o'-the-wisps we groped along the passageways—halls so narrow that we could touch either side with either hand, and yet ceilings high enough to admit the tallest head. The graves, rifled of their contents, yawned as we passed as though they were animate things aroused from the stupor of ages by the intrusion of light and life. On, and on and on we trudged, the flickering tapers so weak that they made little impression on the inky clouds of gloom—a dark-

ness so intensely black that it had smutted the streets and every exposed particular of this burrowed necropolis. The friar sang a constant mechanical nasal song of explanation that we might have understood had we been born in Paris. Sometimes we would proceed in a straight course for a couple of hundred yards, and then would veer to one side. There were cross streets and alleys by the scores; there were occasional large courts where we surmised religious services had once been held. And always, everywhere, the walls were littered with open graves, all cut to measure like suits of clothes, here a long thin one for a person six feet tall; there one two feet thick and short, the receptacle for a stout and dumpy man or a woman brief and obese; yonder, between two adult slits, a miniature niche oval in shape that was cut by devoted hands, the curves of which were intended as an extra expression of love.

Sometimes the graves were regular and systematic, at other times cut at random and without reference to order. Occasionally we came upon a sepulcher that was sealed, and at these the friar would halt his column and chant a mongrel explanation. We could not understand what he said, and so do not know who lie buried there. The fronts were closed with marble, stone or tile, cemented carefully, on which were carved sometimes, but often painted, short epitaphs in a poor Latin scrawl showing that the hands that made them were not the hands of the elite of Rome.

Down below this first city of tombs is a second city almost as large as the first, to which we descended by a flight of steps. There were the same seemingly unending scheme of empty haunted cells and dark streets where echoes sprang at us from the corners at every turn, and ghosts peeped over the billows of blackness and mocked every whisper that escaped our affrighted lips and every song of the friar and every shuffle of our feet. I managed to lag behind the procession once, where I saw in an open niche the bones of a Christian martyr—Christian at least, because on the broken slab that once sealed his resting place was the scrawl of a fish and a palm. I hope I may be forgiven for this vandalism, for I am sure the spirit of the dead does not care, and if in the scheme of the judg-

ment it should become necessary to collect the scattered remains of the dead, I shall willingly give up the bit that I have in order that the arms of his glorified body may be complete for eternity's enjoyment.

The great majority of the graves have long ago been despoiled of their remains. Following the devastation of the catacombs by the Goths in the sixth and seventh centuries,

A STREET IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

Popes Paul and Paschal undertook the tremendous task of removing the bones of the Christians and depositing them in heaps under certain churches, or of working them up into ghastly decorations for chapels in order to impress upon novices in the ascetic orders of the church the awful solemnities of religion.

Many of the tombs have inscriptions upon them—most of them, however, do not—but they are invariably simple tributes denoting in a single adjective the piety, the purity, the af-

fection, and sometimes the beauty of the sleeper. All or nearly all of them that have epitaphs, however brief, close with the conventional "*In Pace*" (At Rest); how much more than we can conjecture, this simple phrase must have meant to the persecuted Christians of that day. And so, often, in addition to the epitaphs, and oftener where there is no epitaph at all, there is an emblem, the dove of purity, the palm of martyrdom, the anchor of faith or the fish, which represents Jesus—the Greek term for fish being ichtus, the letters of which are the initials of the Greek word Iesus Christus Theou Uias Sorter, meaning Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior. Very crude indeed are the drawings—like children's scrawls on a kindergarten blackboard.

In our meanderings we came upon a large room where in the flickering candle-light we could dimly discern a painting of no mean order. Old Testament scenes were respresented, such as Jonah cast up by the whale, Abraham preparing the sacrifice of Isaac, the Hebrew children in the fire, and different New Testament miracles. Further along the friar held his wax taper close to a sepulcher that was sealed with marble with extra care and neatness, and this was the inscription that appeared in a bold sculptured hand: "Diogenes Fossor In Pace Depositus." Diogenes was right; he is indeed resting "in peace," while we who survive him will never cease from trouble till we, like he, are "In Pace Depositus."

The catacombs were not dug according to drafted plans. A family needed a place of burial and according to the custom of the poor of the time a tomb was carved in the rock. The rock was a composite of volcanic nature, neither as hard as lava nor as soft as soil, easily cut and yet impervious to water, an ideal substance for the purpose. Other families followed the example of the first, and still others, until in the course of many years, these cemeteries became contiguous and connections were made. And then it became necessary because of the lack of subsurface room, to dig to deeper depths and lay other floors and galleries, and still deeper floors and cells and galleries, until the catacombs of St. Calixtus, which were the

ones we visited, there are seven cities of the dead, one on top of the other like a mighty building seven stories deep.

The estimated length of the streets of all the catacombs of Rome is absolutely startling—the lowest estimate of the various archaeologists who have explored them being 350 miles. Others vary in their estimates up to 900 miles. Only the Creator, who noted the death of each, has any definite idea of the number who have slept in these labyrinths of rooms, but no one would dare put it below the great total of three millions.

The air was dead and heavy underground, and whereas the whole length of the vast network of galleries and alleys and streets was of a monotonous sameness, and

Whereas, We took note that our tapers were burning dangerously low, and

Whereas, We looked forward with very great apprehension to being lost, without a light in this subterranean limbo; therefore it was

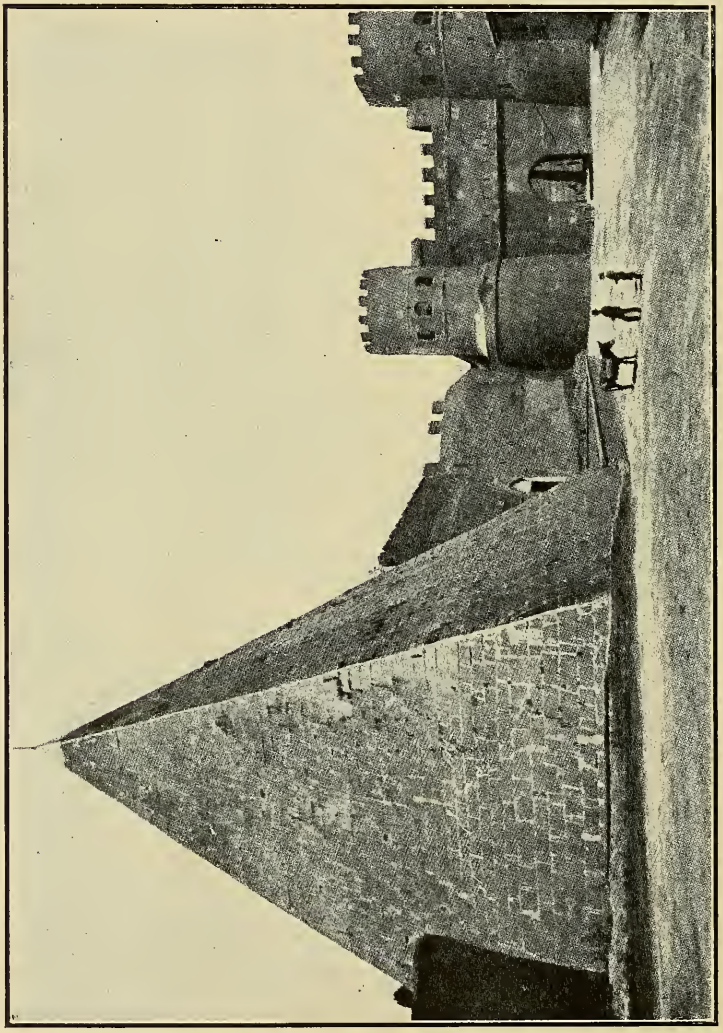
Resolved, That we should retrace our steps with all possible dispatch; and it was further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions should be communicated to the friar in some manner.

The friar understood, to our infinite delight, and wobbled out toward the light, muttering constantly as he wobbled something that he evidently intended as explanatory of things seen or being seen. The only thing we ever did understand of all his chaptered discourse was when on the return he stopped at a grave in the wall and directed us to hold our lights inside the gruesome place. A skeleton lay there, of whom we were not informed, but the friar called attention to a crack in the skull and by a pantomime indicated to our understanding that it was done by an American with his cane to see if it was genuine.

And still every sight we see in Rome is saturated with gloom; the whole city a scheme of melancholy in all its various oppressive phases. It was plain to us that the tragedies of Rome survived her fall; the comedies all perished when she fell and are forgotten.

The Appian Way runs straight as a measured vista from the city yonder, by these catacombs and out across the Cam-



PYRAMIDS OF CESTIUS.

pagna desolation and down to Southern Italy, for a distance of three hundred miles. Its pavement of lava flagstones may yet be seen in many places after the lapse of 2,200 years. What road is there in America that would have any traces left after the elements had beaten and lashed it for twenty centuries? The road was just fifteen feet wide—that is, the paved portion—and for the first ten miles was flanked on each side by a paved walk.

How those Roman emperors, having won the highest distinctions in the world, dreaded the oblivion of death. How they sought to perpetuate themselves in monuments and, to make cocksure that they would survive the calamity of death, obliterated one after another all monuments, buildings and selfish traces left by their predecessors. The Appian Way was the most public of public places, and therefore the fittest spot for monuments of vain monarchs and notables.

How different was this old burial highway of the rich from the tenements of the catacombs. For ten miles the road was lined with magnificent tombs in the old days, and of these there are still some imposing remains, but, strange retribution of Fate, scarcely one, a solitary one of the whole vainglorious roster that was laid to rest with pomp and ceremony is now known to history.

We drove half way to Albano, fourteen miles along the course of this famous thoroughfare, alighting at intervals to explore a ruined tomb, to chip a piece of marble from a prostrate column or steal a fragment from a frieze that had strayed from its first position. Everywhere there was ruin and desolation, as if Time, at the limit of toleration, had smashed all the marble greatness of Rome and then had neglected to clean up the rubbish. The rich and the noble of the Appian Way are just as dead as the humble plebs who were locked in safety boxes in the galleries of the catacombs.

What a monumental street of death, this road along which we are plunging now. What memories of the palmy years of the empire crowd for notice upon the memory.

The sun carries with him on his journey beyond the sea a cortege of golden chariots and retinue of liveried attendants,

the only monarch of all those that rode in triumph upon the Appian road in the great days of Roman supremacy that has retained a whit of his former pomp and prestige.

It is night—a symbol of the long night that has prevailed since the thousand years of day, in Rome.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Colosseum by Moonlight.

If there is any time when the melancholy of Rome seems more oppressive than at others it is at the close of day, when the night issues in shadowy livery from the encompassing hills and all the multitudes of houses huddle together, seemingly closer than in the daytime, like startled things that are afraid of the ghosts of the past.

At such a time, by premeditation in order to experience every possible sensation that a combination of full moon, magnificent ruin and tragic recollection could present, I stood with the preachers and others in the arena of the Colosseum.

The moon rose early and flashed a broadside of light upon the old amphitheater and through the lucent sheen, shuddering —and who could help it who knew aught of the crimsoned history of the place—we looked around upon the empty shell and tried to couple it up with its fearful and wonderful past; upon the terraces of ruined tiers of seats one above the other, up to the crumbling perimeter of the top, in each shadow lurking, we surmised, the spirts of those who were murdered to amuse a heartless public. The black openings into tunnels that led to lairs long since abondoned seemed to yawn with the ennui of non-use. No hungry beasts were there, but the passages were open, and when some one mischievously cried out, "The beasts! the beasts!" it startled the little company, causing them to involuntarily leap to the first tier; and then in affected fear we ran, all the company separated and walked and ran to every part of the great open space. Later we came together again to hear from the lips of Cicero, who knew the story well, the details of the orgies that once characterized the terrible festivities.

As the speaker told in graphic manner of the crimes committed there in the name of sport, the whole gruesome entertainment materialized before our eyes in a realistic manner. We could see the old theater rehabilitated as of yore. We

could hear the heralds outside announcing the program of the fete. We could see the people come from all parts of the city of three millions and fill the space until a multitude of 80,000 were waiting for the performance to begin, the galleries choked with the riff-raff of the streets, and the lower tiers occupied by the well-dressed aristocracy and elite. We heard the shouts from the upper rows that announced the appearance of the emperor at the imperial door, and we saw him ent rein gorgeous apparel followed by a retinue of attendants, and the great throng burst into salvos of applause. We saw the vestal virgins follow in white gowns and pallid faces, and behind them the senators in togas richly embroidered.

We saw the preliminary sacrifices with which the old superstition always prefaced undertakings of moment.

And now the music, that subtle influence which nerves men to the endurance of slaughter and solaces them in suffering, thunders forth, and with the audience on the edge of expectancy, the gladiators, bronze-muscled and expert with the sword, dash into the arena and line up in parallels, saluting the head of the empire. Between them passes a long line of wretches—old men and women, slaves and prisoners, the despised of all classes and conditions—and the backs of these miserables are struck repeatedly and fiercely with scourges in the hands of the gladiators; and we hear the laughter and cat-calls of the galleries as the victims shrink from the lash or cry out in pain. And why not laughter? For this overture of the whip and blood is a mild pastime in comparison with the horrors that are to follow.

We see the gladiators now—heroes of the ring—pass in review before the imperial box and hear each of them exclaim as he bows: "Caesar morituri te salutant." This amid great applause, and the first act closes.

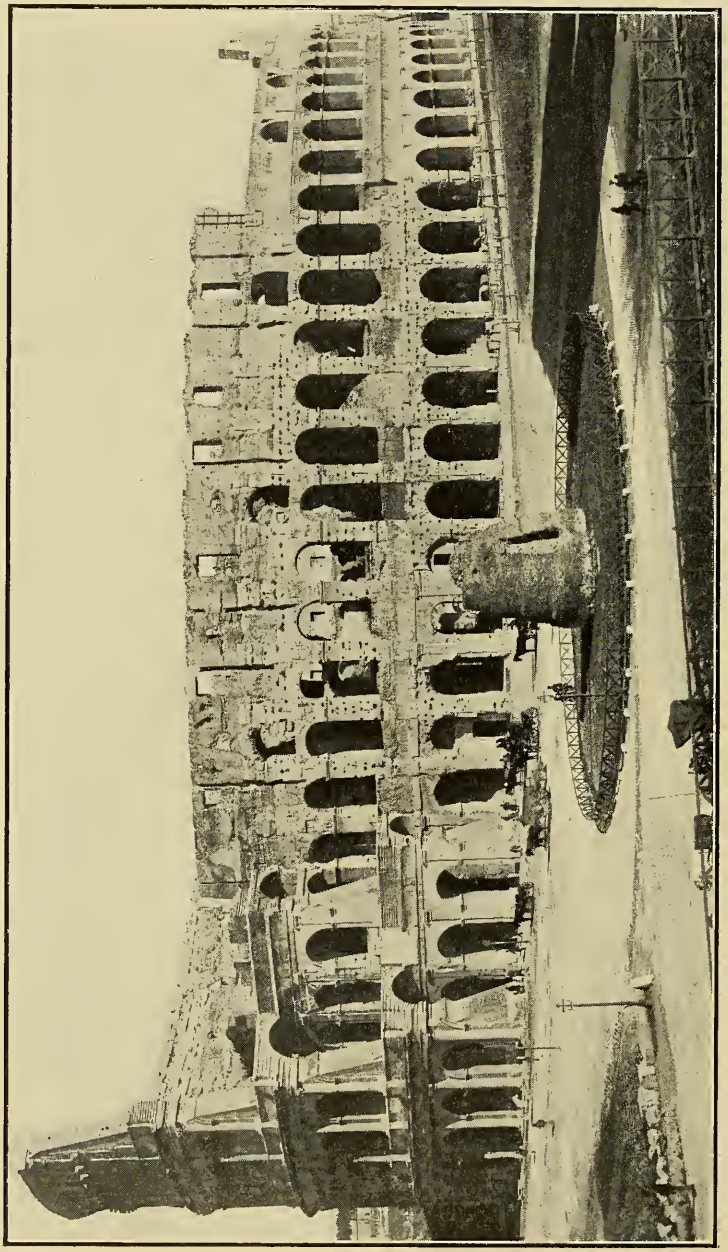
Our versatile historian has related the features of this tragedy so often that his voice is never softened by the least trace of pathos in its telling, and he continues the thrilling story mechanically, pointing here and there to locate the various scenes of the drama with the same *sang froid* that we would detail the doings of a circus.

