

JERUSALEM

.....AS IT IS TO-DAY

J. A. DETZER in The Illustrated Home Journal

THE Jerusalem of to-day is only a mournful relic of the ancient city. Its former glory has departed. Blighted, bleak and barren, it now rests upon its crumbling hills—a city of ruins, rags and wretchedness. From Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, a seaport on the Mediterranean, it is fifty-three miles by rail to Jerusalem. Yes, even into the very center of the Holy Land have the iron ribbons penetrated, and the silent hills and slumbering valleys are startled by the thunders of the "overland" and the shrill scream of the locomotive—the advance agent of a new age. Each day a passenger train leaves and arrives at Jaffa. The schedule time between Jerusalem and Jaffa is four hours. The locomotive and cars were brought from France. They were originally intended for the Panama Railway. But when the Panama Canal Company, which had also contemplated building a railway, went into bankruptcy, Frenchmen bought the material at a greatly reduced price and utilized it for the Jerusalem Railroad, which is still controlled by them. The crews consist chiefly of Arabs. The entire railroad with all its equipments is kept in excellent condition. After the train leaves Jaffa it

ters the city, he is at once prepared for the turmoil, disorder and filth beyond the gates. Coffee houses and booths, over which preside shopkeepers and merchants who are evidently at war with soap of every description, and a perfect swarm of humanity from every nation under the sun, donkeys, camels, horses and carts block the way through the gate. But even this ancient gate has been much modernized by painted signs and the ever-present group of travelers. And here, as everywhere, we find the English language known and understood by almost everybody, at least sufficiently to make known the ordinary wants. The filthiest place in the entire city is the governor's palace, the vile odors of which civilized people can scarcely endure. Along the entire Via Dolorosa the tourist is obliged to cover his nostrils with his handkerchief—strongly perfumed. Stench is new and strange, decidedly unlike the fragrance of Arabia, almost asphyxiating the civilized traveler. The remarkable thing is that people can breathe and thrive amid conditions so adverse to health. Water for cleansing purposes seems to be unknown in this quarter. Jerusalem has no parks, public

people assemble for their mass meetings. Here affairs of government, politics and theology are discussed. It is the place where the laborers stand idle at the market place, waiting to be hired. Here caravans may be engaged to carry merchandise to the very borders of Asia Minor or Egypt. On the open street hatters may be seen shaving the heads of the Bedouins. Immediately within the walls there is another public market place, somewhat smaller than the one outside. The cramped space does not permit so large a trade. Here are the European consulates, banks, tourist agencies, European restaurants, curio shops, and the largest hotel in the city. Back of it is the Christian quarter, the best and cleanest section of the city. But here, too, the streets are generally so narrow that man and camel can scarcely pass one another without coming in contact. The treasurer of the Greek church, Euthymus, is the richest man of the city, and inhabits the finest house. No stranger can have any conception of the begging nuisance tolerated throughout the entire city until he finds himself in the midst of it. Three-fourths of Jerusalem's citizens "make their living" by draining the wallets of the tourists and pilgrims. From the time the traveler enters the city until he leaves it he is surrounded by beggars and peddlers, and great is the number of swindlers who sell spurious relics to the unwary. Carloads of trinkets, said to be made from the wood of the trees that grow on the Mount of Olives, are sold each year, though the few venerable trees still standing there have not been touched for over fifty years. The Garden of Gethsemane is another place of such relics. Shiplands of beautiful

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Art of Managing a Man.

"There are three things," saith an ancient proverb, "which can only be managed by coaxing: A kid glove, a fire, and a man." The woman, married or single, who fights for her right has a hard and bitter struggle, often to fall at last, while she who takes them gracefully, with a smile and a sweet thank you, sir, is allowed to walk off freely, if not invited to come again. Any married woman, gifted with even a small degree of diplomacy, may have her own way quite as much, if not more, than is good for her. If only she be careful always to defer to her nominal lord and master and never to allow any one, himself least of all, to suspect that she has been able to persuade him that her way is his own. The secret of her power lies in a nutshell; it is the power behind the throne which never openly asserts itself.

All decent men are, as a rule, good to their wives, according to their lights; it is the part of a clever wife to keep those lights trimmed and burning. The man who swears at his wife is a bully and a coward, still he exists, and it is something in the way of excuse for him that he is usually husband to some woman who nags. Even he may be best endured by nonresistance, or at least by getting out of his way. The mild power is usually the strongest, and a fortress which resists assault may sometimes be easily carried by insidious approaches.

