

The End of the Trail a chapter will be found labeled Hints to Travelers, which we trust will not be taken too seriously. Our only object in mentioning this is to prevent the reader from forming the same opinion as that of a New York critic, who writes that "The Hints to Travelers are most practical!" They were certainly not meant to be so, but were supposed to be taken cum grano salis!

preface

Finally, it is to be hoped that the following pages will be appreciated and enjoyed by two classes of people, viz.: those who travel, and those who do not. Some of the former, who may enjoy revisiting old scenes; and a better many of the latter, who possibly may have had time by staying comfortably at home, avoiding the monotony of omelettes and spaghetti and the inquisitiveness of the ubiquitous official.

customs

Should anyone else, failing to come under either of the above classifications, happen to straggle along, they are equally welcome to climb aboard. For after all the old Spanish proverb is not far wrong when it says: "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him."

L. B. P.

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Model of the Bahai Temple at Chicago, Illinois. .

.Frontispiece

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I

The First Step

Everyone who makes a journey, if only to the next county, makes a record of the fact. This may take the form of a hurried personal letter, or a picture postcard on the restricted margin of which is found such trite remarks as, "Well here we are!" perhaps, "Having or

a glorious time," or something like this, "Just leaving here for X ,," all of which is supposed to be read with avidity (and possibly with envy) by the dear ones at home!

The point is, travelers write about their travels! At

least I have been told that this is the case by many people, including a few publishers (who are undoubtedly well-informed in such matters), by publishers' editors and agents, and by eminent critics, to say nothing of ordinary laymen. In fact, having been told the same thing so many times, and by so many different persons, I have come to the conclusion that it must be true! And I have written the following.

so

might as well be stated here and now that the

It

ensuing pages were originally written with two objects in view: to enlighten the home folks on present conditions abroad, and to enliven the columns of our local paper.

Having served to a limited extent its original dual purpose, the "busy reader" is now supposed to take the

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place of the "regular subscriber," and without stopping to comment on whether or not it is the "first step that counts," or expatiate on the proper way to write an introduction, we will haul in the gang-plank of apology, and proceed with our journey.

Arriving in New York on January 11th we found the thermometer hovering around ten degrees above zero.

A biting gale with it making things very lively especially around the old Flat-Iron Building.

Our party at that time consisted of Mr. Bourgeois, a prominent architect of New York, and his wife, the

eldest daughter of the late Paul de Longpre, and the writer who had been hibernating in California for nearly twenty years.

Our cabins had been engaged on the famous German liner Imperator, the largest steamer then afloat. Owing to heavy storms which had continued during its entire voyage over from France, it had barely time to dock,

make repairs and stock up in time to leave on the return trip. We were four hours late in leaving, but we had no sooner lost sight of land than the weather became mild, and for the whole voyage we had sunshine and

regular California climate for which my friends gave me due credit. Our only disappointment was the poor time we were making, due to poor coal with which the vessel had been supplied. After the first day we made about three hundred miles per day, and consequently were nine days in reaching Southampton.

Here we boarded a funny little train for London a train of toy-like cars which might have been the inspira-

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tion of a certain man who has built several millions of popular automobiles in Detroit, which are now so universally used and abused that we saw them in every city we visited, even observing them rambling along the Sea of Galilee. On the journey to London we greatly were

impressed by the number and variety chimney-of the tops. An ordinary cottage would have anywhere from twelve to twenty of them, and looking over the villages which were old and very picturesque there was everywhere a forest of chimney-tops of all shapes and sizes.

In our hotel in London we found that every room had its fireplace, and all these millions of chimneys were sending up little wreaths of smoke into the dull sky. Sometimes all this smoke returns to earth as we

discovered adaysfew later.

During our stay in London the sun was kind enough to shine, or rather made a gallant attempt to do so, for a total of about half an hour each day. Between times we were treated to cold fogs and drizzling rain. Under these conditions sight-seeing was rather difficult, but we did our best and went to St. Paul's and twice to Westminster Abbey, although we were unable to see

the ceilings of either building on account of the obscuring gloom and haze. After visiting a few other places of interest, we decided to move on and try to find a little warmth and sunshine.

On the morning of our departure, we woke up to find ourselves enveloped in a real London fog some thing that cannot be exaggerated. It was of the famous

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"pea soup" order, absolutely impenetrable to the human eye, and boasting a peculiar flavor not pleasant to taste. Sitting in the taxi it was impossible to see the radiator of the car, and how we managed to safely reach the railroad station will always remain a mystery. We learned later that it was the worst fog Londoners had known for twenty years. The police reported two hundred accidents on the Strand alone, two street cars collided at Victoria Street Station and over ninety people were injured. All the libraries and museums and many business houses closed for the day and traffic was suspended. We were very grateful, however, that the London weather should have run so more than true to form for our benefits.

From London we took the train to Dover and crossed the Channel to Calais, expecting to have a few unpleasant thrills on the way, as the weather had been very rough, but again we were pleasantly disappointed. The water was smooth as a mill-pond and after an hour's ride we reached Calais in good condition. We encountered an army of porters at the dock, our first experience with foreign customs officials, which was thereafter to be oft repeated and much dreaded. Fortunately both of my friends spoke French and finally our baggage was inspected, passports vised and we were on our way to Paris. We were on a local train, as the regular boat-train had left with all seats and standing room taken by passengers who proposed to stand five hours rather than wait for the next train, so great was their desire to reach Paris! As that way of traveling

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did not appeal to us, we waited a couple of hours for the next train and finally landed at the Hotel Lutetia in Paris at eleven o'clock at night, very tired and exceedingly hungry. Since the usual breakfast of porridge and marmalade, taken in London, we had been able to secure nothing but a glass of milk and some rolls, so we started out to see what we could find.

We soon discovered that in the interest of economy

all business houses in Paris closed early and all the restaurants were dark and deserted. Finally we found a Brasserie a place where beer is sold and prevailed on the attendant to make us some coffee and sandwiches. Our trip from Calais to Paris was our first introduction to the European custom of dispensing with dining-cars, or even stops for meals everyone being expected to either take their provender along, or fast. Later on we also learned that on certain lines sleeping cars were to be had three times per week, and on other nights, if you wished to sleep, you could do so sitting up, provided you had a good conscience and were sufficiently exhausted.

After a refreshing sleep on the most wonderful beds in the world started out to explore Paris, and here we

we must short-cut; as to attempt a description would take more space than this chapter would permit. Everything was so wonderful and the people so charming, that Paris remains the most delightful of all the places we visited, and the one place of which I, personally, would never grow tired. Our schedule called for a stop of five days in Paris, which was increased to nine, with

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a promise of three or four more days on the return trip. From Paris we went to Geneva, Switzerland, motored along Lake Geneva to the foot of Mt. Blanc, visited the celebrated watch works and the League of Nations Building, then on to capital of the Swiss Berne, the Republic, where they were holding Parliament in three languages Italian, French and German. Here we visited the old bear pit, where four animated emblems of the Swiss Federation are confined. We inspected the famous old clock towers, and in the evening enjoyed a German opera at the Stadt theatre. We found Berne a charming and lively place, more German than French, and very picturesque. Leaving by a morning train, we had a beautiful trip through the snow-covered Alps, and after plunging through twenty-two tunnels among them the famous St. Gotthard we came out into Italy. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy!" But somehow it did not measure up to our high expectations.

On reaching Milan, we stopped at the Grand Hotel de Ville, an old "palazzo" converted into a hotel, and after settling ourselves started out for a stroll. After sauntering along for a few blocks we reached an open square where the great Gothic Cathedral of Milan rose up before us in the moonlight one of the real thrills of the trip.

After visiting the Castello, Art Galleries, Museums and the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele an arcade formed in the shape of a cross, with shops on all sides and the whole covered with glass we took an evening train to Venice, in our haste neglecting to take along any pro-

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visions except a few oranges and some chocolates.

Con-

sequently, when we arrived at Venice and boarded a

gondola, we were not in any condition to enjoy our

midnight ride of three-quarters of an hour to our hotel on the Grand Canal, where we succeeded in persuading

our host to serve us lunch in our rooms.

Engaging a gondola the next morning, we passed St.

Mark's and the Doge's Palace, visited the Murano Glass

Works, the famous Lace Works, and other places of

interest. We soon discovered that the smaller the canal

the greater was the odor, until finally we were com-

pelled to return to the

hotel, as the odor was not only

disagreeable but overpowering. We were assured by our

host and others that in two or three months the tide

would turn, clean out all the canals and eliminate the

odor.

But as our time was somewhat limited, we proceeded

to Florence, where we spent five very pleasant days and

met many charming people. It is claimed that Florence

is the intellectual center of Italy and destined to be

the birthplace of a "world Renaissance." After having

become convinced of this it disconcerting to learn

was

that three days after we left the city a riot broke out;

machine guns were planted in the square in front of our hotel; all trains and street car traffic suspended, the city placed under martial law and no one was allowed to leave.

From Florence we went to Rome. Arriving in the evening we decided to see St. Peter's by moonlight.

It was not an easy task to explain to the cabman that

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we wanted simply to take a ride out to St. Peter's at that time of night, but we finally managed to put it across and started. Just before we reached there, however, the moon hid behind a cloud and remained there, so that the cabman's doubts as to our wisdom in making

the trip were fully justified.

On the following day we visited a few of the eleven thousand rooms of the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel and St. Peter's, with its immense circular colonnade. But most of the three hundred and sixty-five churches which are scattered all over Rome we had to pass by and content ourselves with inspecting the old ruins the Coliseum, Baths of Caracalla, Caesar's Palaces and the Forum.

We stood on the spot, now covered with ruins, where Caesar stood amidst the Roman Senators on the fatal day when he was stabbed. A few hundred feet below us the old Appian Way, its battered triumphal arches and fragments of marble columns sad commentaries on the transitoriness of earthly power and grandeur! At the same time we were struck with the providence of the

Romans in preserving so many old things for the pleasure and benefit of the modern world acres of ancient ruins, art galleries, museums and gorgeous churches in which only one or two services are held each year; but open at all times to every sight-seer.

From Rome to Naples is a pleasant ride of four hours by train; but with the exception of the Bay and Mt. Vesuvius, we found nothing there to claim our particular interest not even a night drive down Spaghetti Alley,

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from which Dante might have gathered much inspiration for his Inferno!

From Naples we took the steamer Milano across the Mediterranean, and after delightful voyage a of four and a half days landed at Alexandria, Egypt, where we enjoyed our first contact with the Orient.

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II

London in February

proceeding with our journey it might be well Before to pause for a moment and gather up a few experiences and impressions of the countries through which we had just passed. Naturally, these must be somewhat cursory, as our limited time did not permit us to study any of these countries in detail, but by careful consideration we soon learned to economize and cover considerable ground in a short time.

Our usual procedure on arriving at a new hotel was to fill out the necessary blanks required by the police department, stating our names in full, age, name of father and mother, birthplace, present home address, name of place from which we had just come, destination, the reasons for our coming and going, and various other knotty and stupid questions. This took some apparently little time, as, except in England, the blanks were Italian.

Finally, if in printed in either French or we tended staying beyond a certain time, usually from three to five days, our passports had to be handed over for inspection by the police department. While these preliminaries were being arranged we had set the concierge busy securing a guide and con more satisfactory to fee the veyance, having found it and let him hire everything and concierge properly, settle all bills, as there is everywhere a strong tendency

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London in February

to overcharge and occasionally short-change the unwary stranger. Then with the aid of the guide and concierge a list was prepared of the finest streets, most prominent

buildings and other places of interest, together with the most direct way of reaching them.

After a two or three days' tour, conducted along these lines, a good general idea of the city was obtained, and afterwards we were able to browse around more leisurely and intelligently by ourselves.

But we started out to say something about conditions which we found existing in the various countries, and before doing so wish to state that we are recording simply our impressions and the things we happened to see which no doubt will differ from what anyone else

may have experienced. Any little criticisms that may creep in are intended, not as fault-finding, but as foot notes to actual showing what particularly occurrences,

impressed passing group of

a inquisitive Americans.

In London except for the big fog, which was the piece de resistance, the principal thing that attracted our attention was the tenacity of the English in clinging to old, and to our minds, antiquated, methods of doing business. Their monetary system of pounds, shillings and pence requires pencil, paper, complicated calculation and considerable time to make up an ordinary bill; while the Bank of England notes, printed on tough but plain white paper increasing in size as the denomination increases make an awkward and bulky package in contrast to our currency. If you step on the drug-store

scales to be weighed, you marvel at registering only

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40 which you find is stones, and must be translated into pounds before you can determine whether you are gaining or losing.

In London we had our first introduction to narrow thoroughfares, many of them with sidewalks not over three feet wide, while the street itself measured from

ten to twelve feet from curb to curb. Naturally the pedestrians took to the middle of the road and chances in dodging the cabs and taxis.

Greater still was our surprise, in walking through the shopping district, to see the store windows being stripped of everything at closing time and heavy, corrugated iron shutters pulled down over the windows and locked for the night making the shops look like a row of warehouses, illuminated only by the dim gas lights on the street. Window shopping in the evening is out of the question all through Europe and in Egypt, as practically all the stores were equipped with these iron shutters.

One London custom very perplexing to us, and was

only after a narrow escape from being run down did we fully realize that traffic regulations in England are the reverse of ours vehicles passing along the left side of the street and turning to the left, instead of to the right. We were surprised at the number of "Bobbies" stationed in the middle of the street, on the street corners, and in the middle of the blocks.

In fact, you never

seemed to get out of sight of a policeman in downtown London. All of which was very convenient, as they were very civil and ready to answer questions or give

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directions. Occasionally they had an amusing habit of pompously turning on their heel and, with extended palm, remarking, "I've done ye a favor, 'aven't I?" a question which was most satisfactorily answered by a small coin.

The enormous street traffic in London is remarkably well handled and we seldom saw a jam or collision of

any sort which was little short of miraculous, considering the multitude and variety of vehicles pouring into the main thoroughfares at all angles. While there are several streetcar lines, mostly in the outlying sections,

and a few subways, the main downtown traffic is handled by cabs, taxis and two-story busses, from the tops of which a good view of the streets can be had. But, to the stranger, it is rather confusing, as these busses are

equipped with identical signs at both ends, and you don't know whether they are coming or going, unless you make inquiries.

It was somewhat surprising to see smoking permitted in the subways and a fine of eight pounds for "spitting on the floor," other parts of the car evidently free for all! This seemed very mild in comparison with the New York subways, where both smoking and expectorating are prohibited under penalty of five hundred dollars fine or imprisonment or both. These are of course small and trivial things, but simply show the

difference in customs little details that attracted our attention.

We were also impressed with the fact that, so far as personal liberty was concerned, everyone was permitted

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to go about and do pretty much as he pleased. There was never any brutal show or incivility on the part of those in authority, and this feeling of absolute freedom was one of the most pleasant features of our stay in

London.

We saw of the recent war except little to remind us

the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial, not far from Trafalgar Square, and the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey, both of which were banked with beautiful flowers and continually thronged with hundreds of visitors. One other incident recalled the war to our minds. Returning from Buckingham Palace we passed a large and impressive building at the entrance to Waterloo Place, and were curious to know what it was. We asked a "Bobbie," who explained that it was "Kaiser Bill's Palace," and added with a grin, "But he's not occupyin' it just now."

Here, as in every city we visited, some particular thing seemed to stand out prominently and typify embodied in place. To me the spirit of England was

the four huge lions by Landseer at the foot of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. Those impressive beasts,

the mass of
looking placidly out over the Square and
people moving about in all directions, vividly impress
on one's mind the dignity, solidity
and power of the
continues on its way
English nation which quietly
regardless of all obstacles.

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III

In Gay Paree

Our recollections of France will always include a
humorous picture presented itself
that as we were

landing at Calais. glided up to its anchor

As the boat

age, we discovered the pier lined with a hundred or
more porters in caps and long blue blouses, shouting in

French and wildly gesticulating. This mass of blue
blouses kept bobbing up and down, the men animating
them trying to attract the attention of the passengers
and all the time pointing to a large disc, containing a
number, suspended around their necks. It reminded one
of a Punch and Judy show, only it was a lot noisier.

The old chap we selected rushed on board and was
not satisfied with draping himself about with seven
suit cases, two overcoats, two Boston bags, one brief
case and an umbrella, but also insisted volubly that
there was plenty of room about him for a few cameras,
a roll of drawings and several other small pieces of hand
luggage. It was extraordinary to see long lines of these
porters staggering along under huge iron trunks, and
I can readily believe they would tackle anything up to a
grand piano.

Our next impression on finally reaching Paris was

far from humorous; in fact, it was one of sadness. If
there ever was such a place as "Gay Paree," it was no
longer in evidence and I am of the opinion that the

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general idea of Paris, held especially among Americans,
is entirely erroneous.

While everyone seemed intent on his own business, there was no lack of courtesy, and there was also no evidence of frivolity or anything approaching it. Taken on the whole, Paris was by great odds the cleanest, most beautiful and most interesting city we visited on our whole trip. Utility seemed always combined with artistic beauty. Smooth, clean streets lined with beautiful buildings of uniform height generally with mansard roofs, making the buildings seem lower than they really are, and rows of shade trees at each side, even in many of the business streets showed with what rare ability the city had been planned, especially when the streets opened out on beautiful gardens and parks filled with statuary, or on public memorial squares.

As in London, the streets were filled with a seething swarm of cabs, taxis and motor busses; but, fortunately

for us, they all passed on the right side of the street, and the only difficulty was for the pedestrian to break through. This generally required two operations, the first jump to the safety islands in the middle of the street, followed by a later rush to the other side.

Street cars, or trams, as they are called, operate outside the main business section only, and are conducted by brisk women in natty uniforms, who are replaced at night by young men or boys.

The subways are somewhat better than those in London or New York, cleaner, brighter and better ventilated, while the cars run more smoothly and with less noise.

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In Gay Paree

The only real difficulty we had in Paris was in getting accustomed to their petit dejeuner, or light breakfasts, which consist of coffee and rolls a rather insufficient ballast with which to commence the day's work. It

required a lot of conversation on our part to convince the waiter that really wanted something to eat; but at we

any other time of the day the meals were limited only by the price we wished to pay. The quantity, quality and service left nothing to be desired and the cooking was excellent, but when it came to the patisserie it was

easy to see why the French are famous for their pastry. My personal preference between a patisserie shop and a book store could only be decided by the time of day and whether or not I had just dined. And the confiserie, or sweet shop! No one who has ever tasted their marron glace can possibly resist it.

In the restaurants we marveled at first at the leisure with which the French consumed and enjoyed their mid day meal. This was soon explained by the fact that the banks and principal business houses close from twelve to two p. m. daily, and even the sidewalk vendors pack up

their wares and suspend operations long enough to enjoy a quiet lunch. In addition to this daily breathing spell Monday is generally observed as cleaning day all public buildings are closed for the day and in the larger stores it is not on this account a favorable day for shopping.

Sunday was one of the best days for sight-seeing indoors, as all the public museums and galleries are

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kept open as long as, or longer, than on week days, and are thronged with visitors.

One thing in Paris that interested me greatly was the number and variety of book stores, in which we occasionally saw a good collection of English and American books on sale, in authorship ranging from Dickens to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Most unique of all these was an outdoor book store on the Seine embankment not far from the Gare D'Orleans. This narrow but lengthy establishment consisted of a long row of shallow boxes covered with galvanized iron and attached to the coping of the stone embankment. It extended along the sidewalk for a distance of five or six hundred feet. Overhead was the blue sky showing through the budding branches of the overhanging trees; just below was the Seine, beyond which lay the Louvre and the Garden of the Tuileries. A charming place to stop and browse! And here impecunious bookworm was constantly the seen, passing along from box to box, poking around a varied collection which seemed to contain among almost everything that had ever been published, from

cheap, paper-covered novels to rare old editions, not to mention engravings, colored prints and sheet music.

I happened to pass by there one day just as it was starting to rain, and the proprietor was showing extraordinary and unexpected speed as he rushed along shutting down the lids of his long book store, then parking himself under an umbrella to wait until the storm had passed by.

Another interesting scene was the markets of peasant

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In Gay Paree

women in the boulevards adjoining the residence section

tion, one of which happened to be on the beautiful

Boulevard Raspail near our hotel. Two-wheel push

carts, loaded with all kinds of fruits, vegetables and fresh meats, were hauled by these sturdy women from their homes in the country and lined up at daybreak ready for business. Although some of them, the potato carts in particular, looked like a good load for an average

horse, and had been trundled for miles, the husky proprietors looked fresh as daisies, and were bustling around disposing of their wares so as to reach home in time to start back with another load for the next morning.

When busy not with customers they filled in the time by making up a supply of paper sacks out of old sheet music, newspaper and other odd bits of paper, and thus getting even with the sack trust.

All over France the word THRIFT seems to be spelled with capital letters. There is no waste either of time or materials. Everything is picked up and worked up. All through the country every house has its neat garden and a few fruit trees; the walks are clean and the roads look as if they had just been swept with a broom. When a tree is chopped down in the forest, even the twigs

are tied up in neat bundles and sold to the bakers for baking bread, while every square foot of tillable ground is under cultivation. Compared with the wasteful and

slovenly methods which obtain in the rural districts of our own country, such national habits of neatness and economy pointed a very valuable object lesson. And now we are about to step off into rather deep

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water; but it seems a necessary step, as no article on Paris would be complete without a few words on the subject of fashions particularly fashions in feminine apparel. While the writer does not profess to be a connoisseur, or to have had any special training as a fashion expert, a few words will sum up his observations in this direction, and we have no hesitation in saying that, in the matter of dress, we found New York more Parisian than Paris, or what we expected Paris to be. With the exception of the tourists, the women's dresses were simple, plain and conservative, while, most surprising of all, there was an almost total absence of facial make-up. Wishing to see a typical French audience, we chose a Sunday evening to attend a performance of Faust at the famous Grand Opera House. You can imagine our surprise, when we entered the gorgeous auditorium, and saw it filled with men in ordinary business suits and women in black; not a décolleté costume in the whole theatre, with the exception of those worn by perhaps forty elaborately dressed English and American tourists. These, as someone remarked, wore costumes "suitable either for an opera or an operation."

On the streets and elsewhere, the Parisians themselves dress conservatively.

By this I do not mean very shabbily, for although the men in general seemed to pay little attention to their personal appearance, the women invariably look stylish and charming.

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IV

Through Switzerland

Compared with France our trip through Switzerland was devoid of incidents our sensations being somewhat like those of a person used to a regular table d'hôte when he finds himself face to face with a lunch counter. Switzerland's long suit consisting of scenery, one is unless he hap

apt to get fed up in a very short time,
pens to outdoor enthusiast and willing to keep
be an

on raving over a procession of barren but well
advertised

peaks covered with snow.

Our first stop was Geneva, and Sunday afternoon we
strolled down by the lake and studied the natives, who
were all out for an airing on the Quai du
Mont Blanc

a wide promenade lined with a sort of sycamore trees
with flat, scraggy tops, that look very odd and pictur
esque. These Genevans were a husky, ruddy-cheeked
lot, and their favorite form of outdoor sport seemed to
be wheeling enormously high baby carriages.

While the view of Mont Blanc failed to produce much
of a thrill, the lake was very beautiful.

I had one very amusing experience at Geneva, the
of which was not apparent until I
full significance

reached home. On presenting a sheaf of letters at the
hotel desk I was told they were temporarily out of
leave the letters stamps would
stamps, but if I would
amount added
be procured, the letters mailed, and the

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to my bill. You can imagine my surprise when I dis
covered, on reaching home, that the smallest stamp
known to the Swiss P. O. had been affixed and each of
my friends had to pay eight cents overdue postage for
the questionable pleasure of hearing from me. When I
stood a few days later in Berne, admiring the beautiful
statue they had erected to the Postal Union, I did not
realize at that time to what base uses the thrifty hotel-
keeper at Geneva had put this glorious Postal Union, in
order to extract thereby a few petty centimes!
When visiting the famous watch works of Vacheron &
Constantin, founded in 1785, and apparently winners of
all the medals and prizes ever awarded since 1840, we
were astounded at the marvelous machinery, operated
largely by women and a few men who had grown grey

in the service. Plainly there was no "hire and fire" system in vogue here, and the superintendent explained that the trade was handed down from father to son and that was the reason of their great success. Owing to the fact that the cheapest watch they make is sold for seven hundred and fifty francs f. o. b. factory, we decided to look a little further before making any purchases.

We observed that many of the hotels at which we stopped had formerly boasted formidable German names, such as the Schtwizerhof, etc., which were now camouflaged as the Hotel International,

doubt, to some miscalculations made by Princes, owing, no

three or four years ago by

or the general staff at Berlin.

Nevertheless, the hotels were good and well conducted,

even if they did skim

off a little extra in the matter of

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Through Switzerland

postage or their favorite item of chauffage, when the

only fire had been at all interested in

we was the one

in the kitchen range.

In passing through the country everything looked neat

and clean and even the fields

tidied up as though

were

everybody expecting company. As this part of the

was

work is attended to by the peasant women, it was, of

course, a thorough job.

In Berne it was rather odd to see a man and his dog

harnessed to a cart, jogging along through the streets

with the morning's supply of milk or other produce.

We found it very interesting to visit the street market

in front of the famous old clock tower, which is flanked

on each side by picturesque old buildings that look as if

they might have been erected very soon after the found

ing of the city in 1191. Stretched in the middle of the

wide street were long tables piled up with all kinds of

produce which the gaily attired peasants had brought in

for sale; while along the curb rival peddlers and a few fakers were prepared to relieve the peasants of their newly acquired coin, or do business with any passerby who happened to be susceptible.

The city of Berne has carefully preserved its old-world charm and considered "the heart of Switzerland." is

Among the attractive medieval features are its bridges, towers and gates, as well as its buildings and quaint, red-tiled houses, nestling on the hillsides along the river Aar. The view from the high terrace back of the Parliament Buildings, with the river winding below and the snow-covered Alps in the distance, Jungfrau looming up

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in the center, make a picture long to be remembered.

In the guide book the visitor is requested not to miss seeing the Weltpostdenkmal, Zehenderdenkmal, Erlackerdenkmal and Bubenbergenderdenkmal, the Stampfli and Hallenderdenkmal, but whether we saw them all I will never tell, and, if so, I do not remember them by their full names.

The Arcades form an interesting feature, as the upper stories of the buildings rest on massive columns and arches and extend out to the curb line. This arrangement, however, is more artistic than practical, as the little stores and shops are consequently poorly lighted. At Geneva we spent an evening listening to a comedy they had opera in German, and

in French, but at Berne

must have got down to business early in the evening, as the front of the house was deserted when we arrived and it was like breaking into jail to find anyone to show us to our seats. The performance was very enjoyable and apparently well done, as the rest of the audience seemed to approve. What interested me particularly was the immense orchestra, a large number of whom were women and all playing together in perfect har-

mony ! The opera was based on an incident that occurred during the French Revolution, and it was a rather queer coincidence that we should see the same thing, but by a different author and under another name, sung in Italian at Florence a few evenings later.

schools. Attendance

pride of Switzerland is her

The

to the age of
at the primary schools is compulsory up
also compul
fourteen years, and supplementary courses,
sory, bring the
backward ones up to the required stand-

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Through Switzerland

ing before their military service begins. They claim
that inability to read and write is unknown. These
schools are free of charge of any kind, either for tuition
or materials. It was interesting to learn that the dead
languages have given place to modern tongues, and that
English is now taught in place of Greek. In some can
tons the school term runs along for forty-five weeks,
although in the Alpine districts it is shortened to from
twenty-four to thirty weeks. The Swiss point with pride
to the fact that it is not unusual for an agricultural com
mune, with only two or three thousand inhabitants, to
build a school building costing a hundred thousand
dollars.

As there are three national languages, Italian, French
and German, it would seem that a Swiss school teacher
must be something of a linguist.

As Berne preponderantly German, we found it
is

almost impossible to do any shopping, except with the
aid of the French members of our party; in fact, the
knowledge of French is a valuable asset and everywhere
on our trip we found it to be practically a universal
language.

Our exit from Switzerland, at Chiasso, was as amus
besides
ing as had been our entrance in France, at Calais,
throwing a side light on the characteristics of the genus

Americano.

The size of our party had increased at Paris, now num
increased
bering four, and our array of luggage had
but with the aid of a few valorous porteurs
accordingly,
on the inspection tables
our luggage was soon spread out

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ready for the ordeal of a customs examination, when I heard close by a commotion between a courier for the A. E. F. and a bewhiskered inspector. The latter was recklessly reeling off yards of Italian and German and the former was indulging in vigorous U. S. vernacular. The row was over four packs of cigarettes, not declared by the owner, but which the said inspector had found on opening his suit case.

Neither one could understand the other, the offender offering, with violent protests and many vigorous oaths, to pay the necessary duty and penalty, while the other was reiterating the fact that he would have to pay. The object of the soldier was obviously to divert the mind of the inspector and get his valise closed up again as soon as possible. The inspector was jubilant as he finally marched the lad over to the pay counter; but the joke was really on him, as the young man who happened to be a Los Angeles boy confessed to us a little later that he had sixty other packs of cigarettes concealed in his valise, which he succeeded in getting across the border free of duty.

I heard of another little incident which shows how our fellow countrymen go about things when they mean

American rushed into business. In this case a bustling of first-class car where two English the compartment a

men were seated, and presently, pulling out an old, to enjoy a smoke. One highly pipe, proceeded flavored and in of the Englishmen offered vigorous objection to formed him that he ought to know it was contrary As this had no the rules to smoke in a first-class car.

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Through Switzerland

effect, he threatened to call the guard and have the offender put off the car. At the next station the Amer

ican managed to see the guard first, and informed him that an Englishman in his compartment was traveling first-class on a second-class ticket, whereupon the guard proceeded to remove the gentleman to another car, and quiet reigned.

Presently the other Englishman remarked: "That was deucedly clever of you, old chap, but how did you happen to know he had a second-class ticket?"

"Easy enough," replied the American, as he filled his pipe again, "his ticket was the same color as mine!"

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V

Impressions of Italy

When we

purchased our through tickets from Paris to Naples, the agent advised us to travel second-class in Switzerland, thereby saving a few francs, but by all means to go first-class through Italy. We found his advice excellent, and although we remained in the same car, found, as soon as we crossed the frontier, that we

we now traveling strictly first-class.

were This was accomplished by simply changing a small label by the door of our compartment. Later on we learned that on regular a Italian train conditions at the best were

poor enough, and at the risk of being a little too realistic I will mention a few particulars.

In the first place, there is but one RiHrata, or wash room, to the car, and it belongs to whoever happens to

get there first. This room contains but one fixture, a

dirty corner wash basin that lets down from the wall, into which you pump water, if there happens to be any; but usually, an hour or so after starting on your journey, empty, and remains so. This, with

a

ney, the tank is

a fixture was

large round hole in the floor, to which

once probably attached, is all the room contains, except half an inch or so of water, which sloshes around

over

the floor. If you happen to become thirsty or dirty, reach your destination, as no you remain so until you soap, ice water, drinking cups or any other conveniences are found anywhere beyond the Alps.

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Impressions of Italy

Practically all European cars have a long corridor the full length of the car, and are divided into compartments, each one seating either six or eight persons, classed in Italy as fumatori and non-fumatori. If you are in the latter class and wish to smoke, you can either stand in the corridor and smoke, or bribe the guard to let you have his seat at the end of the car. Fortunately, I found that one lira, four cents, usually gets his seat, and a few matches as well.

As coal is scarce in Italy, it is not unusual to see a tender attached to the locomotive loaded with cordwood, supplying fuel for the train. The cars and equipment generally are in a very bad condition, and with the present rate of exchange, the price of new equipment and repairs is prohibitive.

Owing to the scarcity of cars the ladies are fortunate if they can all secure seats, while the men gallantly stand outside in the corridor, or perch on the stray pieces of luggage that are stacked here and there. But no one grumbles, and if the train starts half an hour late it will only be half an hour late in arriving, provided it does not lose another hour or so on the way, which is usually a good, safe bet.

Anyway, we made our entrada into Italy, and were rolling along briskly it being down grade! Below us were beautiful valleys and occasionally we caught a glimpse of a narrow, white stripe revealing an old Roman road. Here and there were quaint old houses of stone, roofed with thin, irregular slabs of split stone, and surrounded with old vineyards, the vines trained on wires

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forming fantastic arbors. Even the fence posts in this part of Italy are of stone slabs drilled to support wire

fencing. There was nothing combustible except the meagre furniture inside the houses, and I imagine that insurance agents are an unknown as well as an unnecessary quantity in this section of the country. In a little over two hours after leaving the Italian frontier at Chiasso we arrived at Milan, and then our troubles began. We all wanted ice cream, and none of us knew the proper name for it in that country. But we bravely struck out and fortune smiled on us, as we soon found a place where the waiter understood a little French. As we entered, the orchestra struck up the al Factotum from the Barbieri di Siviglia, and Largo we all felt quite at home! But the interesting and educational part of the performance came when we tried to pay our bill. The waiter looked at both sides of the money, held it up to the light, and finally took it to the manager for his approval, so we concluded there must be some spurious currency afloat, and were thereafter on our guard. One of the principal attractions we had been looking forward to in Milan was a performance at the La Scala celebrated in Theatre, one of the largest and most Europe, where so many famous artists have appeared. we found it had been closed for some time. Unfortunately, with hearing for repairs and had to content ourselves later. the company at Florence a few evenings Of all the countries we visited, Italy makes by far the bravest show of soldiery at

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Impressions of Italy

on the streets and in the trains, soldiers seemed to be moving about everywhere, and certainly make a striking sight with their grey uniforms and long military capes.

We were struck next by the great number of clocks to be seen everywhere, building after building; but on

they are evidently intended only as ornaments, as none of them were running. The next most frequently encountered sight, especially in Rome, were bands of various religious orders, marching in different colored vestments and with such odd-shaped hats one would never imagine a piece of masculine headgear could be molded into so many different contraptions. I was often "joshed" by the other members of our party because of my desire to make a collection of native hats, especially the old and interesting ones; but when I saw this wide variety I lost heart, as I remembered that the ocean liners restrict you to twenty cubic feet of baggage, and thought it more feasible to take up some other line, such as moderate-sized pyramids or some of those noisy little

Italian motor cars of the kindergarten type.

While there was a prevalence of soldiers, clocks and monks, there was a great scarcity of good bread, fruits, refined sugar, fresh meats, etc. bread, while it

The

war bread, was much of our own

forcibly reminded us

had ever been, and the fruit,

poorer in quality than ours

especially the apples and pears, was such as could not be graded in an American packing house; but no matter how small and knotty they happened to be, the flavor was always surprising.

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One thing in Milan, however, struck us as being adequate, a bronze statue in front of the Academy. It represents Napoleon as a Roman Emperor; but the sculptor, Canova, in order to symbolize the fame and power of his subject, gives him a splendid but imaginary physique several times too large for the Little Corporal. There are many other very beautiful statues, especially the one of Leonardo da Vinci in the Piazza de la Scala,

one which is a wonderful and impressive piece of work. And

here in the Santa Maria delle Grazie is this artist's most celebrated painting, "The Last Supper," now unfortunately almost faded away.

Passing on to Venice, we found at least one feature there that was right up to our highest expectations, for their gondoliers are all that has ever been claimed for them, a fine, sturdy, good-natured lot, who act as guide, officer all megaphone-artist, engine, pilot and traffic rolled into one.

As you glide along one of the narrow canals, you see

but on ahead a hopeless jam of barges and gondolas; reaching the spot, you hear a little vigorous language room enough for you and, in some miraculous way, just to glide through is made, and then perhaps you whirl into the corner of a build a still narrower canal, just missing of a quarter of an inch. But ing by the narrow margin that although they come the interesting part of it is is to miss, and so skillfully close, they always manage craft the gondolier and his it managed that it seems Their deep, guttural cry, announcing their are one

approach and indicating in which direction they expect

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LOOKJNd DOWN KKOM THE RUINS. OI" TIIK PALACKS OK THK C.KSAU
Impressions of Italy

to turn, echoes weirdly down the narrow streets, and, in the moonlight, is strangely moving and romantic.