"Before those dark pasages yonder," says he, "grated doors used to swing. Back underneath, the tunnels connected with the cages, where the beasts were kept in a starved condition for days to madden them with hunger to make sure of their proper behavior in the arena."

Following him intently, and as he continues the thrilling narrative into the next scene, we see the shrinking, frightened lines of slaves and prisoners who suffered flagellation in the first act, reappear and fall in hopeless heaps about the ring, some running to the imperial box beseeching pardon unavailingly for release from the doom that awaits them. We hear the tense silence, yes, hear it as plainly as we do the creaking doors that are lifted by attendants and swung back upon their hinges. We see the gaunt devils of the jungle spring into the ring, their ribs visible from fiendishly-forced denial. We see them gaze for a moment startled at the overhanging throngs—and we wish with all our hearts that they could leap right into the midst of them, and spare the innocents which are at their mercy. We see them crouch and quiver with instinctive stealth quite unnecessary, and rush with the fury of their ferocious natures to a banquet of human flesh. We hear the shrieks of the women and the groans and cries of the men and women and the smothered snarl of the beasts as their throats are choked; and while the speaker does not go that far into the details, we know that as a part of the ghastly aftermath, the ground is crimson and the beasts, still unappeased, are licking the trickling rills of blood.

Glutted and docile, the animals are driven from the arena, and attendants lay a layer of sand, while issuing from ingenious jets disposed about the amphitheater sprays of perfumes and disinfectants offset the odors of the hideous carnage. And the better to dissipate them, the awnings overspreading the multitude, are agitated by mechanical devices.

The bones and bloody matted heads of hair and crimson rags and remnants of mangled flesh are dumped outside in the spoliarum, and the audience begins to buzz into tete-a-tetes, louder and louder growing until the clamor becomes an uproarious demand for the next scene.



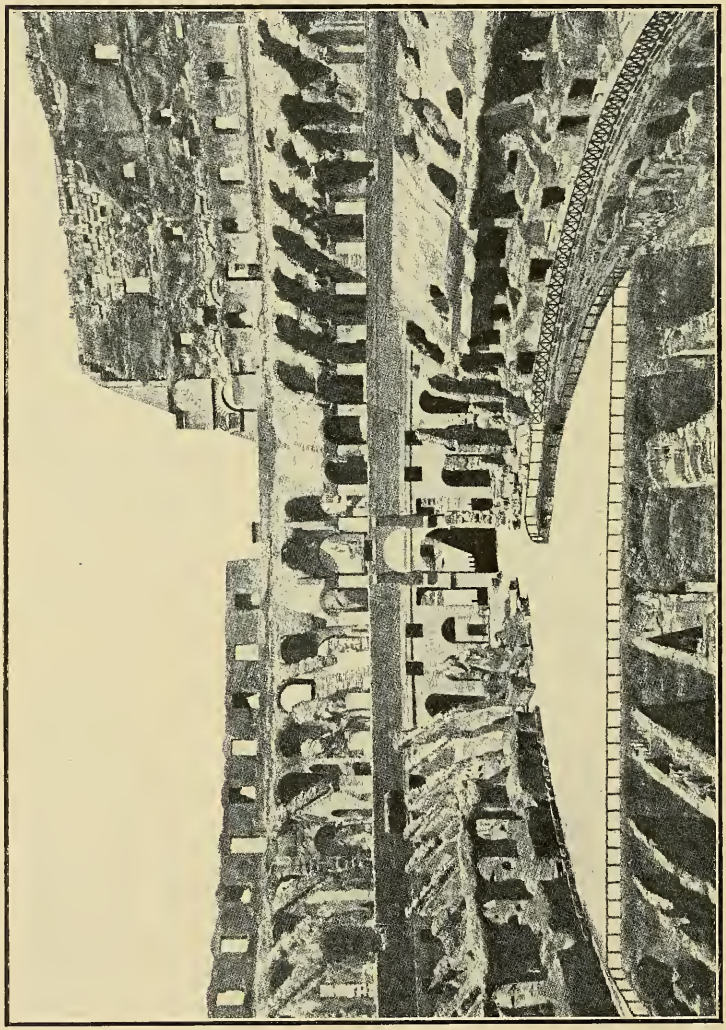
THE COLOSSEUM.

Look! The doors of portals splendid then, gloomy, gaping holes now, are opened and the gladiators reappear in the ring, this time in chariots drawn by the best stallions of the empire. Again they salute the emperor with the cry heard throughout the vast interior: "Caesar morituri te salutant." Each carries a short sword and a shield; powerful fellows they are, nurtured and bred in the forests of the Rhone and of the Danube and the Rhine. Alighting with vigorous step, the cars and steeds are hurried out by attendants, a trumpet is sounded, and they enter the lists of mortal combat, amid excited huzzas that are heard in the Alban hills and beyond the Tiber. Such fencing, such clanging of shields under the strokes of steel, was never seen before nor since. Every expert thrust, every deft defense is noted by the assembly and approved with applause. But now a shield is shivered and falls, and a duelist sinks with a fatal wound, and as his head droops in weakness, the pathetic words of Byron, who stood where we are standing and who saw the vision we are seeing, comes to mind:

"I see before me the gladiator lie,
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash fall heavy, one by one.
The arena swings around him—he is gone.
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it but heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he their sire
Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

During the reigns of Claudius, Domitian and Diocletian the last scene in the tragedy of this sport was reserved especially



INTERIOR OF COLOSSEUM.

for the contest between Christians and wild animals, which was a cruel farce, the Christians being allowed to defend themselves with arms they could illy use. Sometimes artificial mounds of soil and shrubs and grass would appear mysteriously in the arena and out of these tigers, bears and hyenas would spring, arousing the audience to transports of savage excitement.

A door opens and a long line of human beings appear, driven by goads and scourges. In the hands of each a sword is placed, a mockery not unlike that which Jesus underwent at Jerusalem. With these poor weapons they are to defend themselves against the beasts. I see them turn their faces to heaven, not in pleading for rescue from their fate, for they have known thousands of their colleagues in religion to go the same route and there is no hope of their exemption and they expect no favors from God nor man in this instance. But upon their faces is a look of assurance that with the bloody dissolution of this house of their body they are soon to be with the Father and Son in person.

Then—a hurricane of flying stripes and shaggy manes and struggling arms and shrieks and groans and blood and crunching of bones. Oh, God, is it possible that any creature Thou hast made in Thine own image can become so brutally depraved as to tolerate and applaud such fiendish horrors as these.

A lady faints over there in the dress circle; she is fanned and brought to with the remark: "It was so foolish of me, I know; I never could stand the sight of blood."

I have not overdrawn this picture; indeed I have not drawn it strong enough to accord with the facts if history be correct. In this cruel manner thousands of Christians perished during the four centuries of the life of the amphitheater. Thus perished Ignatius, the Christian bishop who knelt in the arena with a hundred thousand eyes upon him and exclaimed: "I am the Lord's wheat and must be broken before I can become the bread of Christ."

With such a history how great the satisfaction in knowing that the Colosseum is now a ruin forever. It looks as if Provi-

dence had with a scythe of impatience and terrible retribution cut the mammoth thing in two.

In the dews of the night and in the glow of the moon which invested the scene with solemnity I looked upon this superb eclipse of man's creation and thought I had never seen a more impressive sight. Day after day, and every day without fail I returned to it, drawn by the irresistible charm it possessed and with every visit it assumed a new symbolic phase—now a crater of cruelty happily extinct; now a giant in decay, his vitals torn out and his great frame rigid and bleached in centuries of sun; or a vast shell whence the red-winged fledglings of revelry have flown; but always the same majestic, pathetic, splendid, awful, tottering pile, deserted and silent as the tombs where the conscienceless multitudes it amused now sleep, its arches with the stars shining through like the souls of the saints purified with its tribulations, and always inspiring the same mysterious spell of awe and wonder and reverie such as is felt nowhere else in all the earth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Guides Eliminated.

Parting with guides is such sweet sorrow. After Rome we were not to see them again except in a desultory sort of way.

There is nothing that inflates the ego more than the opportunity to tell it first; to know something others do not know and to have others hang dependently on one's words of information. The guide is the best specimen extant of the ego thus inflated. He becomes quite naturally a haughty, disdainful, vain and pompous person, who is in no sense a server, but a rabbi, a tutor to the untutored. Whether Syrian, Greek, Arab, Turk or Italian, he is the same everywhere, himself the central, brilliant sun, his followers his obsequious satellites. He loves to startle, to pose dramatically, to cause the eyes to bulge, to crush with amazing statements, and for that reason he is not always dependable. His remarks are invariably stereotyped and declamatory, a speech committed to memory that an interruption will demolish utterly. His five dollars a day is equal to a prince's salary in any of those benighted lands, and he is therefore envied by all his racial kind.

This peripatetic historian and philosopher passed into the Great Behind, at Rome, and became thereafter a memory; and, incidentally, it was the best change we ever made in our programme.

Again, at Rome I permitted myself to become separated temporarily from my clerical friends who had been a solace and pleasure all the way around the Mediterranean. It came about this way: We had seen all the great ruins—the Forum, Colosseum, the Catacombs, Baths of Caracalla and others and others —all of the great churches of Catholicism—St. Peter's, St. Paul's Beyond the Walls, St. John's Lateran, and others. All the great pictures—The Transfiguration, Last Judgment, Aurora, this last being absolutely the prettiest and greatest of them all. Looked to me like we had about covered the ground.

But the Connoisseur wove a spell over the other members

of the majority and persuaded them to wait over a couple of days to study the pictures in the Vatican more critically; and that straw broke the camel's back of my own patience and civility and I got up a little revolution and seceded, going to Venice alone.

Besides, the ruthless majority had outlined a programme that included a couple more days in the galleries of Florence, and that codicil to the regular programme was an overt breach of hitherto congenial relations and there was no alternative but secession.

CHAPTER XXV.

Venice—Its Amphibious Life.

I am glad it was night when we entered Venice, for the first impressions of a scene are the most lasting, and no conspiracy of conditions could have displayed the attractions of this city of the sea to better advantage than those that got together on the night of our arrival.

No carriages were at the station; that was strange. No street cars offered passage; that was remarkable. There were no streets even that we could walk upon. Was there anything more queer in the wide, wide world? But in lieu of cabs and cars there were boats, peculiar long-necked boats, that were manned by curious boatmen who stood uniformly against the boats' bobbing necks and beckoned for patronage without uttering a sound to assist the pantomime. And when they were loaded up, behold the whole collection broke ranks simultaneously as if by city law or custom and yet not a sound was uttered except in sotto voce conversation, not an oar, even, was splashed in the rhythm and concert of the departing argosy. The boatmen drove their vehicles forward with deft and delicate manipulation and every gurgle was suppressed lest it violate the regime of solemn silence.

We were on the Grand Canal, the Broadway of Venice, and never did a nabob ride in a softer carriage than ours that glided noiselessly and easily on the liquid street. The lights fell from adjacent buildings in showers of jewels within reach of our hands; the boatman bent and rose with the inflection of his oar, and in the semi-darkness there was enough of the unique and the wierd to raise the question as to whether we were indeed in a great and novel cis-eternity city or were at one of the terminals of the River Styx. Out of the water stately buildings rose without sidewalk or awning. Stygian boats flitted hither and thither in the stillness, and darted into mysterious alleys, while others as suddenly appeared out of dark rents in the row of marble palaces and took their places on

this Broadway of travel. Bridges lifted their ponderous humps above us as we passed. Once we came upon a merry party in a motor boat and their laughter and the music of stringed instruments was a pleasing interruption of the solemn silence.

And on, with other deviations and diversions, to the hotel pier.

Italy is a land of song and it had often been my wish that I might be awakened some night during the journey in that country by sweet singing such as Juliet heard from Romeo or Caruso or Tettrazini serve to applauding audiences. The wish threatened to materialize when I was awakened during my first night in Venice by singing under my window. But anticipation suffered a severe relapse when the music was diagnosed and I feel quite sure there was neither a Caruso nor a Tettrazini in that bunch of catawaulers under the window at midnight. There was not even music in the third degree, and I judge they were all drunk in the first degree.

Next morning when I awoke I thoughtlessly lay and listened for the hoofbeats of travel and traffic, for the rumble of carriage wheels and the clatter of foot-leather on the walks; but not a hoofbeat, not a rumble nor a clatter was heard. Silence brooded like a gentle spirit o'er the—whatever there was on the outside.

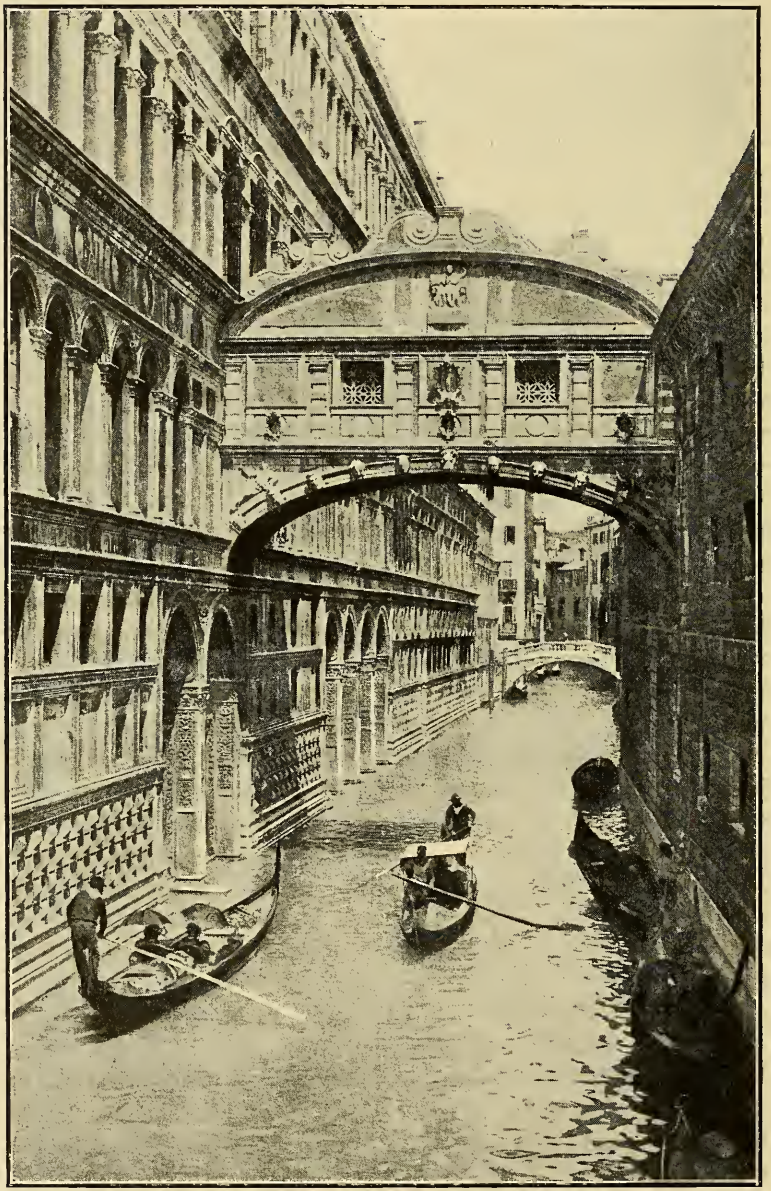
Going down into the hotel lobby I found a lonesome absence of anybody and everybody—not a soul in sight—and an atmosphere of damp and semi-lit solemnity that gave notice that it was too early for visitors to be out. At the door I stood on the brink of a stream of water, dark green, motionless, eight feet or so wide like the backwater of an overflow. Above the water line of the night's inactivity the bases of the buildings were wet for a foot or more and were slick with water moss. A platform or wharf of limited dimensions marked the landing place of passengers and baggage. The water street was crooked this way and that, and visible only in either direction as far as one could throw a derby hat. A bridge humped itself into a semicircle yonder and connected up the broken course of a foot path. A vague indefinite fog whose active principle was a cold, rheumatic threat, rose from the water and insinuated itself into every nook and opening. The foot path

above mentioned was of stone and was just wide enough for one to touch the buildings on each side with his hands while standing in the middle. Following it to the summit of the bridge I looked up at the slit of sky visible now from this vantage point, and then passed on into the dark rift which the path made in the mass of stone beyond. I met a woman, the first live object I had encountered, barefooted and in head rag, and I marveled at her endurance, in barefeet, of the cold dampness. A little further I ran upon an open meat and vegetable market where in a room a few feet square dressed chicken, waterfowl, grapes, cress and wine were displayed in the dim light of an olive oil lamp. I suppose I ought to call this lane a street, for such it was, and one of the most used of all the streets in Venice. I thought that other Italian towns were wonderfully economical in their street space, but here was street economy to the squeezing point. Really I was surprised to find that any of the streets of Venice were other than of water.