All men hate to be ruled; indeed, no man will be if he knows it. The henpecked husband of the humorist is almost nonexistent. The woman who is truly mistress of her household never fails to set her husband upon a pedestal and to insist that all the household shall honor him as lord and master thereof.

A woman's privileges are in most cases by far more valuable than her rights; the best way in which to increase those privileges is to take them with great show of gratitude to the man who confers them. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," and no man ever lived who was not accessible to flattery in some form or other. To conquer, a woman must sometimes stoop, the more gracefully and readily she does so the better for her purpose. Gentle persuasion goes a mile often where aggressiveness cannot stir a foot. There are not many things in the world outside of matters of conscience, pure and simple, which are worth contention upon a woman's part, against the man whom she loves and who loves her; and for these few things the reward, gained through martyrdom, comes usually in the hereafter. Standing up for one's rights against one's husband is wearisome work; it is more comfortable to relinquish them; still they may be had, except in rare instances, by asking for them as a favor to be granted for love's sake. Moreover, the submissive wife may easily escape responsibility which she does not care to assume by pleading her duty to her husband. "Jack likes this," or "Jack objects to that," are reasons the validity of which no one can question.

However perfect a bit of mechanism may be, its bearings must be kept well oiled or there will be friction; what the oil can be to the mechanical engineer is tact to the wise wife. Deference to her husband is the drop of oil which keeps the wheels of the domestic machine running smoothly; if she is clever enough to turn those wheels in the way in which she would have them go, while to all intents and purposes she is acting under his direction, so much the better, perhaps, for all concerned. There is much in mental suggestion. Take it for granted that a man will do a certain thing nine times out of ten he does it. The tactful person drops suggestions and leaves them to take root and bear fruit. Just as the husband sows his seed upon fertile ground.

Pictures in the Home.

While out, calling the other afternoon a small boy answered the ring of the bell, and at the same time volunteered the information that "mamma was dressing and the girl was out." I said that I should wait for mother and, childlike, he proceeded to entertain me. He began by showing me the pictures on the wall—all of which had been selected with care. Before a fine autotype of a familiar Corot he had a story to tell of Orpheus and his lute. A small print of Canterbury Cathedral brought out the tale of Thomas a Becket first riding on his white mule with jingling chains and gorgeous raiment, then lying senseless at the foot of the altar. There was a portrait of Beethoven, an Aurora, a Sistine Madonna, a Greuze "Broken Pitcher," and of these and more this boy of 8 had stories to tell.

He was not an extraordinary child in any sense of the word—noting but the ordinary fun-loving, marble-playing boy—but he had been led into the secret of enjoyment in pictures. Before a colored print of a landscape by Diaz, which was pinned to the door frame and had probably come with the Sunday paper, his imagination found a way into the depth of the woods, he admired the coloring and peopled the forest with robbers and creatures of fancy. Some clever person had given him the magic key to a world of enjoyment beyond the sidewalks and car tracks. Wherever he might travel in after years he would never be alone.

This fable, as old Aesop would say, has a moral. Choose pictures that have a meaning and tell the children about them. They will prove an endless source of entertainment, and then, are we not continually crying for culture and an upward way in education?—Chicago Post.

Hints on Furnishing.

There are a few general points in the furnishing of a boy's room that may be well to bear in mind, says the Washington Times. On the floor should be a good Ingrain carpet of a cheerful tone—almost every boy likes red. The furniture need not be expensive, but it must be strong. The sofa may be an old one, but should be covered with some durable material of small pattern that will not show the wear and tear. Cushions? Of course! What boy was there who ever owned a sofa and didn't clamor for cushions? Have them of gay colors, but see that they blend with the rest of the room. It is a mistaken idea to imagine that these little things will not be noticed by the boy and tell on his taste in the long run. We are all affected, perhaps unconsciously, by our environments, and just because it happens to be "only the boy's room," there is no earthly reason why it should not be made as attractive and comfortable as possible.

The average boy loves light, and does not care for heavy curtains at his windows. One boy—a cousin of the writer—has fine cheese cloth curtains close to the windows, tied back with a bow at each end. These, of course, only come to the ledge. Within are curtains of turkey red, which hang in straight lines to the floor. They are light and cheerful in tone, and add especially to the beauty of the room.

See that the illuminating qualities are good in the boy's room. Gas fixtures are, as a rule, so placed that they are of little service to the young fellow working at his desk. A student's lamp is excellent; so is a bracket one. The latter may not add especially to the beauty of the room, but is useful, and what is still more to be considered—safe.