We were surprised to find how much of Venice could be seen without the use gondolas. There are only of

about one fifty canals in the whole city, hundred and over which there are about four hundred bridges, and

the intervening spaces have streets much like any other Italian city. From this time on it was part of the day's work to become used to odors, as each city maintains its own peculiar aroma, and very often this never-to-be-forgotten fragrance differs from block to block, so that the wayfarer, though he be deaf, dumb and blind, could not be mistaken in his whereabouts.

We often found ourselves wondering if the American public is not a little over-particular and super-sensitive in the matter of disinfection and sanitation, especially when we noticed the open-air comfort stations in some of these Italian cities placed in the alley, not over ten feet from the main street and consisting merely of a narrow a building, connected with a hole groove in the side of in the pavement. This is sometimes, but rarely, shielded on the street side by a narrow slab about one foot wide it needs no sign to designate it. by four feet high; but we learned in Italy, that the ideas we had

One thing formed of things needed considerable revision. many of

Among other surprises was the general appearance the country. Instead of the neat little farms, or beautiful old villas surrounded by flowers, orange trees, etc., we found much of the land uncultivated and not even one the impression of a new inclosed by fences, giving

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and undeveloped country rather than an ancient one presenting the appearance of an old mine almost worked out and practically abandoned. In no part of Italy did we see the intensive farming of France, or the quaint cottages and well-kept gardens.

Florence and Rome were each so rich in history and incident that to tell of them would require a separate article, so we will pass on to Naples and then resume our journey.

In going anywhere in Italy, or the Orient, it is well

to inquire if the train you wish to take runs on Sunday, as many of the train schedules have a sudden respect for the Ten Commandments and suspend operations on the Sabbath day.

At each step of our journey we added some piece of information to our slender store. Just now it happened to be in regard to the way hotel reservations are handled "over there." Before leaving Florence, we had telegraphed ahead to Rome ; but were coolly informed by the concierge on our arrival that there were no vacancies.

We asked for the manager, who appeared and acknowledged that he had received our telegram, but expected us on the morning train, and as we had not arrived then

(which was impossible) he had rented our rooms. However, he kindly placed his one remaining room at our disposal, and when we remonstrated that this was hardly feasible for a party consisting of a man and his wife and two other men, he hotly retorted that we could all go and sleep in the Pincio, a public park, etc., etc.!! Finally matters cooled down, and we were fitted out with his

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Impressions of Italy

one remaining room and temporary beds in a back parlor until the next day.

Finding that telegraphing ahead for hotel rooms was not entirely satisfactory in this part of the world, we decided to trust to luck at Naples, and found, on reaching that city, that because we had not telegraphed they were unable to accommodate us. After a little inquiry we found a very good hotel with an elevator which ran

long enough to get us up to our rooms. This is not altogether unusual on the Continent at present, as this part of the hotel equipment generally operates only long enough to accommodate the incoming guests, and then immediately goes out of business until the next day, when a new batch of arrivals appear. In the intervening hours you are expected to read the "Out of Order" sign and trudge up and down four or five flights of stairs. After a few more experiences we learned there was another interesting consequence to engaging your hotel accommodations in advance; you were always charged the highest rates.

In addition to getting a varied experience along commercial lines, we thoroughly enjoyed the art and architecture of Italy, which are worthy of anyone's attention,

whether particularly interested in these lines or not.
But I could not make myself believe that the sky is any
bluer, or the sunsets any more gorgeous than those on
the Pacific especially when viewed from the terraces
of our own home town!

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VI

On the Mediterranean

Before leaving Naples we must not overlook two
other little incidents that throw an interesting sidelight
on our impressions of Italy.
One of the first chores we did at Rome was to take
our passports to the Police Department to secure per-
mission to leave the country; but the matter dragged
along, and finally we were told that we had made a
serious mistake in not reporting in person to the police
soon enough after coming into Italy, and it would be
necessary for us to return to the frontier and do it all
over again. As the boat on which we had secured our
passage sailed in two days, things began to look rather
serious. Finally the guide managed to signal us to slip
him fifteen lira (sixty cents), which he passed to the
police official, and we were surprised to see all objections
suddenly waived, and our passports handed to us in less
than an hour. It was amazing what quick results so
small a bribe could accomplish!

But this Roman official was a mere novice, a clumsy
amateur, compared with another member of the force
at Naples, who, instead of being contented with a mere
trifle, planned on taking the whole pile. This second
incident occurred on the boat.

After my passport had
been inspected, I was accosted by a rather surly-looking
gentleman in uniform, who wanted to inspect my pocket-

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On the Mediterranean

book and look all my private papers to see what I
over

was taking of
out the country. To all this I demurred,
until the agent of the Steamship Company assured me

that the man was acting within his rights, and I had better comply with his request. So I produced my big black pocketbook and saw him contemptuously pass over my perfectly good American, English and French money, and finally lift out nearly one thousand lira of paper money (worth about forty dollars in United States currency), which he laid on the table in front of him, curtly informing me that according to law I had no right to take any money out of that country. He then motioned for the next man in line to advance and he held up, whereupon I reached over the table, picked up my little old one thousand lira, walked out of the room, and stayed out ! .A couple of hours later, when I assured myself from a place on the upper deck that the safe officials leaving the boat, I came down and was were

told that the aforesaid police official had been inquiring for me; but as he had not been able to find me, he had kindly consented to let the matter drop. I feebly expressed my appreciation of such courteous treatment from one who was a total stranger, and began to feel relieved, as I saw that our boat was now actually leaving the soil of Grande Italia. An hour or so later I felt still more relieved when all I could see was the smoke curling up above Vesuvius, and below it the dim outline of Pompeii.

While we deeply regretted being unable to stop at Capri and visit the Blue Grotto, we planned on rolling

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out about four o'clock and Stromboli in action, so see

we retired rather early, expecting to be called. But that

they were evidently out of four o'clock calls on boat, for when I awoke about six a. m., we were entering the Straits of Messina, and presently Mt. Aetna loomed up in the distance. With a faint wreath of smoke continually heaving out of it, one could readily see how

appropriate it was as a trade-mark for various insurance In

companies, especially those dealing with fire-risks. this respect it seemed to have an edge on Gibraltar,

while its majestic appearance makes Mt. Vesuvius look like a sideshow attraction.

So far, in fact, all the way to Alexandria, the sea was calm and beautiful, the air cool and crisp, like California in winter.

Our first stop was at Catania, Sicily, where we tarried for four hours, while they loaded enough brimstone on our vessel to start a fair-sized inferno. Finally, to our great relief, the hatches were battened down and we proceeded on our way.

During our stop at Catania we strolled some distance down the pier to inspect one of those painted carts for which the peasants of Sicily are famous. While admiring the elaborate carving, the figures and landscapes painted on the body of the cart, and the highly decorated har-

ness, etc., a crowd of curious natives also gathered to inspect the crazy foreigners who were making such a fuss over nothing. This crowd attracted the attention of a gendarme, or whatever they call them in that country, who proceeded to inquire from us who we

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were, where we came from, what we were doing there, and what we meant by collecting a crowd. They are evidently not in favor of crowds there, over while heso

was considering what would be the best thing to do

with us, we suddenly decided to settle the matter by beating a hasty retreat to the boat, with the officious policeman tagging at our heels.

Unfortunately we did not reach Syracuse until six o'clock in the evening, too late to visit the ruins and the old Greek and Roman theatres there.

This part of our trip seemed to go by fours, as we were four hours late in leaving Naples, stopped four hours at Catania, four hours at Syracuse, were delayed four hours at Alexandria and it required a little over four days make the voyage.

to

But this gave ample time for making acquaintances, which is the principal attraction of traveling on the water, when the elements behave themselves, and you do not have to worry over what is about to happen to

you, or be kept in suspense as to whether you would prefer to exchange the of the present for the agonies

doubtful torments of the hereafter.

Speaking of acquaintances, we had at our table during the Mediterranean trip a noted archeologist and his wife, on their way to Palestine to perfect arrangements for

excavating a buried city; Father B a prominent

,

and superior-general of the Paulist Fathers in priest

New York City; facing us an archbishop of Beyrout, and at our right a brother of the ruling Pasha of Egypt and former commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army,

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who was just returning from a six years' exile to Spain, where he had been interned by the English. The latter was a very well-informed man, and we had several interesting chats on world conditions, during which the merits and manifestations of Bolshevism and socialism were discussed. I especially interested in his plan was

for the prevention of wars, and at the risk of digressing a little will briefly describe it: During a former campaign

in Egypt his army was encamped near a well in the desert, on the opposite side of which lay the forces of the enemy. An arrangement had been made whereby the soldiers of each army might visit this well at different hours in order to get water. Happening to visit this well one day, he found his soldiers and some of the enemy exchanging cigarettes and sitting around telling stories and joking together. Thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that these private soldiers had no desire to kill each other, on the contrary, seemed to be the best of friends. All this set him to philosophizing as to the real cause of wars and whether or not it would be possible to prevent them. Finally he concluded that the best remedy would be to have the kings, or whoever

happened to be at the head of the government, the prime ministers and all the leading politicians on both sides man the front line trenches, and when

everything was properly arranged give the order to fire !
If this were done it was his opinion that there would
be very few wars in the future. Anyway it would be
interesting to see it tried for a few hundred years.
One of the most delightful memories of our Mediter-

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On the Mediterranean

ranean trip was the long walks and talks with Father
B on the promenade deck in the moonlight. Being
a genial, middle-aged man, and an extensive traveler,
his conversation was both entertaining and instructive.
Above all his kindness won a way into my heart, and
anyone in my condition at that time would always keenly
remember it.

The condition referred to was the result of a little
episode that happened in Venice about two weeks pre-
viously, when the lady of our party privately remon-
strated that my old pipe was getting too highly flavored.
I promised that, if it was offensive to her, I would dis-

pense with it. A few minutes later, as our gondola was
drifting along in front of the Doge's Palace, she asked
me to hand her my pipe, which I saw quickly disappear

overboard. Once on board the boat, the old longing
returned, and I secretly pined for my old companion and
solace, which was resting, peacefully, I hope, and doing
its bit to add to the fragrance of the Grand Canal.

When Father B inquired if I smoked, I told him
the sad story, and he nobly came to my rescue. Having
laid in a good supply of cigars before embarking, and
having often, in his travels, been in a tobaccoless condi-
tion himself, he insisted that I share with him, and
therefore sociability greatly
our increased.

The only excitement we had on the voyage was fur-
nished by a lady passenger who claimed she had been
robbed of a necklace, variously valued at from ten to
fifty thousand pounds, and accused the femme de
chambre of purloining the same. This caused a thorough

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search both of the boat and the suspected young lady,
as well as a four hours' delay and police investigation
at Alexandria, before anyone was allowed to disembark.

During this delay we had our first view of the Orient, and ample opportunity to inspect the motley array on the pier. It was easy to realize that we had touched a new and different section of the world. Bright red tarbushes and long white cotton robes were to be seen bobbing around among the sombre, conventional costumes of the Europeans. Brown-faced and bare-legged specimens of the poorer classes lounged about the pier. Spirited horses dashed by, attached to arabiyehs, a sort of surrey with a calash top, driven by a swarthy Arbagi, whose feet generally protrude conspicuously over the dashboard, as the space between the driver's seat and the dash is packed full with fresh alfalfa a day's supply for the two steeds. Water carriers in bright costumes with large earthen vessels suspended from their shoulders wandered about clashing their brass cymbals. Negroes, Sudanese, all the races of the world seemed to be represented, and all reflected the true Oriental spirit in a total absence of hurry! Large, high-powered automobiles dashed into the crowd, which in some mysterious way managed to let them through without anyone being run down. Here and there, perched on the edge of the pier, were poorly clad natives contentedly fishing, but evidently not expecting to catch anything. Finally the gang-plank was run out, and the passengers filed out, escorting their baggage to the customs house where, owing to the stolen necklace incident, every

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On the Mediterranean

solitary article was taken out and carefully examined. After levying a duty on each separate and collective article of luggage, our persons were carefully searched for the missing necklace.

Then came the long, rambling drive to the hotel, and our first experience with Oriental street brawls, which are amusing enough in the daytime, but seriously inter-

fered with our sleep at night. It was easy to see that some thing was brewing in the political pot over in that part of the world, and that Italy was not the only country possessed of smouldering volcanoes.

It was difficult for us to realize that we were in the city founded by Alexander the Great about 400 B.C., and at one time containing more than half a million

inhabitants, as very little remains now to remind one of the glorious period when Antony and Cleopatra held revel here, and the city boasted of a library containing nine hundred thousand scrolls.

Pompey's pillar, a real granite column nearly nine feet in diameter and over sixty feet high, stands on the ruins of the old Serapeum in the midst of a public park, but nothing was in evidence to suggest the wonderful city that existed during the time of Hypatia, or a few centuries earlier when Alexandria was the center of the commerce of the world.

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VII

In the Land of the Pharaohs

The distance from Alexandria to Cairo is one hundred and thirty miles, the trip requires four hours and the fare is one hundred and seventy-five piastres, first class (equaling seven dollars in United States currency, and three dollars and fifty cents second class). These

good idea of railroad conditions in Egypt, figures give a

as far as price and speed are concerned. The quality of the service was surprising as it was the best we had enjoyed since leaving England. In fact, you could almost believe that you were on the Southeastern & Chatham Railroad, the equipment being practically the same, and everything clean, comfortable and sanitary thanks to British management! They even run dining or restaurant cars, as they are called.

Nearly the whole journey from Alexandria to Cairo is through the fertile delta of the ancient Nile, although at present there remains only two of the seven mouths that once emptied into the sea, the others having been silted up long ago, and are now replaced by a vast network of irrigating canals.

As far as the eye can see, in every direction, stretches a level, fertile plain, on which a great army of workmen

labor in primitive fashion and with the crudest of a

tools. Adonkey and bullock hitched to a curved stick is their idea of a first-class farm implement, and stranger

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In the Land of the Pharaohs

still, their purpose, as there are thousands of answers

acres under cultivation. The farmhouses match their wooden ploughs, consisting of mud huts grouped in little villages, like the pueblos in New Mexico and Arizona. The only visible adornment is the village cemetery, which sometimes happens to contain one or

more shade trees, the only ones in sight. Anyone admiring the "simple life" could find it here in its most unadorned simplicity, moving along in the grooves that were fashioned fifty centuries ago.

As we journeyed along we noticed that a great many people seemed to be either out for a ride or going somewhere, and we began to wonder if we would find any body there when we reached Cairo, as everyone was journeying towards Alexandria. It was amusing to see them jogging along on "broiler-size" donkeys; the rider usually in a long white robe, sitting far back on the donkey's rump, swinging his feet in and out in true Oriental style. Now and then a train of donkeys would come ambling along loaded down with such a variety

of commodities that we concluded it must be some portable Oriental emporium looking for a new location, or keeping on the move to avoid paying rent.

Entering Cairo, our train stopped in a large and up-to-date station, alive with noisy Arab porters and guides, all rather confusing to a stranger. But we had arranged with the American Express Company to meet us, as we feared our knowledge of Arabic, which at that time amounted to a mere "chemical trace," might not be sufficient to meet the requirements. So we managed to get

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safely to our hotel, located on the Opera House Square, a large and sumptuous hostelry with a large terrace filled with tables and potted palms, overlooking the Esbekiyeh Gardens. (I use the word hostelry advisedly; as "the Egyptians call their houses 'hostelries' on ac

count of the short time they inhabit them ; but the tombs

This hotel was

they call eternal dwelling-places.")

with an elevator, which actually ran most of

equipped

the time, provided you had leisure enough to wait for it; but as we were only stopping there a few days, we generally climbed five flights of stairs and often wondered why they had to make the ceilings so high!

Cairo has been called "the diamond stud on the handle of the fan of the Delta," and we found it all of that.

In fact, next to Paris, it was the most interesting and fascinating city we encountered and one of which volumes could be written.

Naturally our first expedition was to the pyramids of Ghizeh, which can be reached by auto in a little over half an hour, or by tram car in about forty minutes.

When about one hundred and fifty yards from the pyramids, the good road suddenly stopped and so did our little party (owing to a punctured tire), and rather

than plough through the sand we negotiated for four camels, which, after the customary amount of protest, finally knelt down for us to climb on. So much was easy; but it required some dexterity and vigilance to stay on while these long-legged animals up-ended themselves, and got under way. These unclean and pathetic animals slouched along like a negro with sore feet, and

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in about twenty minutes more we were brushing by Cheop's pyramid, on which, it is said, one hundred thousand men labored three months each year for twenty years the period when the Nile is on its yearly rampage.

Like everyone else who sees this monument for the first time we marveled at the immense blocks of stone of which it is composed.

Anyone of an inquiring mind is permitted to explore the interior of this pyramid by going around to the north side and climbing up thirteen tiers of stone, each one about three feet high, then getting down on all

fours and crawling through a dark and slippery passage about three and a half feet high by four feet wide, breathing meanwhile an atmosphere that smells strongly of bats.

After crawling along for a distance that seems fully as long as a city block, the inquiring and persistent person comes finally to the Great Hall and the King's Chamber,

which at present contains nothing but an empty and mutilated sarcophagus and an Arab fortune-teller, who,

with his index-finger marks out a wheel in the sand and for five piastres a throw will tell you what the future has in store for you. After the veil of the future has been momentarily lifted, all that remains to do is crawl out again, and brush off the cobwebs. As none of our party seemed anxious to go indoors, we continued on our way about two hundred yards beyond the big pyramid and dismounted in front of the Sphinx. This famous monument was hewn out of the natural rock at least five thousand years ago. As the original rock was slightly deficient in places, additional blocks of stone

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were added to form the shape of a recumbent lion with the head of a man, supposed to be the likeness of King Khepren, by whose orders the work was done. At one time it was supposed to represent a sun-god, and that it was sculptured to guard the entrance to the Nile Valley;

if so, its name was Hu. While on the subject of pyramids, we learned that the Arabic name for a pyramid is haram, while the Mohammedan's name for his wives, up to four, is spelled harim. Whether there is any etymological significance in the similarity of these two words we were unable to have thoroughly and satisfactorily explained.

From the pyramids we crossed to the opposite side of the city, where the Tombs of the Caliphs are located, just north of the Mokattam Hills, whose quarries furnished much of the rock used in the construction of the pyramids. Here we found some wonderful specimens of Arabic art and architecture, but nothing to compare with the superb mosque of Sultan Hasan, which is considered the finest existing monument of Egypto-Arabian architecture, or the recently completed Rafaiyeh mosque, which, in the judgment of our humble party, was the one perfect specimen of Oriental architecture among the thousands which adorn the sky-line of Cairo. This latter mosque contains the family burial vault of the Khedive Ismail, who did many great things for Cairo

(and, incidentally, for himself), his ambition being to make that city the rival of Paris. He was getting along beautifully and had succeeded in appropriating to his own use one-fifth of all the arable land in Egypt and had

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increased the public debt to about three hundred and seventy millions of dollars when he was finally deposed. The city of Cairo is fertile in mosques and we plucked up courage enough to climb to the top of one of the tallest minarets and take a bird's-eye view of the city and its environs, and our sympathy goes out to the poor old nmezzin who has to make that climb five times each day.

On our second day in Cairo we visited the famous Egyptian Museum, one of the most wonderful of its kind in the world, and while it is highly interesting, it can hardly be called a place for pleasurable sight-seeing. In one gallery you are introduced to the Royal Mummies, and find yourself standing at the side of Merenptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus (who, by the way, has not been "unrolled" yet). In a case near by is his father, Rameses II, the Pharaoh of Oppression mentioned in the first chapter of Exodus, whose features are not exactly pleasing to look at. But after you have strolled along farther and find one whose honeycombed skull shows that the

royal owner was carried off with smallpox, you decide that Rameses was not so bad looking after all. From the royal specimens you pass on to a varied assortment of mummified monkeys, dogs, cats, gazelles and crocodiles, as well as bunches of flowers and fruits that were gathered fresh something like forty or fifty centuries ago. But mummy-gazing is not exactly an enlivening pastime, and a couple of hours of it is generally sufficient for the average individual, when he is perfectly willing to move along and examine the jewelry that the

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queens and royal princesses wore when they motored

over to see how the pyramids were progressing, or strolled out on the ancient Rialto.

Especially fine and elaborate are the ornaments and jewels of Queen Ahhotep, the mother of King Amosis, who ruled 1580-1557 B.C. Rings, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, etc., were considered the proper thing even in those days, and while vanity cases were not yet in vogue, the lady's mirror is on exhibition.

One of the charms of Cairo (on a cool day) is a visit to the Mouski along which the best of the native bazaars are located; but it is well to beware of the Tunis and some of the other

congested bazaars in the heat of the day, as the odor increases with the heat, and you could

hardly find a more ideal breeding place for cholera or any other form of pestilence. Some of these old places have evidently never been properly cleaned since Moses was found in the bulrushes, and a modern vacuum cleaner would probably have nervous prostration if called upon to function in that part of the city.

You can never be lonesome in Cairo. As you soon as

step out the street you are assailed by guides and on

street vendors of all kinds, who want to sell you any

thing from a New York Herald to a genuine scarab made in Germany; but we soon learned the proper antidote for beggars and street merchants, who follow you around for blocks, refusing to take "no" for an answer, thinking you will buy presently if they keep on lowering the price. We learned that by firmly saying, "Ma feesh filoos (There is no money) !" they would all scatter

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like chaff in a high These dealers in spurious wind.

antiques have a serious way of trying to convince you of the genuineness of their wares by pulling down their lower eyelids and repeating their favorite oath, "By my eye!" In that country, where there are so few good eyes, we decided that they were putting it as strong as

all

they knew how. Ophthalmia is a serious problem through the Orient, and the stranger must be continually on his guard if he wants to leave the country with two

perfectly good eyes. It is pitiful to see even babies with diseased eyes, and the mother with perhaps only one out of order.

eye in operative condition, and that slightly

Somebody has facetiously remarked that this country must be where the Russellite cult originated, as millions of these people will certainly never see death or any

thing else!

There is something else the newcomer has to continually be on his guard against, and that is not to confuse the sex of the waiters in the restaurants, who all wear long white robes with bright red sashes or turbushes.

And when you get to coffee, you are sure to get cafe forti in Arabian style, and find yourself drinking black mud instead of coffee such as you are accustomed to drink.

If you decide to take a ride on the street car, you find they are divided into first, second and third classes, with an enclosed compartment marked Dames, which, if you happen to enter and a veiled lady also happens to board the car, you are supposed to vacate immediately, as the same roof must not cover persons of opposite sex. For this reason the soldiers nicknamed

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these black-robed, black-veiled ladies "submarines," and steered clear of their special compartments. Fortunately you are not compelled to patronize street cars, as the

city is alive with Arab cabs, and you no sooner step out of the hotel than one appears as if by magic, and a swarthy Arab throws back the calash top and waits for you to climb in.

Moving day, which seems to be any day at any time, is one of Cairo's chief sights. If the moving is on a small scale an Arab will be seen walking down the street with a dresser on his head, followed by another Arab with the marble top balanced on his head; while a third will have a few chairs hung around on his person. If the movee happens to be a person of some importance and social standing, one who has accumulated considerable of the world's goods, he secures an ordinary jolt-

like a hay-rack, on which
wagon, with a large, flat bed
he loads his several wives and other female dependents,
three or four along each side with feet hanging down
the his household effects in the
over edge, piles up
middle between them, ties the family cow to the rear
of the wagon, where it is attended by the juvenile mem
bers of the family, while he, the lord and master of the
household, seats himself up on the high seat alongside
the driver.

Funerals also are barometers of social standing in
consist of

Egypt. The usual ones seen on the street
the deceased carried in a regulation box on the shoul
ders of a group of pallbearers, followed by the lamenting
harem and a few friends, the whole procession on foot.

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In a short time the box is brought back empty and ready
for the next call.

But in spite of all the strange customs and odd sights
there is a fascination about the city of Cairo which is
irresistible but hard to explain. At first you feel dis
gusted with the filth and odors, you dislike being an
noyed by insistent guides, street peddlers and beggars.
The ragged, sore-eyed, emaciated and generally run
down condition of the natives makes you feel that it
is about time to wipe off the slate and start a new score.
But eventually the lure of Egypt creeps through your
system, and your whole mental attitude changes. You
begin to feel a little sympathy with the old-timers who
tell you that they "simply love the filth and odors of
the Orient," and you gradually grow to enjoy the
peculiar flavor of Oriental life and your stay becomes
one of constant interest and
pleasure.

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VIII

From Egypt to Palestine

Just before leaving Cairo a little incident occurred
that enlivened our departure. A few hours before train
time Mr. B decided to pay a final visit, and in order
to save run no risk of getting lost, called a

time and
cab and gave the cabman the directions, which he pro-
fessed to understand. Time passed; it was getting dan-
gerously near train time, when suddenly a cab pulled up
in front of the hotel, Mr. B dashed out excitedly,
and after a few hot words, handed the cabman a small-
sized bank note, which he looked at and contemptuously
threw onground. The hotel cab-starter picked up
the
the money and handed it to him again, when the Arab
launched forth in a loud harangue, stretching his hands
up toward the sky, beating his breast, and again throw-
ing the money on the ground, whereat a nearby Sou-
danese slipped quietly down from his cab, pocketed the
spurned money and climbed back on his seat with a
satisfied and expansive grin. In the meantime a crowd
had collected and with it a policeman, all of which made
the noisy cabman more noisy and vehement than ever
(as their theory seems to be that the loudest man wins),
until finally the policeman led him over and parked him
on opposite side of the street with instructions to
the
cool off and quiet down. While all this was going on,
I had managed to glean from Mr. B that the Arab

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From Egypt to Palestine

had driven him over half of Cairo, everywhere except
to the right number, which he never did reach, although
it was not over ten minutes' walk distant from the hotel,
and on one of the principal streets, and that the cause
of all the row was his refusal to pay a full fare for the
afternoon's ride around the city.
Before leaving the subject of Cairo we should be
remiss if we failed to mention the Bahais who did so
much to make our stay a pleasant one, and of whom
I expect to have more to say at another time.
Leaving Cairo at six-fifteen p. m. we proceeded by
rail to Kantara, on the Suez Canal, on the opposite side
of which the military railroad, built by Lord Allenby
during the late war, has its southern terminus.
After a round with the customs officials and a tire-
some siege with the passport officers, we secured porters
and started in search of the train for Haifa. This
seemed to be a sort of mirage, but we trudged on in the
darkness, crossed the bridge over the Suez Canal, were

halted now and then by sentries, who scanned our pass ports, and after a hike of over half a mile, finally overtook a train of sleeping cars on a sandy siding, into which we climbed, completely exhausted, about midnight. The train was much better than we had expected, and the management seemed especially solicitous for the personal appearance of the traveling public, as it had neat little framed notices in the cars stating that "the conductor will brush and polish the shoes of the passengers if so requested." The white-jacketed porters, so familiar in American Pullmans, are here conspicuous

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by their absence, and although there are plenty of Ethiopians in this part of the world, they have not yet invaded the sleeping car payroll. The solitary conductor does not bother much about your tickets or any thing else, and appears in the morning only long enough to make up your berth and collect the linen.

When traveling in a party, these European compartment cars are ideal, as you have absolute privacy, and no one disturbs you, even to announce the stations; it

seems to be up to the passenger to keep track of the

train's whereabouts, to see that he gets off at his proper station, and to do his own yelling for a porter to carry his luggage. But if your party is not large enough to fill the compartment, the case is entirely different, as you are likely to have your peace of mind and body disturbed by the pervasive and unsavory presence of the less desirable type of native, with his own ideas of ventilation.

In Palestine these International Wagon-Lits, or sleeping cars, are operated by a company whose full name is the Compagnie Internationale des Wagon-Lits et des Grands Express Europeens, and are fairly good-sized cars. They have to be, in order to get the name of the company on one side of the car without too much abbreviation, or the necessity arises for wrapping the rest of it around the other side of the voiture. They on

have only one row of berths opening onto a side corridor running the full length of the car. In the daytime these

coaches resemble the ordinary Continental cars, except that each pair of compartments has a little semi-circular

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built-in washroom, done in beveled glass and Lincrusta-Walton, a very convenient feature. The weakest thing about it is the water supply, as after two persons with tiny hands and a very small face have washed, the rest of the party must be content with using the damp end of the towel, unless they get out a search warrant for the conductor, who will obligingly furnish a small pitcherful of water. It is very necessary for the traveler in these parts to remember that he is supposed to supply himself with soap and towels, as in so doing he will automatically avoid a great deal of inconvenience. The reason given in Italy for the failure to provide these articles is that anything so easily removed never remains long in place. Such a condition is surprising in Rome, which once boasted the finest and largest baths in the world; but where the natives must have gotten washed up for all time, as the present indications show that bathing is not in vogue, soap and towels are kept under lock and key. But here in the Orient, where ablutions are a religious obligation and are required of the faithful five times a day (before prayers), we naturally expected better facilities. Indeed, we failed to see how this duty could be discharged unless, by special dispensation, the inhabitants were allowed to avail themselves of the religious regulations of the desert, where "the faithful are permitted to use sand for their religious ablutions" a sort of dry wash!

Getting back to the car again: each compartment has two very comfortable berths, an upper and lower; but the regulations state that "each sleeping car cabin is

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available for three first-class passengers after eight a. m." what becomes of the third passenger during the night

time, and whether he gets any sleep depends, I presume, on whether he is a stronger or a better man than either of the other two.

Fortunately the most unattractive part of the journey, that through the desert of El Tih, was accomplished during the night, and the next morning found us in the narrow, but fertile valley that skirts the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which at one time was the most frequented and fought-over section of the world, but is now a scene of ruin and desolation. Except at rare intervals there is nothing for miles and miles to indicate that this part of the world is even inhabited, and you begin to wonder if you have by mistake been switched off into some new and undiscovered country. Being assured that we were really in Palestine, we began to look about for some signs of Zionists, who, we had been led by our home press to believe, were

in force. We continued to look invading these parts the Suez Canal to long and earnestly all the way from the northern end of the Sea of Galilee for a glimpse of these colonists about to reclaim their native land, and make the desert and rocks of Palestine blossom like the rose. A week or so later, from Haifa to Tiberias, we did discover two or three instances of unusual activity. The English are busy installing a system of than good roads in Palestine, so that something more

about from donkey or a caravan of camels can move a some degree of speed, com- one place to another with

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From Egypt to Palestine

fort and safety. These roads are being built according to the specifications of John Macadam, and the rocks are broken up by husky young Jewesses, while the grad ing is done by their husbands, brothers and sweethearts, under the direction of English engineers. They seemed

to be a happy and industrious lot, but rumor says that as soon as they draw down sufficient cash, they hasten

to buy a return ticket for their former homes.

The only evidence of permanent colonization we saw was the little German settlements dotted here and there, which formed a pleasing contrast with the surrounding desolation and showed that industry and perseverance will work wonders even in this forsaken corner of the globe.

Our curiosity was aroused by a large pipe-line which we saw cropping out occasionally along the railroad south of Ludd, and learned that this was installed during the English military operations along with the railroad, and that water was now piped through it to Jerusalem, thus fulfilling the ancient prophecy that one day the sweet waters of the Nile would be conveyed to the Holy City.

After passing through the Plain of Philistia, the train halts at the railroad station of Ludd, about a mile distant from which lies the ancient city of Lydda, which should be especially interesting to all Englishmen, as it was the native place of St. George, the patron saint of England. His tomb is still shown in the old church, a sort of two-family house, as one end of the building belongs to the Greeks, while the other is walled off and used as a Mohammedan Mosque.

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Ludd is prominent junction point, if nothing more.
a

To the right lies Jerusalem, forty-two miles away, and to the left you can see the orange groves of Jaffa, twelve miles distant. These groves have unique burglar-proof, rust-proof fences composed of a dense growth of prickly pears.

Jaffa is the ancient Joppa, the place where Jonah is said to have set sail on his tempestuous voyage, and a few centuries before that was called Iopa, where, in mythological times, Andromeda was chained to the rocks to be devoured by the cruel monster, when Perseus happened along, killed the monster and proposed to the young lady. The surroundings were probably more romantic than they are now.

After leaving Ludd we enter the Plain of Sharon. Here and there we saw a solitary palm or fig-tree, or a pomegranate and a few clusters of low, black tents, indicating that some Arab was making a temporary home for himself with a few cattle grazing around him. When you see this you have seen about all that remains of the wonderful Plain of Sharon, of which Solomon sings so enthusiastically. And you find that the Rose of Sharon wasn't a rose after all, but a narcissus, and into silence until the train ap
you relax and relapse
Caesarea, which we dimly remembered as the proaches
chief town of Judea in Roman times, having been built and named for
by Herod the Great in sumptuous style, of its former
Augustus Caesar. It has lost every trace
has been used only as a
grandeur, and for many years
used in buildings elsewhere. It is
quarry for rock to be

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inhabited only by a few Bosnian exiles, who manage somehow to live a quiet and secluded life among the ruins.

About twenty miles farther across the Plain of Sharon, we passed around the head of the Mt. Carmel of Biblical

times and just under the caves of Elijah, and entered the Bay of Acre, at the southern end of which lies the beautiful little city of Haifa and at the northern extremity the historic City of Akka.

In size and shape it resembles our Santa Monica Bay, but here the resemblance ceases, as the country between these two cities is silent and deserted and there is nothing to indicate that about eight hundred years ago this

spot was the battle ground of the Crusaders, and that at one sixty thousand Christians were slain here
time

or sold into slavery. In more recent times, Napoleon encamped on what is still known as Napoleon's Hill, and unsuccessfully besieged the City of Akka.

At last, after a jaunt of over ten thousand miles, not including the distance we had tramped through art gal

leries, museums and mosques, or journeyed by autos, cabs or other minor means of conveyance, which would be incredible if totaled, we reached what I supposed was the end of our journey; for Haifa is the home of

Sir Abdul Baha, the head of the Bahai movement, whose influence is now being felt in every civilized country.

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IX

The New Bahai Temple

One of the prime responsibilities of each member of our party during our journey eastward was to look to the safety of a certain roll, about six inches in diameter and four feet long, containing the plans and prospectus of the new Bahai Temple at Chicago, which was on its way to Abdul Baha, the master and head of the Bahai Movement.

Particular and exacting as that charge was at the time, it seems easy compared with the present task of attempting to describe what was contained in the precious roll.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize the fact that these plans were exquisite examples of architectural drawings, and the large water-color perspective a work of art; yet it was not until I returned to Chicago and saw the huge model of the building that I began to realize the wonderful beauty of this new creation, and even then it was necessary to become somewhat familiar with its symbolism to grasp its full significance.

This is masterpiece in that it represents in unique Revelation a concrete plastic form the teaching of the new

crete expression of a spiritual conception. It is safe to say that never before in the history of architecture has such a thing been attempted and executed with such complete and marked success.

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The New Bahai Temple

As is well known, all great religions have brought into existence a new type of architecture; so that architecture may be truthfully said to have been born in the

temple. Each religion has also adopted or originated a certain figure or symbol; such as the swastika, the earliest religious symbol, used in prehistoric times from China to Western Africa; the gammadion, or voided Greek cross; the seal of Solomon, consisting of two triangles superposed and forming a six-rayed figure (also used by the Vedantists and Theosophists); the Moham medan symbol of the crescent and five-pointed star, and finally, surpassing them all, the nine-pointed star, which is the symbol of the Bahais.

All of these emblems have been wrought into the decoration of this Temple, presenting a history of religious symbolism from the earliest times. Interwoven with them is a system of geometrical lines and figures, original with Mr. Bourgeois, by means of which he obtains an endless line, and as you look at his decoration

you are reminded of the wave of sound evoked by the master from the violin "an uninterrupted wave of crystallized sound!"

While one could truthfully say that this specimen of architecture is "frozen music," yet, on the other hand, it has extraordinary life and movement. It produces a variety of emotion in different onlookers, and while

all agree that it is a marvelous creation, some go into raptures over it; while others are moved to tears. One of the greatest architects in New York has stated that "it is the first new idea in architecture since the thirteenth century."