In the course of this aimless ramble other paths occasionally led off at varying angles from the one I was following, and I wondered if I would ever come to an open space big enough, as Mark Twain said of a steamer cabin, "to swing a cat in with perfect safety to the cat," but such an extravagance of elbow room never developed. It is to be expected that children reared in such contracted quarters would be sallow-faced and spindle-legged, and so they are—pitiful sprouts of humanity—and that men and women imprisoned there could not propagate an idea higher than their heads, and so they do not—these amphibious salamanders of rock and water that burrow in the crannies of stone for a living and have their pleasures in the streets of the sea.

But hark! The voice of a bell resounds in the still morning air, and the melody works its way down into the chasm where I halt and listen, and eddies and swirls in a chaotic bedlam of music that seems sweeter to my ears than any I have ever heard before—the sweeter no doubt because of the contrast with the melancholy situation and the scheme of prevailing silence.

It is the call to mass, of Catholic Venice. Quickly the path-



BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

way is peopled with pedestrians who are bent upon heeding its invitation, more and more thickly peopled, until I cannot make my way against the contrary current, and I turn and drift with it. After being veritably pushed with the momentum of this freshet of humanity through a series of devious canyons whose sides are worn slick and glazed with the process of such locomotion for centuries, I am ejected with the rest with pop-gun effect—I am surprised that we did not actually pop with the sudden emission—into a spacious square, where the light, in contrast with the dismal limbo of the channels by which we have come, seems to fall in floods of splendor, and a great cathedral rears its richly ornamented front the full width of the farther side.

It was a splendid stretch of religious generosity that set aside for beauty's sake and convenience and comfort such an expansive plat of space in sur-crowded Venice. It was a band of expert artists with the chisel who carved such a noble front on the city's leading building and decorated the marble shops surrounding the square with such taste. Everything here is of marble and the exterior of every house is a mass of marble embroidery, the lower floors occupied by the best shops of Venice, the upper floors (for the buildings are uniformly two stories high) used as warerooms for surplus stock, and for offices, and workrooms of the lace and glass workers, the most proficient on the globe in these lines; those upper rooms coming out beyond the lower ones and supported by a substructure of carved marble columns and graceful arches that produce an entrancing vista of corridors along which the never diminishing throngs of travelers walk all day long.

St. Mark's is a wonderful cathedral I suppose, for that is the reputation it bears, some declaring it to be the most beautiful building in the world. John Ruskin in his "Stones of Venice" uses every adjective of all the dictionaries and then when the supply is exhausted, invents others, and weaves them all into the most extravagant rhetorical bouquets in describing it. He says of St. Mark's:

"All the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pil-

lars and domes clustered into a long, low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother of pearl, hollowed beneath into great vaulted porches, sealed with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds, clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and in the midst of it the solemn forms of angels, sceptered and robed to the feet and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim like the morning light among the branches of Eden when first its gates were angel guarded long ago. And around the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphry and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra like, 'their bluest veins to kiss'—the shadow as it steals back from them revealing line after line of azure undulations as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending with the cross; and above them in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and life—angels and the signs of heaven and the labors of men; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreathes of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

The ravings of an art maniac; rhetorical delirium. It is simply inexplicable how such a battered piece of architecture could have wrought such a bias in Ruskin's master intellect

as to throw him bodily into such a spasm. I took his prose poem of description and compared it with the original, and as a picture sometimes flatters the subject, his flatters the original till the likeness is hardly recognizable. There are the sculptured vines and birds and angels and things, but the "azure undulations" need the pencil of a strong imagination to touch them up to make the whole look "as clear as amber and as delicate as ivory," and that Garden of Eden figure is manufactured out of the whole cloth. St. Mark's is a tremendous old pile of marble and stone patched up with tolerable taste through the centuries and the etchings of figures on its front, once beautiful no doubt, are now dingy with age and hacked by weather till they are beautiful no longer only to connoisseurs like Ruskin.

I entered this venerable cathedral with the profound reverence which was due it. A great altar, replete with stained statues and glittering with candles, arrested the eye first. Before it worshippers were kneeling in devotion while a priest moved back and forth, muttering the ritual, his back resplendent with a cross in gilt and purple as large as his own body. It was that time of day when the sun could send a ray through the smoke of incense that filled the interior and I could trace it from where it entered through an aperture in the top as it widened into a growing, glowing triangle and fell like a searchlight from heaven upon the brilliant robe of the officiating priest. Behind it, visible through its translucence, the choir sat in the solemn darkness and their chanted music rolled up in inspiring volume and filled the building with melody compelling reverence and stirring the soul into harmony with the sacred environment. The walls, gray and smutted by Time, were broken in places and tattered, but the paintings by the world masters, still called great, could be traced vaguely by an effort of the eye on the wall and on the vast span of the ceiling of the dome where gold leaf and costly mosaic alternated with the color of painted saints and Apostles in the stiff enactment of scenes from Scripture. The floor of square blocks of marble was irregular and bulged up in waves in places as though the fish of the sea had made their bed under it and

pushed it out of place. Monstrous stone arches leaped from pillar to pillar and from beneath their graceful spans dark corridors crouched solemnly and in them were altars, one where the Virgin was represented in a picture, wearing a silver crown and all over her body, concealing it entirely except her pathetic eyes, silver hearts, the votive offering of mothers who in this way gained and kept her esteem and special favor. In other corners other altars to the first great saints; and at each and all of them a kneeling crowd of worshippers.

But the pigeons—they were the distinguishing feature of this touted spot—Ruskin did not as much as spill a pint of rhetoric on them. There was beauty, to be sure, in the decorations of the overdressed and dirty old church; there was a sort of glamour of romance and thrilling history in the stone-laced ducal palace and the church that dates back to the time when the light of civilization first went out at the genesis of the dark ages; but all these frozen flowers of architecture were as moonlight to sunlight in comparison with the brood of pigeons that operated in a rival demonstration in their midst.

Ever since Enrico Dandalo was ducal dictator in the year 1192 when they were introduced into the place, these pigeons have been a feature of St. Mark's Square, and during all the intervening time they have been held as sacred and protected from injury or interference. For six hundred years they were the special proteges of the government, but when tourist travel became extensive and visitors showed a disposition to feed them all they wanted, the government saw a chance to escape the expense of furnishing them provender, and they have since lived on the charity of tourists—lived and grown fat. And never were there more persistent beggars. They lie in wait for a fresh arrival and pounce upon him with a most pathetic pleading, and never was a heart so hard as to refuse them what they ask. The moment I stepped from the arched corridors into the open, a covey of bright plumed birds swooped down to within a few feet of my head, fluttering and crooning dolefully, and as I stopped and received the delegation with manifest pleasure, they proceeded to alight one by one on my shoulders and arms and actually scrapped for position on any

part of my body. Really I was very much surprised by this sudden and unexpected reception and was not prepared to do the right thing by them; had not learned the usual ways and means. I opened my hand, but they spurned it and fluttered and begged, even flopping down into my coat pockets and burglarizing them. Walking on further I came upon a party of English people who were feeding seeds to the birds and I inquired where I might get some of the seeds, but before they had time to answer an old lady approached with a basket of food and I invested. This time I was covered with begging birds, hundreds of them fighting for a position on my anatomy until their number actually became quite a burden. They did not exhibit the slightest timidity and ate from my hands as though it were a saucer in some secluded rookery. Everybody feeds the pigeons and if they do not die of gluttony it is not because they haven't the finest opportunity to do so.

Who cares for old cathedrals and oil paintings in Venice when one can romp with the pigeons—blessed antidotes of gloom? Or who would squander precious moments in doge's palaces and dungeons and bridges of sighs, when one can ride in crescent boats in lustrous chutes and amid the queerest surroundings of conditions and customs the world ever saw? Listen. Mrs. Vermicelli desires to go calling. She does not direct the coachman to hitch a span of blacks to the barouche and go sailing out in the sun under a dainty parasol, nor does she spin lightly along paved streets in a honking limousine. No, not in Venice. But she raises a window and directs her gondolier to wake up from his siesta and to swing his boat around to the door and await her descent and embarkation, whereupon at her pleasure she seats herself in the cushioned and canopied little cab and the boatman in obedience to orders rounds in at this home and that and assists his charge into this door and that, and then falls asleep in the sun pending the termination of the call.

A picnic party is organized; they do not go hay riding in the moonshine and pull up at a resort in the mountains; no indeed; but a great gondola with a brace of gaudily decked oarsmen is chartered, and an orchestra is engaged, and torches are swung

from the uplifted front and rear of the vehicle, and torches and laughter and song and chatter and ripples are intermixed in the queerest of entertainments.

A gondola is unlike any other boat that was ever constructed. As lithe and nimble as a racer, as graceful as a nymph, it is not a painted and decorated thing that has been made for exhibition, but in color and equipment and design looks the sea-worthy craft that it is and has been for centuries; at home on the water and with no amphibious designs on the land. The proud uplifted front is not unlike that of a swan, and the shining comb of brass or silver might well be the beak of a bird of the sea, while the curving rear could just as well as not represent the tail. It is always narrow, as everything in Venice is narrow, but makes up in length what it loses in width, and the mystery is what sustains the slender thing so steadily while the passengers get off and on and move freely and carelessly on board. Bobbing everlastingly like a cork it keeps its balance perfectly and without the least disposition to upset.

The chief surprise in the first sight of the gondola is its color. I had gathered the idea somehow that it was gaudy, even spectacular. On the contrary it is as black as any hearse that ever led a procession to a cemetery. The little cab in the center is black, too, and as if to emphasize the funereal scheme this apartment is covered with black velvet and trimmed with the embroidery that is usual to the decorations of a coffin. One feels very much like one were riding in a coffin, in truth; and then the motive power is a gondolier dressed in conventional black, and the itinerary is along a dark water course much of the time where sunshine cannot go, and little of its reflections even, the whole combination suggestive of a funeral procession with one's self as the subject matter.

For the experience of the gondola ride as well as for whatever it might reveal of the environs of Venice, I shipped one beautiful morning for the island of Murano where the glazing works of Venice were located.

For ages the Venetians have been noted for their expert creations in glass. Their shops are filled with articles made of it in the most delicate and beautiful designs, and I am convinced that

there is nothing ever heretofore constructed of cloth, wood or iron that has not been imitated in glass by these artists of Venice, even to pianos and steam engines. It is not uncommon to see hanging in a shop window a lady's society gown with delicate trimming wrought into the most exquisite effects, every particle of it made of glass, men's hats of glass, clocks whose face and running machinery are of glass; and besides these, all such useful things as chandeliers and dining room dishes of glass may be seen in charming and astonishing profusion. Americans buy these fragile things by the big box full, the merchant guaranteeing safe delivery across the water.

With the perfection of ease and grace we swam the noiseless meanderings of the streets until we darted at length out upon the quiet mirror of the Lagoon, where the view broadened and was fine and the air was pure and refreshing. I do not know whether it is vapor from the water or a feature of the atmosphere, but a curtain of haze, always tinted with soft colors, constantly hangs over Venice and its environs, a condition that adds to its beauty and no doubt also veils it from excessive heat. Several islets were in the radius of the eye, some of them overhung with streamers of black smoke as if their beautiful decorations of houses were on fire. The sable-garbed gondolier now put more muscle into his strokes, plying his boat vigorously from the rear, and bowing with each effort almost to the level of the little platform where he stood. The boat itself woke from its drifting stupor and began to rock like a thing of life while the shining prow and its graceful slender neck seemed to be peering steadily ahead at its destination, allowing nothing to distract it from its purpose. The water was green here, blue yonder, purple further toward the great sea, while behind, it reflected the whole of that part of the city that could look into its wavy mirror. Gondolas rode the vast thoroughfare like so many mallards, and white winged boats, the wings expansive and the boats diminutive, hovered over a glassy surface that was so glistening and glassy that I wondered if it were not the radiant overflow of the glazing vats of Murano.

The city dwindled in the perspective, and in its pretty setting the entire absence of smoke from any of its multitude of

counterfeit chimneys told the tale of its dearth of industry and its contentment with forever admiring itself in the mirror of its streets.

They were making chandeliers at Murano that morning, such as are sold to foolish Americans for $100 and to Europeans for $20 or less. The rapidity and dexterity of the workmen in transforming a shapeless mass of molten stuff into a dream of beauty was little short of a miracle. Glass making is one of the two main sources of revenue upon which the Venetians live; the other being lace making—just glass and lace; upon their excellency in these two arts, and upon the perennial recurrence of the tourist, their subsistence depends.

There are in Venice 7,000 girls who ply the bodkin day and night to supply the enormous demand for Venetian laces and embroideries. The lady tourists gather around this etheral stuff and sigh over it as Maud Muller sighed for the Judge. It is a matter past the comprehension of mortal mind why it is that women prefer a hemstitched handkerchief above any terrestrial scene or historic study. There isn't the least doubt in the world that the last one of the sex would rather spend an hour in a lace shop than a week in the Alps. Let a crowd be gathered on a ledge of the Rigi at sunrise, above the clouds that float by like a drifting sea of lint, and at that supreme moment of delight when the sun's rays fall in charming color on the evanescent stuff and it parts and displays the most gorgeous scenery that ever ravished the eye, just at that psychological moment let a peddler come along with an armful of Maltese or Venetian embroidery, and every skirted lump of femininity in that enchanted group would be panic stricken and leave the scene with its supernal glories to sigh and swoon in ecstacy over a piece of perforated silk. It's a part of woman's composition and can't be helped. Premises considered, the presumption is reasonable that Eve started the fad in Eden and that she hemmed and tucked the fig leaves of her wardrobe and drove holes through them with a stick to make them foolishingly decorative. It is feminine, it is constitutional, it is unavoidable.

Laces, glass, water streets, a church, a dungeon, a ducal palace, a bridge, some old pictures, the pigeons—these are the features

of Venice. Unless we care to take notice of the peculiar effects upon the people of their geographic isolation, which is not uninteresting. I was waiting in the hotel lobby for a gondola to go to the railroad station, the day of my departure from Venice, when a native boy came in and begged for a penny. Taking advantage of the opportunity to question the little fellow about his life and customs, the "portier" serving as interpreter between us, and learning that he had never been out of Venice and was ignorant of what the great world was like and that he really supposed it was almost like his own Venice, I won his attention and deep interest, though of course not his confidence, in my statements, by telling him some of the wonderful things in the land where I lived across the sea. Asked if he had ever seen a horse his reply was that he had seen the four bronze ones on the front of St. Mark's and pictures of them elsewhere. I told him I lived in a country where the people rode horses as the Venetians did their gondolas, and that the animals pulled wheeled vehicles that were filled with persons and that they ran at a speed twice as great as the swiftest gondola. The little fellow's eyes enlarged with surprise and doubt, and finally twinkled with incredulity when I averred that in my country there were thousands of folks who never saw a body of water bigger than a West Texas "tank," the dimensions of which I indicated. He was actually startled when I added that the streets of our towns were wide enough for a kid to turn a handspring in without endangering his neck. And how his mischievious eyes did almost break out of their confinement in his brown face when I related how in my country there were great spaces of dirt as big as the big sea which he looked out on every day, and not a canal in all of it, and that I could travel there in places for hours and never see a house nor a living person; and that there were curious things we called birds that sang sweet songs in strange shrubbery that we called trees, and bushytailed squirrels that leaped from limb to limb and rabbits that ran in the grass with ears as long as his arm and funny animals with horns that ate the grass and gave milk like the goats of Venice. I told him that we had churches, and that very, very few people attended them, and they had no candles, nor statues, nor graves in them, and the windows were opened and the sunlight let in. I told him

there were lots of people in this strange land who got as much as $1.50 a day for their manual work; and places in the ground were torn up with a concern called a plow and seed planted in it and the seeds gave birth to beautiful plants which in turn produced elliptical things packed tight with yellow kernels which when ground to powder were cooked and eaten, and other plants grew white bolls that were picked and converted into cloth.