These are a few hints in the furnishing of the boy's room—the details will have to be added according to the individual taste of its owner.

Women Too Lightly Won.

Sordid and commonplace? Perhaps, to those who know nothing of the miseries of mismatched couples. Home and family require money, and its possession will not prevent a growth of sentiment. Make the body comfortable and the soul will find its peace without much difficulty. Mind you, I am not advocating a marriage for money, but am strongly in favor of something substantial on which to build the new life. And that is not all, for congeniality is absolutely necessary to make the life of two beings, no matter what sex, livable within the narrow confines of a home. There is altogether too much sentimentality in American women. It permits them to overlook the estimable qualities of their own husbands and overestimate those of other men whom they have not tested. The same charge can be laid up against men, and somebody is to blame for the serious state of affairs. Perhaps women are too lightly won, too eager to accept the first masculine hand extended to them. It is absolutely true that when a man inserts a matrimonial advertisement in any kind of a paper, even the most obscure, it is found by feminine eyes and is met with an overwhelming number of answers. The winner of such a proposition generally has cause to rue her luck, but I can find precious little sympathy for her. The stock of good men has not yet been exhausted; so why put up with imitations, and pretty bad ones at that? I can see some really justifiable reasons for divorce, but they are a mere drop in the ocean of applications. Where is the remedy? In common sense, my friends.—Betty Bradeen in the Boston Traveler.

Miss Mildred Howells. The young lady whose portrait appears in this illustration, Miss Mildred Howells, though handicapped by having a famous name as father, made a name for herself in art while still in her early twenties. She was introduced to the literary world by her father, William Denn Howells, when he put her in a book called "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters," which contained her impressions of Europe's great paintings and specimens of her work. A few months ago her engagement to Professor Fairchild, of the Smithsonian Institution was announced.

Straw Hats for Girls. Large, flat-shaped straws will be about the smartest of the new hats for girls of all ages, and they are quite simply trimmed with large bows of soft, wide liberty satin ribbons, and look as if they were dented into most becoming shapes by the lavish wealth of spring flowers.

Five-sixths of the cotton used in British mills is American.

MADE MILLIONS IN MEAT.

Packer Swift, Who Died Recently, Father of the Refrigerator Car. Gustavus Franklin Swift, who died in Chicago recently, left a fortune estimated at from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

All of this money he made in the course of forty-five years by hard work. He was born at Sandwich, on Cape Cod, Mass., June 24, 1839, of parents who had been Americans for several generations; and when he went to Chicago in 1875 he went as a genuine New England Yankee, determined to win a fortune in the great West.

Mr. Swift removed to Boston when he was less than 30 years old, where he might have a bigger field to work in. In Boston he followed his profession, but he had early seen there was something more to being a butcher than buying a hog, a steer and a sheep, cutting it up and selling it at a little profit, and he broadened his business, being careful always not to attempt anything beyond his capital and business experience.

In Boston he remained, conducting his butcher business and buying and selling hogs and cattle until he was worth \$50,000. In 1875 he moved to Chicago. He had not been in the city two years until he thought the business of supplying fresh meats to the people of the country was not managed just as it should be, and his thoughts materialized in 1877 in a plan for the first refrigerating car. He thought it would be cheaper and the meat would be better if the animals were all slaughtered by those who made a business of doing that, and consequently knew better than others how to do it, and the meats, instead of live animals, were shipped to the Eastern markets. He and his scheme were laughed at. He had great difficulty in prevailing upon the railroads to help him, and his capital was not large enough at that time to enable him to build many of the cars he deemed necessary for the work.

He did a small packing business at first, but it grew rapidly, and it was not long before other men saw the advantages of his method and imitated him, and now the refrigerating cars carrying fresh meats to the people everywhere are familiar sights along all the railroad lines in the country. Mr. Swift not only was the oldest packer at the time of his death; he was the first, the originator of the method that has made many men rich.

He had never attempted to make money in any other line of business. He knew the packing business in all of its aspects, and he was content to devote all his time and energies to it. He never permitted anything to swerve him from the course he had mapped out. He first decided what he wanted and how the result could be accomplished, and then began, confident that he would be successful should he live long enough. The packing house of which he was the president and the controlling spirit has developed into a great corporation. Its employees number 22,007.