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This Temple is to be called the Mashreq' ul-Azkar (also spelled Mashrak El Azkar), an Arabic term which means "the dawning place of the mentionings of God."

A place of prayer and praise and one from which is to go forth actual and unselfish service to humanity.

In plan it resembles a nine-pointed star, the number nine being used by the Bahais as the symbol of this Revelation, as it contains all the others and is the sign of completion. The nine faces of the Temple are made on an inverted curve, which has the effect of two open arms inviting all who approach to enter. The nine entrance doors are at the center of each of these curves and symbolize the heart.

The crowning glory of the Temple is the massive and

inspiring dome, on which is carved all the religious symbols; beginning at the base with the swastika, the Buddhists' symbol, the seal of Solomon, the Cross, the crescent and star, and finishing at the top with the nine-pointed star, the symbol of the Bahais, all wonderfully interwoven with geometrical tracery that gives it an indescribable richness and charm.

All of this decoration on the dome is not only carved, but is pierced or cut through, and will present, especially when illuminated, a piece of architectural

This type of perforation was originated by

Mr. Bourgeois

and featured by him in California over twenty years ago.

and

The shape of the building reminds one of a bell, to dis-

it has been called "the new Liberty Bell, calling

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The New Bahai Temple

tressed and separated humanity." Others liken it to a beehive betokening activity in perfect order.

In the elevation of the Temple we are confronted with more symbolism, as it is built up in three stages, forming

a trinity such as is found everywhere, in man and all the works of nature.

The architectural forms of the past have been worked into its design, the first story being reminiscent of the old Egyptian temples, with nine towers ornamented with exquisite tracery and perforated to form spiritual light houses. The doors and windows are Romanesque in form with a touch of Gothic and Arabic tracery. The second story is Gothic in form, interlaced with Romanesque and early Byzantine motifs. The third story is Renaissance in treatment and leads up beautifully to the dome, the great and crowning feature of the building, ninety-five feet in diameter and one hundred and sixty-two feet high. Within this outer dome will be an inner dome of opalescent glass to take care of the rain or snow, a space of three feet to be left between them for

electric light display at night and for a system of forced steam heating for melting snow and ice.

The _____ of the first story, as well as the nine towers minarets of the second story, will also be perforated and illuminated at night. But the most spectacular electrical effect will be found at the apex of the dome, where the nine ribs come to a common point, representing hands joined together in prayer. These hands leave an open space between the fingers and thumbs from which powerful searchlights will throw nine beams

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of light into the sky, forming a nine-pointed star in space, visible for many miles.

From a psychologist's standpoint this Temple presents an interesting study, as Mr. Bourgeois declares he is "only the channel through which it came," and proceeded with the work only as it was given to him.

The first thing he did was the doors and windows of the first story, a wonderful piece of architectural design, symbolizing the descent of the Holy Spirit. After finishing this he got the entire form of the lower story and sketched it out in an hour's time, but he realized when the sketch was finished that the idea could not be properly expressed in a drawing on a flat surface. So he proceeded to make a plaster model. _____ Then the second

story dawned _____ on him and he modeled _____ that, but being deeply perplexed all the time as to whether it would be possible to design a suitable dome, one rich enough to

the vision that had already been given him.

complete

Then the quiet and restful third story appeared, which added still more to his perplexity and brought several to produce a days of grave doubts as to his ability feature worthy to complete the structure. One morning and saw

he was awakened suddenly at three o'clock sketch out.

before him the dome, which he hastened to is given

Thus all the credit for this wonderful creation by the architect to a higher Power,

which simply used
him as an instrument, and much in the
same way as he

used his pencil and modeling tools.

One morning in the spring of 1901 (twenty years ago)
were taking a stroll on
Mr. Bourgeois and the writer

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The New Bahai Temple

the Mission Hills at Santa Barbara, California, when he
related at some length that his mission in life was to
build a large temple to be dedicated to Truth, which
was to be surrounded by other buildings devoted to
be

Art and Science and the welfare of humanity. Just
where these buildings would be located he was not sure,
but hoped it might be somewhere in sunny California.

A few months later I happened to call at the De
Longpre residence at Hollywood and was shown by M.
De Longpre two newspaper clippings reporting that our
mutual friend had been taken to a sanitarium near Pitts
burgh with pneumonia and three days later had
passed on.

Having read all this in the Associated Press dispatches,
I naturally believed it was true and was hardly prepared
for the shock I received about eight months ago, when
I saw in the Architectural Record an article on a new

Bahai Temple at Chicago designed by Louis Bourgeois.
So I lost no time in writing him to inquire if he had
been here all this time, and requesting some sort of an
explanation.

His reply was to the effect that he was still here, and
planning a trip to Europe and Palestine, in which it was
my good fortune to join and incidentally
add to my

experiences the richest chapter of my life.

But the strangest thing of all is that his dream, re
lated to me twenty years ago, is being realized in the
Bahai group now being erected at Wilmette, near
Chicago.

From a human standpoint, the designing of this

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temple presents another interesting phase, as when the problem of designing the building presented itself, Mrs. Bourgeois volunteered to co-operate by buying a little notion store at West Englewood, New Jersey, where they were living, and while the artist-architect was working on the model she was occupied with selling ice cream and candy. Instead of being able to finish the model in a few months, as he at first thought, it required three years, but finally in an atmosphere of love and cheerful co-operation the great work reached a successful termination.

The model was designed for a building four hundred and fifty feet in diameter and three hundred and sixty feet high and would cost approximately twenty-five million dollars. The one now under construction in Chi

cago is on smaller scale and will be one hundred and a

and sixty-two

sixty-two feet in diameter, one hundred feet high and will cost about three million dollars. It Michi

will be situated on the only bluff in sight on Lake nine which is circular on three gan, in a plot of acres, wall five hundred feet sides. This will be inclosed by a

in beautiful gardens

in diameter and will be laid out

having nine avenues and nine large basins of water with illuminated fountains. The water from these basins will

be gathered into the center basin, facing Acca,

Palestine,

lake forty feet below.

and will then be cascaded into the

at night.

This cascade will also be illuminated

The municipality of Wilmette

has purchased the land

the site of the Temple for park purposes,

so

adjoining

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The New Bahai Temple

that it will have a park on one side and the circular part

will face on the great Lake.

Around the Temple it is proposed to erect accessory buildings devoted to the study and propagation of the arts and sciences, and, as Abdul Baha says, "when these institutions, college, hospital, hospice and establishments for the incurables, university for the study of higher sciences and advanced educational courses and various

philanthropic buildings, are built, its doors will be open to all nations and all religions. There will be drawn

absolutely no line of demarcation. Its charities will be dispensed irrespective of color and race. Its gates will be flung wide to mankind, prejudice toward none, love for all. The central building will be devoted to the purposes of prayer and worship. Thus for the first time

religion will become harmonized with science and science will be the handmaid of religion, both showering their material and spiritual gifts on all humanity."

To one who is not familiar with the Bahai movement, the question naturally arises as to what it means and what is behind it all.

As I had the great honor and pleasure of meeting Abdul Baha, and having several interviews with him, I have taken the opportunity of investigating the Bahai teachings.

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X

What the Bahai Movement Is

In the teachings of the Bahais we find nothing radical or revolutionary. They do not seek to introduce new forms or ceremonies and have nothing mysterious, occult or abstruse about them. One looks in vain to find any thing that must be accepted "on faith," such as is defined by the little Sunday School girl as the "act of trying to make yourself believe what you know is not true!"

It is not an organization and has no paid clergy. It is not an attempt to supplant or supersede any of the old established religions, but is rather an inclusive movement that numbers among its adherents members of is represented by

every known religion and creed, and from every civilized country on the globe.

people every

Christians, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Theo-
Jews,

sophists, Freemasons, Spiritualists, all find their highest aims in this cause, as it contains the essence of the

highest ideals of the present century.

It is constructive rather than iconoclastic and its

is

laid down by

teachings are based on twelve principles,

his

Baha Ullah about sixty years ago, and expounded by

in the Orient as "the Master"

son, Abdul Baha, known

of them:

and the "Center of the Covenant." He says

"All the teachings which have been given during past

Revelation of Baha Ullah,

days are to be found in the

has certain new

but in addition to these this Revelation

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-

What the Bahai Movement Is

teachings which are not to be found in any of the religious books of the past."

THE TWELVE BAHAI PRINCIPLES

1 The Oneness of Mankind. "Baha Ullah addresses himself to mankind, saying: 'Ye are the leaves of one

tree and the drops of one ocean.' That is, the world

of human existence is no other than one tree, and the

nations or people are like unto different branches

thereof. Thus Baha Ullah presented the fact of the

oneness of the world of humanity, while in the reli

gious books of the past humanity has been divided

into two parts, one part looked upon as belonging to

the faithful, the other as belonging to the irreligious

or infidel; the first assigned to the Mercy of their

Creator, the second considered objects of the Creator's

wrath. But Baha Ullah proclaimed the oneness of

the world of humanity he submerged all mankind in

the sea of Divine Generosity."

2 Independent Investigation of Truth. "Men are commanded not to follow blindly the ways of their ancestors.

Nay, each must see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears, investigating the Truth for himself that he may attain the Truth by himself."

3 The Foundation of All Religions Is One. "The foundations of all the Religions of God are one and the same foundation, and that Oneness is the Truth, and the Truth is One, and cannot be made subject to division and plurality."

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A Modern Pilgrimage

4 Religion Must Be the Cause of Unity. "Religion must be the cause of unity, harmony and accord amongst men. If Religion be the cause of inharmony, or leads men to separate themselves each from the other, creating conflict between them then Baha Ullah declares that irreligion is better than Religion."

5 Religion Must Be in Accord With Science and Reason. "If a religion is not in conformity with science and reason, then it is superstition.

Down to the present

day it has been customary to accept a thing because it was called religion, even though it were not in accord with human reason."

"The world of

6 Equality Between Men and Women.

one is woman and the other

humanity has two wings

man. Not until both wings are equally developed can becomes

the bird fly. Not until the world of women of virtues

equal to the world of men in the acquisition be attained

and perfections can success and prosperity as they ought to be."

Be

Forgotten. "Preju

7 Prejudice of All Kinds Must

dice and fanaticism be it religious, sectarian, denomi the foundation

national or patrioticis destructive to men should release

of human solidarity; wherefore,

in order that the one
themselves from such bonds
become manifest.
ness of the world of humanity may

nations should make
8 Universal Peace. "All men and
Universal Peace amongst
Peace, that there shall be
a

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What the Bahai Movement Is

governments, Universal Peace amongst Religions,
Universal Peace amongst races."

9 Universal Education. "All mankind men and women
everywhere should acquire secular and spiritual
knowledge. The education of each child is obligatory.
If there are no parents, the community must look
after the child."

10 Solution of the Economic Problems. "Just as the
rich man enjoys his rest and his pleasures surrounded
by luxuries, the poor man must likewise have a home,
be provided with sustenance, and not be in want.
Until this is effected happiness is impossible."

11 An International Auxiliary Language. "An inter
national auxiliary language shall be adopted which
shall be taught by all the schools and academies of
the world. A committee appointed by national bodies
shall select a suitable language to be used as a means
of international communication and taught in all the
schools, in order that everyone shall need but two
languages, his national tongue and the international
auxiliary language."

12 An International Tribunal. "A universal tribunal
under the power of God, under the protection of all
men, shall be established. Each one must obey the
decisions of this tribunal, in order to arrange the diffi
culties of every nation."

The above meagre outline presents the Principles pro
claimed by Baha Ullah, something like fifty years ago,

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A Modern Pilgrimage

before Esperanto, the League of Nations, Woman's Suf

fringe or the Inter-Allied Church Movement had entered on the stage of human affairs, much less been permitted

to take their places anywhere near the forefront.

That they present a practical and much-needed platform, no fair-minded person can reasonably deny, and that they provide a satisfactory working basis is proved by the fact that in the Orient the many adorers of the Sacred Cow and their mortal enemies who abominate the unclean Pig have forgotten their animosities and, under the Bahai standard, are living and working together in perfect peace and harmony. It has erected a new Mashreq, or meeting place, into which all

parties and sects can enter and comfortably lay aside their prejudices.

In our various interviews with Abdul Baha he laid the especial emphasis on the necessity of actually "living instead of talking about it or holding beautiful but barren beliefs,"

He has laid down the following rules for the guidance of those who wish to become Bahais:

To be no cause of grief to anyone.

To be kind to all people and to love a pure spirit.

to bear Should opposition or injury happen us,

kind ever we can be, and through all, it, to be as as

to love the people. Should the direst calamity for these things are the gifts descend, to rejoice, and favors of God.

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What the Bahai Movement Is

To be silent concerning the faults of others, to pray for them, and to help them, through kindness, to correct their faults.

To look always at the good and not at the bad.

If a man has ten good qualities and one bad one, look at the ten and forget the one. And if a man has ten bad qualities and one good one, to look at

the one and forget the ten.

Never to allow ourselves to speak one unkind word about another, even though the other be our enemy.

To do all our deeds in kindness.

To cut our hearts from ourselves and from the world.

To be humble.

To be servants of each other and to know that we less than anyone else are

To be as one soul in many bodies; for the more

we other, the nearer we shall be to God; love each

but to know that our love, our unity, our obedience must not be by confession, but of reality.

To act with cautiousness and wisdom.

To be truthful.

To be hospitable.

To be reverent.

To be a cause of healing of every sick one, a comforter for every sorrowful one, a pleasant water for every thirsty one, a heavenly table for every

hungry one, a star to every horizon, a light for every lamp, a herald to everyone who yearns for the kingdom of God.

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A Modern Pilgrimage

There is a vast amount of literature on the Bahai cause, which is very interesting as well instructive, as

and yet only a small portion of it has been translated into English, as the Persian imagery and idiom can hardly be expressed in a language which is devoid of suitable words to express the exact meaning of the original.

The works of Baha Ullah are written in the Oriental style, and abound in beautiful imagery; while those of Abdul Baha are clear and concise and can easily be understood by the Occidental mind.

Judging by the nature of the questions which have

been asked me regarding the Bahai Movement, it would seem that many persons expect some new kind of philosophy, or mystic "something-new" religion evidently overlooking the fact that there is not so much need for a "new" religion as there is for a renewal and revitalization of the old essential teachings. All the great teachers

taught practically the same things simply suiting whom it was intended, depending on the stage of their development.

outpouring all creeds and religions

"In the first the spirit.

Were pure, and full of the power of

Then comes the act of human defilement;

What was good became base, the pure perverted, with tinsel,

The robe of Truth is embroidered

And outward form replaces true worship."

has been epitomized by Baha

The Bahai cause

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What the Bahai Movement Is

Ullah in the following quotation, which has become a classic:

"We desire but the good of the world and the happiness of the nations; that all nations should become one in faith and all men as brothers; that

the bonds of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened; that diversity of religion should cease, and differences of race be annulled.

"These fruitless strifes, these ruinous wars, shall pass away, and the 'Most Great Peace' shall come.

Yet do we see our kings and rulers lavishing their treasures more freely on means for the destruction of the human race than on that which would con-

duce to the happiness of mankind. These strifes and this bloodshed and discord must cease and all

* * *

men be as one kindred and one family.
Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his coun
try; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind."

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XI

Haifa to Tiberias

On reaching Haifa, our sense of the romantic received
a jolt, as we were conveyed from the railroad station

to Pilgrimage House in the small kind of "touring-
the car-made-in-Detroit," making us feel that we had not
traveled very far after all, and that this particular kind
of car was getting to be like "the poor, who are always
with us."

Pilgrimage House we were the guests of Sir

At the

Abdul Baha Abbas, who happened to be just then at
Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee. We were in doubt as to
whether any or all of us were to continue on our way
to Tiberias, or whether he would return to Haifa.

But

two days later a messenger from him arrived with in
Baha

structions for us to visit Behje and the Tomb of
after that

Ullah on the following Monday, and the day
for all of our party to proceed to Tiberias.

attended serv

The intervening day being Sunday,
we

which is located on the
ices at the Tomb of the Bab,
the city of Haifa. Here
side of Mt. Carmel, just above
for the first time. Lis
we heard real Oriental chanting
and spontaneous music was
tening to this kind of weird
for us, and had a thrilling effect
on

a new experience im
our Occidental ears. It was rendered particularly
manner of Sheik Mohamed

pressive by the wonderful occasion.

on that

Ali, who officiated

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Haifa to Tiberias

On Monday morning we took the train for the historic city of Acca (also spelled Akka, and located about ten miles from Haifa), which, in the time of the Crusaders was a royal city and the port of the Kings of Jerusalem. It is located at the northern end of the Bay of Acre, along whose shores are found the Murex shells, from which the ancient Tyrians extracted their famous purple dye.

On reaching Acca we decided to walk to Behje, a distance of about two miles, across a level plain, luxuriant with large crimson poppies and other wild flowers ; but like nearly all the country of Palestine, devoted merely to pasturage and the convenience of the Arab herders, whose low, black tents are scattered here and there throughout the valleys.

Just before reaching Behje, we met a caravan of camels under the ruined arches of an old Roman aqueduct, and passed a watering trough where a group of women were doing their laundry, just as they have been in the habit of doing for several thousand years. Herds of goats were browsing around among some old ruins, the ensemble presenting a pastoral scene that would please the heart of an artist ; but a scene that had formed the original set several thousand years ago.

On reaching Behje, which is a town in name only, we saw the old Governor's palace, where Baha Ullah was allowed to pass the last few years of his earthly life, and near which is his tomb, a place to which pilgrims resort from all parts of the world.

From Behje we crossed the plains and continued

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A Modern Pilgrimage

around Napoleon's Hill, from which the Little Corporal unsuccessfully bombarded Acca in 1799, finally reaching the Garden of Rizwan. This is a beautiful spot, though now somewhat neglected. Here Baha Ullah composed some of his later writings, in a small room over which towers a wonderful rose tree, the finest and largest specimen I have ever seen. It is indeed a place of peace and quietude. A little stream runs through

the Garden, and with the bright flowers, "the gnarled and antlered trees" and the clear blue sky above, the place was worthy of its name, Rizwan a Persian word meaning Paradise.

From Haifa we traveled by train to Semakh, a small, mud-hutted town on the southern end of the Sea of Galilee, passing through the Plain of Esdraelon, near the few village where Deborah once held forth and within a

miles of Nazareth, which lies among the hills to the north.

jogging along for about twenty-five miles, we

After

a fertile but

entered the valley of the River Jordan,

which the

almost entirely uncultivated valley, through

the "Ford at the Cross

rickety train meanders, passing

exercised his ministry. We

ing" where John the Baptist

six hundred and eighty

finally reached Semakh, about

Mediterranean. At this point

feet below the level of the

motor and after a two hours

boat,

we transferred to a

arrived at Tiberias, a town

ride on the Sea of Galilee,

hundred years ago, and dedi

built by Herod nineteen

It was once the chief

cated to the Emperor Tiberius.

hand-

of Galilee and boasted many

city of the Province

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Haifa to Tiberias

size, in

some buildings; but it is now greatly reduced

of about four thousand souls, three-

having a population

fourths of whom are Jews.

of

The Hot Baths, located about a mile or so south

the

the town, and mentioned in the Old Testament

as

Baths of Hammath, are the city's principal attraction.

cure for rheumatism,

They are celebrated as an infallible

his faith,

and anyone who has nerve enough to back up

a bath in the deserves to be cured. Visitors

risking place,

from the hotel generally visit these Baths at six o'clock

in the morning, as soon as the

are open, for

doors

flock in, and by

to

shortly after that the natives begin

have been tested

noon the curative powers of the

water

to the limit, and the pool has reached something

near

the point of saturation.

Mr. B

The second day after our arrival at Tiberias,

which is about four

and I decided to visit Magdala,

Wishing to avoid an hour's

and one-half miles away.

asked the livery man to name

haggling about rates, we

his lowest at once,

price which he gave at one hundred

and seventy-five piastres (seven dollars in U.

S. money).

When we called the deal off and started away, he fol

lowed us for a block, wildly begging us to make him

first price

offer, after he had insisted that his

was

an

bed-rock. His exorbitant demand reminded us of the retired Irishman from Jeru story they tell of a wealthy or elsewhere, who was visiting these parts and salem, the wanted to see the exact spot where they walked on water in Bible times. He arranged with a boatman to row him out for two dollars, but when he was ready to

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return was told that the price would be ten dollars, at which he threw up both his hands and exclaimed: "No wonder they walked on the water in those days!" Anyway, to make a long story short, Mr. B can celed his part of the trip and I was forced to shoulder my camera and proceed along the highway which skirts the shore of the lake to Mejdal, or Magdala, the birth place of Mary Magdalene. At present this is a wretched village of about twenty mud huts and less than half a dozen houses of stone which might be classed as residences. Winding through the village was a dusty road filled with dirty half-clad urchins who assailed me with persistent cries of "bakshish!" Just at the entrance to the village a native was making a half-hearted attempt at cultivating a patch of tomatoes with a wooden plough attached to a diminutive donkey, while the partner of his joys and sorrows was crouched down on the newly ploughed ground and be showing no interest in anything in particular. Just which Jesus yond the village is a small plain the one to of the loaves and repaired after performing the miracle fishes. Some distance to the left of Magdala, on the cliffs, are

of
the ancient caverns of Arbela, once the stronghold
robbers which Herod the Great overcame by lowering
cages filled with
soldiers down into their stronghold.
The level plain below is the Land of Gennesaret.
In the distance, rising out of the
fertile plain, is a
on its summit two
curiously shaped volcanic hill, having
Karn Hattin, or Horns of
peaks or horns, now called

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Haifa to Tiberias

Hattin, said to be the place where the Sermon on the
Mount was delivered. On the steep hillside, close by,
a flock of goats was clambering around, occasionally
jarring loose a shower of stones that rattled down into
the roadway. Over the tops of the hills a few buzzards
were circling around; along the hilly road that follows
the shore of the lake an occasional rider was to be seen,
jogging along on a small donkey and driving two or
three others, or a couple of camels could be seen lei
surely carrying produce to the markets of Tiberias. Far
ther along towards the northern end of the lake is
another small plain, dotted at present with the white
tents of a small military camp, which is said to have been
the scene of the Feeding of the Five Thousand.
In the middle of the Plain of Gennesaret, which is
about three miles long and one mile wide, could be seen
indications of a new era which is dawning over this won
but long-neglected region. Here were
derfully fertile
detachments of tanned and husky young men with pick
and shovel, grading for a new system of good roads,
while groups of equally muscular young women were
seated on long piles of rock which they were successfully
pulverizing for the macadam surface. On the grade
at
the farther end of the valley were long trains of horses
and military wagons, winding over the hills to a new
location.
On the following day Abdul Baha placed his carriage
at our disposal and we drove again through this

coun

end of the lake to Bethsaida
try and around the northern
and almost to Capernaum. We were informed that

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plans have been made for a new city on the site of Bethsaida, commanding a wonderful view down the lake, which is over twelve miles long and six miles wide at its widest point; but at present all is desolation.

In visiting these places the traveler who is familiar with the Scriptures will recall the words of the Saviour, who said: "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done unto you had been done in Tyre or Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sack

* * *

cloth and ashes. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell."

As we looked about us we concluded that this prophecy had been literally fulfilled, and "the line of confusion" successfully stretched over this entire region.

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XII

Interviews With Abdul Baha

Before going further it might be well to explain that the three outstanding figures in the Bahai world are Ali Muhammad, known as the Bab (meaning the Door or Gate); Huseyn Ali of Nur, afterwards called Baha

Ullah (pronounced Buh-hah Oo-lah, accented on the second and fourth syllables and meaning the "Glory of God"), and Abdul Baha (pronounced Ahb-dool Buh-hah, accented on the first and last syllables, and meaning literally "Slave or Servant of the Glory"). The latter is the son of Baha Ullah, and is the present head of the movement.

Among the Bahais these three personages are regarded respectively as the Messenger, the Manifestation and the Expounder of the cause. Of these, the first was martyred in 1850 at the age of thirty, in the public square at Tabriz; the second, Beha Ullah, after being persecuted and imprisoned for nearly forty years, finally departed this life in May, 1892, at Behje, near Acca, where he is buried. Before his death he appointed his son, Abdul

Baha to be the "Center of the Covenant," and authorized Expounder of his writings. The only claim that Abdul Baha makes for himself is that he is a great educator, and the Servant of God in this Revelation. Sir Abdul Baha Abbas (as he was recently knighted by the English government), was born in Teheran,

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Persia, May 23, 1844, and is consequently in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He is a genial, kindly man of medium size, somewhat stooped, with long, snow-white hair and beard. His face is browned and seamed with many lines that at first would seem to indicate a man of more advanced age ; but in his movements he is active and alert, while his majestic bearing gives one the impression that he is a person of prominence and power. You are immediately attracted by his large grey eyes that have a kindly, but searching look, and seem to take in everything at a glance. His mental and physical faculties are in full vigor. He wears a long, brown robe of silk and camel's wool, with wide, flowing sleeves, and his massive head is crowned with a pure white turban. In speech he is ready and apt; his expressions concise and exact, and his genial talks lead up to a point and convey a lesson, which his hearers cannot fail to grasp.

During the early stages of our trip I had entertained see this important person (as vague hopes that I might I had not yet received permission to visit him), and often wondered if I would really meet him. You can inter imagine my surprise when I was invited to daily views with him during our short stay in Tiberias, and the honor I felt in being accorded a private interview of three-quarters of an hour's duration. When ushered into his presence, you are greeted with are you ?" in English, strongly a kindly smile and "How accented on the second word. If you reply, "Very well!" he laughingly repeats it in Persian, which is very like the English expression, and invites you to be seated;

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Interviews With Abdul Bahai

after which he usually inquires of each one, "Are you well and happy?" Then, after a few preliminary remarks, he begins his talk, which lasts from twenty to thirty minutes. You listen, or answer the questions directed to you, until he has finished, when he rises, shakes hands all around, and ends the interview. As he speaks very little English, his talks are in Persian, and translated by his secretary, Azizullah, who has a ready command of English as well as Persian, Arabic and other languages. In the first interview, which was given in his room in the tower of the hotel at Tiberias, he commented on the beauty of the scenery of Palestine, and related how the Lord told Abraham that it was the finest in the world and if there was anything better He would have given it to him. He then likened it to California, its climate, the contour of the hills, its flowers and foliage being much the same, and in this respect he called California "the Holy Land of America." He concluded his talk with the story of the man who wanted to be come a Bahai.

Some years ago, he said, he was traveling through Persia, in company with several others, one of whom was a merchant known to him as a man of rather questionable reputation. The caravan stopped at a certain town, and numbers of the people flocked out to meet Abdul Baha. From there they proceeded to another town, where more people came out to meet him; then to another town, where the same thing was repeated. After this had occurred a number of times, and every where crowds of people had invariably rushed out to

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meet him, the merchant called him aside and told him he wished to become a Bahai. On being asked why, he said, "You are a Bahai, and wherever you go great crowds of people flock out to meet you, while no one comes to meet me ; so I wish to become a Bahai." Asked if that was the real reason, he replied, "I also think it will help my business, as I will have all these people come to meet me." Then Abdul Baha told him, "Do not become a Bahai. It is better for you to remain as

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ABUL'I. BAHA

Interviews With Abdul Bahai

air to breathe. Why should I give up my freedom?"

Early one morning I visited Magdala, and returning

at about eleven o'clock I noticed that Abdul Baha was

seated alone in the parlor of the hotel. As I passed,

he came to the door and beckoned me to enter. While

he was saying, "Come in!" his gestures indicated the

opposite direction; but as I had been informed before

hand of this lack of co-ordination in his signals, I en

tered. After the usual salutations, he called in his secre

tary and said, "You have been to Magdala! How did

you like it? expressed the desire, I would

If you had

have placed my carriage at your disposal." He mar

veled that I had walked so far; but I explained that on

the steamer we had made it a practice to walk twenty

miles each day, in order to keep in good condition. He

took a handful of shells which I had just picked up on

the beach near Magdala, and commented on their beauty and then inquired if I would like to hear the history of Mary Magdalene. On being assured that I would, especially from him, he proceeded to relate the history, which in substance is as follows:

Magdala, the little village I had just visited, was the birthplace of Mary, known as the Magdalene. She was a beautiful girl in the habit of coming often to Tiberias, where at that time many Roman soldiers were located. Here she attracted the attention of a young Roman officer, with whom she later lived on terms of intimacy. In the course of time, this officer was transferred to Rome, and was advanced to a position of trust in the affairs of the Roman Empire being well liked and en-

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joying the favor of the Emperor. After his departure from Tiberias, the well-known events occurred that changed Mary. She forsook her former life, the life of

embraced the faith and became an ardent Christian. In those days, immediately following the crucifixion, the Jews were being severely persecuted by the Romans, and Mary was chosen to go to Rome and intercede for them. On her arrival at Rome, one of the first persons she met was the young officer who had been her lover in Tiberias, and who was overjoyed at seeing her thinking that her great love for him had induced her to make the long journey. He lost inviting her to no time in come with him; but she refused, saying that she was

not the same woman he had known at Tiberias. He then inquired why she had come to Rome if not to see

him? To which she replied, "To see the Roman Emperor!" This somewhat astounded the young officer, who thought she was making sport with him. Finally all

she convinced him of her sincerity by telling him that had happened in the Holy Land since his departure, how she had of her former life and become a repented

Christian. The young man was so touched by her for her

recital that he offered to secure an interview

his high position
with the Emperor. This, on account of
and in a few days she entered
the presence of the Emperor, who
met her kindly and
for her. To which she re-
inquired what he could do
Somewhat perplexed,
plied "For myself, I want nothing."
had sought an interview with
perplexed, he asked why she
and she answered, "I have come to ask you in the
name of the Christians to stop the persecutions of the
Jews in Palestine." The Emperor exclaimed, "I have
been doing this as a favor to the Christians to punish
the Jews for crucifying your Christ !" But Mary assured
him that the Christians did not want this; that their
religion was based on love not revenge.

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Interviews With Abdul Bahai

This idea was so new to the Emperor that he asked
her to explain to him more about this strange new creed,
and in the end agreed to comply with her request. At
the close of the interview, the Emperor ordered her to
be well cared for, and showed her many honors during
her stay in Rome.

"This," said Abdul Baha, in closing, "shows the power
of the Spirit. Here was a poor and ignorant woman,
who in her youth had been a girl of the street and re-
spected by no one, but whose life had been transformed
and illumined by the Spirit. From a lowly station she
had been elevated by the power of the Spirit, until she
was received and honored by an Emperor. Other things
pass away, but the power of the Spirit is sure and
eternal !"

His talk the following day was on the folly of devote-
ing one's life simply to the accumulation of money. As
an illustration he cited an incident that occurred during
his visit to New York City in 1912:

A noted banker had been making a collection of rare

his visit to New York City in 1912:

A noted banker had been making a collection of rare

Persian and Oriental manuscripts and invited Abdul Baha to come at a certain hour and give him an opinion as to whether or not they were genuine. At the appointed time he was conducted to the banker's library

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and soon after his arrival was informed by a messenger that his host was detained, but would arrive presently. After some time, a second messenger arrived, expressing his regrets that an urgent business meeting had prevented the banker from arriving on time, but that he would come very soon. Then Abdul Baha said that he was

sorry he could not remain longer, as he, too, was a busy man.

"Thus," he said, "a man who is spending his time trying to amass great riches, is not a free man, but is a slave to his wealth. After all, if wealth was the principal thing, then Christ would have devoted His life to money-getting, as He had a brain undoubtedly equal to the task; but He realized that other things are of more consequence, and that the things of the Spirit are the only ones that are eternal."

In our final interview the next morning, he spoke of the pleasure our visit had given him. He wished us success in our work and promised to pray for us in the

with silent hours of the night. He urged us to go forth of

renewed courage, and a determination to live a life of color, race

service; to be kind to everyone regardless

or condition; to be "a cause

of healing for every sick

one, a comforter for every sorrowful one, a pleasant for every

water thirsty one, a heavenly table

to everyone who yearns for

hungry one, and a herald

the Kingdom of God."

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XIII

Snapshots on the Sea of Galilee

Before taking final leave of the Province of Galilee, I wish to sketch in two or three more details to help complete the picture and possibly add a bit of local color.

One afternoon I strolled down in that section where the native bazaars pollute the city of Tiberias, incidentally breaking into some Moslem's filthy backyard in order to get a better view of a tall palm tree, that had been pointed out to us by Abdul Baha from the hotel window, as marking the spot where Jesus called Peter to follow Him and "become a fisher of men."

I wandered on down the narrow and tortuous lanes, when suddenly I saw approaching me a feminine fashion-plate that looked like a recent importation from New York or Los Angeles. A jaunty wide-brimmed hat and a swagger-stick completed an animated picture which was making the lazy Orientals sit up and take notice. I was somewhat dazed at first, but managed to keep on my way until I arrived at the outskirts of the city, where I found a film factory, with a crowd of real camels, donkeys and other Oriental accessories. I concluded that the vision I had just met in the bazaars was a movie queen returning from a day's work devoted to Art and the Unspeakable Drama!

As there was a fine view of the lake from the hills back of the hotel, I was in the habit of strolling up there just before dinner, and had noticed on several occasions a wild

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young Arab woman flying up the road ahead of me and disappearing in a patch of greenery. When my curiosity was sufficiently aroused, I made a closer investigation. I found the young lady in question had cross-eyes and carried a carving knife, with which she cut stalks of chicory, seated herself and proceeded with her "al fresco" meal. In a few minutes the repast was finished and she was tripping back to the city as happy as a lark gorged with lady-bugs. This little incident offered a solution of a problem we had often discussed, as to how any man on an ordinary income could support a respectable sized harem in these days of expensive living. It was now easy to see that a fairly large harem might be maintained were properly trained and very reasonably, provided they satisfied with such a simple vegetarian diet as the lady under

discussion.

That the women of the Orient are trained, whether properly or not, was borne out in several other instances. It was not household riding unusual to see the lord and master of the mouse-colored donkey, seated far into Tiberias on a runty sockless feet encased back on the animal's rump, his swinging of his wives (I presume in loose flapping slippers, while one barefooted at the the favorite one), was trotting along master's high red boots, to animal's heels, and carrying the the city.

be worn when he reached a liberal supply of empty The women of Tiberias, aided by water five-gallon oil cans, also provide pipe line to convey a

As this water brigade fl the lake for domestic purpose, is plenty of water n

s kept in action all day long, and there to be settled to of a water supply seems me lake the question

^faction of the Tiberians. In some cases of great

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Snapshots on the Sea of Galilee

urgency, some of these balance a five-gallon can of women

water on their heads, and carry one in each hand. For the sake of ease and convenience the family washing is still carried down to the lake, where the clothes are rubbed and pounded on the rocks. Some modern conveniences are, however, gradually coming into use, as the dining-room of our hotel had two or three windows equipped with fly screens and one screened door, which was always kept open. But

the flies are not yet accustomed to these innovations, refusing to leave the dining-room through the open door, and preferring to fall in the soup or decorate the flypaper doilies on the tables and window sills.

One evening, which happened to be the seventeenth of March, we were seated on the hotel terrace enjoying a post

prandial smoke, when an unusual commotion arose just around the corner. This was followed by wierd singing and a little later developed into a torchlight procession, consisting

of candles, kerosene lamps and torches, and illuminating a lot of red "tarbushes." All we could get out of the natives was, "The birthday!" and we wondered if the Patron Saint of Ireland was also revered in this Province. Later in the evening some guests at the hotel returned, and we learned from them the rest of the story. It seems that they had been invited to attend a wedding feast at the home of a prominent Moslem

just back of the hotel. This Moslem, who was very rich, was also a fine mathematician, and he had figured it out that by giving this wedding feast on the night of Mahomed's birthday, one lot of lights and refreshments would answer for both occasions. So while some were celebrating his offspring's

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wedding, the others could commemorate the birth of the Prophet, and all at a minimum of expense.

There is a large, though somewhat dilapidated, Turkish mosque in Tiberias, located about half a block from our hotel.