Then the gondola appeared, and Venice was soon a memory.

At half past fourteen o'clock, which is 2:30 English time, I had a seat in a railroad cab, all alone and was crawling with the train over the long bridge toward the mainland. We had little more than passed the stretch of water than there appeared to me a vision of the most entrancing interest—a land of enterprising people, of plunging trains laden with business-bent passengers and but few idle-minded tourists, and of spacious prairies virgin to the plow and yet others colored with waving grain, and colleges and schools and cities whose streets were lit with sprays of sunlight and swept with healthful breezes, and homes with environs of grass plats and trees and ample room for every needed purpose; and nestling snugly in the midst of the attractive scene, a cottage with familiar aspect, the sweetest spot in all the earth and a woman and two little boys encastled there.

I was sound asleep and dreaming.

Wireless telegraphy? In all the long course of a journey in foreign lands, there is nothing more comforting than the trip the traveler takes oftimes in a dream. Swifter than the lightnings of wireless telegraphy he moves on the wings of subconscious thought and revisits the scenes of his home many thousands of miles away, brooking not the rolling steppes of sea nor storms en route, and looks upon the faces of those he loves and talks with them, and the only regret he has is that he cannot transport the body, too, and that his projected self must return when the body awakes.

Arousing from this snooze on Italy's bosom, I noticed I was not alone as I was when I started, for a lady had entered the carriage somewhere on the way and occupied a seat opposite my own. Just we two. Upon my word I did not say a thing to her, nor she a word to me. We couldn't.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Queen of the World's Marbles.

I do not care for cathedrals. They are too melancholy. I like people and incidents; above all, outdoors and something doing. But here was a chance to see the chief of all the tribe of cathedrals and, having seen it, to be conscious that there was no use in wasting time on others. Therefore the stop of a night at Milan. Just a glimpse of the cathedral in the dawn and then at sunrise a resumption of the trip into the mountains and Switzerland.

Even before the first faint signs of daylight had appeared I was in the piazza of the cathedral waiting for developments. It was just a house anyway, a church, an accident of travel. Why not see it quickly and be off?

In that kind of temper, careless, impatient, expecting little and prejudiced against the object as one of a class and as a feature hardly worth the interruption its observation incurred, I saw and having seen, capitulated to, the prettiest structure on this terrestrial ball. I confess to a penchant for criticism and I tried hard to find some objection to this touted building. But it caught and chained my contrary will with its very first sublime pose in the twilight, and when it began to grow in form and grace with the rising sun and to take on the colors of flesh in its delicate statues, and finally stood fully disclosed in the bright full light of day, I was ashamed of my objective mood and was utterly carried away with admiration.

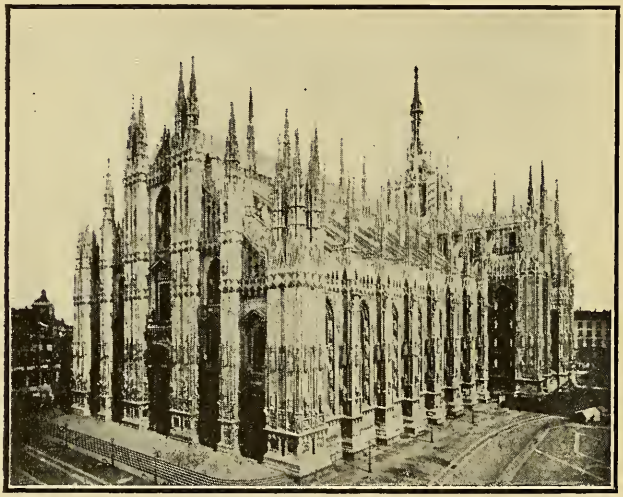
The Cathedral of Milan is all that was ever claimed for it, and more. Not particularly grand nor sublime, it is nevertheless beautiful beyond the power of description.

It is a poem in marble, with every graceful arch a stanza and each of its myriad statues a musical measure.

If the creations in lace which Venetian experts had worked in silk was beyond my untutored faculties of appreciation, here was a superb creation in marble lace that was so infinitely superb that it staggered the understanding.

Take all the artful airy products of the needle, all the magnificence of the mountains, the sweep of rivers, the flight of birds and compose them with the harmony of the grandest anthem, with not a broken pinion, nor a rugged chasm, nor a fractured segment nor a note of discord, into a symposium of translucent beauty, and the result will just as apt as not be the Cathedral of Milan.

Like a queen in the proud consciousness of her station stands this sovereign of the world's marbles, gracefully erect under a crown of shivered spires and wearing a gown of faultless drapery



CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

that is plaited and paneled and tucked and ruffled into the most exquisite of effects, the chief aristocrat of all the elite of constructive art.

And as one continues to look, enchanted, after the eye has caught the rhythm of a poem in the first casual view, and a little later the grace and elegance of a queen, the vision is invariably transfigured into a sculptured garden where marble roses are in bloom and marble foliage hangs in frozen grace, and vistas of delight open and close their ranks of fretted spires.

I admit it all without a doubting "if" or a detracting "but."

There is nothing else to do but confess. Criticism looks and drops its pen and hangs its head in the presence of the Cathedral of Milan.

Nothing but marble has entered into the construction of this matchless building and that of the most immaculate of Paros, excepting the doors which are of bronze. Not a particle of wood composes its anatomy or dress and therefore nothing but an earthquake or a cyclone or the drums of Judgment Day can ever fracture its massive frame or disarrange its embroidered lingerie.

The cathedral is five hundred feet long by a hundred and eighty feet wide and the eyes of the statues at the summit of the highest steeple look down on the pavement four hundred feet below. Some one has counted the multitude of marble figures and fixed their number at 9,086. They crown each of the 154 pinnacles and occupy niches in the sides and embroider the angles and curves. From the pavement they look like miniatures but are in fact life size. They are not rough productions of amateur chisels, but were designed by Michelangelo and Raphael and cut according to minute specifications by these masters. Six months were required by each workman to turn out a single statue, and at this rate a little less than 20,000 years would have been consumed if only one artist had done the carving. And then the lace-work, what almost infinite labor and patience and care must have gone into its execution! The shimmering forest of needles, the wilderness of spires, the frosty tracery of vines and foliage all wrought from white marble represent tedious detail and much work, and the whole contributes to the most elaborate, most enchanting and costliest structure in the world. To a commercial American the question at once arises, what did it cost? And the answer is not easy. The marble was donated on the ground by an enterprising bishop; the labor of construction was obtained at small cost; and yet a hundred and fifty millions of dollars was spent upon it. Built in America, I should estimate its value at a round billion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Threading the Alps.

Beyond Milan the scenery passed out of the comparative degree into the superlative and remained in unquestioned supremacy until beyond Switzerland. We were in the lap of a fertile plain that was littered with vineyards to every inch of its space, the distinguishing peculiarity of which was the sawed-off trunks of trees that performed the dual duty of supporting the wires upon which the vines ran and of producing fuel. The trees are sheared each winter and the annual surgery causes a rooty, ratty and ugly formation that gives them a grotesque appearance in the early spring before they have had time to hide their deformity in new dress. Up and down the valleys as far as the vision was unobtsructed by mountains or scenic bends these barbered trees of the vineyard in precise rows marched and counter-marched as we reviewed them. When we would stop, they would stop, and the very moment we were again in motion their maneuvers were renewed.

At every road crossing there was a gate and a dumpy little woman. We had seen her often before on this flight through Italy and she was always of the same size and figure, always wearing the same gray uniform and waterproof helmet, always standing beside a little booth, always holding a horn in one hand and a club in the other.

Meanwhile the blue-black cones of the Alps were growing more distinct and rising higher against the northern sky. It was yet quite early in the morning and they were so barren and gray and withal, in the distance, so smooth, that they bore the appearance of having been cut from granite during the night and arranged in tableau formation for the traveler's entertainment during the day. The early sunlight was upon them like a purple calcium and the shadows were folds in their robes.

For a couple of hours we enjoyed this tableau and the evolutions of the shingled trees, and then a couple of big mountains which had been in conjunction stood aside at our approach and

admitted us to the first of a chain of galleries where the finest pictures of the Old Master, who lays it over them all, were swung.

Just inside was Como, a picturesque town on the skirts of the mountains that duplicated its charms in a lake of the same name. An optional and popular excursion provided for a sail on this and another lake and an exciting mountain ride by rail, and I took advantage of this opportunity for a side trip. Pity that peculiar character whose sensibilities are so misdirected that he finds more pleasure in the paintings of Florence and the cathedrals and ruins of Rome than in these live issues of Nature. In the one there is solemnity, melancholy, depression, sadness, mumps, dumps, blue devils, doldrums, despondency, pessimism, penance, sorrow, discouragement, gloom, lamentation and despair; in the other the progressive lessons of God—sweetness and purity and harmony and beauty and light and love. The preachers were in Florence while the gentleman was in Como. They were in ecstacy up to their ears before a Titian or a Veronese or a Reuben; the gentleman was in raptures over a masterpiece of God. They were ambling along stuffy hallways trying to lift themselves by their bootstraps above that purely imaginary line that is supposed to separate the nude and the indecent from the artistic; the gentleman was in the midst of that holy place where innocence was paramount and where the grosser things were not exposed. Pity the preachers; when they get to Heaven and find no Immaculate Conception and no lachrimose cathedrals I don't know what they will do for their part of the happiness that God has promised. I trust in great faith in His wisdom to be able to handle the difficult problem.

It was thirty minutes before sailing time and there was nothing else to do and nothing more pleasing to do than to stand on the deck of the steamer in waiting and look and admire. The hour was the best of the day for observation and the time of the year the best to please the eye. The sun was yet out of sight and only the heads and breasts of the environing hills were favored with its rays. The rest was shadow and crystal and encircling walls of green and the fresh odors of the morning and the cool breath of the glens. The water was an emerald

mirror fringed around its rim with fluttering reflections and fish were smashing the fragile crust, while away up near the first bend a row boat was plying its oars like a butterfly in lazy flight.

Let the reader now intensify whatever picture has been formed in his mind by this slight description and multiply the rapture as many times as he will—there is no danger of exaggeration. If I were a painter I think I would spend a year at Lake Como and reduce it to canvas if I could, and after I had drawn the outlines and had sunk the crystal basin between its enfolding hills and had tinted them with the delicate shades of color which make them bewitching and had lifted a canopy of blue over it all, I would then attempt to catch the smile of God Almighty in my brush and inlay the sky with His presence as its author, and all the way down from the throne of Heaven I would have the angels descending on filmy wings to this resort for a morning bath. On the River of Life beneath the ineffable shade of the trees there may be beauty spots where the redeemed lie down in green pastures and float out on their pinions in its pulsing zephyrs, but if so there is only one way to describe it so that mortals can understand its supernal delights and that is to say it is more splendid than Como.

The orchestra struck up a tune and the mountains repeated it in resonant echoes. The gong sounded, the smoke rolled from the stack, the water rippled in concentric wavelets and ran away in widening arcs, and the placid view became a moving picture. The hills shifted position rapidly and revealed every charm they possessed—vine covered chateaus and cedar-set hamlets, sloping groves of olive, abrupt cliffs with strata of the intense colors of a spring dress pattern, aged castles and villages of white and pink and brown that glistened in the sunlight like jewels on the polychrome fabric of a dream.

This lake might well be termed a river, for it has no basin save what the mountains give it grudgingly, its greatest width not being more than a mile, while it runs in a sinuous course through them for thirty or forty miles, I should guess, or maybe more.

We parted with this lovely child of the mountains with regret but before bidding it adieu we followed the engine of a little

made-to-order train in a serpentine course up the mountain side and caught a final view of it from the high vantage points, the prettiest feature of the picture then being a steamer that plowed a furrow in the crystal field, slicing a mulch of radiant foam from the land-sides of its prow and leaving a long streamer of lace in its wake.

The mountains at this point are not the giants they grow to be in Switzerland, still they are not pygmies by any means, for they wear wigs of snow the year round and occasionally don neckties of clouds.

Lake Lugano, which differs from Como only as one star differs from another in glory, caught us in its lovely lap at the Swiss frontier where the train could proceed no farther, and delivered us amidst a spectacular display of scenery to the main-line railroad some fifty miles above the point where we left it for the optional side-trip.

There we caught up again the main thread of the journey and wormed and punched a passage through the Alps, being inside fully as much as outside. Tunnels were so numerous they constituted more than half the distance between Lugano and Lucerne, one half the remainder being bridges and trestling. Seven of the tunnels were spiral in form, all of them worth their displacement in gold to the railroad but aggravatingly ruinous to the view. Now you see it and now you don't. Ravishing scenery alternated with plutonian darkness. The sound of the train was like the rasping whang of a planing mill when over the sounding boards of the bridges and like the roar of megalophanous devils in the tunnels. Then a heavy rain came and the rain and the mist on the car window all but concealed the intermittent view. The streams turned yellow and raced vociferously along narrow chasms, and a multitude of rills born of the freshet ran down from high up on the mountains like cream-colored reptiles till they came unexpectedly to the edge of a cliff, where, rather than undertake the desperate leap they vanished in puffs of vapor.

Then St. Gotthard's Tunnel and a total eclipse of thirty minutes' duration, and after the exit dense overhanging clouds, the dim hodge-podge of tremendous mountains, and quickly the darkness of clouds and night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Some Hotel Difficulties.

At Lucerne a flunky in uniform ran out from the brightly-lighted veranda of the Zweizerhoff and opened the omnibus in which I happened to be the only passenger. Off went the cap of this obedient and obliging messenger, and down went his head in abject graciousness, and out shot his hand for my grip, and hastily hence bounded his legs. The door of the famous old hotel opened mysteriously as if in automatic welcome. Inside, gilded chandeliers blossomed out of radiant ceilings, and in the midst of a mirror-plated forest of porphyry, women in elegant dress sat upon sumptuous divans and aristocrats came and went with valets at their heels. Coming suddenly upon such magnificence I was overwhelmed for the moment, and my hesitation was the signal for a drove of flunkies to fly at me, and with one at each arm, a half dozen in front leading the way and a crew of them bringing up the rear, I drifted in a dazed condition to a bald-headed official in a corner where a lot of ledgers occupied a safe. Not a word had I spoken until then, and then I said something, goodness knows what. I only know that the dignified gentleman with the bald head and a pen behind his ear could not understand. A moment of confusion and then a word to the flunkies, scattered them into a wild run which in a short time developed the presence of a tall man whose curled moustache and goatee unmistakably proclaimed him of French derivation. He could "speak-a-de English," and the rest was easy.

Delivered to the tender mercies of an attendant who led the way with much obsequiousness and servility to the only "lift" in Switzerland, all the flunkies who had chaperoned my entry into the hotel or performed the least insignificant service inside called out in chorus: "Good night, sir."

In all European hotels "good night" or "good bye" means "you haven't forgotten me, have you, sir?"