N. C. Goodwin in Tragedy.

Mr. Goodwin possesses much tragic power in that little body and powerful, well-shaped head of his. His recitation of "The Uncle" will convince anybody of that. It won for him Lawrence Barrett's regard an hour after Mr. Barrett had almost snubbed him many years ago. Mr. Booth, at a benefit, had introduced "Goodie," as he always affectionately addressed Mr. Goodwin, to Mr. Barrett, who gave Mr. Goodwin a reserved and haughty stare, and then a nod, and passed on to a box with Mr. Booth to see the rest of the performance. Then Mr. Goodwin recited "The Uncle," and won more applause than all the rest of the performers at the benefit combined. And Mr. Barrett hurried to Mr. Goodwin's dressing-room to apologize for his rudeness.—Leslie's Monthly.

Material for "Hot Stuff."

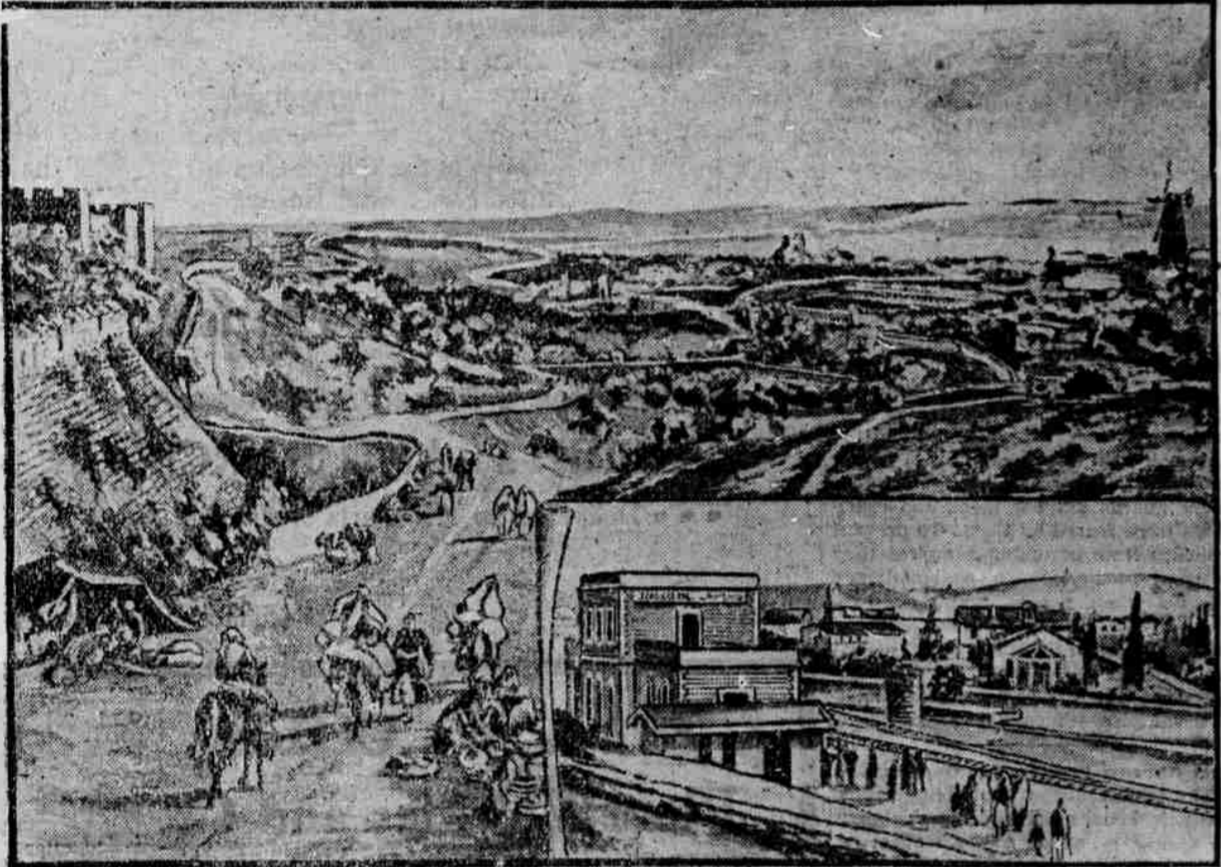
A voracious chronicler of the times of Jonathan Edwards gives figures which prove a liberal consumption of fuel in the household of the great theologian. In the winter of 1740-41 the town of Northampton supplied the Edwards parsonage with seventy-five loads of wood; in the next season eighty-two loads were delivered; for the succeeding winter the total was seventy-eight, and a year afterward the astonishing quantity of ninety-five loads was supplied. There was no lack of fire at the Edwards hearth. Is it wonderful, then, that he preached burning sermons?—New York Tribune.