The second morning after our arrival, I was startled by an unearthly cry and jumped up, thinking that perhaps the premises were on fire. Finally I traced the outcry to the muezzin, who, from the top of his minaret, was sending his call to prayers to the four quarters of the earth. How many of the faithful heeded, performed their ablutions and recited their prayers, it is impossible to state, as there was not any visible response.

Another unique character was a young Turkish bootblack, who had a little box affair just inside the front door of the hotel, but who spent most of his time sitting in an automobile parked outside, droning a Turkish love song which contained one thousand or more verses. On the foot rest of his box he had a little call bell which he jingled as he finished each shoe. He was always ready with a broad smile as he pocketed your two of

pieces and whether they were half piastres or money, there were whole ones seemed to make no difference, provided two of them. With all its drawbacks and lack of modern conveniences, to visit, and if Tiberias is an interesting and pleasant place the plans of the English are allowed to mature, the place will its own. Plans have already been made some day come into of the present one. A new for a new city to be located back the system of good roads is wharf is to be built, and when take on new life. As to the finished, the city will undoubtedly in such a wretched condition that old part of the town, it is

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Snapshots on the Sea of Galilee

its only hope lies in liberal quantities of dynamite. The only wonder is that something stronger and more dangerous than malaria is not germinated within its unsanitary borders. But the surrounding scenery is fine and the lake is beautiful, although at times it can become quite rough and tempestuous, as we discovered the day after our arrival, when the cold wind whistled down from the snow-covered peaks of Mt. Hermon, which stands on the northern boundary of Palestine, about fifty miles away. In a few hours the lake was too rough for navigation, and continued so for a couple of days, so there is no doubt about its ability to put up a good storm on short notice. For my part, I was rather glad of the disagreeable weather; we had already been treated to a jolly good fog in London, and were fortunate enough to witness, a few weeks later, a real storm on the Sea of Galilee.

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xiv

From the Sea of Galilee to Jerusalem

Our three hours' ride by train from Semakh to Haifa was not exactly hilarious, owing to the fact that we had become very damp during our trip across the lake. Although the boat

was provided with a roof and side curtains, they had both seen better days, and the rain seemed to collect and form little rills that trickled down on the passengers who were closely packed inside.

The next morning was showery, but I decided to take a chance and visit the Caves of Elijah, as his adventure with the ravens was one memory of my Sunday-school days which had made an indelible impression. Although it is recorded that the affair occurred at the brook Cherith, near Jerusalem, I realized that there might have been an encore elsewhere; at any rate the Latin Carmelites seemed to think so, as they have built quite a large monastery over the cave the entrance to which is under the high altar.

At the side of the mountain, which is about five hundred feet high, are several other large caves, one of which is called the Cave of the Prophets, where Elijah hid "one hundred of the Lord's prophets by fifty and fed them with bread and water." In some of these caves are wonderfully constructed cisterns, but as the monks explained that there has been a continuity of religious guardians to this mountain since the time of Elijah, it seems highly probable that these cisterns were hollowed out of the solid rock at a later date, perhaps who located there about 400 A. D. by the Greek hermits

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From the Sea of Galilee to Jerusalem

The interior of the caves shows that the mountain is composed of limestone in stratas about a foot in thickness, which are marked by thin veins or nodules of flint.

The Holy Family are supposed to have rested somewhere near here on their flight to Egypt, and it is often mentioned

by the writers of the Old Testament Solomon comparing the beauty of his spouse to the summit of this mountain.

The place seems to be regaining some of the "excellence" ascribed to it by Isaiah, as the mountain and valley presented a beautiful appearance on this particular Sunday in March.

The sides of the mountain were covered with luxuriant wild flowers and foliage; a short distance below stood the Tomb of the Bab, with its sentinels of tall cypresses, surrounded by orange and lemon trees, among which roses and other bright flowers were in full bloom. Still lower in the

valley, spread out along the shore of the bay, lay the city of Haifa, with its white stone houses and red tile roofs nestling

among orange, olive, palm and eucalyptus trees. Beyond the town stretched the calm blue Mediterranean, with its snow-white beach, like a crescent, that merged into the white city of Acca at the further end of the bay. About the middle of the crescent a large grove of tall feathery palms extended down almost to the water's edge, back of which lay the Garden of Rizwan.

While busily engaged in admiring the panorama that stretched out before us, a sudden shower broke loose, and by the time we reached Haifa we found ourselves soaked a second time. But the view was worth it to say nothing of the historical interest attached to the places visited.

In the afternoon we again attended services at the Tomb

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of the Bab, and, being strangers, were served with tea and refreshments, as were also a few of the very old men who were present.

In line with Oriental customs, the women meet in a separate room; but in deference to Western ideas, our party, after removing their shoes at the door, was allowed to remain together. We enjoyed the chanting of Sheik Mahomed Ali, who seemed to outdo himself on this occasion.

The following day, March twenty-first, was the Feast of Nawruz the Persian New Year, which has been celebrated in Persia for the last five thousand years. In its native haunts, it is a long affair, lasting about two weeks, and all labor is suspended during the time which is given over to visiting and feasting.

We were all invited to attend this feast, which was given at the "big house" the home of Abdul Baha. After an hour of social converse, with several rounds of Persian tea and nogul (a delicious candy), we adjourned to the dining-room a plainly furnished but immense room, where we sat around a long table and enjoyed an excellent lunch. It consisted of the customary pilau (a savory dish composed of rice, flavored with grated orange rind, chopped meat, raisins, etc.), fruit, Syrian bread, cafe fort, and pudding made of rice flour. Afterwards, we were taken to another room and shown the only existing portraits of the Bab, Baha Ullah, with other reverence by the pictures and relics which are held in great Bahais.

The morning after the Feast of Nawruz, we bade farewell the train for Jerusalem. to the friends at Haifa, and took

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From the Sea of Galilee to Jerusalem

It was not an easy task to say "good-bye," as the friends in Haifa seemed nearer to us than any we had met.

In going from Haifa to Jerusalem, it is necessary to return to the junction at Ludd, and change to the train coming from

Jaffa. As travel to the Holy City happened to be very heavy (it was near Easter), we found ourselves in a compartment taxed to the limit by the presence of a huge monk, accompanied by two fair-skinned, blue-eyed, but fully-grown-up sisters and one young man, which reinforcements, added to the four in our own party and our combined baggage, made the quarters rather too close for comfort. As the compartment was on the hot, sunny side of the car, and the ample

German monk and his sisters had organized a continuous lunch-party, I soon compromised by standing outside in the corridor, trying to extract a little comfort from a new pipe I had brought from Egypt to replace the one that had ended its fragrant career in the Grand Canal at Venice.

We found very little to enjoy in the way of scenery, as the "plummet of emptiness" seemed to have been successfully lowered over the whole country.

We passed the Crusader's Tower at Ramleh, and saw, beyond a low range of hills to the left and some eight or ten miles away, the Plain of Ajalon, where Joshua had commanded the sun and moon to stand still. A few miles further on we entered the Valley of Sorek, famous as the birthplace of Samson, and the scene of his subsequent adventures with Delilah.

The scenery continued to grow more savage and wild, and shortly after leaving Dier Aban we entered the jaws of a gorge that forms the pass

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Near here is the famous spot where Samson is said to have lost his temper, but forthwith found the jawbone of an ass with which he slew a thousand men, which would seem to exceed the present population of the entire country by at least nine hundred and ninety men.

A few minutes later our train stopped to take on water, and our attention was attracted to three men overseeing some three score women carrying rocks balanced on their heads, from a

valley about fifty feet lower, up to the railroad cars on the siding. These women all wore shoes whose soles are supposed to grow thicker with age and use, and formed a continuous procession up the steep hillside an ancient but successful system of telpherage.

As the train made an average speed of less than fifteen miles and rocky

per hour, winding mile after mile through barren out under the

gorges abounding in small caves hollowed

shelves of limestone, we were not sorry when we reached the

Vale of Rephaim, where David smote the Philistines, and

finally entered the railroad station at Jerusalem, which is

located some little distance outside the walls and something

over half a mile from the Jaffa Gate the principal

entrance

into the city from the south.

The first view of the city which presents itself to the particularly

is not attractive

stranger, coming from this direction,

tive.

The hills on all sides are immense mounds of limestone,

on

the glaring white side of which are shallow terraces, one above another, held in place by row after row

of rock-retaining

walls laid up loosely, so that the outskirts

of the city resemble

an immense rock quarry in full operation and able to fill

unlimited orders.

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From the Sea of Galilee to Jerusalem

The roads are inclosed by stone walls from five to eight

feet high and from two to four feet thick, and still the harvest

of rocks has not been completely gathered.

Each one of the terraces supports one or more straggly

olive trees surrounded by a small patch of pasturage which

seems to take care of itself, as nowhere in any

of the fields

were there workers visible.

of the city

Across the valley of Hinnom, the ancient walls

loomed up, and the massive tower, erroneously

ascribed to

Gate.

King David, stood guarding the Jaffa

At the right of the city lies the deep valley of Jehoshaphat,
and still further away

beyond which is the Mount of Olives,

in the distance, the mysterious mountains of Moab rise

wrapped in a purple haze.

the Hill

To the right of the railroad station stretches away

Iscariot met the emissaries and

of Evil Counsel, where Judas

of which

bargained to betray his Master the eastern slope

is now marked by the "Potter's Field."

While we were absorbed in viewing the surroundings,

our

our luggage in front of the

porters had been busy assembling

cabmen.

station and holding exciting interviews with waiting

that all the cabs were engaged; but we

Finally they reported

to have some kind

insisted that it was very necessary for us

one of them dis

of a conveyance. After a little persuasion,

in about a quarter of an hour re

appeared over the hill and over and over that

turned with one rickety cab, explaining

we climbed into the creaky affair,

there were no more. So

around the driver, and hoping for the

piled our suit cases up

flock of porters trotting along behind.

best jogged off with a

hill and over a large stone bridge, at

Passing down a steep

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the left of which is the old Pool of Gihon, we wound around
under the walls of Mt. Zion, the southwestern corner of the
city.

These walls thirty-five to forty feet in height are built on
the solid rock which crops out from fifty to one hundred feet

above the roadway. The ancient portion of the wall is easily traced by the Immense size of the stones, the upper and later sections being composed of smaller rocks and showing inferior workmanship.

Finally, after painful toiling with the odds largely against our weather-beaten conveyance, we arrived at the Jaffa Gate,

where we were very much interested in a modern addition in the shape of a clock-tower, the dials of which indicate both the English and Turkish hours. This clock is an ingenious affair, which strikes twice for the Turkish hours and at sunset points to twelve o'clock. As the hands were getting around toward this point we lost no time in looking up a hotel.

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XV

In Jerusalem

One of the first things that impresses a visitor in Jerusalem is its small size, for in the short space of an hour, one can walk around the walls of the entire city.

This feeling is followed by one of disappointment, as the city in which you are interested is not visible, but is buried from thirty to one hundred feet below the surface. The only part of the old city that we ever saw was in the basement of a church where they have

uncovered a few square feet of pavement, said to be a

the courtyard of Pontius Pilate's palace. This pavement had possibly been used by soldiers or other persons of leisure, as some of the stones had small, irregular squares scratched on them, as if they had been used for playing games.

We were thrilled by the thought that possibly Roman soldiers were on this very spot while the Cross was being carried along the Via Dolorosa, which lay just a few feet away; then we were suddenly reminded that landmarks had been obliterated by Titus less than a century after the Great Tragedy (even to the foundation of the buildings), and it absolutely impossible to was

tell whether this might not be the Tower of Antonia or some other place, instead of Pilate's palace. The only thing we could be reasonably sure of was that we were

looking on a small piece of the original pavement of the ancient city.

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The present walls of Jerusalem inclose an area of only two hundred and ten thirty-five of which are acres, occupied by the Haram, Temple, inclosure. The or

original city was built on four hills, once separated by deep valleys, but now largely filled up by the debris resulting from the various destructive disasters which overwhelmed and almost completely obliterated it.

The position of the city has not remained stationary, as the north wall has been changed three times, and now runs about half a mile beyond the original bound

dary. The south wall has also been moved north, so that Jerusalem in the time of Christ, and up to its destruction by Titus, was at least a third larger than at present. The city is now divided into four quarters, each one occupied by people of a different religion; the Mahomedans occupy the northeast, the Christians (Greek and Roman Catholics) the northwest, the Armenians the southwest, and the Jews the southeast section of the city.

Outside the walls, the north and northwest sides, on

a large area and a modern city has grown up, covering more inhabitants than the city inside the walls.

boasting

About ten years ago, the population, which is gradually was estimated at sixty-eight thousand,

of

increasing,

thousand

whom eight thousand are Mahomedans, ten

Christians and fifty thousand Jews.

this little city

For the practical, matter-of-fact person,

all the

contains many surprises and disappointments

information given, as well as the sights shown, appear

and are either based on deduction, or

proximate only,

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In Jerusalem

unreliable tradition which has shifted from time to time to suit the exigencies of the occasion, and the convenience of the pilgrims. When the visitor is shown some thing of vital interest and inquires if this is really the place, etc., the guide feebly admits that the real place must have been somewhere near here, but is now buried from forty to a hundred feet below the spot at which he is looking!

The massive structure, shown as the Tower of David, was not built by him; but probably by King Herod, something like a thousand years later. The Mosque of Omar, the one beautiful building in Jerusalem, is not a mosque, and it was not built by Omar; it is simply a shrine to cover the Holy Rock, a place revered alike by Christians and Moslems. To cite a few more instances:

When we were visiting the Coenaculum, the traditional place of the Last Supper, I was foolish enough to inquire if this was really the room where the Last Supper was held, and was told that the real room was perhaps forty feet lower than the room we were where standing; but could not be visited because a harem occupied the lower part of the building. You walk along the Via Dolorosa, and note the different Stations of the Cross arbitrarily marked by bronze tablets on the walls; but you are inwardly tormented by the thought that the exact location of the original Way is unknown; that it is supposed to be somewhere in this locality, but from forty to seventy feet lower than the pavement on which you are walking. You are taken to the Tombs of the Kings, and find there is no evidence or even probability

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that any kings were ever buried there. In despair, you ask to be taken to the Garden of Gethsemane, walk reverently along the gravel walks and among the gnarled and aged trees, finally to learn that the Greeks have a rival garden near by, which they staunchly maintain is the true one. You are shown the tomb of Absalom, David and others, but by this time you are a little incredulous and balk at the tomb of Adam, which

is pointed out in the Holy Sepulchre!

The foregoing remarks are not to be considered irrelevant, as they are not so intended. They are made

merely to show how impossible it is for the average visitor in Jerusalem to accept seriously many things that have no real claim to probability,

although blindly

believed by thousands who do not stop to investigate.

Many people, having come a long distance "to see the sights," would be sorely disappointed if they were not accommodated, so they are taken on the regular round.

I do not wish to dwell too much on this, but the following incident is worth telling: The primary object of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem is to visit the Holy Sepulchre, and I will describe faithfully (but truthfully), little party. On

just how this was accomplished by our the Wednesday morning preceding Easter, we were conducted to a place outside the walls near the Damascus

of a cliff depicts Gate, where the rough, rocky formation

a human skull. The hollow eyes and gaping features and it is known as Skull Hill, or

are plainly discernible,

"the of the skull." This knoll is said place

Golgotha,

where criminals

to be the "House or Place of Stoning,"

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'

*?

THE HARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

In Jerusalem

were executed in former times. On the top of the hill is Moslem cemetery, and about one hundred yards to a

the left, a walled-in garden, which we entered. It was well kept, and from a rock at the eastern extremity the skull is visible, as well as several well-defined rifts undoubtedly caused by an earthquake. In the western end of the garden are traces of a large building (said to

be the ancient Church of the Resurrection), and in the solid perpendicular rock of the hillside is a tomb, containing an ante-chamber and two graves only one of which was ever finished or occupied. At one side of the low door is a narrow window opening into the inner tomb and in front is the groove for the rolling stone.

The attendant, a middle-aged woman, explained that this was the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, and pointed out how the different features tallied with the Biblical narrative. As we were leaving the garden, convinced that we had seen and entered the tomb of our Lord, the guide hastened to say, "I will now take you to the real Holy Sepulchre what we know and believe is where Jesus Christ was buried!" And so we quietly followed him through the Damascus Gate, along a narrow but picturesque lane to the church generally known as the Holy Sepulchre.

I had heard that in olden times anyone who had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre was entitled to be called a Hadji, but we could not help feeling that this title was somewhat obsolete, or at least needed revision. For on the same morning we had visited two Holy

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Sepulchres, each having equally good and plausible arguments in its favor, except that the latter was more widely known and recognized and had a greater age to its credit.

In order to finish all the dark and unattractive side of the picture first, we will briefly recall another incident.

We found that even as the walls of the city had been moved about, so had the Holy Places been changed from one part of the city to another, in order to suit the convenience of pilgrims, and had been renamed from time to time to conform to whatever religion happened to be in power. Mt. Zion, which was originally on the eastern hill, is now at the southwestern corner of the

city, and the Turk, who still occupies the lower oblong part of a prominent building there, has fitted up the upper rooms, into one

as the
tomb of David, while the adjoining one is shown
Coenaculum. All of which, for a few piastres, can be viewed

by the pious or otherwise.

The Sacred Rock (inclosed in the
misnamed Mosque
a footprint,
of Omar) has some indentations resembling
which are pointed out as the footprints of Jesus, though
attributed to the
under Mahomedan rule they
were

foot of the Prophet.

pressure of the
one comes to the

After a few days of sight-seeing,
is as interesting and
conclusion that a visit to Jerusalem
of golf-you travel over
fascinating as an amateur game
the course even if you
feel you are not making much
of a score!

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In Jerusalem

We reveled in the antiquity of the place, gazing at the
massive walls, trying to realize that three thousand years
have elapsed since King David selected this site as the
Capital of the Kingdom of Israel, and wondering which,
if any, of these huge stones were standing in their
original locations. But we are suddenly brought back
to earth by learning that the present walls were built

by Sultan Suleiman, the Magnificent, as recently as 1542
A. D., so we pass on down the narrow streets crowded
with little bazaars, from which music issues forth. But
we refrained from entering any of these dingy shops,
fearing our might be regaled with a phonographic
ears

record purporting to be the voice of Miriam leading the
daughters of Israel in her celebrated choric song exulting
over the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea.
It is hard to become reconciled to the fact that Jerusalem
is regarded as a Holy City by all the warring
religious sects, by Christians and Moslems alike, who

jealously protect their rights at the point of the spear
or the sword. The Mahomedans claim that one prayer
said in Jerusalem is worth twenty-five thousand said
elsewhere and have computed that one prayer at Medina
is as good as fifty thousand offered elsewhere, while
Mecca is rated still higher at one hundred thousand.
At the Dome of the Rock, you are shown the hoof-
prints of the Prophet's horse, El-Burak, as it sprung up,
carrying its rider to heaven. According to the tradition,
the Rock started to follow the Prophet and his divine
steed; but the Angel Gabriel, with a
mighty effort, laid
hold of the Rock, and succeeded in staying it after it

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had moved only a few feet. In so doing, deep prints of
his fingers were made, which are still visible.
But we pick up the slender narrative thread of
must
our adventures and relate the wanderings of our little

party in and around the City of Jerusalem during Holy
Week of 1921 A. D.

As stated before, we had reached the Jaffa Gate, our
weather-beaten cab still intact, and while our non-
Arabian steeds were more or less winded, the rear guard
of porters was still trotting along in good form.

We were mistaken in thinking this wide entrance was
the Jaffa Gate (which stood modestly near by); the
was cut through the walls to allow the
larger opening

German emperor, dressed in the white garb of a Cru-
sader, to ride through in state during his visit in 1898,
ostensibly to dedicate a few German churches. Among
these was the monumental but unattractive church on
the modern Mt. Zion, which, we are told, had some

its walls and

ceiling. one In

wonderful decorations on

the German conception

panel the painter had portrayed

of Deity, and in the companion panel was shown the

German emperor. The Psalmist was- also pictured, with

moustache upturned in the approved German style. The

everything

and
processions were doing the goose-step
was brought down to date and to the glorification of the
German emperor and his people. However, we were
as we were unable
obliged to accept all this on hearsay,
to wake up the attendant
and have the church's portals
there a few days later.
unlocked when we called
this
But to return to the Jaffa Gate. Driving through

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In Jerusalem

new entrance (prior to its construction vehicles were
not able to enter inside the walls), we drove to the
Grand New Hotel, and were preparing to descend, when
we were informed that the "standing-room only" sign
was on exhibition inside. We were taking counsel to
and

gether, when an obliging guide happened along
offered to conduct us to "the best hotel in town!" We

decided to take a chance, and off we started, our pro
cession now consisting of a guide in front, our chariot,
of

platoon reinforced by several
porters
supported by a

others who were trying to break into the party, and
followed by a number of small boys.

With this noisy escort, we attracted considerable
attention as we jogged along, and were not sorry when
we reached our destination, which happened
to be the

Hotellerie de Notre Dame de France, a religious hos
Fathers

pice conducted by the French Assumptionist
just outside the new gate, called Bab Sultan Abdul
Hamid, at the northwest corner of the city.

The place appealed to us as having possibilities. Hav
this

ing put up at a variety of hotels on our way,
seemed

Hotellerie, with its hint of monastic simplicity,

to offer a sure haven. On entering, we noticed a tiled motto in the floor reading, Deus custodiat introitum tuum et exitum tuum, which, as nearly as I could re

member, would mean that "God guards your going in and your going out." At one side of the inner entrance door will door, a sign in French informed you that "this to after eleven and a half hours not be opened any person of the evening." After trying to put in a few evenings

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in the city, we found that hour to be plenty late enough. guide had preceded us down the stone corridor,

The

almost a block long, up several flights of stairs, and down another long corridor to our rooms, which looked out over New Calvary and the Damascus Gate. We found, on entering our room, that it was large enough to hold a narrow iron bedstead, small washstand, a a

tallow candle and one chair. The floor was red tile, the walls stone. only wood in sight, except the fur

The

niture, was by which we had entered, and a the door

wooden cross suspended on the bare wall. Nothing was lacking, or more correctly speaking, nothing had been added, to spoil the monastic effect.

For the first time since we had left our native shores, there were no blanks to fill out for the police department, and no register in which to enter our names. This, by the way, was partly explained when we left, and had difficulty in getting a written bill, which was not receipted, as a receipted bill required a government stamp, and that would entail the outlay of a few piastres!

After performing our ablutions, we found it still lacked a couple of hours before we could expect dinner, and

in a unanimous prayer for refresh

we all not only joined

ments, but also proceeded to locate the dining-room. By some freak or fatality we were always famished when

ever we arrived in a new and strange place,
and this

time was no exception to the rule. So we stated our
case strongly as possible, and our arguments seemed
as

to be seated, and
to have some weight, as we were told

presently a middle-aged daughter of
Israel brought us

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In Jerusalem

a pot of lukewarm tea. When protested, she de
we

murred that the tea was warm, and it was impossible to
make it any warmer as there was no fire. But we were

firm, and while she was away, ostensibly brewing fresh
tea, we took a glance at our new surroundings.

The refectory was true to monastic form, with stone
floors and walls, and rows of large stone columns, sup
porting a flat-arched ceiling. The tables were long
affairs seating from twelve to twenty people, and

gratuitously supplied with numerous bottles of red wine.
Portly monks, with bald crowns and dressed in long,
brown robes and girdles, moved in and out, their sandals
clicking on the stone floor.

After our hot tea, augmented by a bottle of the wine,
had given us renewed life, we were approached by a
guide, who offered to show us all the sights, furnish
carriages, pay bakshish, and all incidental expenses dur
ing our stay, for the modest sum of six hundred piastres
(twenty-four dollars), which he claimed was the regular
charge. As this seemed very reasonable we closed the
deal; but as a cab was only furnished on two occasions
(once on a trip to Bethlehem and once to the Mt. of
Olives), while the remainder of the time was trudged
on foot through the narrow lanes of the city, we dis

covered that the gentleman with the red tarbush, other
wise Joseph, had made a very good bargain, and half
that price would have been about the proper charge.

During the dinner hour the large refectory was filled
with soldiers, monks, tourists and pilgrims, and the bare

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walls echoed with the hum and chatter of all kinds and classes of people, conversing in all languages.

Back of me sat two friars from Argentine, South America, Spanish Roman Catholics, who had been fellow passengers across the Mediterranean, and who had also bobbed up at the same hotel in Tiberias. In front was a long table entirely occupied by English officers, while near by was an attractive young lady who, I afterwards

learned, was a French professoress from Alexandria, Egypt. Scattered about the room were the usual types of tourists.

After dinner we strolled out to see what Jerusalem looked like by any other kind of light, gas, electric or

but found there was nothing on tap but moonlight. The shops closed and the streets dark and deserted. were

Someone suggested the cinema, but we found there were two of one inside the walls, the other in the them, only

The latter happened to be the only one West End.

like "Ten

in operation, and was showing something was not the name

Nights in a Bar-room," only that with about

of it; they were just then struggling along

The entrance to this theatre is the fifteenth episode.

around and

through a livery stable, and after poking

decided we didn't want

failing to see the front door,

we

to see a show anyway, and

returned to our Hotellerie,

time scheduled for its

which we reached long before the

closing.

After our return came the amusing part of the day s

Mr. B, who was not very enthusiastic experiences. stuff," had insisted on having a about "this monastic

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In Jerusalem

fire in his room, and when reached his door, we we

found that someone had left there a rickety old oil stove, probably handed down from the Jebusites, which was strong on odors but weak on heat-giving qualities. Without a fire the room was almost freezing, and with the stove going we were nearly choked by the fumes. So, with firing it up, putting it out, airing the room, relighting it and beginning the performance all over again, we put in a busy evening.

Finally, leaving him to figure out which was the lesser of the two evils, we retired to our own unheated cell and turned in, our imagination at least warmed by the thought that we were sleeping somewhere near the spot where Titus had encamped on the night before he entered Jerusalem, in 70 A.D., at which time he drove out all the inhabitants and left not one stone on top of the other, excepting only the tower of David, which he used as a garrison for his soldiers, and left as an object les a

son to posterity, to show how mighty a city the Roman valor had subdued.

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XVI

Jerusalem Continued

On the following morning, Joseph appeared at the appointed time to conduct us around the Capital of Israel ; but without carriages, as he explained that this morning we were to go on foot.

So we proceeded first to New Calvary and the Garden Tomb (which has been already described). Passing through the Christian quarter and finally turning into the Old Street of Palms, we came to a stone-paved court in front of the Holy Sepulchre. This place is so well known, having been pictured and described so many times, it would seem superfluous to go into great detail. The edifice, which has no claim to architectural beauty, is an accumulation of buildings built about 300

A. D. by the Empress Helena, the mother of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine. When you have entered and looked around, you feel that it is not a church at all, but rather a sacred Exposition Building, filled with chapels, altars, shrines, hills, caves, etc., commemorating all the events mentioned in the Bible that could by any possibility have taken place at or near Jerusalem.

Among the many places shown are the following: The Sepulchre of Christ; the summit of Mt. Calvary; the places where Christ was scourged, crowned with thorns, and anointed for burial; the point where the true Cross was found; the place where Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene; the spot where the Centurion stood during the crucifixion, and (the

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Jerusalem Continued

most ancient feature of all) the grave of Adam ! This is quite

a remarkable collection of relics to be found in one building.

entered was the Stone of

The first thing pointed out as we

Uction, where the body of the Saviour was laid for anointing the

when taken down from the Cross. This is not exactly ruins

real stone (which is perhaps buried somewhere in the placed here in 1818, since underneath), but is another stone

which time it has been kissed by thousands of pilgrims.

A few steps further on is a stone enclosed by a railing. either

This is supposed to mark the spot where Mary stood, while the body of Jesus was being anointed, or else while

she was watching the tomb.

the

Continuing a few steps we entered the Rotunda, in center of which stands the Holy Sepulchre, or what has been

considered as such for several centuries. The sarcophagus lies in a small chapel built of Santa Croce marble, which you can enter, by stooping, through a small doorway about five

feet high. The space inside measures about six by seven feet, but nearly twenty square feet of this is occupied by the marble Outside stand

sarcophagus, which is shown as the Tomb.

six massive candlesticks, and overhead are festoons of lamps in bizarre and Oriental shapes, the whole setting having an almost theatrical effect that is far from pleasing, and much less impressive than a simple and more dignified treatment. In a vestibule to the east, called the Angel's Chapel, is part of the stone which the angels are supposed to have rolled from the door of the tomb.

Next we visited the Chapel of the Syrians, beside which is a rocky grotto containing several tombs. Lighting our candles we entered and were shown the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea.

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Returning to the Rotunda, we passed around to the north of the Sepulchre into the Latin vestibule, which is paved with marble slabs radiating from a central stone marking the spot where Mary Magdalene stood when Jesus said to her "Woman, why weepest thou?"

Ascending a few steps we entered the Latin's Chapel of the after His

Apparition, where the Lord appeared to Mary resurrection. As our visit happened to be on Wednesday of the Scourging. This

Holy Week, we saw here the Column of is said to be a piece of the column to which Christ was bound on this

when scourged by order of Pilate, and is only exhibited one day of the year.

shown the

Passing along to the Greek section,

we were

of Christ, where He was said to have been incarcerated

Prison

prior to the crucifixion, and

near by the Chapel of the Division of the Vestments.

and entered the Ar

We now descended about thirty steps

niche in the low wall

menian Chapel of St Helena to view

a

were excavating for the

where Queen Helena sat while they

one happened to remember or
mention
true cross, although no
after the event. In this room
it until one hundred years
or so
and the
to the penitent thief, Dismas,
are two altars, one

other to Queen Helena.
we reached the Chapel
Descending about a dozen steps more,
and were shown three holes
of the Finding of the Cross,
mark the location where they were
chiseled in the ceiling to
the calendar "The Invention of the
found. This is called in

CritSis interesting to note that this chapel is owned jointly,
the right and the Latins the left
side.
the Greeks claiming

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Jerusalem Continued

We now re climbed the forty odd steps and passed into the
Greek church, which is much larger and more gorgeously deco
rated than any of the others. In the center is a short column
marking the center of the earth, and on the ceiling are some
disfigured frescoes that date back to the twelfth century.

Ascending another narrow flight of steps we arrived in
Calvary, about fifteen feet above the main floor of the Sepul
chre. At the end of this chapel is an altar, under which are
holes or sockets, which are pointed out as the location of the
three crosses, and anyone wishing to do so, is allowed to put
his hands in these sockets. Near the altar is a long brass plate
covering a Rent in the Rock (which has been stained red),
and is said to have been made by the earthquake at the time
of the crucifixion. Through this rent the blood of the Saviour
was supposed to have trickled down on the Tomb of Adam,

located directly underneath; the idea being that "the blood of
the atonement was destined to fall on the head of the first
transgressor" all of which would seem more poetic than
probable !

In order not to overlook anything of interest to the pilgrim

the tomb of Melchizedek has been located in another chapel, and near it the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and Baldwin I, although these were desecrated by the Saracens over six hundred years ago and totally destroyed by the fire of 1808 A. D. All these wonderful exhibits gathered under one aggregation of roofs, are the joint property of the Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians, Syrians, Abyssinians and Copts. Although each nationality, at its allotted time, takes its turn in making processions to the holy places and worshipping at the sacred shrines, each sect has selected certain chapels and sta-

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tions at which it worships, simply passing by or ignoring the others. The Rotunda itself is common to all the sects, but the rest is divided and exclusively reserved. Prior to the English occupation, a Turkish guard constantly on hand to see that

none of the sects encroached on the rights of the others, or overstayed the time allotted to them.

Such, in brief, was our visit to this Holy Place, which has been an object of great interest for many centuries and among all nations. Turk, Infidel, Crusader thousands of lives have been cheerfully given, and rivers of blood have been shed, to have and to hold this very place.

In pondering over all this and calling to mind the jealousy and deadly hatred of the different peoples now in possession of the premises, we were forcibly reminded of the words of Abdul Baha: "Religion must be the cause of fellowship and love. If religion be the cause of enmity and rancor, if it should prove the cause of alienating men, then assuredly non-

religion would be better."

the dream of

So, without touching on the Holy Fire, traditions

Helena or the many other ancient and interesting will wander on that hover about the Holy Sepulchre, we

at least, we found through the Bazaars, which, in one respect

from any we had seen. They were compara
very different
the pervasive odors of those m
tively clean, and free from
This was quite a surprise,
Cairo and elsewhere in the Orient.
were formerly noted
for their
as the bazaars of Jerusalem
were
the streets in some places
filth and corruption, and
are clean
now the booths generally
almost impassable. But bake shops
Christian quarter, where the
especially those in the
and candy stores were spotless.

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Jerusalem Continued

Under English rule, these rocky lanes (which are called streets), are swept regularly and evidences of a general house-cleaning are here and there apparent. But in the Jewish quarter and among the Moslems it will require some education and perhaps a generation before they are permanently weaned away from their accustomed ways.

As Jerusalem has always been thought of merely as a place of religious pilgrimage, many other interesting and remarkable things appear never to have received the attention they deserve. One of these, which interested me particularly, was the massive stone work. While the Copts have captured the praise and admiration of the world for their pyramids, the monuments of Ghizeh are "easy picking" compared with the

heavier work performed by the stone masons of Israel, where, in a quarry in northern Palestine, a huge rock has been discovered that measures sixty-eight feet long, fourteen feet high and fourteen feet broad, and is estimated to weigh nearly twelve hundred tons.

Owing to a sudden strike, evasion, or perhaps some change in the building ordinances, this immense stone was abandoned 1700 years ago, and is still to be seen in the quarry.

While the blocks found at Jerusalem do not measure up to this giant, one stone in the Wailing Place measures twenty-four feet long by seven feet high and rests nearly eighty feet above the original surface of the ground. In the Haram wall

is another thirty-eight feet long, weighing at least eighty tons. In the same wall is a course of masonry six feet high, and at the corner of the Haram inclosure is a huge stone that weighs at least one hundred tons.

As these walls now show a height of seventy feet and extend

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eighty feet below the present grade, it means that some of the immense stones were possibly elevated one hundred and fifty feet, which would be no small task even in these days of powerful machinery. It would be interesting to know whether these weighty blocks were hoisted perpendicularly and placed in position, or were handled in the same manner as they were at the pyramids.

The point I wish to emphasize now is that from the children of Israel sprang not only, the greatest prophets, poets, law givers and a religion that has encircled the entire globe, changing modern times; but the history as well as the calendar of the world. In addition to these, great stone-workers. From an engineer's standpoint, the walls of Jerusalem deserve a greater consideration than they have heretofore received.

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XVII

Mosque of Omar and the Via Dolorosa

In the cool, crisp air of the following morning, we started out to visit the famous shrine of the Moslems, usually called the Mosque of Omar, not the Omar whom Fitzgerald has so widely introduced.

Since the English occupation this has become a simple matter, but prior to this, it was necessary to secure a pass, employ a Kawas from the consulate of the country to which the traveler belonged, and be accompanied by a Turkish soldier. These formalities have all been done away with, and all you do now is let the attendants slip some loose canvas slippers over your shoes and walk in.

The site of this structure is that of the Temple designed by King David and built by Solomon, before which stood the two mystic pillars, "thirty and five cubits high," which were called Joachin and Boaz. This wonderful building was burned down and rebuilt; others were also built and destroyed, until finally in 688 A. D., the Moslems took possession of the site and built the Dome of the Rock. Many traditions are current regarding this Sacred Rock, which is located on Mt. Moriah, and is at

least one spot in Jerusalem of whose authenticity there can be no doubt. Among the Jews it has always been revered as the spot where Melchizedek offered sacrifice, where Abraham brought his son Isaac as an offering, where the Ark of the Covenant stood, and where Jacob's Ladder rested.