The day, beginning with the cathedral in Milan had been

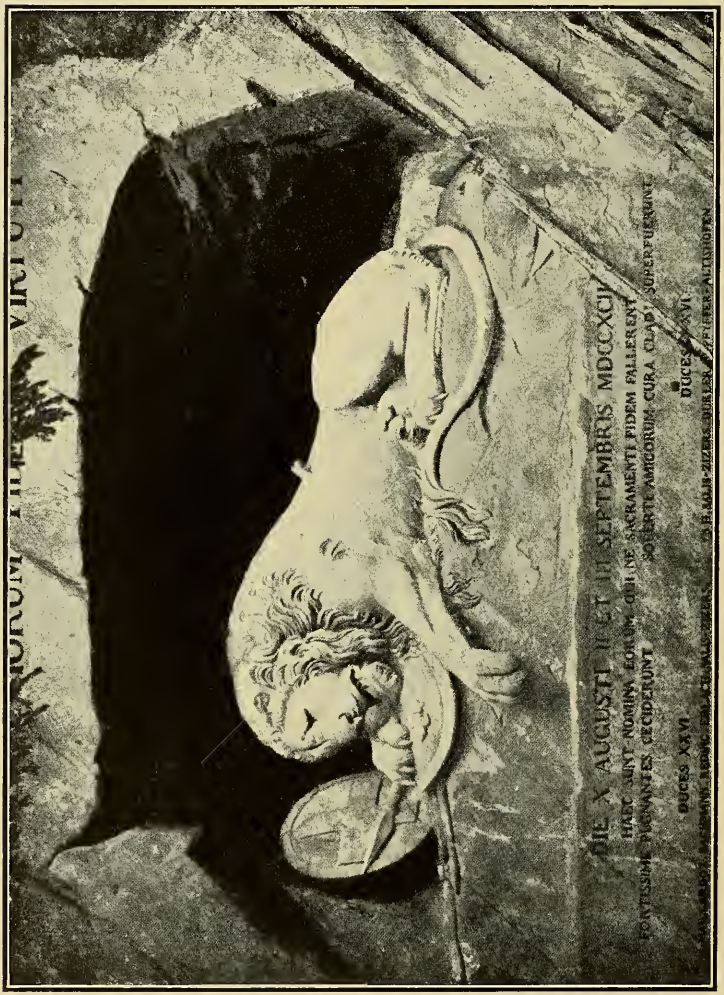
strenuous, about as full as any day could be of incident and scene, and I was a tired traveler. A bed was a welcome resort and I hurried to its consolation. But in Switzerland, it seems, beds are peculiarly equipped, as I learned when ready to turn in for the night. The Zweizerhoff variety was encumbered with a queer eider-down concern that appeared to be, as nearly as I could make out, half mattress and half balloon. It was not long enough for a mattress and not spherical enough for a balloon. But whether mattress or balloon what use could either be to me? I proceeded to dump the thing off the bed and lo, there was no cover, and it was cold enough for several quilts and a blanket or two. Calling a porter I directed his attention to the mystery on the floor and to the naked condition of the bed. The porter tried to explain by numerous gestures and unintelligible words, but failed utterly. Disappearing, he came again quickly, this time in triumph with the Frenchman of the goatee and curled moustache, and that linguistic encyclopedia explained that I was expected to cover with the absurdity. "Nice feathers; keep warm," was the reassuring appendix to his explanation.

"Good night, sir," quoth the Frenchman.

"Goodnight, sir," echoed the blonde attendant.

"Good night, you beggars," and I closed the door and my purse.

Very well, if such was the custom in Switzerland, I would not run counter to it, and I turned in and drew the fluffy voluminous mass over my tired body. But the thing didn't fit; it was too short. If I pushed it down over my feet my chest and entire upper structure was exposed, and vice versa, which was worse. It was entirely too hot and novel anyhow and I dismissed it with a peremptory kick to the floor, and curling up under both sheets and my overcoat was soon oblivious to all the difficulties of cover in Switzerland's great scenic resort.

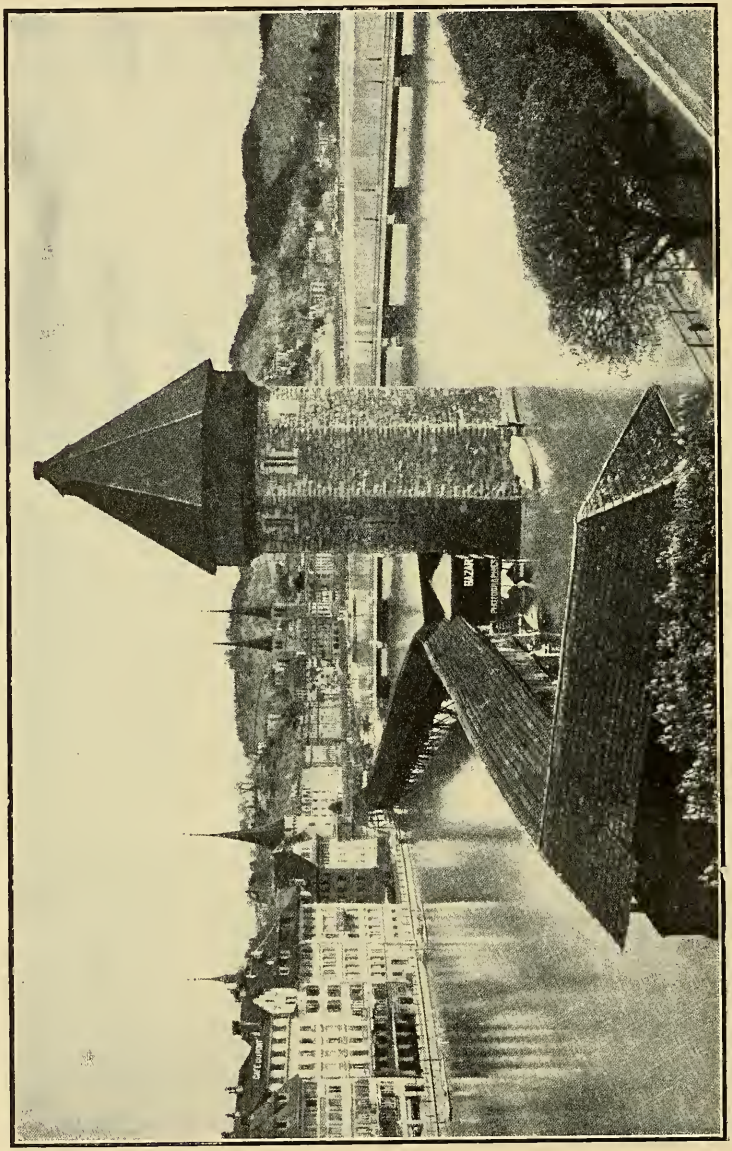


THE LION OF LUCERNE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Lucerne and its Environs.

If Switzerland were in Texas, Texas would put Switzerland in Texas' vest pocket. If the little republic were in Pennsylvania, that state would bore its mountains full of holes. If it were in Colorado, America would make a goat ranch and a mining camp out of Colorado and a pleasure resort of its new acquisition. The Alps are higher than the Rockies and are riven and torn and carved and twisted into more different kinds of sublime decorations and poses, while the whole magnificent negligee is striped with foaming streams that ply the depressions and wrap the rocks and frazzle their own finality into puffs of mist that befog the landscape and spray the vegetation. Every vale is traversed with a lively stream, and, more glorious than any charm Colorado has, numerous lakes are disposed here and there by a careful Providence to the best advantage—the antitheses of the towering teats of stone, and the epitome of loveliness and of subdued and satisfying grandeur. Add to all this the glaciers that slide in broad acres of ice down the gaps of the mountains at the terrific rate of half an inch or more a year, and the unchanging fashion of the Alpine tribe in wearing forever upon their heads tarbooshes of the whitest snow. Then put the finishing touch of white and red colored towns upon every lake and lakelet and dot the mountain sides with queer romantic chalets, and listen to the tinkle of bells that shower down the declivities from herds of cattle that browse on the shrubbery of dangerous pastures. And when the eye has been filled to satiety with the splendid picture, and the ear has grown used to the music of the hills, then spread a rich blue sky over the scene as the last and only needed scheme to perfect the plan of entrancing beauty. That's Switzerland. Is it any wonder it is the playground of Europe. Come, Pleasure, and romp unfettered in this elysium. Come, Music and Poetry and Song, and tune your lyres to the dactyls of the swells and dips of the mountains where every surpassing scene is shot with inspiration for anthem or heroic



CHAPEL BRIDGE—LUCERNE.

story or thrilling melody. Come, ye of all the earth who are weary of the stress of life and heavy-laden with its burdens, and find rest in this resort where whirring wheels are barred and Nature has composed her harmonies into Rest and Recreation.

There are lots of things to see and enjoy at Lucerne. If you have only a day to devote to that particular spot of Switzerland, shape your day's programme after this wise: Before breakfast stroll around to where a mountain rises out of the backyard of the city and see the Lion dying, pathetically dying, in a bed in the rock, and you will see the greatest product of the chisel since the world began. After breakfast you might thread the zig-zag course of the covered bridge over the lake; or watch the fish in the grainy transparence of the Ruess as it runs away with the output of the lake; buy a five dollar watch imbedded in a leather bracelet; and take time for a stroll into the country where the scenery is always glad to have your compliments and where farm houses wear suspenders in their gables, and you might possibly see a dog and a bullock plowing a duet in a little baby field, and other unique sights. In the afternoon, if you be sentimental or foolish, and the chances are you will be both, climb a mountain; and at night lie about it and say you enjoyed it.

But wherever you go or whatever you do, beware of, be certain to avoid, entangling alliance with Swiss cheese; don't associate with it; its character is unsavory; it is undoubtedly post-mortem. In the beginning the Creator gave us a nose and endowed it with the special faculty of discrimination. I know the nose becomes seared at times like the conscience; becomes *blase* as it were, and callous and useless. My own is not of the degenerate variety; it has never yet deceived me; and so, when I sat down to a meal in a Lucerne cafe and that little monitor passed judgment on the cheese and said it was spoiled I believed it. Did you ever eat any Swiss cheese? If you did, you ate it over the protest and supplication of your stomach's best friend. I do not wonder that the Swiss are so strong in battle; they ought to be able to whip the civilized world with no other ammunition than their cheese.

And no consideration of hurry or preoccupation with other matters ought to prevent an intimate acquaintance with the St. Bernard dogs of the Swiss Alps. They are on the streets of Lucerne, in the harness of milk-carts, or in the wake of children at play; pat their shaggy coats and look into their benignant eyes; those great specimens, the finest in the world, of distinguished carriage and kindly feature, so intelligent and reliable. Every one of them is a hero and not a sorry coward among them. Providence gave them to the Alps and clothed them with heavy suits of down for an important duty—the Red Cross service of the mountains. A few years ago, I have forgotten the number, Barry, one of the noblest of this tribe of St. Bernards, with a record of forty lives saved by his efforts alone, was sent out one day by the monks of a mountain hospice on his regular round of duties. That night Barry failed to return to the hospice and the monks were alarmed for his safety. The next morning they went in search of him, fearing some mishap and yet hoping that he had found a victim of the cold, and being unable to lift him upon his back by his teeth had remained faithfully by his side.

Is it any wonder that when they came upon his body cold in death they wept as only those can weep who have lost a faithful and devoted friend? By the side of the dead form of the noble animal a knife was found and a blood stain on the snow and on the gray coat of the dog where it ran from his precious heart. Near by almost concealed in the snow was the frozen body of a man.

It was easy to put these circumstances together into the tragic story which they indicated. Barry had found the man half frozen and had aroused him to offer the succor of food which he carried around his neck and the strength of his great back for transportation to the warm rooms of the hospice. The poor man in his stupor and delirium mistook his savior for a bandit and plunged his knife into the dog's heart.

They buried Barry high up in the Alps where his services to humanity had been so pronounced and next to the pure skies that will forever receive the incense of his noble life.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Boat Ride on the Rhine.

At Lucerne I connected again with the company of sky pilots from whom I had become separated at Rome and I was glad to join them again, for traveling alone is as joyless as it is selfish. They were a wholesome edifying company, the only objection to them being an unswervable inclination toward cathedrals and pictures. As Switzerland had neither cathedrals nor pictures, they were bored by so trite a matter as mountains and lakes, and hastened, it occurred to me, with unseemly dispatch toward the next religious point on their program, which happened to be Worms.

"Worms?" What occurred at Worms to entitle it to the honor of a stop in our journey?" I insurgently inquired.

"You don't mean to say you never heard of Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms?" stormed the whole chorus of sky pilots in reply.

"I mean to say that, no matter what diet Luther had at Worms, it is not sufficient provocation for a night's lay off there," was my rejoinder, amid a clamor of derisive taunts.

They were unchangeable, and stopped over at Worms—all but one, Dr. Stophlet, who continued with me to Mayence, where we spent the night between a couple of mattresses.

Circumstances having conspired to make us two, one a preacher and the other a gentleman, the Paul and Barnabas of our party, we had the unspeakable pleasure of making out a day's program of our own without danger of veto by a brutal majority. We would run down to Bingen by rail, thence to Coblence by Rhine steamer and from there, by either rail or boat to suit our own free and untrammeled option, to Cologne where we would resume relations with the majority.

Accordingly, the following morning, we secured "booking" at the local "booking office" for Bingen, and pending the arrival of the first train from the south, hastily reconnoitered our situation in the first German city that had the honor to harbor

us parenthetically for a night. It was soldiers; nothing unusual but soldiers; soldiers on foot and soldiers on horse, soldiers on the march and soldiers everywhere, and if other towns in Germany were as well supplied with soldiers as Mayence then the soldier was easily the striking national feature. They are fearfully built, are these units of the German army—stout, sturdy fellows that bode no good to any enemy they may tackle in war. I don't see how it would be possible for even our dashing American soldiers to stand up against an assault of such heavily muscled men, and I would advise Uncle Sam to train his men to shoot well and to run fast if ever they come in contact with a detachment of German infantry. Great was the difference between the German soldier and the soldier of Italy whom we had seen so often in the Mediterranean boot. The latter was uniformed in the gayest colors and bedecked with the most gorgeous headgear—army fops in dress and of slender build; the German was the reverse type in every respect and one can whip a thousand Italians and two can put ten thousand to flight. France can never win her ambition to humiliate Germany in battle as long as conditions remain in a hundred miles of what they are now. Not even Napoleon at their head could make a dint in that mass of muscle and endurance in which Germany is fortified.

The run to Bingen was an hour of pleasant association with the Rhine. This great stream had figured so much in the history and story of our reading that we had pictured it with a pellucid bosom. Not much "pellucid" that brown stream just outside the car window; but its accessories of high hills for banks, its great width, its towns nestling so thick along its course, its craft of various denominations plowing cream furrows in its surface—these measured up to expectations and we declared it to be all that was ever claimed for it, one of the most picturesque streams in the world.

Bingen of itself had little to offer in the way of attractions. Old McGuffey's Fifth Reader—recollection of its story of "Bingen, Fair Bingen on the Rhine"—was responsible for its inclusion in our repertoire of stops. Its extremely narrow streets needed no apology, for there was no other alternative for a town

that was about to slide head-first into the river. A bull yearling in the shafts of a cart was a slight curiosity. And in the absence of anything else remarkable we found entertainment in the unusual length of the German words in the street signs. A German cannot show any partiality between the letters of the alphabet, and so he uses all of them in every word of an announcement or title. This elongated specimen of German orthography hung in front of a museum, without mortar or coupling pin:

"Alterthusslammlung."

And this designated the office of a brown-stone quarry, with not a link in its anatomy:

"Braunsteinbergwerke."

A German spurns a vowel as he does a Frenchman, never using one of the hated things except for a solvent for his consonants; as the apothecary uses alcohol for his mixtures.

In a tobacco shop we encountered a half-grown German word that we dispatched with some difficulty. It contained when dressed twenty-seven consonants and a button besides seventeen vowels and other things. It did not seem to be abnormally developed and would no doubt have grown to extraordinary size had it survived to maturity. I have it mounted now in the museum of my diary of hit-and-miss curiosities collected on the wing. Behold it:

"Constantinopolitanischececededelachpfeifenkopf."

The most remarkable thing about this remarkable specimen of the genus verbae is that it is not regarded as remarkable in Bingen. Really it is not as fierce as it looks, for an analysis develops the following innocent interpretation: "A pipe of Constantinople style with a bagpipe head."

In the same tobacco shop we ran upon a large orthographic family, in procession as follows:

"Achpfunderhinterladungcanonmeerschaumeigarenspitze."

Beginning at a point marked "A" and traveling thence in a straight course you cannot miss the way. Picked to pieces and strung on American hyphens this orthographic procession becomes an inoffensive little wee-bit of cigar holder. Literally,

" a-meerschaum-cigar-holder-with-the-design-of-an-eight-pound-breech-loading-cannon."

Across the Rhine at Bingen in romantic isolation loomed an old castle, mantled with ivy by which its decrepitude was partially concealed and its ancient follies expressly forgiven. In order to reach it we pressed into service a home-made boat and navigated the river, pulling diagonally across the grain of the swift current. At the landing we negotiated with some difficulty the steep ascent of the bank, and by following a well-beaten path which led circuitously through a covey of vineyards we came, after a walk of several hundred yards, to the castle. It was untenanted save by a lone lizard that ran out from a crevice in the rocks and dilated its epiglottis in curiosity at our intrusion, and a spider that rested in the center of a hem-stitched hammock it had woven and suspended in a corner. Imagination trumped up all kinds of visions of the cavaliers of feudalism, of masters and fiefs and the retinue of men who were fortified there and lived a wild, splendid life and fought with similar clans on the Rhine for pastime.