Brains Cost Money.

This is the opinion of a large retail merchant on wage-earners. When an irate customer complained that the store was full of insolent chumps who did not understand the first principles of waiting on a patron he said: "If my clerks had brains enough to amount to anything they would not be working here at \$7 or \$8 per week." "Why don't you hire clerks with brains?" asked the customer. "Because brains cost more money than I can afford to pay," was the reply. "In our business we pay large salaries to slave drivers and nothing to the slaves."

A man is not held entirely blameless by the women for his wife's death unless he had at least three doctors to see her in her final sickness.

A boy isn't having a good time in his school vacation, unless he has a foot or finger tied up with bandages.



VIEW OF SURROUNDINGS FROM THE JAFFA GATE, AND RAILWAY STATION NEAR JERUSALEM.

gradually, and sometimes abruptly, ascends the hills, until it crosses the mountains of Judaea at an altitude of 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. Then it slowly begins to descend until it reaches Jerusalem, which lies upon its hills at an altitude of 2,500 feet above sea level.

Before the railroad was completed



VEGETABLE PEDDLER OF JERUSALEM.

this journey was connected with many hardships. Camels and sedan chairs were then the means of transportation, and the trip consumed from twenty-six hours to two days. Imagine the pleasures of a swinging ride of twenty-six hours on a camel's back. And yet, many lament the fact that to-day the din of the locomotive has disturbed the repose of this ancient region, making its way to the very gates of Jerusalem and destroying its traditional aspect. Some declare its presence an actual profanation of its sacred memories. If this were the only "profanation" of the Holy Land, of Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem, it might be easily endured; for it has proved itself to be of the utmost convenience to the thousands of pilgrims who annually travel to the tomb of Jesus.

Approaching Jerusalem from Jaffa, the first view is so disappointing that all, as it were, give utterance to their feelings in the words of the prophet: "Is this the city that men call 'The Perfection of Beauty,' 'The Joy of the Whole Earth?'" The Impression made upon the beholder is akin to the feelings of one who has been sadly disappointed in a friend—woful, desolate, dreful and repulsive. At the Jaffa Gate, through which the traveler en-

ters the city, he is at once prepared for the turmoil, disorder and filth beyond the gates. Coffee houses and booths, over which preside shopkeepers and merchants who are evidently at war with soap of every description, and a perfect swarm of humanity from every nation under the sun, donkeys, camels, horses and carts block the way through the gate. But even this ancient gate has been much modernized by painted signs and the ever-present group of travelers. And here, as everywhere, we find the English language known and understood by almost everybody, at least sufficiently to make known the ordinary wants. The filthiest place in the entire city is the governor's palace, the vile odors of which civilized people can scarcely endure. Along the entire Via Dolorosa the tourist is obliged to cover his nostrils with his handkerchief—strongly perfumed. Stench is new and strange, decidedly unlike the fragrance of Arabia, almost asphyxiating the civilized traveler. The remarkable thing is that people can breathe and thrive amid conditions so adverse to health. Water for cleansing purposes seems to be unknown in this quarter. Jerusalem has no parks, public

squares, promenades, driveways, boulevards, libraries or reading rooms. For this reason the depot is alive with citizens and the many officers and soldiers of the Turkish garrison every time a train arrives, especially when tourists are expected in great numbers. This is the principal amusement these people find. The drivers shout and scream, and no effort is made by the police to silence them. The ubiquitous hotel runners and carriers insolently grasp the traveler's baggage, place it upon the cart of a friend, and will not give it up until they receive their inevitable "bakshish." The depot is built outside of the city walls, near the Jaffa Gate, the busiest spot in Jerusalem. To the right of the gate is the so-called David's Tower, where the coffin of David is placed on exhibition. The tower is a picturesque building, and is the only one of the three ancient towers of the city spared by the Roman general Titus when he destroyed the city. Coming from the depot—which, by the way, is located on the road leading to Bethlehem—the tower has the appearance of a medieval castle.

The Jaffa Gate is the Wall street of Jerusalem. Here are the horse and camel markets, the headquarters of the saddlers, smiths, veterinary surgeons, money changers, caravans, merchants, buyers and sellers of all kinds of merchandise; in short, it is the general market place, the bank, the board of trade, where anything and everything may be bought and sold. Here the



ALONG THE RAILWAY FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.