The Moslems believe it was from this rock that Mahomed's

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steed sprang when it carried the Prophet into heaven while both Moslems and Jews regarded it as the Foundation-stone of the world. The Mosque, or Shrine, stands on a slight terrace in the center of an open area of thirty-five acres, called the Haram inclosure. The building is octagonal in shape and has four doors opening to the four cardinal points; the whole exterior is covered with soft, dull-blue porcelain tiles, and the frieze, also of tiles, is ornamented with passages in Arabic from the Koran. Leading to the platform or terrace are wide steps, and four gates or arcades, facing to the north, south, east and west. In the interior the arches are decorated with glass mosaics, also passages from the Koran in Arabic. The Rock is immediately beneath the dome, and is inclosed by a fine grille of French hammered iron work dating from the twelfth century. Inside the grille-work hang curtains,

partially concealing the irregular Rock, which stands from one to nearly five feet above the floor. This Rock, on which once rested the Holy of Holies, is a bare, rugged unhewn rock about sixty feet long by forty-five feet wide, which looks as if it had received hard usage, and in its present condition shows had

little resemblance to what it was in the days when Onan here his threshing-floor.

in the

After viewing the footprint of Mahomed, which was shown as the footprint of Christ,

and

twelfth century

of the Angel

noting the deep, highly-polished finger-prints

the Rock from fol

Gabriel, whose prompt action prevented

and making sure that the

lowing the Prophet into heaven,

at the north end, (the

three and a half nails were still in situ

there were nineteen nails, of

legend being that originally
all but three and a half,
which the Devil has already extracted

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Mosque of Omar and the Via Dolorosa

and when the last one disappears, the end of the world will come) ; after pausing at the praying places of Abraham, David, Solomon and Mahomed, and encircling the celebrated Rock, walking on rare carpets of rich, Oriental pattern and of great price, we passed out, shedding our canvas slippers at the door.

At some distance from the Mosque is a marble fountain called El Kas, or The Cup, near which we halted, waiting for Joseph, who had remained behind to dicker with the attendants. Having nothing else to do, I foolishly lighted my pipe, whereupon guards rushed up from several directions, with wild gestures and wilder exckntations, until Joseph hurried to my rescue and explained that I was still on holy ground. So (rather than go to jail), I pocketed my offending pipe, and proceeded to the Mosque of El Aksa originally the magnificent Basilica founded by the Emperor Justinian in honor of the Virgin about fourteen hundred years ago, but a few centuries later appropriated by the Moslems, who converted it into a mosque.

Here we were shown the tomb of the sons of Aaron; the last resting place of the murderers of Thomas a' Becket, and the beautiful pulpit of Saladin, made of the cedar of Lebanon and inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Near the pulpit is the praying place of Moses, while back of the pulpit is a stone said to contain a footprint of Christ; close by are two pillars, so near together that only a very slender person could pass between them. In former times, every pilgrim was supposed to try it, as those who succeeded were sure of a place in heaven; but for those who failed the case was considered doubtful. Owing to the fact that some years ago a portly

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pilgrim, in trying to squeeze through, got wedged and expired on the spot, stanchions were placed between them, and we were obliged to look further, and for some other test, in order to settle the important question of our eternal futures. Underneath this portion of the inclosure are located Solomon's stables, and here he had "forty thousand stalls of horses

for his chariots"; but as this structure only dates back to Roman times, it is probably the stables of the Knights Templars.

From this point a wonderful view is obtained. Below is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, a mass of graves and memorial stones, as it is the wish of all devout Jews to be buried here, where

the Messiah is to come "and sit to judge all the heathen round about." To the south lies the Village of Siloam, the Virgin's Fountain and the Pool ; across the valley is the Mt. of Olives, and at its foot, on the edge of the valley of the Kedron (whose dry bed shows that the Brook is now only a temporary affair), a small walled-in garden is seen, containing a few cypress and olive trees, the reputed Garden of the Gethsem

ane. A little to the left of the Garden is the road to Bethany, and winding over the hills still further to the left is the road to Jericho.

About the center of the east wall of the inclosure stands the Golden Gate, which it is supposed the Saviour entered through

It is now walled up, and there

Palm Sunday.

Jerusalem on

is a tradition that when He returns, He will make the triumphal entry through this Gate and

Moslems. In the inclosure, north of the Gate, is a small

Throne of Solomon, where it is said he

mosque called the

was found dead. The character of Solomon, by the way, pre-

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Mosque of Omar and the Via Dolorosa

sents a peculiar study, when viewed at close range. Here on the spot where we were standing he built the wonderful Temple to Jehovah, while just across the valley, and connected

with it by a great causeway, he erected a temple to Venus on what would seem to be well-named, the Mt. of Offense. Here,

in view of the Lord's Temple, he kept his seraglio of plain

young and well-selected beauties, with whom he spent his time

when not composing Canticles or issuing words of wisdom.

In other words, while he said many wise things, he also did many vain and foolish ones, and in the end died ingloriously.

All of which leads one to believe that he spoke from personal

experience when he casually remarked that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Passing out of the inclosure by the northeast gate, we walked by the Pool of Bethesda, now dry and clogged with rubbish. Continuing, we reached the Via Dolorosa, called by the natives, "The Street of the Serai," which leads from the Government House to the Holy Sepulchre. The Via Dolorosa is a narrow, roughly paved street, spanned by several picturesque Roman arches. It is a shock, however, to learn that it was not selected or so named until the fourteenth century. In this street are located nine of the fourteen Stations of the Cross, which are marked by bronze tablets attached to the high walls which inclose the street on both sides; the other five Stations are within the walls of the Holy Sepulchre already described.

The first Station, the Scala Sancta, or holy steps, we had seen in a church at Rome, but the place where they once were is pointed out. Near by is the second Station, the place of the Binding of the Cross upon the shoulder of Christ.

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A few steps further on we came to the Ecce Homo Arch, a part of which extends out over the street, and is said to be the spot where Pilate said unto them, "Behold the Man!" At the junction of this street with the one leading from the Damascus Gate is where He is said to have fallen for the first time. From this third Station, the visitor, if sufficiently interested to complete the course, is shown where the Virgin fainted, the place where Simon took the Cross, the house of Veronica, which recalls the legend regarding the Holy Handkerchief, the so-called Gate of Judgment, where He fell a second time, where He addressed the daughters of Jerusalem who accompanied Him, and the ninth Station, which is at the door of the Coptic Monastery. While it is claimed that these Stations were known to the Roman Catholics in the twelfth century, we were unable to find that any of the pilgrims of that time mentioned them: so that, unless the visitor is endowed with a large amount of what is distinguished as "religious" faith, a walk down this little street leaves his mind anything but a calm and satisfied condition.

when we

Many times since this cool morning in March, toiled over this Stony Way, the words of Abdul Baha have come to my mind: "No man should blindly follow his an

cestors and forefathers. Nay, each must see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears, he may find the Truth." But in doing so, what a difference it makes in the verdict!

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XVIII

A Day at Bethlehem

After several days of tramping over the narrow, stony streets, looking at doubtful antiquities, we grew somewhat weary, and were relieved when Joseph appeared and announced that the carriage was waiting outside. Now, we thought, our opportunity had come to get out and see something real, some of the pictures we had formed of life in the Holy Land. We even had a vague hope that our eyes might somewhere rest on a replica of "the solitary gleaner," who once "stood in tears amid the alien corn"; but who at the suggestion of her mother-in-law kept only one eye on the corn and the other on the aged but susceptible Boaz, who we are told finally succumbed, and gladdened "the sad heart of Ruth."

But after journeying a short distance, we discovered that it was out of season for any kind of gleanings, so we began looking about for some modern Rebekah at a

well, waiting to say, "Drink, and I will draw-water for thy camels also." But this, too, seemed out of fashion, since a certain Canadian engineer at Kantara, with the aid of a filtering plant and a twelve-inch pipe line, was pumping unheard-of quantities of the "sweet waters of the Nile" into a large reservoir inside the walls of the ancient city.

Regarding this event, which we have already men-

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tioned, we heard another version of a Turkish tradition, prophesying that the Turk would remain master of Jerusalem "until the waters of the Nile flowed into the Holy City." To their minds, this was evidence that they would remain there indefinitely. But General Allenby,

basing his efforts "on the justice of our cause and faith in the sustaining help of the Almighty," had brought about this unexpected event, and the surprised Turk

had no other alternative but to evacuate the stronghold. Although fulfilling one prophecy, General Allenby side stepped another by refusing to allow them to remove the masonry which blocked up the Golden Gate ("until the Deliverer should appear"), but quietly entered the city through the Jaffa entrance (prepared a few years previously for the German Emperor), and without any pomp or flaunting of foreign flags in the faces of the inhabitants of the "occupied territory."

How expert the English are in these matters, and how carefully they refrain from inflaming the hearts of the natives is also shown by the fact that at the present time the flag of the conqueror is seen nowhere, except over the residence of Governor, and that is on the eastern side of the Mt. of Olives, quite a distance outside and out of sight of the city. By a strange irony of fate, the Governor has taken up his abode in what was formerly the Empress Auguste Viktoria Sanatorium, inaugurated in 1910. It is a large and imposing building by the German Crown, composed of stone buildings, surrounded by a substantial looking group which incloses a well-kept garden by a high stone wall, with trees and flowers of several acres, liberally supplied

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A Day at Bethlehem

ers. From the tower of the main building there is a wonderful view: on one side is the Dead Sea (nearly thirteen hundred feet below the sea level), and on the

other side, the Holy City (about twenty-five hundred feet above sea level) ; to the north the mountains stretch away towards Bethany and Jericho; while to the south

lies the town of Bethlehem, a panorama that takes in many of the most important places in the religious history of the world.

Before leaving the subject of water supply, we might add that what is now conveyed by the daughters of Israel and their neighbors is still carried on their heads, in the ancient fashion, but in five-gallon tin cans the

picturesque being sacrificed for the modern and more practical containers dispensed by the Standard Oil Co. But, as I started to say at the beginning of this chapter, our guide announced that our carriage was waiting, and that we would now visit the little town of Bethlehem the mostwidely-known town of its size in the world! Leaving the city by the Jaffa entrance, we proceeded down the Valley of Hinnom along the familiar road leading to the railroad station, but continuing due south, past the Hill of Evil Counsel, where Caiaphas the High Priest had his summer residence and bribed Judas to betray his Master, and passing the traditional tree on which Judas later hanged himself. We continued along the glaring white road where Mary and Joseph traveled when, failing to find lodgings at Jerusalem, they continued on to Bethlehem.

Farther along, by the side of the road, is the Well of

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the Magi, where the Wise Men paused, and seeing the reflection of the Star in the well, followed it until it stood over where the young Child was.

A short distance beyond we paused to visit the tomb of Rachel, a modern structure supposed to stand somewhere near where the ancient tomb was. The interior bears some resemblance to a hotel register, as the white walls are completely covered with names, scribbled everywhere within reach of the scribbling public, so that either step-ladders will have to be provided for next season or the walls given a new coat of whitewash.

Finally we reached Bethlehem, a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, situated on a long hill six miles from Jerusalem. It presents a rather picturesque appearance, as the hill is terraced and well covered with vines, fig and olive trees. The streets are generally too narrow for vehicles to pass each other, and are steep and slippery. While they reminded us somewhat of the Canals of Venice, navigation is more difficult here, as traffic can only pass in one direction at a time, and you have to take your turn along with the droves of sheep and camels and other vehicles. The houses are square, solidly built of stone, with cupolas and balconies, forming a pleasing picture, with the groves and terraced gardens below them.

The inhabitants of Bethlehem are supposed to be

celebrated for their beauty and turbulence, but as our short visit did not permit us to see any shining examples of either class, we cannot vouch for either the one or the other.

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A Day at Bethlehem

to be the principal industry of the town seems manufacture and sale of souvenirs in the shape of made rosaries, crucifixes, cigar holders, etc., which are

This of olive wood, Dead Sea stone and mother-of-pearl. business is carried on very earnestly and with great persistence, and strangers are besieged by shopkeepers who follow them with warnings not to buy at the other man's store and be robbed, but to come into their store here where the job would be done properly, the prices being at least double those in Jerusalem.

The center of interest, however, is in the huge, fortress of the like building or buildings at the eastern edge is said to be

village the Church of the Nativity, which in the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the year

world, having been erected by Constantine 330 A. D. The roof was renewed by King Edward IV, and is of oak. Adjoining are three convents English who belonging to the Romans, Greeks and Armenians, are joint-owners of the church.

The Grotto of the Nativity, which is a cave in the rock twenty feet below the main floor, is reached by two feet staircases, and is thirty-three feet long by eleven and wide. The walls are covered with Italian marble, the little room is profusely decorated with lamps, figures end of

of saints and embroidery. In a recess at the east indicates the grotto, a silver star on the pavement where Jesus was born, and which the pilgrims who desire to do so may crawl to and kiss. In the upper part of the shrine, above the star, fifteen silver lamps are continually burning six of them belonging to kept

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the Greeks, four to the Romans and five to the Armenians. In another recess is the Chapel of the Manger, which the Roman Catholics claim is the place of discovery of the wooden manger, now shown at one of their churches in Rome. Here is also shown the tomb of St. Jerome, who spent more than thirty years of his life in a cell in this church and died there.

A short distance south of the church is another low cave or grotto, called the Milk Grotto, where it is claimed the Holy Family was kept in seclusion before their flight into Egypt, and during which time a drop of the Virgin's milk accidentally fell on the floor and turned the whole cave white.

In walking about the church we noticed an occasional armed guard sitting behind a pillar or in some shady corner, for an immense treasure of gold and silver and jewels is contained in the lamps and decorations of the various altars. As we were leaving the Grotto where Christ was born, our curiosity was aroused by a triangular-shaped carpet and diverging lines on the floor. It was explained that these were merely to show the property lines of the joint-owners of the church. As this failed to fully enlighten our ignorant minds, it was further explained that in the past this place had been the scene of much friction, strife and not infrequent blood were finally laid shed ; that this carpet and the lines on the rights down so that one sect would not encroach of the other, and if they now crossed the line even so

risk of their lives!
much as an inch, they did so at the
To our minds this seemed a peculiar
untheological

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A Day at Bethlehem

condition to exist at the birthplace of Him who came
to proclaim "Peace on Earth and Good Will unto Men,"
and our thoughts reverted to what Abdul Baha had said
in speaking of the new Bahai Temple at Chicago: "The
and edifices for adoration
purpose of places of worship
is simply that of unity, in order that various nations,
divergent races, varying souls may gather there, and
among them amity, love and accord may be realized."

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XIX

From the Mount of Olives to Mount Zion

There are several ways of going to the Mount of Olives
from the city, but as we were to visit some other places en
route, we took the roundabout way, passing along the north
wall until we reached the Damascus Gate, where the road
branches in three directions.

Taking the way to Nablus (the ancient city of Shechem and
once the capital of Palestine), we passed by the new German

Hospice of St. Paul's and behind it the new Calvary and
Garden Tomb. Near by is the large church of St. Stephens,
recently built by the French, and a little further on the English
school and church of St. George, where the residence of the
English Bishop is located.

Stopping here we visited what has long been known as the
Tombs of the Kings. Being unable to learn exactly what
to look the matter

kings had ever rested there, I took the pains
up, and found that instead of kings, they must have meant
of Queen Helena of Adiabene is promi
queens, as the name
that she died in the
nently mentioned, the inference being
in this very
first century, and was buried somewhere, possibly
place ! A sarcophagus bearing
the name of Queen Sarah was
also found there.

Considering that none of the kings have introduced any
it would seem that the queens
evidence at all on their side,
so far.

have a little the best of the argument
After viewing the interior
of these rock-hewn tombs, which

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From the Mount of Olives to Mount Zion

the upper
are very interesting, we renewed our journey along
barren of hills on
Kedron valley and crossed a low, range
after
which is located the English cemetery, filled with
row

row of white crosses, marking the graves
of the soldiers

who fell in the late war.

where

Gradually we ascended the ridge of Mount Scopus,
which
in ancient times Alexander the Great encamped; over

"the come down like a wolf on the fold,"

and from

Assyrians

From here

which various other despoilers invaded the city.

is perhaps one of the best views to be had of
the city and

of the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea.

the summit

Finally we reached a small, modern village on
of Olivet, and left our carry-all to wait for us at the foot of
The principal object of interest is the Place of
the hill.

Ascension. A large building, belonging to the Moslems,
stands on the site which from the fourth century has been
shown as the place from which Christ ascended into heaven.

In the center of a courtyard is a small Chapel, called
large

the Chapel of Ascension, -containing a rock with a footprint,
shown as the footprint of Christ.

South of this building is the spot where, it is said, He taught

had a
the Disciples to pray, and here a French princess has
chapel erected, called the Pater Noster, in the court of which
are thirty-five panels, each containing
the Lord's Prayer writ
ten in a different language. Her mausoleum of white marble
is also shown here. Further north, surrounded by a small pine
and Priest's House, and near by
grove, is a Russian Chapel
from which
the Russian Tower, with a spiral staircase inside,
obtained of the whole surrounding
an extensive view may be
country. Near the corner of the Chapel is a round rock.

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protruding about a foot and a half above the ground, and
inclosed by an iron railing. This is pointed out as the spot
where Jesus is said to have often rested on his way to
Bethany. At the edge of the bluff, we looked down nearly
five thousand feet below into the Dead Sea, fifteen miles away.
This remarkable body of water called by the Arabs, Bohr Lut
(Lot's Sea), is thirty-six miles long by over nine miles wide,
and covers an area of over four hundred square miles. Its
depth varies from thirteen to thirteen hundred feet, but with a
mean or average depth of one thousand and eighty feet. All
the old notions that no bird could fly over it, and that no per
son could breathe its poisonous exhalations, as well as many
other extravagant statements, have been long since exploded ;
but it is still the most depressed sheet of water in the world,
as it lies thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediter
ranean. It is estimated that six million tons of water empty
into it daily, and its only outlet is by evaporation, so that one
find its climate torrid. On both sides
may reasonably expect to
of the sea are precipitous mountains rising from the water's
al
edge, and near the southern end is a large peak consisting
salt. The water is strongly im
most entirely of pure rock
and
pregnated with the chlorides of sodium, potassium mag
is great that a person can
nesium; while its specific gravity so

as on a couch.
lie on the surface of the water almost
the sea and the point
On a hillside, about half way between
little Moslem village, once
where we stood, lies a wretched
little hamlet is, however,
called Bethany. This dirty, sleepy
wide awake enough to invite the stranger to a place called
another place said to be the house
the Tomb of Lazarus, and
lived.
where Mary and Martha

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From the Mount of Olives to Mount Zion

After gazing at the scene for many long minutes, we walked
down the steep and rocky white road that leads to the foot
of the mountain, where, since the fourth century, the Garden
of the Gethsemane has been located.

Soon we reached the Tomb of Absalom, which is filled to
overflowing with small stones which the devout Jews have
heaped on what has been localized as the grave of David's
ungrateful son. From this point we continued on down the
valley to another spot which has been made familiar to every
one by Bishop Heber's classic, but misleading hymn:

"By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows, etc."

We had often during our trip hummed these well-known
words, and I had fully decided that, when we reached that
place, the guide would be blindfolded, or
sand-bagged if
necessary, while one or more of those wonderful lilies were
added to our collection of floral souvenirs. But when we
reached the "shady rill" which would seem to be another
name for the Virgin's Fountain it was very evident that the
guide was in no danger of violence at our hands, as there were
no lilies or any other species of flowers to be seen in any direc
tion as far as the eye could reach, and while once it might
have been very fair, it now looked like an ideal "habitation for
dragons and a court for owls," and a place where the stayr
could "call to his fellow," and feel perfectly at home about it.
Our next visit was to the modern Mount Zion, where three
points of interest are located. First, we called at the impos
ing edifice recently dedicated by the German Emperor, and

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named the Church of the Dormition of the Virgin. This name is based on a belief that some extraordinary mystery about the death of the Virgin is implied in the Book of the Apocalypse, where it is stated that "to the woman were given two wings of an eagle." We continued on to the Coenaculum and the Tomb of David, touched upon in a previous chapter. Being unable to penetrate the room supposed to be the scene of the Last Supper as it was some forty feet below the one we had entered, and was at present occupied by some Moslem's

harem we proceeded to the Palace of Caiaphas, the High Priest. This place has also been filled in until the present floor level of the court is well up toward the top of the first floor arches. The courtyard is paved with stone slabs, marking the ecclesiastical dignitaries.

graves of priests, bishops and other

This is said also to be the place where Peter stood when he denied the Lord, and a small pillar is shown whereon the cock stood when he crew to warn him. Below, on the opposite slope of the hill, is Aceldama, or the Potter's Field, which is sometimes claimed to be the one which the chief priests bought with the of silver which Judas returned to them thirty pieces before he went and hanged himself.

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XX

Last Days in Jerusalem

In summing up our impressions of Jerusalem, we were surprised. We had looked at so much, and had seen

so little. In trying to account for this we blamed our lack of proper theological training, and the absence of that necessary faith that would have enabled us to be thrilled at everything we were shown, and to believe all we were told. Notwithstanding this handicap we had

thoroughly enjoyed our visit, and would gladly welcome another and longer stay in this city of so many varied and peculiar attractions.

While reviewing and attempting to fix in our minds the events of the last few days in the Holy City, our thoughts naturally reverted to Haifa, Acca and Tiberias, where we had just seen another religion in the making, and we were not slow in realizing how fortunate we had

been to make our trip at this time, to meet and talk with the great leader of this movement, and to visit the scenes in which he was actually living. On the Sea of Galilee, not far from the little hamlets where Jesus spent the greater part of His life, we had met and talked with another man, who, since his boyhood, has been called "the Master"; who was living the Christ-life, and had formulated a new set of sane and practical rules for making the world better for those who are now living in it. We had seen how these teachings had, in less than

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half a century, penetrated to every corner of the globe, and persuaded men of every sect to lay aside their petty jealousies and work together in a common cause the betterment of the world today! In the midst of the insincerity and superstitions that hover around the Holy Places in Jerusalem, it was refreshing to turn to the plain and wholesome ways of the Bahais.

On the afternoon of our last day in Jerusalem, the other members of our party found themselves somewhat fatigued and suggested that we all take a good rest; but I remarked that it was Good Friday and I intended going to services at the Holy Sepulchre.

The idea seemed all right, but as our guide and encyclopedia, Joseph, had completed his contract and been dismissed, how was I going to find my way about? I assured my fellow-travelers that I had found my way in larger cities than Jerusalem. Anyway the bluff worked, and the others decided that if I was sure I could find the way, they would join me.

So, taking upon myself Joseph's duties, but my own hat and mantle, I set off with the party in tow. Just passing through the Damascus Gate I noticed

a

after

to a native in a combination

young lady excitedly talking

of French and Arabic. As my heart was naturally

touched at seeing a young and very good-looking young lady of the nature of her

lady in distress, I paused to inquire

that she

trouble. She replied in none-too-fluent English

the way to the Holy Sepul

had several times inquired the way

but that none of the natives had apparently ever
chre,
even heard of it !

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Last Days in Jerusalem

I tried to relieve her anxiety by telling her that we
were on way there and if she would join us, I had
our

no doubt we would all reach the place, sooner or later.
At first she rather doubted my ability, as I failed to
look the part of a professional guide, but on being
assured by the rest of the party that I knew the way
perfectly, she decided to take a chance. Her English
and my French were equally good or bad but we

managed somehow to surmount the barrier of language.
Having thus cracked the ice of convention, we sauntered
along through the bazaars. The young lady, I soon
learned, was not only well educated, and a devout
Catholic, but was also a professoress of French Litera
ture in a college at Alexandria, Egypt, and was taking
advantage of her Easter vacation to visit Jerusalem for
the first time.

Fortune seemed to smile on my efforts as a guide,
and in due time we arrived at the Holy Sepulchre, just
as a large procession was marching out of the entrance.
a

Working our way through the crowd, we entered and
stood near the Holy Tomb.

As this was the period allotted to the Franciscans, the
services were conducted in Latin, but the responses of
the congregation, which had gathered from all quarters
of the earth, were made in French, English, Latin and
other tongues which I was not linguist enough to recog
nize. Presently a male choir of about twenty voices
sang the chorus, Le Prophete with an effect truly
magical. Never have I heard a group of men (some of
them were of middle age and others turning grey) with

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such marvelous voices. Add to this the spiritual associa
tions which cling like a veritable atmosphere about the
place, and the result was an experience never to be

forgotten.

Viewing this little incident from another angle, it impressed me anew with the strange things that can suddenly enter into our lives. If anyone had told me on Christmas that on the coming of Good Friday I would be conducting a strange French lady from Alexandria, Egypt, along the streets of Jerusalem to the Holy Sepulchre, I would certainly have thought that individual headed for a padded cell, or at least in need of the services of a psychiatrist.

While we were in Tiberias, the most spectacular feature we witnessed torchlight procession on was the Mahomed's birthday; but at Jerusalem the great excitement was the arrival of Lord Randolph Churchill.

Being in the vicinity of the Jaffa Gate about five o'clock in the afternoon, I noticed the streets and house tops packed with humanity and the policemen unusually that busy trying to keep the road clear for something was about to happen. Squads of mounted horsemen of soldiers were were dashing around and companies down the road toward the railroad station. I was filing unable to make any headway in finding to out what was

with either going to happen. Not being able to juggle Arabic or Yiddish idioms, I put in the time gazing down the street which everybody else was gazing down; but as it was the dinner hour, I decided my approaching name was not Job, and sauntered back to the hotel.

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Last Days in Jerusalem

There I saw a man who had seen the Egyptian Gazette, and he said it stated that the English Foreign Secretary was due to arrive and that was probably what the crowd had collected to see. So after a hurried dinner we all went out again to see the rest of the show. Sentries were now stationed about one hundred feet apart along both sides of the street. They seemed to be species of Boy Scouts, dressed in a sort of abbre

a

viated summer uniform that left a portion of their legs exposed to the inclement weather as they stood, their teeth chattering, holding long poles with streamers on the top. In the cold wind we found a sweater and overcoat failed to make us comfortable, so we walked briskly up and down on the lee side of the city wall for another hour or so, and still nothing exciting happened. How and when the English Secretary ever got into Jerusalem, we never learned, being denied the pleasure of welcoming him. We were relieved when the Scouts, by this time almost petrified with the cold, were called in at nine o'clock. We had the pleasure of seeing the Secretary frequently on the boat a few days later. The next morning, if our Hotellerie had possessed such a thing as a clock, it would have been striking four a. m., when we rolled out, finished our packing and started off in the moonlight for the railroad station. In the gray dawn we passed by the Tower where the Jebusites had taunted David by placing on the wall "the blind and the lame," and wound down the hill by the Pool of Gihon, which David, now a successful and pros-

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perotisking, had made famous by happening to see Bethesda bathing there.

At six o'clock our dingy little train began to move, and in a few minutes the City of David passed into the realm of recollection.

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XXI

From Jerusalem to Cairo

In studying the map of Jerusalem in its early days and comparing its topography with that of the present time, one is astonished at the changes that have taken place there during the last few thousand years. Originally the city was built on four hills, and a deep, precipitous valley separated the eastern from the western part, making two really distinct cities. Believing it only right and proper to give every man his just dues, we wish before closing the account, to pay our respects to that person (or persons) who acted in the capacity of city engineer of Jerusalem for the last twenty-five hundred

or three thousand years.

From what we could learn, it appears that each time the city was captured and destroyed, the ruins were thrown into the several valleys with which the city was conveniently provided, and the accommodating city engineer simply set up his transit, if he happened to have one, and established a new grade, which was official until the next despoiler came along and left some more debris. Then the grade was again raised to meet the new condition, and so on until the valleys practically disappeared, and the portion of the city within the walls became comparatively level.

While the city engineer was covering himself with glory and the stone masons were doing their good work,

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the architects failed to keep up with the procession, and have produced practically nothing worth while. As we looked around on the commonplace buildings, we were reminded of the remedy proposed by one of England's Prime Ministers, who, in lamenting the lack of any beautiful buildings in London, suggested that an architect or two be hanged occasionally, on the theory that "no profession has ever done its duty until it has furnished its victim," and that "terror has its inspiration, and might succeed where competition has failed." Just now, however, there is no more demand for an architect in Jerusalem than there is for a Methodist preacher, as there is no possibility of getting a building permit, although there is a great demand. But the Moslems, who are still in charge of the local government, are playing a little politics. They will not realize that every building means new residents who be Moslems and enough new residents will mean a change in the city officials, consequently the lid has been clamped down and the door closed on any further construction. piece of property changes hands- every

It is true, a
out that had
few hundred years (I had one piece pointed
it is evident that real
actually been sold recently), yet
in this climate, and the
estate agents do not thrive
is one, is located in a
Chamber of Commerce, if there
sub-cellar and conducted in
a quiet and unobtrusive
in Jeru
manner. The only real live-wire "boosters"
souvenir post cards and
saalem are engaged in selling

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From Jerusalem to Cairo

Oriental curios most of which have been
imported
from Germany!

The Jordan valley from the Sea of Galilee to the
Dead Sea is only sixty miles long, but the river itself
is two hundred miles in length, winding back and forth
across the valley until at times it seems to be running

uphill; and it falls six hundred feet in the sixty miles.

It is interesting to know that the only recorded instance
of greater fall is in our own Sacramento River, which
falls eight hundred and forty feet, but in a distance of
four hundred and fifty miles.

While the Valley of the Jordan is only a very small
affair, the soil is deep and has the appearance of being
very fertile, and seems to be patiently waiting for a real
steel plow to come along and till its richness, which
has been fattening for thousands of years.

At present the only inhabitants in the valley are the
migratory Arabs, who pitch their tents wherever they
choose, without the formality of a building permit, and
in a few days or weeks move on to new and fresher
pastures. The Arab's objection to owning land is two
fold. First, he would have to stay in one place; and
second, he would have to pay taxes, to which he is con
stitutionally and unconditionally opposed. In many
respects his conditions and frame of mind are similar to
those of the native Californians before the Gringoes came.
Here in Palestine we came nearer to the real Arab

than anywhere else; grew interested in them and we

their native haunts, which they are said to have inhabited since the Flood, some of the tribes claiming direct

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descent from one or more of the eighty persons who made the voyage with Noah in the Ark. Having made a safe landing, they have been playing safe ever since by simply holding their own in their own way.

The nations around them have amassed great riches, built wonderful cities and speeded along on the main boulevard of civilization and power. But in the end they have paid the penalty for their so-called progress and sunk into ruin. While the wily Arab has persisted in clinging to his tents and is still neither greater nor less than he has ever been. Though always on the move, he has remained stationary; he is still enjoying his freedom, he has never conquered, and feels that he been

never will be. Of some things perhaps he has a right character in

to be proud, as Lord Beaconsfield makes a one of his romances say,

"the Arab is the only race that

never and "the Creator of the world has never withers,"

an Arab!"

spoken to anyone, except

Our trip from Jerusalem Cairo was interesting to

but uneventful. It was enlivened somewhat by the attractive young Belgian woman in

presence of a very illu

was able to relate many

our compartment, who

minating and tragic first-hand

war experiences.

the jurisdiction

When we arrived at Kantara, leaving

of Egypt, this young

of Palestine and entering that

had failed to visit

woman found to her sorrow that she
and
secure permis
the police department in Jerusalem Officer
and the Passport Control
sion to leave Palestine,
This was not only
refused to allow her to proceed.
but it looked like the end of our
seriously aggravating,

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From Jerusalem to Cairo

pleasant little party. But after a long quiz, augmented
by a great deal of persuasion on our parts, the officer
became convinced that the omission was due to igno
rance on the young woman's
part, but as a penalty
confiscated her passport. So when the train arrived
we smuggled her across, into the car, and proceeded to
Cairo, where we arrived safe and sound a few minutes
before midnight.

Here another pleasant surprise awaited us. Notwith
standing the lateness of the hour, a number of Bahai
friends were on hand to meet us, and from that time
on spared no pains to make our stay in Cairo a pleasant
one. Thereafter we learned more and more that Bahai
is another name for "cheerful service," and nothing was
allowed to come between them and the stranger who
was sojourning among them.

In contrast to the Western world, where business and
money-getting take precedence over everything else, the
unselfish hospitality of the Bahais at Cairo made a deep
and lasting impression.

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XXII

Here and There in Cairo

The morning after our return to Cairo being Sunday and
Easter (a day not largely celebrated in these parts), we were
one of the most promi
taking a brief rest, when Dr. S ,

nent physicians in Cairo as well as one of the finest Bahais
in the world, called and invited Mr. B and myself to a
real Egyptian lunch at the Aly Hassan El-Haty.
The menu was a two-column affair, one side in French and

the other in Arabic, but the Doctor, being a native Egyptian
was equally
and a graduate of the Lyon University in France,
at home in either column and presided
in a way that left
we proceeded a few
nothing to be desired. After lunch
parasangs to a Cafe
on the Opera House Square, where I
which the natives
had my first and only lesson on a narghile,
seem to enjoy anywhere
from half an hour to half a day at
that the only easy
a stretch. My experience was, however,
is while you are waiting for the slave
part of the performance
to fix up a wad of Turkish
tobacco about the size of a boiler-
on top of it, and hand you
the
maker's fist, lay some live coals
when you are supposed to
ivory-handled end of "the snake,"
for half an hour or more
do the rest. After pulling away
a fairly
some headway and producing
I was beginning to make

good S; but presently my brain began
I
to act like a
had merry^
taken ether
and I felt very much
as if

a tooth extracted.
So I slacked up a bit and
was about to have and I
then fresh coals were brought
The fire went out;

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was told to draw hard. Everything began to grow hazy as
the dizziness increased and a slight nausea added itself to the

other alarming symptoms. So I quietly coiled up "the snake" and suggested that we get out into the fresh air, where I wondered if anybody had ever actually finished one of those wads of Turkish tobacco and lived to tell the tale. The following evening we were invited to dinner at the home of a Persian grain merchant, giving us the opportunity to see more of the Oriental home life. Arriving a little before seven in the evening, we were shown into a large living-room handsomely carpeted. The walls were bare except for a few framed mottoes in Persian and some choice pieces of silk seemed to be the tapestry hanging here and there. The latter decoration in all the houses we visited in the Orient prevailing framed pictures being nowhere in evidence. Shortly after we arrived tea was served in dainty glass cups, the beverage being made from the flowers of the tea instead of the leaves, amber in color and very delicious pale as This refreshment was repeated at intervals of half an hour until nine o'clock, when dinner was announced. After everyone was seated, there were six and no ladies present, the host rose at the head of the table and delivered a neat little speech, saying that he was very happy to have us with him ; that it was an evening he would always remember, and his only regret was that he had not more to offer us. This making of neat little speeches seems to be an Oriental habit, as earlier in the day two young Persians had called at more than a dozen the hotel, and although I had not spoken words to them, one grasped my hand on leaving and said

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very earnestly, "I am very happy to meet you. I love you very much, and I am only sorry I cannot talk more with you!"

The following day, accompanied by a young Persian, I went again to Heliopolis, a modern suburb of Cairo, more nearly resembling California than anything I have seen. The wide

streets are paved with asphaltum, the buildings are new and modern as well as being excellent examples of Arabic architecture. The street cars are fine and clean, with large plate windows, and altogether are a trifle better than anything we have here, although we are supposed to have the best in the world.

As usual, there is a reason for all this. A few years ago a company of capitalists built the city of Heliopolis and spared no expense, as they expected it to outrival as well as outshine Monte Carlo. These beautiful interurban cars were intended to haul out their flush patrons in good shape, even if they did had every assurance happen to return broke. The company but the wheel that a gambling license would be granted them; and sufficient pres of fortune changed before it was installed to bear that the government deemed it un-
sure wasbrought the permission. Thus a group of wise to give necessary were left with a perfectly good city and a fine street capitalists car system on their hands. #

taste for Orient
As I had acquired a recent, but pronounced,
to stroll opposite the
tal chanting I took every opportunity
Arab woman, sitting on an old
Opera House, where a blind
turned her sightless eyes
niece of carpet about a foot square, I
uo to the sky and
chanted from the Koran. In passing
elicit out-
her hand, which would an
would lay half a piastre in

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Here and There in Cairo

burst of chanting that was wonderful to hear. As soon as it subsided, I would turn and place another half piastre in her

other hand, which insured another joyful paeon of praise to Allah. As the cost was only two cents an outburst, it was altogether the cheapest musical entertainment I had ever listened to, as well as the weirdest. The performances reminded me of that of the old colored woman in Kansas, who was praying the Lord to send her a loaf of bread, when an irreverent neighbor passed her shanty. Hearing her noisy supplication, he thought he would play a joke on her. So he brought a loaf of bread and threw it into the room, saying:

"Here's your loaf of bread, mammy, but the Lord didn't send it. I brought it myself and you know me."