Across the river Bingen showed up picturesquely, thickset on the hill and reaching from the water's edge quite to the top where the dominating feature was a magnificent residence, we surmised, that was evidently a castle of the old days rehabilitated and improved for some lord of latter day finance. A broad river ran through the hills to the right of Bingen and emptied its clear, rapid water into the muddy Rhine, doing its best to clarify the greater stream, but giving it up after reaching its center.

To our left on the side of the river upon which we were standing, the scene was an extended hillside like unto the palisades of the Hudson, covered as far as the eye disclosed with the beginnings of the year's vineyards, the ground cultivated in furrows parallel to the river and fairly bristling with pine sticks; a great monument of some kind surmounting the hill in its great elevation. If we had had time we would have solved the mystery of this monument, but as it was, that imposing shaft has only a line in our journal—just a monument on the hill. Perhaps it commemorated the death of a soldier who "lay dying

at Algiers,'' and as his life-blood flowed, thought of his ''Bingen, Fair Bingen on the Rhine.''

At haphazard conclusion we bought tickets for a steamboat ride to Coblence, and on the deck of the steamer when it hove to, whom should we see but the five preachers bound for Cologne. Reason: There was a cathedral at Cologne.

Our part of the water ride—that of Paul and Barnabas—including stops, lasted three hours, and had it not been so provokingly cold the experience would have been surpassingly delightful. Castle after castle was passed, every prominent elevation in the hilly banks being occupied by one of these picturesque ruins with its coronetted tower and flanking stone extension and invariably covered with green vines. On both sides the banks were steep, but on the west they were particularly precipitous, such inaccessible heights as would invite the knights of old to erect their aeries there. Occasionally these castles appeared to have been modernized and to be occupied. Whenever on either hand there was the least bit of soil a vineyard was pitched, and on the east side where the hills were less formidable, the vineyards in early spring green presented the appearance of numerous rectangles, quadrangles and rhomboids, being laid out evidently after the design of geometric figures, the owner having an eye to the beautiful as well as the useful. It did not seem possible that there was room for a town anywhere, but now and then one managed to hang on to a hill, the houses having to scrootch up close to make room for each other. Streets were unthinkable, for they were impossible. The houses were invariably three stories high and rarely over ten feet wide and were joined together in long rows, some exceedingly slender, others stouter, and with their similarity of stone, architecture, and roofs of glistening slate, they had a soldierly bearing and attitude as if at attention and toeing a mark just out of reach of the lapping water.

Occasionally women were washing by the water's edge, their plump, weather-boarded bodies rising and falling as they rubbed. A rolled oats sign in plain English letters pre-empted a space on the highest point to be found anywhere along the course of the Rhine in this locality. The discovery of this, the first

English or American feature connected even remotely with anything German that we had seen, brought the whole company of preachers and gentleman to the top deck of the boat where they celebrated the evidence of American enterprise with vociferous cheers.

A railroad ran in double tracks on each side of the river, between the precipitous bank and the water where it could, and boring through what it could not surround. Every few minutes a train went whizzing by with a white banner of smoke flying from the engine, and the short, dumpy cars following like so many joints of a serpent on legs. The engine never failed to whistle before entering a tunnel as a boy yells before he leaps into a pool, and it was funny to watch the whole train gradually lose itself in the dark hole, crawling in like a thing of life and leaving only a bit of smoke curling out from the perforation as if it were coiled up inside and the smoke was its breath. But it was only for an instant that it was silent inside, for the tunnel was always short, and out again it would come on rolling feet and flying its flag of white and always screaming with wild delight.

And so the beautiful alternated with the singular. The pretty stream ran in a brown belt between parallel rows of hills, and the hills were grey with terraces or green with young vines or bristling most often with quintillions of white sticks, or sometimes boldly exhibiting their primeval nakedness of stone, their shoulders and breasts tattooed by corroding rills, or carved into fantastic designs of strata or riven and shattered into heaps of grand disorder. The air was cold and biting, the clouds began to send down a drizzle, and a thunder clap brought a heavy rain that ran us indoors and down to the boiler room where we hugged the warmest thing we could find till the bell rang for Coblence.

Paul and Barnabas disembarked here while the cathedral hunters extended hypocritical regrets at our exit in the rain and continued with the boat to Cologne. But we will beat them into Cologne yet.

At the gang plank we were held up for a pfennig for the carriage of our hand satchels on the boat, and a little later when we had bustled into a queer street car with a trolley like a barrel hoop the same baggage was again impressed for a pfennig.

In the meantime it was not Coblence that was our host, but Coblenz, the termination "ce" being too Frenchy for Deutschland. Neither is there any Cologne; it is bluntly Koln and is pronounced Kull.

Again the substantial character of everything German was apparent—the immense buildings, not high but heavily constructed—the great cement paving blocks, the absence of brick and the presence of powerful individual stone blocks in all buildings, the robust citizenship, the cleanly character of the streets and stores. And most impressive of all, the serious visage of the people. They looked mad, almost fierce, as well as determined. The women were red-faced, light-haired, square-built well arranged physically for the motherhood of such a splendid race of men. But hip, hip, hip—yonder comes the inevitable squad of soldiers, the rain now somewhat abated, not deterring them. What powerful specimens! The ground seems to tremble under their feet. Yonder is an entire regiment crossing a bridge; without fanfare or display of music, just a mass of moving muscle and grit. Surely Germany is a military engine throbbing with the blood of millions of citizen soldiery.

Up to this point in our travels we had tried every kind and classification of railroad travel in Europe except fourth-class in Germany. Determined to have this experience we bought fourth-class tickets at Coblence for Cologne, paying the equivalent of forty-seven cents for fifty-three miles. Coblence was evidently an important railroad city for at the station trains came and went almost as frequently as hobby-horses on a merry-go-round. Of course, because of government ownership, there was but one station in the town. Now a train of sumptuous first-class coaches with polished sides and plate-glass doors and windows and immaculate porters, dashed in and came to a pompous stop, the engine panting but a moment while silks and beavers got off and beavers and silks and pug dogs got on. A little later a mixed procession of carriages, perhaps of different colors, came worming in and unbottled its mixture in the train sheds. It was a constant off and on scene, a rush of cars and people, affording the best opportunity we had had up to that time of studying German manners and customs.

German stations have compartments for the different classes

of travel, and the classes are not supposed to mix, but at the risk of committing lese majeste or some other offense we invaded every precinct of that depot, inspecting even Countess Uglymugsky on her luxurious divan in Class I, and the unlaundered ditch digger in the midst of his unpolished environment in Class IV, all the while having in our pockets the lowest priced tickets that could be bought at the "booking-office."

The fourth-class car in which we took passage was different from any we had seen in Europe. Wider than usual and some fifteen feet long, the seats were against the walls, leaving much open space for standing room. The passengers were chiefly laboring men and it was the time of day when this class was quitting work and flocking to the cars and trains. A stop was made at every cluster of houses, almost at every road crossing, discharging almost the whole of the car at each stop and taking on a fresh installment. At times we were jammed to the suffocation point, over half the contents of the car hanging on to ceiling straps. A legerdemain performer got on at one of the numerous stops and entertained with simple now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't feats, barely having time to take up a collection and get off at the next station.

Reaching Cologne an hour ahead of the cathedral hunters, we had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing them come into the hotel soaked to the skin and as hungry as a Diet of Worms could make them.

Thus ended a day on the grand old stream which is little less famous than the great empire itself which it traverses so splendidly, a day of incidents and accidents and overflowing with interest. We are accustomed to boast of our own Hudson whose emerald floods hurry along an unusually spectacular channel from the Adirondacks to the sea; of the Columbia which battles for a hundred miles with the mountains and forces them to compromise in a crystal course through winding, scenic valleys; of the old reliable Mississippi, muddy and majestic; and of the Nile, serpentine and sluggish, creeping upon a strip of green through the desert; but the Rhine surpasses them all in stately grandeur, in long continued and diversified beauty, in quaintness of environment, and in that strange charm with which romance and history have invested the old castles which crown its banks.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Cathedral of Cologne.

According to the cathedral hunters, Cologne was a great city of the western part of the German empire that consisted of a cathedral and other things. As far as I knew or really cared, it did. The cathedral appeared to be by odds the biggest thing in town, and I meekly agreed to go along with the preachers to it because I had nowhere else to go. But I demurred and rebelled at the threshold, and while they went in and were knee-deep in artificial gloom I remained on the outside over my head in God's blessed daylight. And I got the best view, too, of the cathedral itself. Two towers lifted their fretted outlines 528 feet, perfect twins in all respects, though too massive for the best effect and out of proportion to the rest of the building as though they sought to control the admiration of the eye to the manifest humiliation of the lesser accessories that clung humbly to their skirts.

But when the eye gets provoked at the vanity of these tower twins and falls upon the graceful roof and carved and buttressed walls, it will be rewarded with a feast of optical dessert the like of which is not to be found anywhere else in the world except in better assortment at Milan. A shower of spires seem to have fallen on the roof and to have stuck securely where they fell. Statues of saints are sown broadcast on the parapets and litter the spires at every available place, full grown men of marble who dwindle into children in their nighties to the beholder on the pavement. And the whole immense pile is overspread with ginger-bread work as though each stone had been shredded with a scroll saw—the elaborate dream of an artist frozen into needle work and exquisite embroideries.

The cathedral is smutty with the grime of age and the breath of engines exhaled upon it from the railroad station in its shadow, and it would be prettier if the janitor would shine up its saints occasionally and brush its embroidery.

Now, in the matter of churches, I am not so unregenerate as

to want to avoid them per se; it is the perpetuality of the thing that is objectionable, and the despondency they exude at every pore. I mean in the old part of the old world, Cologne included. When I want to see something solemn I prefer a graveyard or a funeral or a piece of Swiss cheese; not something in the name of religion.

However, the preachers had something up their sleeves along this line that promised a rare diversion, and I am glad I followed them into the Church of Ursula at Cologne, for I saw them there in ecstatic enjoyment of one of the most melancholy spectacles that could be devised by the arts of man.

In the dark ages, the story goes, a beautiful English girl bearing the euphonious name of Ursula conceived the notion of organizing a crusade of girls and of marching to the Holy Land to assist in the enthusiastic campaign then in vogue to rescue the grave of Christ from the Moslems. Six thousand beautiful girls enlisted under the banner of Ursula. But alack and alas, upon reaching that portion of Europe where Cologne is now located they were attacked by the infidels and massacred to the last foolish and helpless girl.

On the holy ground where the massacre occurred this church was soon thereafter erected, and the bones of the ill-starred feminine army collected for interment in it; indeed the walls were made hollow so that they might be filled with the bones, the ground inclosed by the walls not affording sufficient space.

Oh, yes, we bought a bottle of cologne at Cologne; it was the last thing we did before we left Cologne for the Holland frontier.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Windmills and Petticoats.

Two countries boast of leading the world in the production of milk and butter, estimated per capita of their population. I shall not attempt to arbitrate the contention between these countries but cannot do less than give endorsement to their pretentions along this line. Strange enough the two rivals happen to be among the very smallest of the European family. Switzerland has its Alps and its cows. Holland has its canals and its cows. In both cases the cows are worth more to the people than any other asset. If Holland were a hot batter cake, the butter that Holland makes in any single day would easily be sufficient to spread over it and run off the sides. The cheese that is pressed from the milk diurnally, shaped into a golden cone, would be a solid Eiffel Tower. The music of the streams that fall from the udders of a hundred thousand cows into a hundred thousand piggens, if gathered into a single overture would fuse into a melody that would thunder into the ears of England.

The pided Holstein cow was the first live object to cross our vision after we had crossed the Holland frontier, even preceding the ubiquitous windmill. The landscape was a perfectly level meadow with tailor-made trees arranged in soldierly parallels with club-footed, warty tops. Now trees do not concern us much in America—the woods here are full of trees—but in Europe the woods have no trees in them; they have all long since vanished, except in parks and a few other places where the government has reserved a preserve or so for hunting spots for the king and nobility. Such is the case all over the face of Europe unless the parts we did not visit differ from the parts we did traverse. I am speaking now of the original forests which Nature grew. They are gone. But the people of Europe have hit upon a scheme of planting timber as we in this country plant orchards, and in Germany, Italy, France, Holland and other countries, there are orchards after orchards of trees that are being grown for no other purpose than fuel.

The rural Dutch home is usually a meadow of about twenty acres circumscribed by these tailor-made trees in lieu of fences, and dominated by a big roofed house that is stubbornly unlike any other house in the world. It is sometimes built of wood, is this Hollander's home, sometimes of thatch, walls, roof and all; and what peculiar roofs! Reaching to within a few feet of the ground, these coverings rise with a great sweep over maybe as many as three stories of rooms and floors, making whatever bends are necessary to include them all.

The Dutchman's economy is proverbial, and the frugality of the peasant would not allow a separate barn for the cows or horses, and these animals are provided for under the common home roof. But put a period here—the animals' quarters are scrupulously clean. The Dutchman and his wife and his child and his manservant and his maidservant, and his cow and horse are all clean, and his premises are clean and his meadows are tastefully shorn and everything he touches or comes in contact with is gloriously tidy. I had thought the Germans were the tidiest people in the world, but they don't beat the Dutch.

The unvarying links of meadows and of tree-checked expanse continued as we progressed toward the heart of this midget country, and only one town of considerable size interrupted the run. Holstein cattle continued to browse on the brown stubble of the baby plantations or chewed their cuds in the shade of the fence hedges. Most of the people we saw from the train window were dressed provokingly like anybody else, but occasionally a peasant appeared in the view in wooden shoes, and baggy trousers that looped a wide curve from waist to ankle and navigated his rear like a dirigible balloon, in short waistcoat and a cap and the invariable pipe that goes with every masculine costume, modern or mediaeval. The women wore a superfluity of dress that stood out as if reinforced with hoops—we wondered and wondered whether the tremendous latitude of the Dutch women was real or affected, whether it was hoops or padding or the genuine article—and the quaintest, cutest white-winged grandma caps. Children, swathed in attire to match the parental styles, walked or ran in wooden canoes. I longed, to get out and insert a quill in one of these boys' pants and blow him up just to see what would happen.

Windmills were lazily turning handsprings on the tops of low chunky towers promiscuously hither and yon, and there was but one feature lacking in the range of sight to make up a typical Holland scene. Where were the canals? Were they features of the cities only or of the country as well as the city?

Across the meadows we presently descried a mysterious white sail moving slowly through the stubble like a butterfly of unusual size feeling its way among the flowers of the brown floor. It was not long before we were crossing canals almost every minute by the watch and right and left white wings were gliding through the grass, not so mysteriously as the first one that put us to guessing but just as interestingly.

Then, Amsterdam, with its streets half water and half precious soil.

Amsterdam has been called the Venice of the North, but the dual character of the streets and the abundance of great trees that adorn them play havoc with the comparison. The quaint Venetian gondola with swan-like neck and color of coffin and graceful profile has no second habitat in the waters of Amsterdam. The grimy barge and the puffing launch of the latter's canals are as unlike the Venetian craft as the Dutchman is unlike the Italian. In the one his business is his pleasure; in the other his pleasure is his business.

The canal is Holland's defense against invasion by an enemy. In the year sixteen hundred and something the French attempted to chastise the plucky little country and invaded it for that purpose, but the dykes were cut and the enemy found himself in the midst of a flooded and unnegotiable swamp, unable to move except by the grace of the amphibious Dutch who dictated their own terms of evacuation. Today there is a key kept concealed in the palace of royalty at Amsterdam wherewith at a moment's notice the entire country may be flooded, and no one but the trusted heads of the government know where it is nor where it may be applied to turn the waters in. Other nations have their Dreadnoughts; Holland has its dam key.

As is the case in Venice, a large number of Holland's population both of town and country live on the water; deaths take place there and many a funeral procession drifts mournfully

to the terminal of the grave, on roads of water. The boat is handed down from father to son, and is usually the whole amount of legacy despite the proverbial shrewdness and frugality of the Dutch. A compulsory school law keeps the land children at books for nine months in the year; but the children of the canals are exempt by special provision, for they are constantly on the move and without fixed habitation.