"Dat's all right," she replied, "I knows you, but de good Lord sent it jus' de same even if He did have de devil fetch it!"

At another time I was startled by a different kind of music, caused by two Arab bootblacks who were trying to settle a little difference by butting their heads together. When, at the end of ten minutes neither head nor neck had been broken, they shut off the music and finished by chewing each other's ears.

One of the charms of Cairo is the diversity of phases of life found there.

Arabs sprawled full length across the sidewalks, sound asleep, while people of wealth and fashion walk carefully around them. The half-clad and half-blind lead the blind. High-powered automobiles honk for a pack-train of donkeys or a drove of sheep to release a part of the right of way. A modern trolley car (Westinghouse system) clangs its gong

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for a loaded caravan of camels to clear the crossing some of the camels, perhaps, with large baskets attached to each side from which dark-skinned and darker-eyed daughters of the desert look out on the city for the first time. A group of natives squat on the curb rminching away on a cake of native bread about the size of an American pie and as elastic as a piece of Indian rubber; while near by at Groppi's you find a garden filled with small tables and crowded with as fashion able a gathering as you would find on the boulevards of Paris. Just outside the garden, native women move along with babies astride their shoulders (the baby clutching the mother's hair for support), all dressed in the fashion of Pharaoh's daughters when they tripped down to the river's edge with the royal laundry and found the infant Moses among the bulrushes,

while his little sister loitered on the bank to suggest that she could find a good nurse for the hungry child.

In the hotel lobby a dainty Japanese prima donna, with her while a

European maid, fondles some sort of exotic poodle, on furlough, chat with their wives.

group of English officers,

Arab the

The hotel terrace outside is crowded with turbaned

chiefs of the villages round about dressed

in long robes of

of

broadcloth of all colors, talking excitedly to a delegation

who have

impassive sheiks from about Damascus and Medina,

been summoned to meet the English Foreign Secretary.

cars pass, loaded

In the street a three-car train of electric

to the guards with noisy young Egyptians

shouting, "Fall the

a shot is heard

English! Egypt for Egyptians!" Presently behind a

and scurry to shelter

and a group of Arabs scatter

row of cabs along the

sidewalk. A lorry dashes up and un-

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Here and There in Cairo

loads a detachment of soldiers to clean out the square. And so the scenes are continually shifted.

Everywhere is contrast and color, light and shade; the old and the new, mixing, but not mingling. In every direction is life and activity, until you are moved to exclaim: "Surely, Cairo is a city where age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety!"

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XXIII

Cairo to Alexandria

Our last evening in Cairo furnished one of the most unique experiences we met with on our travels, although it necessitated our breaking one of the iron-clad rules of the Orient that the same roof must not shelter two persons of the opposite sex unless they are man and wife.

The stage was set as follows: The ladies, properly

veiled, repaired to the house of a "friend" during the afternoon, removed their veils when indoors, and remained there until the evening, when the rest of us put in our appearances. We were greatly surprised in more ways than one; but after all the test was hardly a fair one, as the ladies were highly educated and spoke Arabic, Persian, French and English. Considering it was unusual for them to be entertaining strangers, they carried it off very successfully, and the experience was as it was perhaps as novel and exciting for them as for us.

To me it was interesting, showing that human nature is practically the same the world over, of our idioms difference in this case being that some to them, and attempts at humor were naturally strange but by a little repetition and explanation they were

and so the evening passed always to grasp the idea, very pleasantly. Cairo is the cordial reception One delightful thing about

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Cairo to Alexandria

tion given to Americans. Very often I was accosted by a native with, "You Engleez?" as he critically sized me up. One being told, "No, Amerikani !" his face would light up and he would become effusive, repeating, "Ah! you good fellow. I like you!" And they were always anxious to do something for you, hoping, of course, that you will maintain the American's reputation for generosity. You would be continually reminded that "Amerikani have plenty money not stingy!" I was surprised at how many trips some of our most prominent men must have made to Cairo, as nearly every guide claimed to be personally acquainted with one of our leading bankers. "Very rich! Have show him all over Egypt!" And they all spoke very affectionately of his liberality.

But acquaintances ripen quickly in this climate. The little Greek, who kept a tobacco store at which I left a few piastres occasionally, almost wept when I told him I was leaving Cairo. His only consolation seemed to be that perhaps he would sell out soon, and come to California, and see me there!

This reminds me of another incident that led me to believe that the art of salesmanship in the Orient has reached a high degree of refinement. When traveling in Europe and the Orient, a man who uses tobacco has as many troubles as a person taking care of twins. The customs officials pick on him unmercifully and he is kept continually busy figuring how he can be out of tobacco when he reaches the frontier, and still have a smoke after he has crossed the border. And when you do lay

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in a supply, you wish you hadn't, as you rarely get any thing fit to smoke.

As we were to be in Cairo for a few days I decided

to stock up, and passing a tobacconist's shop on a

prominent street, my heart was made glad by the sight of a large can of American tobacco prominently displayed in the window. I lost no time in entering and pointed out the can I wanted. The proprietor began showing me one brand after another while I was still insisting on my first choice. Finally, having lost all patience I asked him why I could not have the can I indicated, when he confessed that that was the only can he had of that kind, and it was empty! he was

using it as a decoy to get the passing "Amerikani" into his store. When I told him plainly what I thought of his scheme, he replied that a large shipment had reached I

Alexandria, and would be in his store in a few days. and to

told him I would be back in Cairo in four weeks

reserve me two cans. When I called

about a month later,

was unable to say

the shipment had not arrived and he

can had also dis

what had become of it, but the empty

appeared from his window!

in Heliopolis we were
While calling on some friends
in this strange land
introduced to another new feature
was the people's firm belief
of many surprises, and that
is to
Almost everything that happens
in prophecies.
of ancient prophecy
some
them simply the fulfillment
that "one day there would
We were told of a prophecy
and the ninth one would be called
be nine cities in Cairo,
if it did
of which had come true, even
Heliopolis"-all

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Cairo to Alexandria

require a group of foreign capitalists, who were trying
to found a second Monte Carlo.

A telegram reminds them of the time of Job, when it
was said, "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may
go and say unto Thee, here we are?"

A humble "flivver" calls up a prophecy nearly three
thousand years old that "The chariots shall rage in the
streets, and jostle one against another in the broad
ways"-their headlights being the "torches" and their
reckless speeding the "lightnings" referred to.

And so on without end, everything seems to have been
foreseen and foretold.

The World War and consequent social unrest calls up
the command of Daniel "to shut up the words and seal
the book even to the time of the end," which means that
a new dispensation will be given and the "Most Great

Peace" will arrive; the world will begin to realize that
a purely material civilization has been a failure, that
strife and world wars are folly, and will be willing to
embrace the idea of universal brotherhood and strive to
make the world better for the ones who are now living
in it. All this, when properly backed up by statements
and statistics, is very interesting.

Our boat was to sail from Alexandria on April first,

and passports, police permits, etc., must be attended to as well as the medical authorities satisfied that we were in reasonably good health particular, free from in

cholera germs. After the usual haggling, everything was arranged and we left Cairo on a special boat train at quarter of ten in the morning, and after once more

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crossing the delta of the Nile, reached Alexandria at one-thirty in the afternoon. Here the railway, which is under English management, has a rule forbidding porters to enter and remove luggage, so it was up to the cars

me to take several well-loaded suit cases down from our

the racks and hoist them out through the window to the porters on the platform below. All went well until the last, which had a broken handle, was allowed to swing against the inner window of our compartment. There was a crash of broken glass. Immediately a guard was at my elbow demanding fifty piastres, which I handed to have

him, thinking that would end it, and lined up my passport examined.

In a again saw the guard approach, few minutes I

accompanied by a tall, crimson-faced Englishman adorned with a still redder tarbush. Being identified as the culprit, I was requested to hand over twenty piastres more. bobbed up and insisted that I had

At this Mr. B

know who

paid for that window once, and wanted to the person was, and what right he had to come along

and demand more. The big Englishman swelled up, and was so near choked with rage that all he could say was, "I am an Englishman!" His melodramatic attitude struck being supremely funny, while we all felt us as

tweed-clad Briton with

sorry for him a big, raw-boned,

to burst with anger. As a
a bright red tarbush, ready
him if there were
parting shot, Mr. B asked any more
whether it was all settled now?
Englishmen around, or
was laughing, and our red-
By this time everyone
but look-
faced friend retired with his twenty piastres,

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Cairo to Alexandria

ing as if he was about to enjoy an epileptic fit. And so,
without more ado or further mishap, we handed the
customs officer one hundred and five piastres, boarded
the good ship Esperia, and at quarter after three in
the afternoon, headed for Naples, realizing for the first
time that we were really homeward bound.

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XXIV

How the Pyramids Were Built

As we are about to leave the land of the Pharaohs, it would
seem an appropriate time to exploit a theory which dawned
on me during our sojourn there,
regarding the probable
method which was used by the builders of the pyramids.
Aware that many theories have been advanced by eminent
Egyptologists, men qualified by great learning and extensive
research to speak with authority on such a subject, a simple
and practical way occurred to me as I stood sizing up one of
these immense pieces of masonry. As the solution seemed so
easy, I wondered why it had not been thought of before. For
if it has, the treatise is certainly not in general circulation.
I have no intention of applying for "letters patent" on the
future pyramids that
process, or of asking royalties on any
this method, partly because someone else may
may be built by
have established a prior claim, and because the demand for
seem to
pyramids has fallen off considerably. In fact, they
are the
have gone out of style entirely, and small mud huts

that meets with gen
only style of suburban architecture
now

eral favor in Egypt.

We were told that each one of the ninety or pyramids
more

the Valley of the Nile, started
forming huge triangles along
with a small unit built first. This was
commenced as soon as
that even in those days
a king ascended the throne, showing
and wished to make sure of an
they believed in preparedness
eternal resting place.

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How the Pyramids Were Built

As human life has always been uncertain, and political
revolutions more or less plentiful, the kings chose a size which
they felt reasonably certain could be finished "in the rough"
before they shuffled off, it being the practice to leave to their
"heirs, executors, administrators and assigns," the job of
putting on the polished surface of the exterior after the
funeral services were over.

We will suppose that after consulting the actuary and feel
ing the political pulse, a king decided it would be safe to start
a pyramid one hundred feet square. Stone masons were hired
at the rate of so many bushels of onions and garlic roots per
annum and started the work. These men had what is known
in railroad parlance as a "steady daylight" job, and worked in
the cool shade of the quarries from one year's end to another,
knowing that if they delivered the rocks they were sure of a
job. For if their present employer died another would take
his place, and another pyramid would have to be started at
once. So they had nothing to do but work.

By the beginning of June, these stone masons would have
enough stone ready for transportation to the site of the pro
posed pyramid. The Nile had begun to overflow and all
work in the fields consequently suspended. So the king would
declare a three months' holiday, commanding all his subjects to
report for work on his pyramid.

As soon as this army of common laborers appeared they
were set to clearing off the site; the Royal Engineer was al
ready on the lot with blueprints, and having set up the royal

transit, proceeded to stake out the foundation exactly facing the four cardinal points.

For convenience in figuring and because the king had al-

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ready decided the matter, the structure is to be one hundred feet square. And if the aforesaid king lives long enough and manages to hold his job, more layers will be added from time to time so that its final size will be an index to the length of his reign.

While the site was being cleared, a good solid road was constructed from it to the quarries. The surface of this road was covered with smooth polished stones, which (according to the last stone slab in the specifications) "on completion of the outer shell is to be carefully removed and used as filling the interior of the structure, the road to be left broom-clean and to the satisfaction of the owner and engineer."

As soon as the road was completed, large blocks of stone were moved out of the quarries. Just how or by what means is not stated in the specifications. The road over which they were moved was probably about sixty

feet wide, and was some

the Cheops

times built entirely of polished stone. The one at

in and according to

Pyramid was forty-eight feet high places,

in building the

the best accounts, ten years were consumed

highway alone. until

On reaching the site, the stones were carefully placed

they covered the allotted space,

and on completion level

a

hundred feet square, and about

layer of stone is found

one

The second layer, we will say for

three and a half feet high.

was made perhaps ninety

feet square, thus leaving

convenience,

a five-foot margin all around.

of beams acting as levers, the stones

By an ingenious system

first layer

were hoisted from

the roadway onto the top of the
and a half feet, and rolled into place. The
a distance of three
was made eighty
feet square, again leaving a
next layer

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How the Pyramids Were Built

margin of five feet all around and the stones were hoisted from
the roadway onto the ledge formed by the first layer, and
from there by another set of levers, raised on top of the
second layer, and rolled into place. As the next layer was
seventy feet square, the one above that sixty, and so on, the
pyramid, when finished in the rough, consisted of a series of
steps, and the blocks of stone needed only to be hoisted one
step at a time, a distance of three to four feet.

On reaching the last small square at the top, a polished cap
was put in place, and the entire structure left in the rough
to be covered later with polished stone work, beginning at the

top and working down until the ground level was reached.

While the great pyramid at Gizeh was originally nearly
five hundred feet high, no stone was ever lifted over four feet
at a time, and the whole operation becomes comparatively

simple and much easier than would at first appear.

In case a pyramid was not built step-fashion, it would
only be necessary to have a tier of steps on one side for use
in hoisting the stones. This could be broken up later and used
for filling the interior, as the outside layer only was composed
of large stones, inside of which small stones, earth and rubbish
were utilized.

As a matter of statistics, as well as to get an idea of what
the union considered a fair day's work in the days of King
Cheops, I took the trouble of making a few calculations, and
to the best of our knowledge and belief, each thousand men
were required to place twelve blocks of stone in place each
working day, amounting to about five hundred cubic feet of
stone, or about eighty pounds per man per day, which would
be equal to one modern brick per man per hour.

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By applying the method above outlined to the walls of
Jerusalem, the building becomes a comparatively easy opera
tion. Instead of lifting these huge blocks vertically for a

height of one hundred and fifty feet (which would be a stupendous proposition), the plan was more likely as follows: A temporary tier of steps was located at the northwest corner of the wall, where the highest ground around the city is found. Here a tier of twelve steps enabled them to raise the top course of stone work to the required height, and when once on top of the walls, a block could be rolled along to its proper place.

My hypothesis seemed to be working all right until I unfortunately discovered several sections of masonry laid at an angle of about twenty degrees. This was very amazing, but I presume with a liberal amount of profanity these few sections could be managed somehow.

I am still sorry they did those little stretches that way, as it "threw a monkey wrench into the machinery" of a perfectly on for a long time !

good

^ theory, and one I had been working home of the free and the

Finally, after getting back to the to look up what could be

land of public libraries, I decided

After considerable

found on the subject of pyramid-building.

Father of History")

searching I found that Herodotus ("the

and in the first history ever

had visited Egypt about 450 B. C.,

and duplicated my scheme

written had stolen all my thunder,

that in this manner the pyramids were

exactly stating as a fact

that my version is a little

constructed. So it would seem

Herodotus beat me to it by nearly

late in appearing and that

But that is not entirely my fault,

twenty-five hundred years.

hun-

as I didn't see

them any sooner, and anyway twenty-five

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How the Pyramids Were Built

dred years is only a short space of time in a land where it never rains, and where the beams and timber put in place at least five thousand years ago are now only beginning to show

signs of decay and will have to be replaced within the next thousand years or so.

Anyway I was glad to know that my theory was backed up by such good authority, and that in my ignorance I happened to hit on the right scheme; but judging from the evidence, the process may be safely considered as public property and free to any and all who may desire to build a summer pyramid anywhere along the banks of the sunny Nile.

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XXV

Woman's Sphere in the Orient

Judging from a brief and limited investigation, it would seem that women's activities in the Orient are not only very circumscribed, but of very short duration, as they consider themselves old at twenty and without much to live for after that age. We were also told that many of them never go outside of their homes after marriage until they are removed for burial. Thus the life of the average woman in the East is one of unrelieved monotony. There is no social or club life, no civic activity or diversion to occupy the feminine mind. Time is principally spent in sitting indoors, eating sweets and indulging in the fragrant cigarette.

In the better class of villas (at Heliopolis, for instance), the houses are provided with flat roofs, used as roof gardens, and are also surrounded by gardens, inclosed by high "eye-proof" walls, where the lady, or ladies, as the case may be, may walk, enjoy the sunshine and remain safely unexposed to the gaze of the stranger.

To an Oriental woman, a woman from the West, who as she pleases, is an object of curiosity, and it is beyond her to understand how she can mingle publicly with strangers. She is shocked, but at the same time envies her Occidental sister, and is not only hoping, but is actually planning to secure a little of that liberty for herself. Especially

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Woman's Sphere in the Orient

is this true in Egypt, where an extensive movement now under way, the climax of which promises to occur

very soon, and is awaited with considerable interest.

As is well known, the practice of wearing veils dates back to very early times (it is casually mentioned in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis), but the women of Egypt think the time has now arrived for dispensing with this ancient adornment, and are quietly forming a nation-wide and unique "union." When the time is considered ripe, these veils will all be cast into the discard. At present there are two kinds of veils worn by the Moslem women. One a heavy black affair that

you cannot see through with a telescope, worn by the poorer classes; the other, a thin, white gauzy subterfuge, about the size of a ladies' handkerchief, worn by the wealthier and more aristocratic women. This has been increasingly transparent, thinner and smaller, until now, instead of concealing the face, it tends rather to heighten the color and brilliancy of its wearer's black eyes, and at the same time conceal the coarse texture of her features, a state of complexion due no doubt to the sedentary life and saccharine diet.

are worn only by the followers of the veils

Though

Prophet, the condition of the female sex among the Oriental Christians and Jews is little better than among the Moslems, where they are regarded as mere chattels. The Moslem even dislikes to see his wives praying or concerning herself with religious matters; the churches are with a separate place for them to worship, provided

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in case they insist on doing so, and when they die they are buried in a nook by themselves.

It was surprising to learn that divorce cases are practically unknown in this country, and I took the first opportunity to discuss the matter with a prominent judge in Cairo, who explained it by saying, "Why should there be? There is no need to go into court about such an easy matter!"

It is all very simple, for the husband has only to say

three times in the presence of witnesses, "I divorce you !" and the deed is done. But he must properly provide for the cast-off wife and her children, and the former retains her marriage portion.

If the wife seeks a divorce, the matter is more complicated; she loses her "dot" and alimony, and must go to court about it. But no woman ever does this, as it for the head of the house that he will call in a witness is much simpler to make things so disagreeable and words that will untie the marital knot. pronounce the three magic

There are other and deeper reasons which perhaps in other make conjugal infelicity rarer in the Orient than are arranged in countries. In the first place, marriages a different way, the usual process being somewhat as follows: When a young man arrives at a marriageable like his mother that he thinks he would age he informs if this is agreeable to her, she to have a wife, and to think matters. In case the son fails agrees to arrange of it first, his mother reminds him of the fact, and the same. The mother then proceedings go on just

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makes up a list of eligible young ladies, and by a process of elimination finally settles on one or more of the most desirable. Not satisfied with her own judgment, she calls in a council of half a dozen or so old women of her acquaintance, lays and the matter before them.

sleuthing is now in order, and the habits, dis

A little

position and idiosyncrasies of the candidate are carefully looked into, particular attention being paid to the following qualifications: She must be good looking, neat and clean in her habits, of good character and competent to manage the affairs of the house. In due time a

choice

is made, and the mother reports back to her son that everything is arranged and reminds him to be on hand at a certain time for the marriage ceremony. In the meantime the bride has been notified, and believing it is her destiny to be married to someone at some time in her life, no doubt feels a little relieved, and perhaps flattered because she is the one that has been chosen (so far!) to marry this certain young man, whom she has never seen.

Everything arranged in a cold-blooded, impersonal is

manner. Nothing is left to chance nor to the caprices of the romantic attachment called love.

An incident which was related to us as actually to have happened will throw some light on the religious superstitions of these people.

A doctor in eye diseases, was

Cairo, a specialist

visited one day by a peasant woman and her daughter who she feared was going blind. After a glance at the patient, the doctor decided he did not care to treat the

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case, but the mother pleaded so persistently that he finally consented, providing she would take the girl somewhere and wash the filth and infectious matter from her face. The mother burst into tears and explained that such a thing was impossible, as according to their religion it was forbidden to put water on a girl's face until after she was married! How she expected to find a husband for her daughter in that condition, it would

be hard to imagine; but they left the doctor's office without washing the girl's face or receiving treatment, showing that religion was esteemed above health or common sense. Thus through ignorance this poor woman and all the other members of that sect had

reversed the teachings of El-Islam, and were not only blindly following it themselves, but were causing their children to go blind also.

One would naturally conclude that what was needed in this country was education, but here was another the women has proved paradoxso far education among and discontent. The daughters of a source of sorrow to Europe or to the wealthier class are usually sent receive an French convents in their own country; they after getting a broader education, a taste of freedom, and and settle down to a life outlook of life, return home and do some of stagnation. They long to be something forced to settle down in the thing in the world, but are old groove.

Imagine the thrill that falls to(or ladies) ol the lady master decides to give a the house when the lord and his friends! All the female mem-dinner party to a few of

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Woman's Sphere in the Orient

bers of the family, including wives, daughters and female servants, are kept carefully out of sight, and perhaps from an room (through a crack in the door adjoining way), get a glimpse of the festivities and overhear odd bits of the conversation; but have no more chance of joining in the repartee or enjoying the good things of the feast than a mummy in the Egyptian Museum. Although a man seems to have a little the best of the bargain, yet it is not all smooth sailing for him, as occasionally one happens to acquire a bunch of quarreling wives, or wives that grow lean and unattractive, instead of fat and fashionable. After becoming acquainted with conditions in the

Orient, I began to realize that an immense step was taken by the Bahais in laying down their Sixth Principle Equality Between Men and Women. To the people of the West, it seems simply a matter of fact, but it must have made the Oriental world gasp to hear that "the world of humanity has two wings one is woman and the other man. Not until both wings are equally developed can the bird fly. Not until the world of women becomes equal to the world of men in the acquisition of virtues and perfections, can success and prosperity be attained as they ought to be."

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XXVI

The Future of Bahaism

While crossing the Mediterranean from Naples to Alexandria on our way to Palestine, we had as a fellow passenger an Egyptian Prince, whom I have already had occasion to mention. Having made his acquaintance and finding him an agreeable and well-informed man, we had several long talks together, in one of which we discussed teachings of "that wonderful man of the Haifa" (Abdul Baha), whom the Prince intended to visit as soon as it could be arranged, as he was greatly interested in him and the Bahai movement.

As I knew very little about Bahai matters at that time, I was glad to let the Prince do most of the talking, while I assumed the role of listener. After considering the Bahai doctrines from several angles, and airing his views in general, the Prince remarked that it was his religion;

asking a great deal of a man to give up
Orient each nation had its own religion,

that, in the
hundreds of years;

which had been handed down for
that the people were satisfied
with it, and he doubted

if they could ever be persuaded to give it up.
find something

I ventured to suggest that they might
new and better.

is nothing newer or bet

"But," he protested, "there
the same

ter All the great religions teach practically
revelation contains no new truths.
thing The Bahai
or better to be had."
There is nothing newer

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The Future of Bahaism

In conclusion, he stated that in his opinion there was
absolutely no hope of the old religions being supplanted
in the Orient.

"But," he added, "in your country, where there is no
old established religion, where the people are democratic
and progressive, where every language, race and creed
is represented, there, no doubt, is a great future for the
Bahais. Some great religion will undoubtedly spring up,
make its home there, and weld all these different creeds
into one. In the Orient, where conditions are different,
I can see no hope; but in America such a thing is possible!"
significant, coming, as it did,
This, I thought, was

from a well-versed in world affairs, and one who,
man

from his position and long experience, was competent
to take a broad view of the matter, especially from
an

Oriental standpoint.

Had I been better posted, I might have informed him
that no one, on becoming a Bahai, is required to dis-
card his former belief; thirty
that some thousand
Orientals had already suffered martyrdom for the cause,
and that probably one million more are now living the

life of a although in many places in the Orient
Bahai
this must still be done secretly.

But what interested me particularly was the Prince's
statement that the ideals of the American people and
those of the Bahais were identical, and his prophecy
that this country would be the scene of their greatest
activities. Here, I concluded, was food for thought.

As to his claim that there is nothing new in the Bahai
revelation, and that Abdul Baha is teaching the same

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things that Christ taught, and the same that Mohamed and all the other great teachers of the East have taught, I was unable to make a more pertinent remark than that all the great religions are fundamentally based on the same general truths, and so far we were all agreed.

But now comes a friend who takes exception to our conclusions and claims that five minutes' investigation will show that they are all wrong. So, at the risk of unloosing another theological discussion, and begging the reader's pardon, we will state briefly what the Bahai advocate has to say.

In general, he claims the Bahai revelation is the first set of doc

to come forward with a sane and practical

in parables,

trines from beginning to end ; one not given

and incapable of

but easily understood by everybody

in a variety of different ways. That

being interpreted

from being a breeding

its simplicity renders it immune

That it has no that

features

sects.

place for various

because contrary to reason.

must be accepted on faith

is taught in other

And finally that it contains all that

and advanced precepts not

new

religions besides many revelation.

touched upon in any former

as one of the

latest and greatest

Taking Christianity doctrines

friend pointed out how the

religions my Bahai those of

have been superseded by

of the Old Testament

ew ZIo'Z

Testament,

ZZ^Z^*

Jr Zs persecution;
for
political the Nazarene: That
that governments were sim-
the people; that taxation was
p7y7nstrutions for undoing

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robbery; that poverty was a sort of virtue and wealth
a crime. Again and again His followers are taught to
despise on earth the things that are offered as a reward
in heaven; asked for debts to be forgiven without pay
ment; advocated breaking loose from all home ties;
advised quitting work, and helping yourself to your
neighbor's larder and repaying him by stating that "the
laborer is worthy of his hire!"

Besides these doctrines of doubtful value, Christianity
as formulated by St. Paul is based on hair-splitting
differences, that have given rise to hundreds of different
sects. He divides the people of the earth into two
classes, one to be consumed by the wrath of their Cre
ator and the other to ascend into heaven. In many
cases, to support what could not be proved by reason,
Paul called to his aid "religious faith."

Compare these doctrines with the principles laid down
by Baha Ullah nineteen hundred years later.

The twelve basic Bahai Principles have been set forth
in a previous chapter and may be briefly summarized as
follows :

The great purpose of the Bahai movement is to unite
and harmonize all the races and religions of the world.

War is to be abolished and international differences
settled by a council of arbitration.

Everyone is to practice some trade, art or profession.

Begging is strictly forbidden, and work must be pro
vided for all.

There is to be no separate paid priesthood, and the
practice of asceticism is prohibited.

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Monogamy is enjoined.

Education for all, boys and girls alike, is commanded
as a religious duty.

The equality of men and women is upheld.

A universal language as a means of international communication is to be formulated and adopted.

Gambling, the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, the taking of opium, cruelty to animals and slavery are forbidden.

Some portion of one's income must be devoted to charity. The administration of charitable funds, pensions for widows, the sick and disabled and for the education and care of orphans to be the business of the state.

After repeated backing and filling, and going over considerable ground, we found that Abdul Baha had already fully disposed of the very points in the little booklet cussing in an incident recorded on

Divine Philosophy, where he says:

"Certain of the clergy in America said, 'Many of the been forgotten. Baha Ullah truths in our religion have of them.'

has come to remind us

"One clergyman said before a large congregation, old beliefs but he has brought us

'Baha Ullah revises the

These truths are already found in the nothing new.

sacred books.'

I am going to quote you some

"Then I arose and said,

of Baha Ullah's instructions for this day and you will sacred book they are to be found.'

show me in which

men to free their minds from the

"Baha Ullah exhorts

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The Future of Bahaism

superstitions of the past and to seek independently for truth, putting aside ali dogmas. Religions are one. Let us banish creeds that the reality may become unveiled.

In which sacred book do you find this?

"He heralds the hour of unity which has dawned on

all mankind. All are the children of one Father; all the inheritors of that future peace on earth. He admonishes men to banish prejudice; religious, patriotic, racial preconceptions must disappear, for they are the destroyers of human society. Where is this written?

In which part of the Bible, Old or New Testament?

"Religion must be the cause of affection. It must be a joy-bringer. If it becomes the cause of difference, it were better to banish it. Should it become the source of hatred, of warfare, it were better that it should not exist. If a remedy produce added illness, it were far better to discard the remedy. A religion which does not conform with the postulates of science is merely superstition. In which sacred book do you find this thought? Tell me.

"Baha Ullah declares the absolute equality of the sexes. The male and female in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms share alike the natural bestowals. Why should there be a difference in the human kingdom? Verily, they are equal before God, for He so created them. Why should women be deprived of exercising the full est opportunities offered by life? Whosoever serves humanity most is nearest God, for God is no respecter of gender. The male and female are like the two wings of a bird and when both wings are reinforced with the

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same impulse the bird of humanity will be enabled to soar heavenward to the summit of progress. In which sacred book is this written?

"Education holds an important place in the new order of things. The education of each child is compulsory.

If there is not money enough in a family to educate both the girl and the boy, the money must be dedicated to the girl's education, for she is the potential mother.

If there are no parents the community must educate

the child. In addition to this widespread education each child must be taught a profession, art, or trade, so that every member of the community will be enabled to earn his own livelihood. Work done in the spirit of service is the highest form of worship. Where do you find this statement ?

"Baha Ullah's solution of the social question provides for new laws, but the different social classes are preserved. An artisan remains an artisan; a merchant, a

a banker, a banker; a ruler, a ruler; the
dif
merchant;
ferent degrees persist, so that each can render
must
has
service to the community. Nevertheless, everyone
is to
the right to a happy and comfortable life. Work
there will be needy ones to be
be provided for all and no

seen in the streets. The vocational labor adjustment
provided by Baha Ullah precludes there being people too
poor to have
the necessities of life on the one hand, or
sacred book do you
the idle rich on the other. In which
find this provided for? Show
me.

between
"In order to facilitate complete understanding
auxiliary language will be adopted
all people, a universal

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and in the schools of the future two languages will be
taught the mother tongue and this international aux
iliary tongue, which will be either one of the existing
languages or a new language made up from words from
all the languages the matter to be determined by a
confederation met for the purpose which shall represent
all tribes and nations. This international tongue will
be used in the work of the parliament of man, a
supreme tribunal of the world, which will be permanently
established in order to arbitrate international questions.
The members of this arbitral court of justice will be
representatives of all the countries. It is incumbent upon
the nations to obey the commands of this tribunal, for
such a tribunal will be under the power of God and for
the protection of all men. In all of the sacred books
where do you find such a statement?
"The purpose of these new laws is to destroy antago
nism by finding a point of agreement. We cannot in
duce men to lay down their arms by fighting with them.

If two individuals dispute about religion, both are wrong. The Protestants and Catholics, the Moham medans and Christians war over religion. The Nesto- rians claim that Christ was merely a slave, a man like the rest, but God put His spirit upon Him. The Catholics say that He was one of the trinity. Both are wrong!" In conclusion he says: "Baha Ullah's teachings are the health of the world. They represent the spirit of this age, the light of this age, the well-being of this age, the soul of this cycle. The world will be at rest when they are put into practice, for they are reality."

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XXVII

On the Good Ship Esperia

It has just occurred to me that some few chapters back our party boarded the steamer at Alexandria, and as the good ship Esperia happened to be a fast boat, and proposed to land us in Naples in two days and three nights, it lost no time in getting under way. So we hurried on deck to get a last glimpse of Egypt, a land which had proved so fascinating, and which in the mat ter of lure seemed to be better supplied than almost any other country we had visited. As we leaned over the rail and watched the low shore-line disappear, many thoughts and various emotions chased each other along the vacant corridors of our minds. In the distance was fast fading out the land where science, art and originated; where the architecture human mind had struggled through all the stages of writ picture-writing, pictorial phonetism and alphabetic in ing; a land where in early days they put gold rings of their sacred crocodiles, and where the man the ears when his cat died. of the house shaved off his eyebrows for anyone in A fair enough land in those olden times for the sick, who were good health, but not so happy blood and milk

dosed with concoctions of nitre, beer,
boiled up and swallowed hot.
It was that they decided, probably fifty
here also
human being consisted of
centuries or more ago, that a

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On the Good Ship Esperia

six parts: A body, soul, intelligence, a name, a shadow,
and a "ka," or vital principle, which was the most
troublesome of all, as it remained with the mummy and
required food and perpetual apartments similar to what
it had been accustomed to before it "shuffled off this
mortal coil."

Here, it is claimed, originated ages ago the belief in
the immortality of the soul and the physical resurrec-
tion of the body, which accounts for the fact that at
one time over hundred millions of mummies were
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tucked away in the sands and rock-hewn tombs in the
valley of the Nile, all waiting for the summons that
never came, which may be the reason the old Sphinx
continues to smile in the same inscrutable way, because
the whole lot of them had been fooled, and at least one-
third of them carted away and used as fertilizer!

Here was not only a fair land but, it would appear,
an unusually attractive one for bankers, with its
modest

rate of interest of six percent per month, compounded

A thrifty land also for

every time, the moon changes!

surveyors, as landmarks are more or less obliterated
and leaves its coat

every year when the Nile overflows

ing of slime over the valley.

Far away in the distance lay Cairo, a city where, in
uncommonly wet seasons, as much as one inch of rain

A place where everything that dies turns

is liable to fall.

to dust, and floats in the air until blown away.

A busy,

hustling city, while up to its very edge creeps the
desert where all is death and silence. Here and there

loom up those huge triangles, the tombs of kings; but

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there in the city itself, on its paved streets, under the glare of its lights, all is life and activity. Here one day is like another and the weather, being always the same, is a total loss as a topic of conversation. Here umbrellas and cravettes, ear-muffs and galoshes, are not to be found on special sale at any of the haberdashery shops, and millinery stores and beauty parlors are about as common as Palm Beach suits in Patagonia! In this land a long cotton tunic and a head-dress consisting of a cloth wound seven times around the head for a (which has been found to be sufficient and handy shroud in case of an emergency), and sometimes a pair of loose slippers, completes the costume of thousands of the natives, who go through life "hoping for the perfect age of one hundred and ten years," and are always as happy and carefree as an Ani ape. The half never be told of this. But why continue? can

done in such wonderful country where things were once were built with the a superlative way; where statues where they piled up in features magnified thirty times, foot one pyramid sufficient stone to build a wall one two-thirds of the way around the globe! square to the Our only stop was Syracuse, where, owing at in the bay for three hours. low tide, we came to anchor to be made for two reasons; This long stop seemed to to be taken ashore, allow a score or more of passengers musicians to row alongside and to allow some native

usual serenade. While the pas
and regale us with the
small percentage
them with coins, only
a
sengers pelted
musicians or fell into the boat,
the
of which either hit

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On the Good Ship Esperia

they retaliated with Oui, Marie, and a few native songs,
which, like the jokes in a circus, are always the same,
and in this consists their principal charm. What with
dodging the coins, scraping away on their violins and
trying to sing, they seemed to be having a -perfectly
good time, and finally when the shower of small coins
had subsided, they rowed for shore, as happy as if the
gate receipts were sufficient for one course of spaghetti
and a bottle of rosso ordinario.

Now came Saturday night, the last one of our voyage!
A very busy night, too, with a grand ball on board, and
the Straits of Messina in sight. A beautiful sight in the
early evening with the shores on both sides of the nar

row Straits dotted with myriads of electric lights the
Scylla and Charybdis of our schoolboy days!

The next morning at seven o'clock, the engines
abruptly slowed down, and we were sidling up to the
pier at Naples, right on schedule time. Then came the
doctors and passport officials, and a wild scramble to
get ashore; for we had still the ordeal before us of pass
ing the customs officials and a carriage ride across the
city to the railroad station, and a scant half hour to
do it in.

Thanks to the energetic efforts of the American Ex
press representative, everything was arranged and we
had five or ten minutes to spare in which to take a fresh
breath, but were cautioned while doing so to keep one
eye on our baggage. Evidently we were getting back
to civilization again!

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XXVIII

From Naples to Paris

A German thinker once discovered that there is a

great difference between reading a bill of fare and eating a regular meal; we likewise learned in a casual sort of way that making out an itinerary on paper bears very little resemblance to taking the actual trip, especially in Italy at the present time.

When the Express agent in Cairo glibly mapped out our return trip, it looked as complete and up to date

as this year's almanac. We were to connect up with a certain White Star steamship called the Olympic, sail had simply to

ing from Cherbourg on April sixth. We take the special boat-train from Cairo to Alexandria, to Naples, the

connecting with the fast boat Esperia Rome to Paris

local train to Rome, then the de luxe in Paris in thirty-six

Express, which would land us

hours.

We got to Naples all right on schedule time; but there

Rome to Paris Express train ran

we learned that the and its next appearance would only three times a week,

the day we were due in be on the following Tuesday,

make connections with the Paris, if we expected to

steamer on which our reservations had been made.

the face: That boat-train

Three things stared us in would surely pull out on

from Paris to Cherbourg m.; we were nearly

Wednesday at nine forty-five a.

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From Naples to Paris

fifteen hundred miles away from it, and something had to be done quickly. Mr. B did not register much joy as he thought of someone else sailing away in the

elegant cabin on which he had made a deposit of six hundred dollars, and for my part, I was greatly disappointed in losing out on that "de luxe" train, as I was looking forward to learning at first-hand how these words were construed in Italy.

The railroad cars we had seen had been far from "de luxe," in fact, we had never been able to find a polite expression that would begin to describe them. But there we were, and there was nothing to do but forge ahead, trust to luck and get to Paris in the quickest way possible.

Our first lap, from Naples to Rome, was not very encouraging, as everybody seemed to have run down to Naples the night before in order to go back on the morning train. The train was not only crowded, but got started half an hour late, and little by little kept adding to its lateness. Everyone seemed to feel that it was a very natural thing for a train to be late, and if it kept losing time, it would be only that much later in arriving. Only three people on that whole train seemed to be at all impatient or in a hurry, which made it all the more aggravating. After jostling around for six hours in the "standing room only" part of the car, we reached Rome. We had barely time to transfer to the train for the north, take a full breath, and thank our lucky stars that at last we had a quiet compartment

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where we could sit down, when the conductor tooted we

his little brass horn, and we were off.

Presently it occurred to me that we were in Italy again (several little things had suggested that fact), and I remembered that unless you have tickets for dinner, you do without anything to eat, so I started out to make a few reservations. No one seemed to know what I was talking about, so I continued from one end of the train to the other, only to find it had no dining car; that it did not stop anywhere for meals, and that sleeping cars were also considered superfluous.

The few oranges and a small box of chocolates which Mrs. B always managed to have stowed away soon disappeared, but our hunger remained. Adjourning to

the vestibule of our car, we waited hour after hour as the train whizzed past little stations, until after nine o'clock, when it halted in an important looking station with a buffet, to which I dashed, grabbed some hard, dry sandwiches and a quarto fiasco of Chianti. We arrived at Turin the next morning, tired, hungry, sleepy and dirty!

To make it still more interesting the water supply had been depleted early the evening before, and no one had taken the trouble to replenish it. For fourteen hours water had been as absent as soap, towels, drinking cups,

or any other conveniences usually found on a railroad train.

Luckily we had eight hour's stop-over in Turin, and made up for lost opportunities by cleaning up, and having a bountiful breakfast, followed a couple of hours

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STATIK OF JOAN OF AgC IX THE MADELEIXK, PARIS
From Naples to Paris

later by a still more bountiful lunch, and also laid in enough provender to last us for the next twenty-four hours.

Feeling again on rather better terms with the world in general and Italy in particular, we set out to fill in the time, and see something of Turin, which proved to be one of the greatest surprises of our trip. Not expecting much we found a great deal to admire and enjoy; for here was a beautiful city, very picturesque and laid out like a miniature Paris. It is perhaps the only city in Italy which is conspicuous for the regularity of its streets. They open out into spacious squares, and (what is remarkable for Italy!) everything is neat, clean and orderly.

Nature has done a great deal for Turin by giving it a superb location. Along the eastern edge winds the River Po, beyond which rises a range of beautiful hills covered with attractive villas. Parks, gardens, public monuments and well designed buildings give it a modern and up-to-date appearance. This city is evidently the Detroit of Italy, as we passed many automobile factories, the Fiat, Scat, Itala and another very popular car, in which we became greatly interested, because we thought we might some day have money enough to purchase it.

These cars, which were cavorting around in every direction, looked like overgrown motorcycles or a lot of infant Fords. In spite of their small size, they showed considerable speed, and developed quite as much noise as a full-grown car. An ideal thing for a souvenir, but suit cases were more than full already. unfortunately our

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At first glance it would seem strange that the city of Turin should be associated with the name and exploits of Hannibal, but such is the case, and students of Roman history will recall how that General, after he had the dream in which he saw so many snakes, started

on his invasion Italy. He crossed the Alps and of

pounced down on this city of Torina (which was then called Taurasia), completely destroyed the place and put the inhabitants to the sword, hoping by this act to strike such terror into the natives that they would become his allies, and help him in his pet scheme of con

quering Italy with the swords of the Italians themselves. While it was rather hard on Turin to be wiped out of existence because of a grudge they had against Rome, it was probably a good thing in the long run, as the Emperor Augustus had it rebuilt in a proper way. The name of the party to whom was entrusted the work of laying out the new city is perhaps unknown, but whoever he was, he deserves a medal as being the only city engineer in Italy who could run a street in a straight line for any distance, and make it wide enough for a street car line, a row of carriages at each side and side walks.

Three hours after leaving Turin, we reached the northern frontier of Italy at Modane, where we passed through

the customs ordeal for the tenth time since arriving in foreign lands. While some of the previous experiences had been sufficiently nerve-racking, they were as mild as a Sunday-school picnic compared with the struggle we were about to engage in.

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From Naples to Paris

At eight-thirty the next morning we reached Paris,

happy to be once more in the city of our heart's delight, but exceedingly sorry that our stay must be limited to twenty-four hours. Much of this time was consumed in making our necessary arrangements, getting steamer and railroad tickets, so we had very little opportunity for sight-seeing, although we managed to slip away to the Madeleine and admire the wonderful statue of Joan of Arc once more. We found it illuminated by the afternoon sun, which was streaming down on her upturned face. The pure white marble had the color and warmth of life, and was one of the most beautiful and

inspiring things we had seen on the whole trip!

After visiting several hundreds of churches, mosques and shrines, we found a thrill in the Madeleine, which we failed to get anywhere else. The atmosphere seemed charged with some powerful force, like the air of a cool, crisp morning when the earth is covered with snow, and our nerves tingled as when you enter the field of a powerful electric machine. Scattered about here and there knelt wives and mothers in deep mourning, pouring out their grief and seeking consolation from that Power that watches over the destinies of men and nations. In one of the chapels a service being was

conducted; women in black continually going as were

others were coming to their devotions, and groups of strangers, like ourselves, were passing around noiselessly.

Within these walls, which were originally intended as a temple of victory, the real spirit of victory had de-

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scended, and we felt its invisible but actual presence. Victory and Invincibility!

With hearts full of pity for the French people, who have suffered so greatly, we quietly withdrew, feeling that we had stood for a moment in a place where religion was deep and sincere.

As we looked back for the last time, the sunlight was still streaming down on the beautiful upturned face of Joan of Arc, whose lips seemed to be repeating the words the angel had whispered to her, in the garden at Dom Remy "La pitie qui estoit au royaume de France!"

(Pity for the realm of France!)

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XXIX

A Glimpse of Paris

On the outbound part of our trip, we gave scant notice to Paris, hoping on our return to spend at least another week there; this was later reduced to two days, and finally dwindled down to twenty-four hours. But as a distinguished person once remarked, "The moving accident is not my trade," and certain steamers have a way of leaving at a certain time, and there was nothing to do but get aboard!

Our short visit thus gave us the opportunity of visiting only some of the most important places and that in a hurried sort of way; yet a description of even these could not be compressed into single chapter, and our a

first impulse is to pass the whole thing by, and continue on our way. On the other hand, it would hardly be fair to ignore the place that proved the most interesting and attractive of all the famous places we visited; a place which I hope to see again some day, and in a more leisurely way. For if I should ever be permitted to take another trip, and could go to only one foreign city, that city would be Paris! And this for the simple reason that almost everything that can be found elsewhere is found there, and if anyone is interested in art or architecture, or is simply looking for a good time, there is no one place in the world that has so much to offer. And here comes the great difficulty: while other

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cities have certain outstanding attractions, in Paris there are so many and varied things of interest, that it is difficult to decide what to leave out and where to begin. For the first day or so, one is apt to be content with wandering up and down the Boulevards, gazing into the shop windows, occasionally stopping to sit in front of some cafe, and watching the endless flow of traffic, wondering why the women have so much beauty and charm, while the men seem so indifferent. After getting somewhat acclimated and having ac

quired a little confidence, the next thing that suggests itself is a ride motor-omnibus, of which there are on a

nearly fifty lines, reaching to almost any part of Paris; through the Arch de Triomphe, and out into the solitude of the Bois de Boulogne a park of over two thousand acres, with winding roads, lakes and streams so nearly counterfeiting nature that you could hardly believe it to be the work of man. Returning you can pass by the Trocadero, the Eifel Tower and the famous Champ de Mars.

Starting from the terminus of St. Lazare on the Ceinture railway, you can procure a Paris-a-Paris ticket and

in two hours encircle the city within the fortifications. In the evening, starting from the Place de la Concorde, in the center of which rises the Obelisk of Luxor (on the spot where the guillotine stood during the Reign of Terror), nothing could be more enjoyable than a walk of the

along the banks of the Seine, past the garden Tuileries to the Pont des Arts, where, in moonlight, the best view of the Seine is obtained. Then crossing over

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A Glimpse of Paris

to the Quai d'Orsay, back to the Pont Alexandre III a good three-mile walk give one a better which will

idea of fairyland than any other one place in the world.

As you pass the hazy and indistinct gardens, or stand on one of the bridges and gaze on the thousands of

colored lights reflected in the water, you cannot believe you are in the center of a city of nearly three million inhabitants.

Certain tourist agencies recommend to you their "Driving Excursions" which enable visitors to see as

much of Paris in two days as they could otherwise see in a week." Also "to meet the wants of those who

prefer to take things easily," more five-day itinerary

a

is provided and you are finally informed that "if double this time is devoted to visiting Paris, so much the

better."

After putting in ten strenuous days and nights at full speed, stopping only for meals and a very little sleep, we concluded that one to three months would be needed for a good general idea of Paris and its environs, and at least a year could be spent there, with the last months as fully occupied as the first.

The most important public building and the one first visited is the Louvre, which derives its name from an ancient hunting chateau once situated here in the midst of a forest infested by wolves, and hence called Louverie.

A week could be profitably spent in this immense building alone, as it contains the most complete collection of Egyptian specimens in Europe, an Assyrian museum,

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Greek and Roman galleries (where the original Venus de Milo may be seen), and many other interesting departments.

There are over two thousand pictures of the highest rank on exhibition, representing every school of painting and including hundreds of famous works from the Marriage at Cana, the largest canvas in the Louvre measuring about twenty-two by thirty-two feet, down to the small but more famous Mona Lisa, once more hanging in its old place, a guard stationed at each door to see that it stays there.

After gazing intently at a few hundred of these wonderful paintings your neck and eyes ache and you wonder why the artists of olden times painted women and horses with such small heads and large, voluptuous bodies, and you are curious to know where Rubens could possibly have seen the originals of those infants and young girls of his, with their muscles developed like those of a prize fighter.

Then the fact dawns on you that you have seen enough art for one day and it is time to look at the blue sky or something else for a change; then you realize for the first time that you are very tired with so much walking and looking,

and order some ice cream and cakes, only to find that in Paris ice cream has its season, like game and salads,

and that in April glace is not to be had, but cafe au lait-patisserie? Oui, monsieur.

that is to be visited is the Grand

The next place

theatre in the world, covering

Opera House, the largest

three acres. Between four and five

an area of nearly

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A Glimpse of Paris

hundred houses were demolished to provide the site, and over nine millions of dollars were spent on the site and the building. In the interior the two striking features are the grand staircase and the grand foyer, neither of which has ever been surpassed. The auditorium itself is very ornate and richly decorated, but occupies a relatively small portion of the immense building, containing only a little over two thousand seats.

Another surprise in this magnificent building is the arrangement of the cloak rooms and the sanitary quarters which must have been left to the office boy, and a

very young and inexperienced one at that! The architect's time was perhaps taken up in trying to please his Majesty, as you notice a circular ramp and elaborate porte cochere, by means of which the Emperor could drive into the Opera House in his coach and four, but unfortunately for him, when the building was completed, the Empire had become a thing of the past.

Probably the next point of interest will be the Hotel des Invalides and the tomb of Napoleon. This covers a site of thirty-one acres, and was originally intended for an old soldier's home, but only a few decayed veterans

are found there now, the place being occupied largely

by the war department and as a museum. The central part of the building consists of a church and the dome under which rests the sarcophagus of Napoleon I. Over the entrance to the vault is inscribed in French the following paragraph from his will:

"I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks

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of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

The next historic place to be visited is Notre Dame, one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture to be found in this land where this style originated and has been carried to its greatest perfection.

A few steps away, on the highest ground in this part of the city, stands the Pantheon, another perfect specimen of architecture, but in the classic style.

This building

occupies the site of the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, and is now used as a grand memorial temple dedicated to the glory of the men of France, and filled with paintings, statues, tombs, etc. here are

Among the many interesting frescoes of Arc, and

Lenepvu's series illustrating the life of Joan here. In the

her statue by Dubois has also been placed vaults* underneath are the tombs of Victor, Hugo, Voltaire, Rousseau, Zola and many other distinguished Frenchmen.

du Luxem

A short distance to the left is the Palais and for many years bourg, built by Marie de Medici, used as the royal residence, but now occupied by the of modern paintings, Senate. It also contains a gallery a sort of purgatory for the works of modern artists before the great masters fore they can hope to be hung among in the Louvre. This because of a rule that the works into the Louvre until of painters are not admitted ten years after the artist's death, when, if the fact can dead and his picture is considered established that he is still

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A Glimpse of Paris

sidered worthy by the jury, the artist has reached the height glory, although, unfortunately, he is not in a of

condition to appreciate the fact.

Returning to the main part of the city, the visitor the French passes the Palais de l'Institut, the home of whose members are known as the Les Immortals Academy, forty mortals. Adjoining is the famous Ecole des Beaux Arts, the foremost school of painting, sculpture and architecture in the world.

Crossing the Seine and passing through the gardens of the Tuileries (so called on account of the tile-kilns which were once located here), we reach the Rue de Rivoli, lined from one end to the other with hundreds of

jewelry stores. A short distance away you enter the Rue de la Paix, the dressmakers' famous street, where

you note the establishments of Worth, Paquin and others, where the fair sex can, for a large amount of

money, acquire a small piece of goods attached to an expensive label.

It is also worth while to visit the Grande Magazines du Louvre, the largest general store in Paris, where they not only have reading and writing rooms and a buffet where refreshments are served gratis, but charming young ladies who have elevated salesmanship to a fine art. It is certainly a pleasure to be relieved of your

money in such a delightful way, and you no longer wonder that this store has branches all over Europe and in

Egypt.

Next in importance and size is the world-famous Bon Marche, a little out of the way, but somewhat cheaper

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than the others; then finest of all the beautiful store with the flowery name, Au Printemps, a unique building in the Art Nouveau style, but very successfully done.

In wandering around Paris it is well to keep in mind how and with what ease a street will change frequently

its name from time to time. For instance, you walk a few blocks on the Boulevard des Capucines, and sud

denly find it has changed to the Boulevard des Italiens, which in a few more blocks becomes Montmarte, then Poisonniere, and so on. One street in the city is not satisfied until it has changed its name twenty-three times, and by that time it is back to the place where it started.

Although very fickle in the way of names, the streets

for the reason that

are everywhere generously lighted;

from

it pays to provide a city that will attract people

for

all parts of the world, who in the end not only pay as well.

the lighting, but for many other things

The streets are also liberally supplied with signs.

would never know

They have to be or otherwise you

The gendarmes,

when one left off and another began.

who are as plentiful as priests

in

Rome, always

are glad

civilian answers your

to direct you; while the average

and polite way.

inquiries in a pleasant

usually first in the minds of those visit

Lastly (but

which the newcomer

ing Paris), there is the night life,

is to Paris anyway, and

often believes is about all there

If such is the case our visit

must be seen by all means.

as the Moulin Rouge,

must have been a miserable failure,

the Dead Rat, Black Cat

and a few other notorious

places were closed shortly before our arrival. Whether

up

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A Glimpse of Paris

this was done especially for our protection, or on account

of the unpleasant notoriety given to them by certain movie stars who had preceded us, we did not take the trouble to inquire.

What impressed us about the whole thing was that a mere handful of such places could acquire a world-wide

fame, and blacken the reputation of the whole city, which had permitted them to exist solely to amuse those visitors of depraved taste who craved such things, and would be satisfied with nothing else.

But the heartless authorities have seen fit to douse the glim and stop the rotating arms of the Red Mill, and it is no longer apropos to speak of "gay Paree," which to many people nowadays seems about as lively as prohibition New York.

The average, healthy-minded person, however, whose brains compare at all favorably with his pocketbook need not feel discouraged, as there is still much to see and

enjoy in this great and wonderful city.

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XXX

Playgrounds of Children and Kings

Two of our most charming days in Paris were spent outside the city, which is a rather inexact way of putting it, but they were spent in the banlieue or les environs de Paris, all of which means about the same thing, I take it, only a little more so.

At the time there was no idea of pointing any morals or adorning any tales; it just so happened that we went on a certain Thursday to Robinson, and on the following day (which this year came on Friday) we visited Versailles. Naturally I knew of Versailles, without really knowing very much about it; but I had never heard of Robinson, which made our visit there all the more delightful, as it added surprise to pleasure.

We discovered this little place because Mrs. B was going to visit an uncle of hers who lived there, and not wishing to lose the only woman in our party, we all proceeded to escort her to the home of her relative, an old artist who, like her father, specializes in famous painting flowers.

To reach this place we took the train to Sceaux,
a

then de
distance of about seven miles from Paris,
a

mile, to
lightful walk along the high road of nearly
a

wooden
where the road forks. And there stands a large
and all, just as we
effigy of Robinson Crusoe, umbrella
us to his
last remembered him, seeming to welcome

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Playgrounds of Children and Kings

home town. In the
background rises a high wooded
hill and all around are playgrounds with swings, trapezes
and all kinds of appliances for amusing the youngsters.
Little garden cafes, with platforms built among the
branches of immense chestnut trees (some of them five
stories high), cosy arbors, sheltered seats and grottoes,
all form a picture that could have originated only in
the mind of a Frenchman. One is apt to fancy that he
has suddenly dropped into the favorite haunts of Perault,
and that here he conceived his stories of
Cinderella,

Little Red Riding Hood and various other stories for
children that have made him famous.

As our visit was in
February, most of the places were
closed and we could only imagine what a gay place
it would be in the summer season, especially on a Sunday
or holiday, with its jolly crowds of children, attended

by mothers, nurses and governesses, flocking out from
Paris to enjoy themselves in this shady nook of Fairy
land this immense stage with all the scenery and acces
sories, even to the high, wooded hill in the background.
No matter in what direction you looked, you found
everything in harmony. The artistic spirit also extends
to the village, where there are just the right kind of

houses, cozy little cottages with red tile roofs, little
miniature chateaux which fit into the landscape admirably.

What a difference between this quiet, pastoral scene,

the playground of childhood and innocence, and the one on which we gazed the following morning, as we entered the Ave. de Paris and looked across the Place

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A Modern Pilgrimage

d'Armes at the Palace of Versailles! All the bloody orgy of the French Revolution with its Reign of Terror, all the reckless intrigue, extravagance and scandal that preceded the downfall of royalty, rushed into our minds, for down this very street on which we were walking came that infuriated mob, composed largely of women armed with scissors, knives and pitchforks, and on the iron balcony at the center of the palace King Louis XVI appeared and agreed to return with them to Paris. After gazing at this scene for a few minutes one is affected curiously, and is apt to make a rash resolution to reread all of Mulhbach's historical romances, especially Marie Antoinette and Her Son, as now it will seem more real. Since that wild day when the Royal Family moved slowly and sadly towards the Tuileries near which a

the spectators

young sub-lieutenant, Napoleon, standing among exclaimed, "How is this possible? Has the king no cannon to destroy this canaille?" since that time this immense playground of the king has been deserted, and the palace uninhabited except on occasions.

state
As you pass the iron railing and enter the Court of Honor, you face a colossal statue of Louis XV on the

horseback, made of bronze cannon brought from of Dugueslin,

Rhine, while on each side are large statues celebri

Chevalier Bayard, Cardinal Richelieu and other ties of French history.

of a

The Palace is an immense affair, over one-third not

mile long, built at different times, and represents but recalls

only several different styles of architecture, some of the most dramatic eras of French history.

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Playgrounds of Children and Kings

The central and oldest part, built of brick and stone, is the original chateau or hunting-box of Louis XIII; the adjoining wings were constructed by Louis XIV, who began to transform it into an immense palace; on the right Louis XV added a theatre and a chapel, while on the left a corresponding pavilion was added by Louis XVIII.

We are originally the site of Versailles was told that

for a town, and still less for a park, but

hardly favorable

that made little difference with the king, as he grew tired of living at St. Germain, looking continually at the burial place of his royal ancestors.

Voltaire called the place "the abyss (politely speaking) of expense," and it does somewhat resemble the bottomless pit, as the palace and parks cost the enormous sum of over one hundred million dollars, at a time when millions were not so common as now, and the annual cost of maintenance was over five hundred thousand dollars.

The story of the erection of this sumptuous palace and the laying out of the grounds reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights: thirty-six thousand men and six thousand horses were employed at one time in the park,

building the terraces of the gardens, leveling the wide boulevard to Paris (a distance of constructing

ten miles), and building an aqueduct from Maintenon, monarch added

thirty-one miles away. Each succeeding to the size and luxuriousness of the palace, until finally

it reached a length of over nineteen hundred feet, and could easily accommodate ten thousand inmates.

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A Modern Pilgrimage

Many historical events have been staged in the Palace of Versailles, among which was the signing of the treaty by which England recognized the independence of the

United States in 1783.
Six years later the Tiers Etat
(The Third Estate) began their sittings here, and took
the first step on the way to the Revolution by forming
itself into a separate body called the Assemble Nation-
ale. In 1791 Louis XVI, the last royal inmate, left there
to become a prisoner in the Tuileries, and since that
time it has been uninhabited. A few years later it was
converted into a munition factory and in 1815 it was
pillaged by the Prussians.

In 1855 Queen Victoria was received there by
the Ger
Napoleon III, and in 1871 it was occupied by
man forces, and there King William of Prussia was pro
claimed Emperor of Germany. After the departure of
of the
the Germans, it became the seat of government
Republic, and continued so until 1879.

at Ver
To detail all the events that have occurred
to
sailles would fill a large volume, so we will proceed
enter the Palace and briefly describe a few of the many
interesting things it contains.

and acres of
After looking at hundreds of statues
the salons of Venus,
paintings, and passing through the Galerie des
into
Diana, Mars, etc., you are usherd
two hundred and thirty-five
Glaces, a magnificent room
feet long, thirty-five feet wide
and forty-two feet high.

On one side are large arched windows over
seventeen
while on the opposite
looking the park and gardens,
number of immense beveled
side of the room are an equal

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Playgrounds of Children and Kings

mirrors. The walls are of the finest marble, and the
ceiling is richly decorated with paintings and gilded
stucco. In this Hall of Mirrors the great Peace Con

ference of 1919 was held, and you are shown the spot where President Wilson sat, and the positions of Clemenceau, Lloyd-George and the German delegation.

From this room you pass on to the apartments of Louis XIV, and are shown his bedroom, wig-room and bath, which by the way, does not show much wear, as the great king never used it but twice. The second time was immediately after a hearty meal, and it made his Royal Highness so sick that he refused to dally with such new-fangled innovations any more!

Next comes the grand apartments of the queen, the bed-chamber of Marie Antoinette, the hall of the Swiss Guards, and on through room after room, walls and ceilings of which are paintings, expensive filled with

tapestries and elegant One finally comes decorations.

to the Galerie des Batailles, a magnificent hall nearly four hundred feet long, filled with immense paintings of the French nation showing the military successes

from the earliest times. After gazing at so much decoration and so many works of art, it is refreshing to step out on the terrace and look across the lawns and garden called the Tapis Vert (green carpet), down the Grand Canal with its basins, its maze of walks with fountains, statuary and shrubbery.

walk of about

Passing down the Allee de la Reine, 3.

three-quarters of a mile, you reach the Grand Trianon, built by Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon, where

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he was fond of coming and entertaining a select circle with dinners, balls, sports and comedies. Beyond this are other gardens, beautiful with cascades and fountains. Carriages, where

You pass on to the Museum of

they have on exhibition the state coaches of Napoleon,

Charles X and others, besides the exquisite conveyances used by Marie Antoinette, Madame de Maintenon, Pompadour and others.

Not far from the Musee des Voitures stands the Petit

Trianon, built by Louis XV for Madame Du Barry, with its up-to-date dining-room, provided with a trapdoor through which the table appeared ready-laid. Adjoin the English
ing is the famous garden planned out in rustic cottages
style for Marie Antoinette, with its where the queen and
grouped around an artificial lake, court ladies played at the life of peasants.
Here was
the miller;
the old mill, where the king acted the part of the dairy house, to which, after the queen and noble carried the milk in
milkmaids had milked the cows, they it out in
white buckets with silver handles and poured on tables of white marble.
pretty white pans standing stands a lovely
You cross a little rivulet, near which around lie the remains of
Temple de V Amour, and all of the few years of
the original garden to remind you the royal couple and then-
idyllic life indulged in by court before the storm of
the Revolution broke and
carried them all to the guillotine.

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XXXI

From Paris to New York

On a certain Wednesday morning in April we set out rather earlier than usual, our minds confused with contrary feelings; we were glad to be entering upon the last lap of our journey to our native land, and at the same time we were extremely sorry to be leaving Paris.

How we longed for another two or three weeks or months or even a year! But it was no use, this was to be our last morning in Paris.

The Gare St. Lazare stands immediately behind the Hotel Terminus, at which

we were stopping, a very satisfactory place, by the way, first class, reasonable in price and very conveniently located. So, after a short stroll and a little final shopping, we secured a porter and started out in search of the special boat-train for Cherbourg. This boat-train is chartered by the steam and afforded us by long odds the most ship company comfortable railroading we experienced anywhere in Europe. At the gate you are told the car and compartment that has been assigned to you, and on reaching them you find a large card hanging on the door with your name on it; meal tickets are also issued, giving you a reserved seat in the dining car at a certain time. Everything works like a hundred dollar clock, and the train does not stop until you reach Cherbourg, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, after a ride

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of six and a half hours. And what a delightful ride it was! Green fields, flowers, fruit trees in bloom, all the charm of springtime in this beautiful section of France, which is like a continuous garden. The roads, fields and forests were tidied-up; every tiny bit of land clean and was under cultivation and everybody busy. After passing through the barren lands of Palestine and Italy, the scenery of France seemed like a little Paradise.

Arriving at Cherbourg we found ourselves on a soon

tug steaming out to the big Olympic that lay in the outer harbor the largest British steamer in His Majesty's service. Never before did I fully realize the immense size of a big ocean liner. Our tug, which was no small affair, looked like a peanut shell as we came alongside with over eight hundred passengers and a train load of baggage.

As throughout our trip, the ocean was calm whole and the weather almost uniformly delightful, except for a little rain and two days of heavy wind, which caused a little uneasiness among several of the passengers, especially poor Mr. B who, having made up his mind that this would be his last chance to get seasick, curled up

in his steamer chair and felt as miserable as anyone could and still live.

in a

The seventh and last night out was wrapped cold and just after we had heavy fog; the air grew icy horse-car turned in the engines slowed down to about were in the neighbor speed and suddenly stopped. We hood of icebergs, and the temperature was headed for zero. Suddenly the thought dawned on us that it would

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From Paris to New York

be much sensible to be up and dressed, in more case of an emergency, and we began to wonder how long a

person could live in that ice-cold water, in case we did collide with a berg. But it was so cosy and warm under the extra blankets that while arguing the matter with ourselves, sleep overtook us and the next thing we heard was loud rapping on our cabin door and a familiar a

voice saying, "Your bawth is ready, sir!" awoke us to the fact that the big boat was still safe and sound and we had enjoyed a good night's sleep besides.

Every evening during the voyage we had been treated to some sort of festivities; a ball, vaudeville entertainment, musical or concert. But the last evening was the most festive of all, for at midnight the bar was to be closed, and like a modern disappearing bed, no trace of it would remain in the morning.

At seven o'clock in the morning we arrived at the Quarantine Station; the engines stopped, and everybody assumed an air of expectancy that they were forced to maintain for two mortal hours, waiting for the doctor to appear for inspection. Everybody grew impatient, disgusted and hungry (as breakfast is not served until after inspection) ; everybody, that is, except a few wise ones who had taken the precaution to have some refresh

ments served in their cabins before the attendants lined up for inspection.

Finally the doctor arrived and we marched by him in single file, as he gave us one brief glance from head to

foot to decide whether or not we were infected with
cholera, typhus or any of the other ills which flesh is

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heir to. We all marveled at the sagacity of that representative of the medical profession, who could accomplish so much in a single glance; but were thankful that one look was sufficient, and hurried down to our belated breakfast.

After another hour or so, the whirl of our engines indicated that we were under way, and presently the sky-line of New York City loomed up. The Goddess of Liberty, was standing in her accustomed place, holding her torch aloft to welcome us to the home of the brave and the land of prohibition all of which caused many caustic remarks from divers individuals who felt that the latest Constitutional Amendment was doing them an untold injury.

I will not attempt to describe our feelings as the immense skyscrapers loomed up, the most impressive man-

made panorama in the world! The Singer Building, the Woolworth beautiful and (the most the Municipal, of others, perfect of its kind in existence), and hundreds too numerous to mention, towered up through the smoke and haze, gleaming in the noonday sun.

A thousand vessels, ranging in size from huge ocean liners down to busy little tugs that swarmed in and out

of the harbor, and ferryboats like huge shuttles gliding forth the channel, were coming and back and across after pier behind going on the Hudson. Leaving pier us, on past Jersey City, then Hoboken, finally White Star Pier No. 60 loomed up, where after considerable came to a

maneuvering and twisting about, our big ship
and we moved down the gangplanks for our
standstill,

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final customs examination. Our trip was nearly over

and the return part of it was remarkable as it had been
one of the quickest on record. In thirteen
days we

had traveled from Cairo, Egypt, City, and
to New York

had stopped over twenty-four hours in Paris and eight
hours in Turin, Italy.

"Impossible!" an old lady insisted on hearing our
record. "I have crossed the ocean twenty-six times,
and have been around the world twice, and it can't be
done in any such time as that !" yet there we were, able
to answer to roll-call; but when I assured her that in all
our trip I had

never been seasick or missed a meal

(when it was possible to get one), the old lady looked
at me with a quizzical glance that indicated very plainly

I was set down in her estimation as a lineal descendant
of Baron Karl Friedrick Hieronymus von Munchausen,
and eligible to membership in a first-class Ananias Club.

According to our Bradshaw we had traveled very close
to six thousand miles in those thirteen days, had crossed
the Atlantic Ocean, the Mediterranean Sea, and had
been bumped around on six different railroads and passed
the customs ordeal five times. Quite enough excitement
to crowd into less than two weeks!

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XXXII

Hints to Travelers

In order to set ourselves right with the reader at the
outset, we wish to warn him that the following chapter
promises to be as interesting as Bradshaw's Book of
Continental Time Tables, or a page selected at random
Record. It to

from our own Congressional proposes
full

deal strictly with matters of business, to be packed
of dry information, and show up in a state of actual
whose

nudity many facts invaluable to any tourist
had
knowledge of traveling is confined as the writer's
been for a number of years to a local ride in a jitney,
or an occasional trip in a trolley
car. In addition to
reader
these few explanatory words we wish to warn the
who has survived thus far that some of the following
hints are not to be taken too seriously.
first requisite,
Before starting on a trip abroad, the
of cash, a passport and a
in addition to a liberal supply
few other necessary incidentals to be
mentioned later, is
what we are often told a traveler
no longer requires
namely, a knowledge of foreign languages, preferably
and a smattering of
French, German, Italian, Spanish
are not
Arabic, Gaelic, Greek, Russian and Chinese
are not
absolutely necessary, provided these countries
confine your travels
included in your itinerary, and you
strictly to the following places: England, where in some
form of English is spoken; the beaten
parts a modified

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Hints to Travelers

paths of France, where some of the people seem to
understand their own language when you speak it very
slowly, with a proper accompaniment of signs and ges-
tures; Italy, where you will always find porters and
guides who assure you they understand French, English
or almost any other language you may mention, but
nevertheless insist on using their native tongue, as it
matches the scenery better; Egypt and Palestine, where
a few simple Arabic phrases, sufficient to shoo off the
beggars and insistent natives, will be about all that is
necessary. Certainly a trip abroad can be made by a
monoglot, but only after a fashion; and he must be
satisfied to be put on reduced rations so far as pleasure

and convenience are concerned. He must expect embarrasments to besiege him without ceasing, and the finer frills of the trip to continually eluding him.

be

It often occurred to me trip abroad

that one's first

is largely occupied with learning the game and finding out how he may exact some pleasure out of it should he ever go over the same ground again. For, on the first trip, you never know what to expect, or when to expect it, or from what direction it is coming, which naturally gives you more or less of a thrill. You are kept in a state of suspense which, in the end, acts as a sort of halo to the remembrances of your trip.

This glamour is lacking in your subsequent trips, unless the stage happens to have a new and different setting which is often the case and the program is rendered with new variations that keep you guessing why things are not coming along as you were expecting them.

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To be sure there are a number of valuable guide books to be had, which are filled with a mass of information that may or may not have any bearing on your

problem. Your guide book, for instance, may tell you very accurately what to say to the cabman in order to engage him, and how to call the police should some difficulty arise between yourself and the cabman which

This valuable

you have just succeeded in engaging.

information is followed a splendid list of hotels and by

existence,

in

pensions, many of which are no longer

to be

together with the rates which are supposed

that

charged, and which you will find are so reasonable

the proprietors have long since forgotten them. Then

a chapter on art, ancient history, religion,

you are given

there is

and a list of health resorts and hospitals. But

of that intimate information which would mean

so

none

much to you in the early springtime of your journey.

are contemplating a

So, for the benefit of those who

the following hints are

trip abroad for the first time, be

offered, in the hope that some help may possibly

derived therefrom by the uninitiated

the experienced

needs no coaching. It should be

traveler of course

borne in mind, however, that

these few simple sugges

the help

tions are not intended to entirely supplant

more than a

offered by the regulation guide book, any

with the necessity of a

tube of tooth paste does away

dentist they are merely supplementary.

on the tact

Sufficient emphasis is not usually placed

to plan your trip carefully

that it is absolutely essential

most minute details. In this

in advance, down to the

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Hints to Travelers

way you will have the pleasure of planning many inter

esting things which you will never experience; but you

will have had the pleasure of anticipation, anyway. The

longer you think it over, the more enjoyment you will

get out of the trip in this way, and if you can keep

on thinking of little things that had not occurred to you

before, so much the better.

I have known several very intelligent persons who, in

their spare moments, continued to plan a trip abroad for

ten, twenty and even thirty years; finally, feeling that

they had gone far enough, they decided to stay at home,

and never regretted it!