Up to a few years ago these barges were drawn by dogs that tugged at the ropes from the banks, but a law was passed forbidding this practice under the plea of cruelty; curiously enough, however, the children, pitiful hybrids of the boat, took the places vacated by the dogs, and no legislation has intervened to protect them under the plea of cruelty. Even the women engage in this arduous and monotonous work, while the owner—big knot of a rascal that he is—not infrequently permits his wife and children to tug and sweat in the harness while he, under the guise of being compelled to manage the cargo, idles on the deck of the boat. A frequent sight is that of an old woman, her daughter, daughter-in-law and other children all bending to the rope, while daddy and son-in-law are smoking leisurely on the barge, the pullers and the pulled taking the situation as a matter of course.

The women of Holland have queer ideas of dress though goodness knows they could not invent any fashion that would be more ludicrous than those of our own women of America. I wondered with exceeding great wonder why and how all Dutch women managed to maintain such breadth of physical system while the men were as everywhere else, of the various builds and shapes. I located the reason; no matter how; but I found it to be simply and only a matter of petticoats. The voluminous petticoat habit is a national characteristic. There seems to be a general opinion that a woman is not properly dressed unless she have on from six to ten underskirts. They give rotundity to the body and breadth to the hips, and woman is admired in Holland for her latitude even as in America she is admired for her resemblance to a canvassed ham. I saw these women everywhere in country and town, wearing, sometimes wooden

shoes, frequently those ineffably funny lace caps, but always and forevermore a superabundance of petticoats.

The Dutchman is always pale, and if indeed at any time he shows any color it is invariably a splotch of vermillion on the cheek bone that has the appearance of having intruded upon a grave and serious place where it has no business. His eye is usually blue and always sedate; excitement is as foreign to his constitution as hot water is to a cake of ice.

But that nose!

The German has his crescendo moustache, the Frenchman his goatee, but the Dutchman has his nose. Without it his countenance would actually be dehorned. Rising somewhere in the space between where his eyes are set in quiet lakes of pale blue, this nose gushes forth full grown in its beginning. It does not, like other noses, issue gracefully and unostentatiously from the Itasca of his forehead, and then by easy stages find its way to its culmination over the gulf of his mouth. Neither does it describe anything like a graceful curve in finishing its course and resuming union with the countenance. But after abruptly taking possession of the whole face and dominating it, winds up its contortions by disporting itself into a huge globule of crude caoutchouc that hangs threateningly over the mouth, resolutely refusing either to fall off as it ought to do, or to even come to rest and attain a fixed position. It is as if the Maker had played a prank on these men of the Netherlands by pouring a mixture of something cartilagenous down their faces, and after permitting it to come to the proper consistency had hit it a blow to give it unusual and comical breadth and then dared them to blow it off if they could.

But however grotesque the Dutchman's nose may appear, it is nevertheless an indication of his character; conservative, adroit, studious, phlegmatic, presistent, stubborn. It is, moreover, a typical trader's nose, a nose that he has poked into everybody's business under the sun. The very traits that metamorphosed a marsh into a water girt meadow and dammed the seas that were damning him have carried Dutch goods into all the world's markets. He is more thoroughly commercial than the Englishman and avarice is really the only national fault he

has. His conservatism is born of a fear of losing and hence he will not venture into any undertaking where there is the least hazard or chance. He therefore poses in America, whence he has occasionally immigrated, as a money lender but rarely as a director in a project without fixed and assured dividends.

When the Dutchman makes up his mind all the world backed by all its biggest guns cannot change his opinion. Practically without religious belief at the time Luther broke with Rome, he hastened to accept Luther's heresies and henceforth Holland became the hotbed of protestantism in Europe. Philip of Spain, the most cruel ruler who ever bloodied the pages of history, and the Duke of Alva, a brute a hundred times more brutal than Philip, tried to subdue Dutch protestantism with fire and the gibbet. From every tree in the Netherlands these Dutchmen were swung, so thick that there was not room to crowd another; the fires of cruelest oppression turned their bodies into cinders; but their spirit was untouched and their temper only increased in its unchangeable bent. Who can blame those poor oppressed people for carrying with them out of the fires of Catholic Philip a hatred of his religion? The rarest thing on earth today is a Catholic Dutchman. As I looked upon the cold, unresponsive features of these people of the North I admired them for the most glorious example of persevering pluck on record, and I thought of the splendid addendum to this example furnished by the hardy Boers in South Africa against impossible odds.

The air swings heavily over the lowlands of Holland and when it is not precipitated in downpours of rain it is congealed in fogs that wrap the hives of busy bees in a cold cloak that denies them the sun that might otherwise shine installments of cheer into their souls.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Seeing a Dutch City Before Breakfast.

On Friday afternoon, being the same afternoon that they arrived in Amsterdam and four hours after their arrival, a called meeting of the six preachers and the one gentleman was held on the banks of the bankless Zuyder Zee, and a resolution was offered in open meeting proposing that they should constitute themselves a flying squadron and leave at once for the south, stopping for the night at The Hague and reaching Paris Saturday night, the casus fugae being that Sunday threatened to happen directly after Saturday, and Sunday always being quarantine day with the preachers it would be very bad to have to spend it anywhere outside of Paris.

Motion carried by a vote of six to one.

In pursuance whereof, the odds and ends of observation in Amsterdam were hurriedly gathered up and the dash for The Hague (spelled Der Haag and pronounced Der Hog) undertaken.

Leaving in the glow of a sun that was hastening to the horizon, the fugitives in their flight negotiated a seemingly limitless network of canals that plied the level plain.

There is no waste land in Holland and nothing else that goes to waste; even the mud is harvested and treated and sold under the name of peat. Some of these days we Americans will learn how to be economical and frugal, but before we do we will first have to learn that we are the most extravagant, the most improvident and wasteful people under the sun. Europe lives on half of what we throw away; half of our waste would make a Dutchman rich.

And so, in this little spin of an hour or so across the nation of Holland everything bespoke the native thrift, the conservation of resources and space. Little towns strung the road like beads—towns riven by narrow streets and teeming with busy population. Slow-turning windmills extracted water from the

ditches and not one was groaning over its duties monotonously done.

The sun set and the long twilight of the northern clime began. It was then, that having tired of the scenery which was but a repetition of itself, the fugitives were treated to something entirely new in the way of car window entertainment. First on the left and presently on the right, patches of brilliant hyacinths appeared, which were admired without suspecting they were the beginning of a panorama of color that would unroll before the windows of the car for a solid hour. An hour of flying flowers. Arranged in square plats, each plat constituted of flowers of one single color, and in no case two similar colored squares adjoining, red, yellow, blue, white, the change from the commercial and the unique to the beautiful and the aesthetic was sudden and remarkable. The train sped on, unrolling without a break, except where a burg interrupted, its bands of assorted colors—a swift flying band on either side.

Slowly fell the shades of night. Fast and faster flew the train. Unceasing rolled the color splashed ribbons of hyacinths. At last the night dropped its sable cloak over the hurrying strips, and the fugitives never knew how far the colors ran under it to their termination—perhaps to the very suburbs of The Hague.

That night in the quiet precincts of a closed room while five of the parsons were reading up on the French Revolution and other such dead res adjudicata, one of the majority fell from grace and entered into a plot with the minority. The plot was to see The Hague in spite of the steam roller resolutions aforesaid which provided for departure from The Hague at 8:30 Saturday morning. The Gunpowder Plot was not more radical or revolutionary or more secretly guarded. And no plot was ever more successfully executed—swiftly, violently and effectively executed.

The next morning, three hours before the inexorable hour of departure, the minority, temporarily increased to two as stated, issued from the Hotel Der Haag and were off in a flash. Never did Dan Patch cover ground with greater celer-

ity, unless he happened to go faster than they did in the fogs of that April a. m. in The Hague.

Only two classes of the population were in circulation at that early hour, the milk man and his push cart and the flower vender and his push cart. And so it was milk and flowers that were encountered always during our stay in that quaint little vest pocket of a country; at break of day, all day long, and at nightfall.

Umbrageous, restful, kindly trees in uniform dress on every street welcomed the early adventure with a slight shuffling of their foliage. Where the wealthiest citizens lived, backed against the curb the hyacinth seller had his cart, a cart full of big yellow flowers whose magnitude and tenderness more than once came near bringing the procession to a halt of admiration. Rounding into a park where commerce, forbidden to trespass, looked on in frowning brick on four sides, where the fogs trailed in filmy veils through the leaves and a canal held its long panel mirror to the trees, and geometric walks marked off plats of grass, where the ivy leaned upon the lofty trunks and twined its arms among the branches, and the dew drops jeweled the whole semi-Arctic scene with diamonds made in the night, there the flying minority would fain have tarried and drawn a draft against the bank of this treasure, but from the iron necessity the throttle was kept open and the race continued through the little paradise with no slackening of speed.

The dough-y face of the omnipresent hyacinth huckster took on a ruffle of amusement at the unusual dash. The scenery revolved in evolutions of color; perspective and design joined in the scenic confusion. The Peace Conference building, even declined to stop in its backward race with the scenery to allow time for inspection. Practically the whole town, packed into a conveniently condensed area for such rapid-fire jaunts fell before the invincible dash; every building, street and alley; every early riser in cap and smoking at the mouth through the chimney of a pipe; every padded woman who rushed to the door or invaded the front premises to view the galloping foreigners; every insinuating canal; all, all were theirs in

two hours from the time the radical enterprise was undertaken.

And then, having subdued the city, why not take an excursion into the suburbs for other views to conquer? Like a brace of six-cylindered comets they flew into another park, this one apparently too large for their comprehension to comprehend or their capacity to compass. Giant trees, painted green by the fogs, reared their stately trunks till up in the neighborhood of the clouds they burst into sprays of foliage dank and dense. Streams, matted with roots, and limpid where the moss permitted any display of their charms, darted under their swift feet beneath rustic bridges. Herds of deer ran hither and thither with antlers as big as Texas trees on their heads. Was there no boundary to this miscellaneous nature gallery? Surely they had encountered the biggest thing in a little land of little things. On and on they ventured, with faith and hope and nerve, until at length, out of wind, they emerged into the open light where the sun now risen was slinging broadsides of crimson upon the tops of buildings in a wing of the city that had hidden itself from their fugitive onslaught behind the trees of the park.

It was too much. The supply of motive energy was getting low. This newly discovered section of The Hague must go untraversed. The engine sputtered and the retreat began. The sun withdrew its light and low hanging clouds began to pelt the travelers' heads with admonitory nuggets as big as brickbats, and as there was not in all The Hague such a convenience as an awning they were ingloriously bespattered. And what was worse, they were gloriously lost and that without compass or bearings or without ability to communicate their predicament or receive explanatory succor. With what additional tribulations they managed finally to effect their return to camp is a secret that will never be disclosed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Moving Pictures.

Promptly as per schedule, we took up the arduous scheme of a day's journey which was to terminate after many eventful events in the world's fashion capital, the route traversing three countries of Europe—all compressed into one day, and including the wonderful dual hegira of the early morning. The spigot was wide open and the clouds poured out their contents in a deluge, cutting off observation through the car window; evidently they had contained themselves for our accommodation while seeing Holland and now no longer able to hold in, had opened every faucet, knocked off the hoops and thrown away the staves. And so, if there is anything at all between The Hague and Rotterdam but perpendicular sheets of water we at least are not aware of it. Just thirty minutes was the time it took to make the run—had they known this other great city was so near, the minority would have included it in their ante-breakfast itinerary. The last syllable of Rotterdam being a scriptural word, even the preachers were disposed to stress it on the occasion of our wait there of thirty minutes, for the rain hemmed us in the station, and forbade any excursion outside.

The great ships, the mammoth piers and shipping houses adjacent, the wide streets and substantial business buildings, the hurrying clattering trucks, indicated that Rotterdam was one of the most important ports on the Atlantic or any of its arms. And so it is, say the books.

Out of Rotterdam toward the south the scenery managed to show itself through the rain which by that time had frazzled into a drizzle. The first plowed ground we had seen in Holland alternated its brown occasionally with the saffron of the meadows; sloops with wide white sails glided between the fields; fat, spotted cows, protected by burlap, held their tails between their legs as they grazed; a multitude of windmills were at rest, their sails furled and the open lattice of their

flies exposed; tree farms varied the view; fine shell-paved roads, carved like seasoned hickory and as faultless and smooth as a maiden's powdered face, spun their skeins of exquisite length without a rise or dip as far as the vision reached; peasants made their way to the market in carts drawn by dogs in harness, themselves in cap and pipe jogging up and down with the jerks of the vehicle. The train glided along its bed as smoothly as though on rubber wheels on a cement pavement and at length ran into a brushy section that had never been covered by the sea, and in the midst of this vegetation, off to the right half a mile, with no environment but this scrubby growth and a few peasants' homes in the vicinity, a great church reared its pile of stone and upon it sat a dome as big as St. Peter's, the top surmounted by a cross and a statue. Strange idea, this, of isolating such a costly church in such peculiar surroundings. But the explanation was this: That it is not unusual in Holland for different villages to unite in building a church in a place accessible to all and which is large enough to accommodate several congregations of the protestant faith, and that services are held simultaneously in separate apartments of the church by different sects. The church is maintained and the ministers at the head of the sects are supported out of a common fund contributed by all of them. How do you suppose that kind of a coalition would work in America?

At the Belgian frontier let the Journal speak for itself—that brief and unerring chronicle of the movements of the "six and one"—to-wit: "At the Belgian frontier an officer comes into our car; sizes up our crowd of six and one, and addresses the 'Doctor' (meaning Dr. Luccock, pastor of Oak Street Presbyterian church, Chicago, and who is our leader and spokesman, because, besides being the most accomplished scholar among us, he is also the most dignified and imposing in appearance). The officer employs his native tongue; the Dr. uses his own, and supposing the intruder to be merely a trainman wanting to know his destination, as is frequently the case in our journey, he promptly replies to the barbed interrogation by saying 'Brussells.' The officer shakes his head and cries out an impatient and athletic rejoinder. The Dr. reiterates, 'B-r-u-s-

s-e-l-l-s,' in drawnout and emphasized syllables. The officer disgusted reaches for a grip under the Dr.'s feet, and the latter, supposing it to be a gentle reminder to remove it from the passageway, lifts it into the rack overhead. Officer's suspicions aroused, seizes valise, and signs for a key, at the same time commanding him to 'open!' in good English. A great light dawns upon the Dr. He has just discovered that he is negotiating with a revenue official, and becomes suavity personified. A hasty peep at the contents is sufficient—just a night shirt and a Bible—and the satchel is at once acquitted of all violations of law with the usual verdict in chalk.''

The topography of Belgium was rougher and more rolling than its neighbor, Holland.

The old-style lever wells put in an unexpected appearance—the kind in vogue in the South befo' de wawh. Scrub timber—a mongrel of shinnery and briers—and low hills came to the relief of the monotony of level land. Once again as in Germany the railroad was lined with privet hedges on either side, and the peasants and workmen, such as ventured forth in the misting rain, were shod with wooden canoes. Then the timber became civilized and got a haircut and arranged itself symmetrically, and suddenly a regiment of half grown stripling pines dashed on the scene and put the oaks to flight, themselves quickly retiring and leaving a clear field of little homes in little plats of green marked off into undulating rectangles.

Belgium is about the littlest thing that ever happened, and yet boasts of being the most thickly settled event in the world. Except a strip on the north side, it literally swarms with humanity and is a crazy quilt of sward and houses, practically the whole of it a town. It is possible for a lady living on the line to pass a bit of gossip to her neighbor and for that one to hand it to her friends and pass it on without interruption clear across the country from house to house and never use the telephone.

Pole wells are so numerous that they become a feature of the landscape like the windmills are in Holland; these and the wooden and antiquated single-handed plows indicate that civilization is tardy there. In the course of our journey Antwerp

was reached and we were surprised—an old, old town, but big enough to be the second commercial port of this busy globe, New York leading it.

And then, Brussels, the capital—they spell it Bruxelles. Beautiful city of shaded streets, of silk factories and lace workers, of queer transportation facilities, of steep hills and long rows of houses climbing them. A bus marked in a strange language that we managed miraculously to interpret carried us to the South Station, from which our trip was to be projected to Paris. There we learned that we could take a train at 6 o'clock for the great French city and would have the entire afternoon to see Brussells and—what interested us far more than the Belgian capital—the battlefield of Waterloo.