So, by all means, think it over the longer the better!

But there is another method that is sometimes fol

lowed, that oftaking the

trip thinking it over
first and
afterwards. This
happened, by force of circumstance,
to be the one adopted by the writer, who ten days be-
fore starting had no more idea of going to Europe and
the Orient than of joining a relief expedition to Mars
in fact, he had definitely decided that his traveling days
in this incarnation were practically over.
The advantage be derived from this review-after-
to

the-fact method is that you are absolutely free from all
pre-conceived notions, prejudices or expectations, and
soaks
your mind, being, as it were, a blank, thoroughly
in all impressions, and even if you miss many things
that you should have seen, whatever you do happen to
see comes as a fresh and pleasant surprise.
Take the customs, for example. Each time you go
through that ordeal you realize that it is a matter you

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had never taken very seriously before, and had no idea
it could be served up in so many different and unattrac-
tive ways. It had never entered your "stream of con-
sciousness" that on the ordinary railroad trains on the
Continent you are not supposed to require any nourish-
ment or a proper place to sleep. And so on, you keep
adding one experience to another, while one thrill keeps
treading on the heels of its predecessor, as you maintain
the more or less even tenor of your way.
Many people make the serious mistake of spending a
great deal of time in reading up about a certain place
or thing, raising their expectations to
such a pitch that
than they would have
disappointed
they are even more
been if they had absolutely nothing about it
known
in
beforehand. After all, the joy of traveling is not
is to
what you see or where you go; the great thing

wherever
have the right kind of companions, who will go
as long as you desire, and always
you wish to go, stay
the rest is
do whatever you have in mind ; then easy.

As a matter of fact, you might be in fairly congenial
at home, and possibly have just
as

company and stay

But if you are

much fun at a great deal less expense.

soon discover one thing:

actually on the trail, you will is

that to travel alone or with uncongenial companions

as whitewashing a barn

or serv

every bit as enjoyable

ing a term on a Federal jury.

about at the last

Another important thing to think

from experience

moment is your baggage, and, speaking

to take plenty of it, and

I would strongly advise everyone

different kinds and sizes of

have it done up in as many

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Hints to Travelers

packages as possible the more the merrier! A person

who has not tried it would hardly believe what a joy

it is to keep track of thirteen pieces of hand-luggage

them all whenever

every time you change cars, and open

you pass through the customs.

This is a serious problem, and I

baggage question

that it

found from repeated inquiry and observation

has still not been solved. It does not seem to

be

or two

definitely settled whether it is better to take one

large trunks or an assorted collection of suit cases, bags,

a few odd bundles of various shapes and sizes, including

several hat boxes, preferably ones with vivid stripes.

But no matter which of these methods you adopt on next trip to try your first trip, you will decide on the other.

Regarding umbrellas which are seldom needed but are such a comfort to carry around it is never wise

to only one, as you are sure to lose it start out with

hot, dry day, when you really didn't need

to

some

of umbrellas, it is

have it along. In addition to a relay

of

advisable to carry a couple of typewriters, as one

overlook

the important things that you cannot afford to

letter

is your correspondence, and to make an occasional

to your friends at home, what could be better

legible

than a typewriter?

Absolutely essential are several pairs

of ordinary, in

reason for more than

expensive rubber goloshes the

are usually kicked off

one pair being that such things

under the car seat, or left in some corner, and, like the

evanescent umbrellas, have a confirmed habit of being

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always left behind. The same thing, with equal force, might be applied to a plurality of whisk-brooms, tooth brushes, bedroom slippers, etc., but none of these are quite on a par, or make as good a showing as an extra fur overcoat, a mackintosh or a bundle of steamer rugs.

As to a collection of cameras, we will only mention them here as a valuable adjunct in connection with the fore going articles, all properly draped about your anatomy crowded gang

you struggle and squeeze down

as

a

plank, or try to hoist yourself up the steep and narrow steps of a railroad car.

All of which paraphernalia adds to the picturesque-a certain

ness of your appearance, and lends to you

amount of dignity as you flock into a first-class hotel, and attempt to fill out your registration blanks.

mention is

Another item we had almost forgotten to

of favorite volumes

a package of books some of your

which you love to dip into occasionally,

and by all

a half-dozen or so of the very

latest popular

means

to

novels, and a few of the highest-priced magazines,

on a high plane,

show that, mentally, you are traveling

to date. This makes

and a person who keeps strictly up

a rather bulky package;

but it serves an N. B. to all

are independent of the

excellent library on board

that you

of books is offered

the ship, where a choice collection

have the further and fre

free of charge, and you will

to every customs official

quent pleasure of explaining with

which you brought

that these are your own books,

etc.

you from home

for your own use on the trip,

and unimportant details,

Before getting down to small

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Hints to Travelers

we must not overlook another vital matter an attitude of faith, to which should be added a certain amount of

nerve. If these two essentials are lacking your trip will
as well for you to leave
be a failure, and it would be
bank at four percent, or take
your money in the savings
a chance in promising oil stock, the prospectuses
some

of which are enough to convince any credulous individual
that the world is either full of optimists or apt disciples
of Ananias.

The novice who packs his grip and starts to foreign
lands is in practically the same condition as a brave
and trustful couple who, in the face of everything, em
bark on that supposedly "tranquil and placid matri
monial sea, whose shores are fringed with midnight
squills, squalls and paregoric trees!" He has no idea
of the trials and tribulations that await him; but he is
informed in due time that the law of compensation is
at work here as everywhere else in the world, and he
can safely make up his mind that for every one pound of
he overtakes, at least sixteen ounces of grief
pleasure
must be passed through.

After all, for a middle-aged or nervous individual,
perhaps the safest and most comfortable and certainly
the least expensive method of traveling is by the stere
a book of explanations and
oscope system, where, with
a set of views, you can sit quietly at home
and at your
leisure see many things with greater comfort and quite
as much profit as you could by crossing the seas, and
following the average guide.

Speaking of taking things leisurely brings up another

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point whether it is better for you to take your time
when traveling and see a few places thoroughly, or rush
along as if you were on your way to a fire. And here
again tastes and opinions differ.

After you have reached dry land, the quickest and
decidedly the most expensive way is to jump into an
automobile, tell the driver to step on the throttle, and
do your sight-seeing on the fly. Of course, you go so
rapidly that you are not able to see things very dis

tinctly; but you can surely cover a lot of ground, and can honestly tell your friends that you saw such and such a place without going too much into details. A cheaper and less nerve-racking way is to engage a rickety cab and an invalid horse that seems to know its driver is being paid by the hour, and why should it worry? In conclusion, there is the ancient and unfashionable practice of going on foot. Each of these methods has its own advantages and limitations so that the whole thing is, perhaps, best

regulated by the time, place and nature of the case. There are some places you cannot get through quickly well afford to linger enough, and others where you can the course longer; anyway, after you have gone over

once you will know better what to do about it the next time.

and your education is But after all is said and done, will probably feel rounded off by foreign travel, you with yourself, and come like holding a quiet pour parler finest place in which to spend to the conclusion that the is that certain parcel of land lying your declining years

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Hints to Travelers

between the Atlantic and Pacific, the Great Lakes and the Rio Grande a land where you can travel more than twice the distance from London to Naples without being once haled into a dingy customs house, and with but a single change of cars!

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XXXIII

Transportation Problems

Before administering the anesthetic and proceeding to dissect some of the minor afflictions that dog the foot

steps of the inexperienced traveler, we will touch lightly on a few other topics that ought to be discussed some

where, and perhaps it would be as well to do it now!

For, sooner or later, you will have to consider transportation problems, and decide when, and on what parts of the trip you will go by boat, train or airplane, or whether you will finally decide to put on your slippers, light up your pipe and compromise on an imaginary trip in an overstuffed rocker by your own fireside.

As you probe into this matter, you will find that much of it is not nearly so difficult as it appears at first glance; in fact, the very nature of the case often suggests its own solution. In order to make a start and get into action, it is sometimes advisable to lay down a few hard and fast rules or first principles anything to get at the subject in a logical way.

As a broad and general proposition, we believe that the best means of crossing the ocean or any other large body of water is by boat preferably by steamboat, and the larger the boat, the more expensive the passage. The next thing to decide is whether to go first, second or third class the distinguishing features of the different classes being about as follows:

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Ingoing first class on a large boat you have the privilege of associating for at least seven days with a select class of people, many of whom will carefully refrain from cultivating your acquaintance. There are always a few dukes, countesses and ultra-wealthy New Yorkers

aboard, whom you will never see, as they remain secluded in their luxurious parlor suites. You will have the

opportunity of making the acquaintance of a dozen or more ordinary human beings, whom you will find very pleasant and agreeable.

In the second class you will find the menu card is a little abbreviated, and passengers are supposed to furnish their own music. They are also expected to be

more sociable and have a better time than the first-class passengers provided they confine their efforts to a certain restricted section of the boat. They are free to talk, laugh, sing and give impromptu concerts, and to get as seasick as any of the other passengers

at

exactly half the price of a first-class ticket. In the third class you have the privilege of mixing at close range with a lot of unpretentious people who are frequently referred to, in political campaign speeches, as the "salt of the earth," and among whom there is usually a number of noisy and boisterous children, and one or more kinds of contagious diseases. The food in the third cabin is said to be poor and scanty, yet you will notice that nearly everyone is constantly eating. While the third-class passengers are more rigidly confined, and in the most undesirable part of the boat, yet they have a little longer stay on board than any

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others, as their medical examination comes last. They are usually held in quarantine for a week or two, while

the other passengers are hurried off as quickly as possible, and sent on their way without this extra experience.

One thing to bear in mind is that second-class accommodations on one of the large liners is equally as good (at least our waiter said so), as a first-class passage on one of the smaller boats of from ten to fifteen thousand tons, although there is about two days less of it on a large boat. The small boats, particularly in rough weather, have much wider latitude and longitude of motion than the larger vessels, and a passenger on a small boat can reasonably expect everybody on board to be as seasick as he is himself, and there is no small amount of comfort in that one thought alone.

Before coming to a definite decision in this matter, however, you should not fail to ponder over the name of your vessel, if by chance you should be partial to names, happen to be a little superstitious, or for or

patriotic, religious or other reasons have any particular preference in the matter.

After revolving these matters in your mind for a few weeks and being unable to come to any conclusion, the only sensible thing to do is count your cash a couple of times, decide the date you wish to sail, look up some responsible booking agency, and let the clerk pick out your steamer and fix up your tickets, while you merely

hand over the proper amount of cash, and forget all about it.

And now you are almost started provided you have

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secured a clearance from the income tax collector, a

if

sailing permit, and most important of all passport,

a

to be an American citizen. This may intro

you happen

in

duce another chance for a few unhappy moments,

case you happened to have been born

a good many years

and out in some rural district, where they

don't

ago,

know what birth certificate looks like.

a

Nevertheless,

certain facts must be shown to the satisfaction of the

State Department at Washington ; first, that you were

and that

second, were born somewhere in the

born,

you

United States of America, and these claims must be prop

erly substantiated by a birth certificate which probably

never existed.

In such a case, the family doctor can be appealed to,

and

the one who attended that first important function

remembers all the requisite details. But if that worthy

has long since hung up his saddle-bags and passed

on

together with most of his

to the happy hunting ground,

knew you in your ex

patients and everyone else who

have the final recourse of looking

trene youth, then you

has known you intimately for the last

up someone who

to

fifteen years, and can swear that you are not trying

leave the country on account of some crime, or
for other
to mention some of your
sinister purposes, not forgetting
habits and a few other personal traits that occur to
good
him. Armed with this evidence, legally acknowledged,
together with an affidavit of your own, explaining why
entitled to a passport, and accom
you think you are
friend to swear that you
panied by a prominent personal
are the identical person who
made the affidavit and the

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selfsame individual who is desirous of securing a pass
port, you visit your local Consul, lay down ten dollars
and ninety cents, and are told to come back in twenty
days.

The next move before leaving New York, or what
everport you have decided to sail from, is to visit the
Consuls of the different countries which you expect to
visit, and these gentlemen will for a matter of any
where from two and a half to five dollars visk your
passport. This operation is effected with a rubber
stamp, and is an indication to all the world that, so far
as these gentlemen are concerned, you are at liberty to
go ahead and use the ticket you have already bought
and paid for.

All that remains now is to be on hand at the proper
pier, on a certain day, at least two hours before the time
of sailing, pass through the customs house, leave your
sailing permit and trip up the gangplank.

Of course the steamer does not sail at the hour speci
fied, but is liable to do so anywhere from three to
four hours later; but you are there anyway, and can fill
in the time by waving your handkerchief indiscrimi
nately at the crowds of people who, having come down
with baskets of fruit and flowers, now line the end of
the pier waiting to see someone else off. This makes
no particular difference, however, as no one knows to
whom you are waving, and your departure becomes just
so much heart-rending the longer and more vigor
more

ously the performance is kept up. After a few hours of frantic waving you are ready to heave a sigh of

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the relief when the big boat finally pushes away from pier.

that

When you arrive in London in case you go to in few days, city you will probably decide to move on a

should it happen the weather is chronically rainy or

On a few inquiries you learn there are foggy. making

several ways of reaching Paris, and that the quickest and most expensive is by air. By a little mental calculation, you find it only costs one-third as much by train, and you have over five hours longer to ride; so, if you look at it in the same manner as a Chinaman buying his for the

high boots, getting the largest pair he could least money, you will probably go by train. If you do, be sure to secure your reservations in advance, as otherwise will probably have the option of standing you from Calais to Paris; or waiting for the next slow hours later.

train, which will land you there several Before taking either one of these trains, you will do well to remember that neither of them has a dining car or stops for meals, and unless you are anxious to reach Paris in a famished condition, you will provide yourself with a well-filled lunch basket.

Another very important thing, although we are rather late in mentioning it, is how to best carry your money en route. As it is unwise and inconvenient, as well as

unsafe, to carry a large sum of money on your person, even in a money-belt, for which you are often searched on the frontiers, it is customary to have either a letter of credit, or some form of traveler's checks, often spelled

"cheques." But the spelling will make no particular

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difference, as no matter how they are spelled, you will experience no difficulty in making them disappear even more rapidly than you had expected and dreaded. The hotel-keepers seem particularly fond of them, and have no hesitation in accepting them in any amount.

In addition, your pockets should always be filled with the small change of the particular country through which you are passing.

After you have settled on how best to carry the bulk of your wealth, it is well to learn the value of the different coins which are passed out to you and which you must in turn speedily pass out again in the different countries through which you journey.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty in this respect is met with in England, where pounds, shillings, pence, bobs, guineas and sovereigns require a slide-rule or a good-sized sheet of paper and pencil to figure up the price of a meal or total a few purchases at an ordinary store. It is also confusing to see articles priced at so many guineas and find that there are such coins in existence, and no

that it is just a little pleasantry on the part of the merchant, who expects you to convert this price into some other denomination which is in circulation. The English custom of varying the size of the bank notes according to their value is another cause of confusion.

On the Continent, matters of exchange are much less complicated, as the decimal system is used, and you are told that in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Greece, five franc pieces are legal tender everywhere. This greatly simplifies matters.

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French, Belgian and Swiss small silver coins are supposed to pass indiscriminately, but not the copper or nickel centimes. These small silver coins have temporarily retired, and left the field open to torn and less consoling to dirty paper money, which is more or

are spending real money,
you, as you do not realize you
but are merely parting with something which you are
very glad to get rid of. The smaller Italian coins are
good only in their own country, and it is well to remem-
ber that on the northern border of Italy you are intro-
duced to a wonderful output of some of the best printing
has no intrinsic
presses of Europe. Unfortunately, this
value, unless it can be slipped in by some unscrupulous
when making change, otherwise it is used for
person
labels for beer bottles, etc.

I was about to advise the necessity of looking up the
official regulations as to the amount of money a traveler
is allowed to have on his person when passing a frontier;
but on thought this is hardly necessary, as a
second
little co-operation on the part of the hotel and shop
keepers and souvenir venders will arrange all this, so
that you will be lucky to reach the border with enough
change left to pay your porter and the customs dues.
No matter where or how you are traveling in Europe,
whether by train, subway or street cars, you will still
be confronted with the first, second and third class
systems, problem
a on which you have
already been
obliged spend
to some thoughtful moments.

On the ordinary railroad trains even first-class service
will appeal to you as being none too good, especially in

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Italy, where vacuum cleaning and disinfection seems to
be unknown or taboo.

While it is advisable to provide yourself with soap,
towels and other toiletconveniences, it is hardly worth
while to bother about sanitary drinking cups, owing to
the fact that there is neverany ice water on the trains
and the ordinary supply of un-iced water is generally
used up before you have time to develop a thirst.

No one wishes to find fault or unduly criticize the
peculiar customs of foreign lands. This would be de-
cidedly ungracious, reflecting on the traveler's good

sense, as the purpose of his trip is to come in contact with unusual and different phases of life. But in taking a snapshot it is impossible to eliminate a few unattractive

objects that have a tendency to mar the artistic effect of an otherwise pleasing picture, and so in traveling on the railroads in Europe, you feel that you have suffered a degree of discomfort which makes a word or two regarding the aversion of the natives to fresh air excusable. Especially on a very hot day, the cars are all hermetically sealed, as open windows cause draughts, which are conducive to colds, pneumonia and other deadly diseases that Americans know nothing about!

For this reason, if for no other, you are happy to reach Venice, step into a gondola and glide away over the Grand Canal and other waterways. At last you have found a kind of transportation which is romantic, ideal, soothing, perfect. You are unable to find a flaw anywhere in the system, until you lean out to inhale a breath of the glorious air, when, whew! the odor of

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decaying vegetables floating on the water, the aroma of sewage and other uncatalogued odors you to causes

hastily cover your nostrils and reach for the smelling salts.

Having become thoroughly familiar with the intricacies and inconveniences of all the modes of transportation common to Europe, you will be ready, by the time you

reach Egypt, to hunt up some picturesque old camel, and take a few lessons in a kind of locomotion which is in a class all by itself.

You will find a drove of camels lying in wait for you, in the shade of the lebbakh trees at the end of the avenue, just before you reach the Pyramids of Gizeh.

No sooner have you posed as an expert and picked out your favorite animal, than begins to snarl and he

grumble, exhibiting signs of a horribly mean disposition, as if trying to frighten you into changing your mind and

picking on one of the other brutes. If you persist in sticking to your first choice, and climb on board, he emits growls more savage than ever, and shows symp

toms of hydrophobia. Then you notice that he is horribly filthy, and rich in unsavory odors, and just as you are about to climb off, he rears up on his front feet. You lean forward and hang to the saddle-horn for support, when, without warning, the other end of the animal elevates itself, and you nearly take another trip through space in the opposite direction. In the meantime the onlookers have had a good laugh at you, and everybody, except your disgruntled camel and yourself, has enjoyed seeing you flounder around to keep from

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turning a somersault onto the boulevard in front of you, or landing in a bunch of "tules" in a ravine a dozen

yards behind you. All the other camels have by this time joined in a sort of Anvil Chorus, and a few donkeys have set up a vociferous braying, and you feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself for having stirred up all this commotion.

Finally, your "ship of the desert" becomes reconciled, and starts off on an easy, slouching gait, and the con

ditions become favorable for a little romantic meditation.

You think of all the wonderful people who have economized gasoline and motored around in this fashion on

since Father Noah coaxed a couple of these animals down the gangplank; you think of the romance of the desert and dream of the poetic glamor of the caravan and "the tinkling of the camel's bell!" By and by you take a look at the dirty animal on which you are riding, inhale a whiff or two of its powerful odor, and come to the conclusion that the camel is much more attractive in picture and story than it is in real life another case where distance lends enchantment, and familiarity breeds once in

a query: Why don't they disinfect these camels a while?

As you return from the Pyramids the accommodating driver, wishing to introduce you to the final thrill, urges

This automatically

your unwilling beast into a trot.

recalls to your mind the fact that a caravan camel is regarded as a poor investment, they

as good for only
are

three or four years; you wonder why they do not jolt themselves to pieces much sooner than that, and con-

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elude that the only reason is that they seldom go on a trot.

Your final thrill disembarking, when it comes on

behooves you to be vigilant again, watch which end of your camel drops first, and brace yourself accordingly, otherwise you still have a chance of soaring off on an unexpected tangent. But no matter one should not find fault or utter a word of complaint; for it was for these very things you took a trip abroad: to come in contact with unfamiliar experiences, and otherwise have a glorious time!

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XXXIV

Dress, Tips and Guides

The problems of transportation and other various

vexing questions having been already (happily, we hope!) disposed of, we will proceed to other matters.

Of course, it would add greatly to one's comfort if everything could be fully settled beforehand, but such complete anticipation of trouble is not always possible nor desirable.

But sooner or later you must devote some thought to your raiment.

When traveling, the matter of dress may be roughly said to be contingent on several established facts; whether you are traveling first, second or third class; whether you are married or single, and, if married, whether you happen to be on your honeymoon, or quietly celebrating your fortieth or more anniversary. Some regard is also due to your social standing, and how many stars are attached to your rating in Dun's or Bradstreet's.

Regarding how to dress when traveling on the Continent, there is a wide diversity of opinion. Many people index of

prefer to make their personal appearance an
their bank account, provided it is a fancy one, expecting
thereby to attract more attention, secure better service,
and make a much larger splash in the social puddle.
On the other hand, plain clothing, even bordering on the

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smooth and shiny stage, has its advantages, as the more
prosperous you look and the more expensive your luggage
is, the more apt you are to attract some light-
fingered pickpocket, or become the target of one of the
Band of International Thieves, who will track you to
your hotel, and later call, during your absence, and
rifle your high-priced luggage. A shabby purse has

discouraged many an observant crook.

But to get back to the matter of dress as tastes and
inclinations, as well as the allowances available for this
purpose vary so widely with different persons, it is per-
haps as well to settle the matter by letting the last word
be spoken by the interested party himself or herself, as
the case may be, and pass on to other equally perplexing
topics. In this way we will save ourselves the humilia-
tion of offering advice which no one would follow any
way, and also escape the imprecations that would be
heaped upon our heads by anyone who might literally
follow our directions.

Without question, the one real and vital problem that
confronts you, stands at your elbow, and assails you
from the rear, in every country, and at every turn, is
what, when and how much to scatter around in "tips."
One thing you may as well admit first as last. Namely,
that it is the custom, and that when you are in Rome, it
is wise to do as the Romans at least in so far as tips
are concerned!

That this source of grief is more real than imaginary
is shown by the fact that many tender-hearted landlords
are coming to the rescue, so that in almost every city

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you can find hotels in which employes are forbidden to
accept tips, and the guests are requested not to offer
any as the management intends when you leave to add
ten percent to your bill for service. At the Swiss hotels
they are especially solicitous for you to have real good

service, so they make it fifteen percent.

Unfortunately, there is a suspicion that little or none of this surplusage ever reaches its alleged destination, and is only a convenient method of increasing your hotel bill, and making you realize more keenly than ever what a wonderful time you have had!

Nevertheless, this no-tip system robs your trip of a

well as more or less aggravation
great deal of charm as well as

or
tension and your departure is tame compared with what it is in hotels where tipping is still in vogue.

Say what you will, there is a decided thrill in seeing of servants line up to bid you

a good-sized squad up

Adieu! many of whom you have never seen before.

You have no idea of their rank or calling, or the size of their expectations; added to this your uncertainty

as to the value of the strange

coins you are passing out,

and the feeling that you are giving the right amounts are making a

mess of it, and rush along

the line, making still more

who opens the
blunders, until you reach the little slave

door for you, and who has smiled and saluted you regularly every morning you

have left,

you

hand him all the small change you

the taxi-starter

without stopping to think of the concierge

or

outside !

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Dress, Tips and Guides

After jumping into the taxi and wiping your perspiring brow, you feel relieved to think it is all over. But presently you wonder why you are not moving, and on making inquiries in vain from the cabman (who has not gotten his yet), and the starter (whom you have overlooked and who has suddenly lost all interest in you), you finally appeal to the concierge (who mumbles and

seems very downhearted), and finally the light dawns

upon you. You have left nothing for the elevator man in the back hall and the two porters who are to bring down your luggage, and the cabman does not wish to go without your luggage that would never do!

So you furiously hasten to buy or borrow more change, and properly salve the injured parties, slipping the cabman a few in advance, begging him to hurry lest you miss your train.

And so it goes, like a serial story in a daily news paper it occurs regularly and continues from day to day. But, after all, when you get accustomed to the tipping habit, and have learned the game, you grow to like it, and there is no denying the fact that you get better and more painstaking service where you pay-when-you-go. The American tip-as-you-go kind of service is spasmodic, and there is not the same feeling of being properly and continually cared for, as under the European system; but of course everyone is entitled to his own preference.

And now we approach one of the great joys of traveling the guide! A joy forever, though not necessarily a thing of beauty.

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Naturally, there are many kinds of guides, and in choosing one many considerations bob up to influence your decision. You may feel sympathetic, and take an old reprobate, or one who is crippled, and cannot get over the ground very well. Or you may pick a later model, whose swagger air will lend a little class to your entourage. But no matter whom you select or whether

he has a little if any real knowledge, provided he has a vivid imagination, and can answer questions promptly

and furnish you with a mass of details, you will feel that you are being properly conducted.

In the United States it is customary for a man who

"gone broke" or is a general, all-around failure, has to

become a painter or drive a hack. But in Europe, he launches out as a first-class guide, and becomes a choice mine of misinformation! When his knowledge becomes

hazy, he suddenly fails to understand your language;
lead you
but, in spite of all his failings, he can usually
to the places you wish to visit, or to
others just as good
else
if not better, and when at a loss to do anything
can take you an incredibly long
distance to see the tomb
illustrious of whom you have never
of some person
heard.

earmarks of a good
Perhaps one of the most reliable
remind you not to hurry him
guide is a slight limp, to
the hour, he prefers
around too lively. Being paid by
as to bring you back
to the
taking things leisurely, so
same place tomorrow to
finish up a few odd things that
well have seen today. Altogether, he is
you could as
on the front seat of the
never so happy as when sitting

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cab and conversing with the driver, as you trail back
and forth across the city, past the various objects of
interest which, unless continually reminded, he fails to
point out to you.

It adds a touch of piquancy to have your guide under
stand very little English usually he professes to know
this language very well, but as soon as you have engaged
him, he suffers a severe attack of aphasia, so that his
answers fail to co-ordinate with your questions and there

is a general vagueness to his conversation, which helps
to keep you in a delightful state of suspense. The only
safe and satisfactory thing to do is to follow along and
keep on asking foolish and irrelevant questions, to which
you get equally immaterial and unintelligible answers.
This shows him that you are alive and interested, and
does not prevent you from referring to your guide

book from time to time, when you want any real information.

In Rome, no matter what the nature of our inquiry, we were always told that it "dated back to the Sixteenth Century, and all the new churches were built with materials taken from the old ones" and after a while we got so we believed it!

Once, however, as we were standing in the piazza of St. John Lateran, and noticed a high

bridge that appeared, from where we stood, to connect the Vatican with the dome of St. Peter's, our guide varied the monotony by explaining that this bridge was used by the Pope, on very special occasions, to go from his apartments directly to the big church.

The next day, when in the neighborhood of St.

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Peter's, we called his attention to the fact that this bridge was several miles beyond the Vatican and inquired whether the Pope jumped onto that bridge or used an airplane. poor guide became immediately

afflicted with a sudden attack of sensory and amnesic aphasia, which was both painless and pathetic!

Anyway, a guide is invaluable to show you the lay of the land, and entertain you in his own inimitable way.

But the real sport comes a few days later when you poke around by yourself through the unfamiliar streets and allow your mind to become filled with all kinds of wonder. In Rome, for instance, you wonder why on tied

Sunday morning old women with bunches of twigs to a street-sweeping; you try to count stick do all the

up all the religious confraternities that are continually of their

parading the streets and marvel at the variety all the other

headgear; then you try to figure out why in

able-bodied men in Rome are marching around town

There are thousands of things at soldier's uniform.

which you can wonder!

of guides
A great deal more might be said on the subject
for you
without much danger of making it any clearer,
can never see the guide industry
in all its glory until
and have to explain to every other
you reach Cairo,
man you meet on the Opera
House Square that you
in need of a
not These tactics have the
guide.
are
the relief is only
desired effect for the time being, but
temporary, and unless you
are accompanied by a guide,
will the next day and every day
happen
the same thing
as long as you stay in that city.

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Dress, Tips and Guides

Fortunately, the guides in Cairo are rather better
than the average guide on the Continent. They under-
stand the rudiments of the English language and are
to
proficient in the gentle art of conducting a stranger
as foul and ill-smelling bazaars as you could hope to
find anywhere in the world. They also seem to know
intuitively all the spots where fake fortune-tellers are
that
lying in wait to reveal to you all the good things
the fickle goddess has been holding back from you.
At first you will probably be more or less disgusted
by the filth and odors; but never mind! In a few days
transformation
your whole nature seems to undergo
a
and you will become fond of the very things that for-
merly filled you with a kind of nauseadistaste. The
and
longer you stay, the more you will be fascinated by the

place and its strange combination of Oriental and Occidental life and customs. You will find that Cairo, next to Paris, is the one city that never loses its charm, and

that it has a way of presenting the kaleidoscope of life in such a variety of sparkling colors that the eye never grows weary or the mind satiated.

If the foregoing directions are carefully followed, your trip should have a lasting and living meaning to you instead of having been an idle waste of legal tender.

It is with this hope that the above hints have been thrown out, in a careless sort of way, and we trust they will not meet the ordinary fate of bread cast on the waters; but that, instead of becoming mouldy they may emit a phosphorescent glow to light the footsteps of the traveler through some of the dark and perplexing problems that might otherwise cast a gloom over his

pathway.

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XXXV

The End of the Trail

In coming to this, the final chapter of our story, we find it the most difficult of all to get under way, and for a variety of reasons. Perhaps it is because we are nearer home, and things, being familiar to everyone, are more easily checked up, or because they are on this account less interesting.

It is also difficult, after rambling along so far and for such a long time, to know when, where and how to come to a sudden stop. Everyone has, perhaps, noticed is

how easy it is to start something, but how difficult it to bring it to a satisfactory and successful completion.

In addition to all the other handicaps, it is never easy and before

or pleasant to say "Good-bye" gracefully, the hope that

coming to that point I wish to express our rambles

all and sundry who may have followed of the

from chapter to chapter have received something

that the writer experienced

pleasure in reading of them

in attempting to record them.

With these preliminaries, we will proceed ring up
to

the few details
the curtain and adjust the spotlight
on

in the main tent, as
which will conclude the performance
taken in among the
well as the digressions we have
sideshows.

in the
A few chapters ago, I left myself standing
for some
customs house at New York, where I remained

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time waiting for my last suit case to be brought ashore,
before calling an inspector.

Having heard many weird stories about the rigid ex-
amination and how many people return by way of
Montreal to avoid it, I was naturally rather nervous,
and wondered how long it would take, and whether I
could ever get all the junk back into my suit cases again.
But I was somewhat relieved and felt my troubles were
insignificant when my good-looking neighbor remarked
that she had sixteen mammoth trunks to open up and
had lost her husband in addition, who had not entirely
recovered from "celebrating his liberty" the night before
before the bar room closed! But fortune, who had
been with us more than once on the trip, smiled again
and in a few minutes all was over and
rollingwe were

away to our hotel Washington Square.
on

The air was balmy, the trees just putting forth their
leaves, and for a moment we imagined we were back in
France again. But only for a moment, as a block from
the hotel, Fifth Avenue begins and the tall skyscrapers
loom up on all sides, so there was no doubt that we
were in the great and only city of its kind in the
world.

For several days our time was put in making com-
parisons; especially we commented on the wide, clean

streets with real sidewalks, the brisk, clean-cut and highly decorated people on the streets a composite of all the races in the world. We noted the lack of Oriental odors, and finally came to the matter of architecture. While forced to admit that many of the buildings, even

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on the prominent streets, were very commonplace, and could make no pretensions to beauty or good design, yet here and there one would strike you like a burst of sunlight through a cloudy sky. Of course, everyone does not go to New York to study architecture, and there are many other things keep the visitors interested. to

growing weary parading up and down Fifth

After

Avenue, gazing into the magnificent shop windows, and taking an occasional squint at the magnificent shoppers, we took a jaunt on top of one of the busses out Riverside Drive, past General Grant's tomb and on, seemingly half way to Albany or in hailing distance of Fort Ticonderoga.

Unfortunately the third day after our arrival the sun turned cold,

and rain of good weather gave out it rained, and rained some more!

After four or five more days of attempted sight-seeing, the sun was

it suddenly dawned on me that perhaps "hit the trail."

shining in California, and I

We were all particularly and financially interested in a "special-fare" train,

the fact that we were traveling on minute the train is

where you get a refund for every and as a

late But there was no chance for any refund, was poor policy

money-making proposition we decided it to gamble with the old Pennsy

railway, as they have

and when they charge

their business down to a fine point,

and sixty cents extra to get you to

you three dollars
be sure the odds
Cincinnati at a certain time, you may
and none of your coin will
ever come
are in their favor,

back!

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Nearly thirty years had passed since I took my last
look at Cincinnati, and I was sorry afterwards that I
looked in again, as my impressions of my "home town"
were not improved by an attempted hold-up by a drunken
tough the only time I had been molested on the whole
trip !

In the country everything is about the same, only a
little worse for wear and tear. The roads are in a little
worse condition than they were thirty years ago, and the

fine old forests have nearly all disappeared. The school-
houses are a little scarcer, and instead of building new
ones, the old ones are being closed here and there
throughout the country on account of the scarcity of
pupils.

After visiting the little brick schoolhouse where I
had tried to teach my first school, consisting of about
fifty demons of all ages and sizes who were supposed to
receive instruction in everything from A B C's to algebra
and music (for which I received the magnificent sum of
thirty-two dollars a month), the rainy season managed
to open up again with a continuous performance. After
for several days I managed between
being marooned
showers to board a midnight train in Cincinnati and
woke up in Chicago.

The principal object of my visit was to see the large
model of the New Bahai Temple now being built at
Wilmette, and in company with Mr. B I headed at
once to the Academy of Fine Arts, where the model is

It well worth the trip,
on permanent exhibition. was

and anyone going to Chicago should not fail to see this
wonderful of architecture, inspired work
specimen an

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from start to finish, beautiful down to the finest detail
and, most wonderful of all, an inanimate thing that
actually seems alive!

Its originality of design and unique treatment leave
nothing to be desired, and one can readily see why the
Bahais selected this model in the face of powerful com
petition.

The only regret I felt was that this Temple was not
to be erected on some prominent site overlooking Los

Angeles instead of in the suburbs of Chicago.

In fact I would be willing to live at least fifty years
on the

longer if I could look on such a building standing
truncated hill opposite Mt. Washington, a landmark to
be seen everywhere in the neighborhood of Los Angeles,
in plain view of the thousands of people daily journey
of pilgrimage for vis

ing to and from Pasadena, a place

the Taj Mahal

itors from all parts of the worldriving

at Milan!

and more beautiful than the great Cathedral

and tropical

Such building, surrounded by palms

a

the continent

foliage would be worth traveling

across

to see' But now it is high time to be getting
some

San Fran

where the Dearborn Station, where the

near

waiting for the

cisco limited is contentedly puffing away,

and the last lap of our long

complete

signal to pull out

"And now, in the words of the old Persian poet:

"Your ode you've sung, your pearls you've

strung;

Hafidh mine;

Come chant it sweetly,
That as you sing the sky may
fling
The Pleiades' bejeweled band."

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The above would have been more appropriate if had been expressed a little differently, but even at that, is no more irrelevant than a great many other things that have appeared in the preceding chapters.

the colored "king of the

Anyway, about this time,

Pullman" appeared with a whisk-broom and a broad

Dis

smile, and briefly announced, "Brush up, sah?

am

Los Angeles!"

And so, after an absence of four months, during which

we had journeyed nearly twenty thousand miles, our

little jaunt was ended!

END

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— A Modern Pilgrimage to Palestine (Used by permission of the curator)