It was half past dinner time and the other six of us hastened to dispose of this necessity at an adjacent restaurant while I was detailed to procure tickets for the famous battlegrounds. A lady in black made her appearance at the ticket window, when she heard the word "Waterloo," and suggested in plain English that she was a resident of the place where Napoleon lost and that she would be glad to act as our chaperone. It was so sudden. A lady proposing—would I accept? I was all alone, unprotected, in the presence of a betwitching woman in black, in a strange country, and before I could collect my thoughts I voluntarily gasped "Yes." From that moment I was her property, no doubt of that. She followed me across the street into the restaurant, where my travel consorts were, and when I entered in company with this acquisition in skirts, I could see that they suspected that I had fallen into a trap in which betwitching eyes were the trigger. Perhaps I was trying to inveigle them, too, into the same trap—a trap we had avoided, like Joseph, without a wobble thus far—but the smart little woman was the first to dissipate suspicion with the clever remark: "I found him and brought him back to you." Thereupon and thenceforth she unreeled a long story of herslf and her career. Born at Waterloo twenty-five years ago she had lived there ever since; her husband was dead; he had conducted a curio store and hack line there; she had taken up his business where his death had left it; she made visits every

day to Brussels, watched the ticket window and when fares to Waterloo were paid, she presented her card and solicited the privilege of transporting the person in a hack from the station to the grounds, serving as guide and offering to sell various mementoes and souvenirs of the place. She spoke several languages, naming English and American as two distinct tongues; was always glad to serve Americans—they were so generous and extravagant and rich. She knew every foot of the battle ground and would be glad to conduct us personally over it without any charge except the hack fee.

Our tickets called for Braine l'Allend, distant fifteen miles from Brussels; cost, two francs and a half for the round trip; and submitting to the blandishments of the lady in black we became her guests.

The city passed, the country assumed a hilly aspect and was combed with the plow to every inch of its numerous domes, and was green with the heralds of spring. A stop was made every few minutes at a village where the business houses of brick, ten feet wide by forty tall, stood, some in curious companies as though to brace one another against a possible collapse, others, ostracised from the crowd, standing alone as if sliced from a block and set off to themselves to prevent friction in the family. The weather was lowering and threatening rain, suggestive of the natural cause of the defeat of Europe's greatest general—the torrential downpour of the night of June 18, 1815, which delayed the attack next day and enabled Blucher to save the fight.

History has no other such thrilling pages as those which Napoleon enlivened with his incomparable genius. No intellect from the creation till this hour was more brilliant than his, no other man has ever combined within himself such natural ability and resourcefulness with such versatility of genius, and perhaps not till the end of time shall his equal be given to mankind to rule or overrule as he may will. As superb in generalship as Caesar, Hannibal or Alexander, he excelled them all in strategy and in colossal achievements, and as compared to Wellington in whose name he went to final defeat, he was as a mountain to a monument. He thrashed every country of Europe

when it ran counter to his purpose, and would have administered similar discipline to England had not God helped her out. He had no equal in sagacious capacity but God, and didn't fear Him a whit. He was a miracle of glittering qualities—the world's greatest law-giver since Moses, a scholar of scholars, an orator of distinction, a philosopher whose aphorisms will live forever by the side of those of Socrates, a writer of trenchant power, the chief of diplomats, a rare magnetic personality, "grand, gloomy and peculiar," riving the world as a thunderbolt an oak, the vicegerent of destiny, the most marvelous prodigy of all history.

With a smattering of this mighty man's deeds swarming in recollection, we followed the little woman in black to a hack in waiting, at Braine l'Allend, and were conveyed along a road that led between the houses of the little village, up a long hillside till the top was reached.

Behold, the battlefield of Waterloo. A panorama of green, a woodlet to the right, a ravine yonder where Providence drew its deadline against Napoleon's aggression, dug it deeper in the night and buried his future in it next day, a white, red-topped chalet off to the left where Hugo drew inspiration for his matchless description of the battle in Les Miserables, and in the center of this historic field a great conical mound more than a hundred feet high with green clover sides and surmounted by a bronze lion representing the Belgian coat of arms. Our fair guide was a thrilling history of the great battle, graphic in her explanations of every detail of it, and under her eloquent description we could see the maneuvers of Wellington and Napoleon, the last decisive dash of the Old Guard and the fatal plunge into the trap Providence had laid in the night, the fluttering banners of Blucher, the fearful slaughter, the retreat, the rout, the conqueror conquered and moodily making his way to his loved and loving Paris—all indelibly, sublimely pictured in memory and fixed on the actual background where it occurred, and this picture is one of the most prized of all the pictures in the halls of my memory. I intend to take it into eternity, and if I can find the immortal spirit of Napoleon anywhere on the outskirts of heaven I will beseech him to tell

the story anew, and shall expect the books of God to show this entry: "Napoleon Bonaparte, remarkably endowed by heaven, the Earth's most brilliant figure. Credit him with the greatest legal code and the lesson of his life which led to the people's rule in France. Debit him with the slaughter of thousands and inordinate selfishness."

In Switzerland we saw huge dogs harnessed to drays and milk wagons, sharing this service with yearlings. Holland dittoed this peculiarity. But it remained for Belgium to surpass its midget sisters in this respect by harnessing a dog and a man, and sometimes for variety to make a team of a dog and a woman. A cart came down the street with a man between the shafts. The cart was loaded with garden truck and the man was crying out his cargo. We had not noticed that the team was double until the vehicle came alongside our position in a post card shop. Then it developed that there was other motive power than the man in the lead. It had occurred to us that he was drawing his load with very little apparent effort; now the cause was patent. A dog was harnessed underneath the cart and was pulling with all his might, his outstanding tongue and pantings denoting that he was doing all the work while his colleague in the shafts was merely guiding the course of the vehicle. That was something new, but nothing rare for Belgium, as after this first one, numbers of others similarly geared and propelled picked their way through the street, the dog always faithfully bending to the burden, the man in the shafts heroically directing the trend of the caravan. It was when we spied a woman thus spliced up with a dog that our curiosity reached its high water mark. A closer investigation of her case showed that she was attached to the cart by ropes with which she gave welcome assistance to her mate underneath. And the woman did not throw off on the dog; in fact, as we watched the movements of this strange transportation outfit, we took notice that the dog would loiter in his harness till the traces were slack, and the single tree swagged, but now and then a word from the woman in front brought the shepherd to a division of the tugging burden.

At six o'clock we were again on wheels. Altogether, that Saturday was the most strenuous day we passed during the

entire journey. More ground was covered, more rapid, double-quick marches were made. From the time when we awoke before day in Holland and hastily dressing shot through the city, until we closed our eyes in sleep in a bed in Paris, we traversed three European countries, completely bisecting a couple and badly puncturing the third. The first person we saw at the beginning of the day was a tight man, and the last one we saw before entering our sleeping quarters was a loose woman. The winds of Holland were half fog, half iceberg; those of Paris were all zephyrs. From Himalaya noses to pugs and undulations, from canals to pikes, from business to gayety, from quiet to bedlam, from minimum to maximum, such was the transition from Holland to France. Halley's comet has perhaps a greater speed than we developed on that eventful Saturday, but we are unwilling to concede to any other object that runs or flies superiority over us as continent sprinters.

Again it became necessary to cross a frontier. No sooner had our tired bodies come in contact with the seats of the railway carriage than sleep, that gentle soother of all worries and weariness, gathered us in a group upon her soft bosom and rocked us into blissful unconsciousness, and the reeling emerald hills and intermittent towns and what-not of scene and incident knocked at the closed doors of observation to no avail. But neither ruse such as we affected at the Belgian border nor concealment in Morpheus' bosom this time at the French frontier could thwart the inexorable tariff detective. Along somewhere about the middle of the forenight we were awakened sharply by the noisy presence of a gentleman who stood over the prostrate bunch and announced something, we knew not what, and hurriedly departed, throwing open the door as he exited. We were wanted outside, that was plain. Experience heretofore and the circumstances of our awakening then and the rush of passengers into a lighted station convinced us that we were to be searched for valuables. Gathering grips and kodaks we moped into the station with the crowd. There in one room displayed in rows upon counters were grips and satchels and assorted things, and around them stood a host of men, while three officials were rummaging among the baggage and chalking the result on the outside. In an adjoining room the ladies of the

train were undergoing similar but more severe espionage, for women are more apt than men to smuggle laces and silks and they can come nearer doing it effectively by wearing them as part of their lingerie—therefore lady detectives were searching the ladies, screened meanwhile from masculine view.

"Cigyahs, matches, liqueers," lisped one of the detectives in English upon reaching our group, divining by an instinct I would never understand that we were Americans. In chorus we shook our heads and answered "none." To make sure, however, he ransacked the grips. One of the majority happened to have a cigar in his mouth at the time, a matter that caused the detective to make a search of the smoker's pockets. He found a half-used box of lucifers and a single cigar, but that was not in sufficient quantity to call for a duty, and we were passed, though we were not allowed to leave the room until the last passenger had been thoroughly censored.

The train was due at Paris at midnight, and once again in motion we resolved to remain awake and watch for the approach of the great French city. All but two of the many countries included in the itinerary of the entire trip abroad had been traversed and studied as best we could in the limited time. All but one were now only a memory. That morning we had touched the northernmost point of the journey; all day long we had been flying southward and—glorious thought—homeward. In tune with this feeling we lapsed naturally into song. Somehow, when one has been long and far away from home, and the return journey begins, and a picture of the home nest and its occupants looms predominating in the fancy, the joy of the contemplation finds natural expression in song. And so, we sang of Home, Sweet Home, and that French car was thoroughly Americanized with patriotic songs of the land beyond the sea that has no parallel in all the latitudes and longitudes of God Almighty's purposes with men.

The lights of Paris came ultimately in sight, a glittering panorama of electricity, the stars in the unclouded skies withdrawing their effulgence in deference to this greater display of the genius of man. Then the slow entry through a multitude of switch lights, and the disembarkation underneath a wide-spreading dome, in the Gare du Nord, Paris.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Swallowed by Paris at Midnight.

Our little company held a council of consultation on the steps of the station. The hour was late for us; we were very, very tired from the long and strenuous day's journey and almost fell asleep in our tracks. But we were in the middle of a vexatious situation resultant from our efforts to cover half of Europe in a single day; Paris had swallowed us at midnight; could we find in her capacious maw a place to sleep. A Joshua and a Caleb were chosen to spy out the land and report quickly. While these two reconnoitered the sleeping houses, a white electric light beat upon our faces from its suspension in the street, and hither and yonder other lights glowed like sentinels on duty with glistening swords. Far away in three directions the channels of travel ran in orderly perspective. On the corner here was a pleasure resort, its glistening counters and tables and chairs, its crystal decanters and expansive mirrors, its attendants in white aprons, all announcing its nature. Inside men and women were convivial and noisy, their faces flushed with the stimulus of half emptied glasses. On the walks a larger number of tables and chairs offered more desirable accommodations to a larger number of guests; always a man and a woman at a table; a man for each woman and a woman for each man.

Knocking around a little, our unsophisticated guileless aspect attracted a stranger who approached and addressed us confidentially and in a very low tone; he may have been a missionary or a minister seeking the congeniality of our company, though if physiognomy counted for anything in human nature we could hardly have classified him under either head; it was perhaps very well that his message was communicated in an unintelligible tongue, and that he understood our horizontal head shake as a negative to whatever he wanted. Presently a woman accosted us; she, too, may have been a messenger of the Salvation Army or of a home for the homeless, but her highly tinted features and the hour and circumstances argued against the presumption. Her entreaties, whatever they may have been, were turned down with a negative nod and a "no spragen se French."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Cream of Parisians.

Paris sleeps late; it has to if it gets any sleep at all. It was nine o'clock when we paid our lodging bill Sunday morning, and went in search of a breakfast and a "pension." We intended to connect with the first restaurant we came to and expected the connection to occur within a block or two at least. But Paris was asleep; all of it was asleep, restaurant keepers, police, and all, every living being was asleep, and we had the city in our lone possession. If Germany shall ever have occasion to attempt to capture Paris, all that is necessary will be to slip in between 3 a. m. and 10 and the surprise will be complete. As we tramped, not a bus was running, not a car. The buildings lay in silent close-snuggled lines and the streets crossed each other regularly, with not a single human decoration nor a vehicle on their white surface.

Paris was sound asleep.

Of course we wondered if Parisians ever had breakfast and where we were to get ours. It is a fact that it was only after walking for as much as an hour without seeing but one living person or locating a solitary eating house that we succeeded at last in finding a mere suggestion of what we were looking for. It was an opening in the endless line of business houses wherein a coffee urn was steaming.

"Cafe?"

This word means coffee in French, German, Italian and Dutch, and it was that word we directed in the form of a question to a fat, jolly little woman who presided over the urn and attachments in the little cuddy-hole in the wall. A nod and the filling of half a dozen cups with coffee from the urn indicated that our first attempt to "polly voo Francay" was a success. Then it was the lady's time to "polly voo" and she handed us the word—"oley?" We understood the interrogative inflection, but not a letter or sound of the "oley." Probably she was inquiring if we wanted a percheron steak, and we shook a nega-

tive response, but rejoined with a request in plain English that the smallest child in an up-to-date country would have understood—a request for some sugar to stir into the coffee, which was desperately and fearfully black. For some unaccountable reason the woman failed to comprehend, but smiling broadly she repeated that first word of hers with emphasis: "oley?"

It was less than two hours until dinner time; we did not desire a breakfast of beefsteak, table d'hote or "oley," but we did want some sugar and wouldn't object to a scrambled egg or two. So in sur-rejoinder we smiled and requested that she cook us some eggs.

Quoth the maiden, "oley?"

In pantomime we represented the egg as an oval concern, broke it and poured the contents of the shell on a table. Only a smile from the woman—a smile and a nod in the objective case. Dr. Stophlet thereupon, in our extremity, crowed like a rooster, to convey the idea that it was eggs, and eggs only, we wanted. But that was the wrong idea and the audience roared. Dr. Luccock then attempted to imitate the cackle of a hen, but the woman perhaps never heard a hen's announcement of her accomplishment on the nest, and if she had, she would never have recognized the imitation of it by the Chicago divine. (Laughter and long continued applause.)

Anyway we had succeeded in getting our coffee, and we settled down mirthfully to sip it. It was very, very strong and bitter, and we showed it in our grimaces. Again the lady broke in with her sole stock and store, that one word which she carried in her vocabulary, "oley?" What under heaven could oley be? Should we order it? Perhaps it was percheron or ordinary horse meat. We had heard that the French ate this as a substitute for beef, and we held a council of war and determined to finally and forever put an end to her attempt to thrust it upon us, appointing Dr. Luccock as spokesman to convey the information the best he could and if possible without wounding her feelings. He performed his duty delicately and effectively by shaking his head firmly and uttering very slowly and very emphatically: "No oley, if you please, madame."

Unconscious that our seance was witnessed by another, we

fell to sipping the coffee with accompanying grimaces, when suddenly a laugh betrayed the presence of someone behind us at the door. A gentleman walked in and in the glorious tones of the finest language under heaven and among men, he spake thus: "Gentlemen, I perceive you are in trouble; perhaps I may be able to assist you."

"Welcome, sir, welcome indeed; oh, do please tell that lady, if you can speak French, that we positively do not want any of her "oley," and tell her to give us some sugar for our coffee and something with which to dilute it 600 per cent, and bring us a little bread, a knife and fork each, some bread and butter, and scrambled eggs, and we will be yours truly forevermore."

"Why, gentlemen," quoth our visitor, "she was only asking you if you wanted some cream in your coffee."

It was a suggestion of the connoisseur that we avoid further table troubles by securing accommodations for a week at one of the two leading hotels of Paris, which two leading hotels, with English-speaking waiters, he assured us were none other than the world-famous Hotel des Invalides and the slightly less renowned Hotel de Ville.

Now, to be perfectly candid with the reader, we did not take quarters with either the Hotel des Invalides nor the Hotel de Ville, but before I will reveal the reason we did not, I will close this volume of travels and attach right here a peremptory

FINALE.