

ROUNDABOUT JERUSALEM



LEPER BEGGARS

Portland Tourist Enjoys Interesting Experiences In and Near Ancient City—Leper Asylum Visited—Trouble Encountered at Banks

Written for The Journal By Charles Benton Beery, THE Mount of Olives is close to Jerusalem on the road from Jericho. The city is on one side of the valley of Jehoshaphat; the mountain on the other. In the valley is the traditional site of the Garden of Gethsemane, Absalom's grave, still indicated by Absalom's pillar; the tomb of St. James and the tomb of the virgin. On the Mount of Olives is an interesting church which contains the Lord's prayer written on marble tablets in six different languages. Among these is the language of the Ojibwa Indians of North America. On the opposite side of the valley from the Mount of Olives rise the walls enclosing the mosque of El Akra and the Dome of the Rock. A broken pillar protrudes from the face of the wall like a cannon, and Moslem legend affirms that when Mohammed comes to judge the world, a horse hair will be stretched from this pillar across the intervening gulf to the Mount of Olives. All who gain admission to Paradise must walk their way on this horse hair. Their sins are to be carried as fetters, while an angel will support and assist the righteous as they return to the city, Abraham, my native guide, and I stopped before a door in a long wall which surrounds "Skull Hill." In response to Abraham's knock, the door was opened by a German clergyman who conducted us through the garden at the foot of the hill. Skull Hill is known to have been a Roman stoning place for criminals, and at that period it was probably situated outside the city walls. From a distance it resembles a skull due to its rounded summit and cup-shaped depressions in the precipitous slope on the side toward Jerusalem. Hence the modern name. Basing their argument on the Biblical passage that Christ was taken from the judgment hall "unto a place called Golgotha," that is to say, "a place of a skull," which is "high to the city," many authorities claim that here, and not on the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is the place of the crucifixion.

OLIVE TREES, GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

and Abraham taking the hint, followed. His superficiality then vented itself by enlightening the minister as to the probability that Skull Hill was the actual place of the crucifixion.

Jews' Wailing Place.

Still another of the famous sights of Jerusalem is the Jews' wailing place, an exact reproduction of which was exhibited at the St. Louis exposition. The place is situated at the foot of a high wall, supposed to be erected on the foundation of the temple wall of Solomon. One writer thus comments: "It is a strange place to stand in, the walls towering up so loftily, flowers growing in the crevices, creeping plants swaying to and fro lazily in the idle wind, and at the foot are the wailing Jews." Every Friday afternoon many people gather here, but some few may generally be found at other times, who, with tear-dimmed eyes, lament the fate of their people. It is a pitiable sight, and a heartless libel to call this scene a "place prepared for the benefit of visitors."

There is a beautiful litany which they chant occasionally. The following is quoted: "Because of the palace which is deserted—"

Response: "We sit alone and weep." Leader: "Because of the temple which is deserted; because of the walls which are broken down; because of our greatness which is departed—"

Response: "We sit alone and weep." In Jerusalem I visited a leper asylum of the German Lutherans. The institution is situated on the outskirts of the city, and I started off alone to find it.

I had a curious experience, and once was actually lost—if a person in new surroundings and without knowing the language of the people or the location of the place to which he is going can be more lost at one time than at another. I took to the friendly shelter of a Dutch windmill, hoping that a slight knowledge of the German language would enable me to get my bearings. It was useless, however, as the occupants of the windmill inconsistently chanced to be Greek instead of Dutch. I turned away to meet a Syrian schoolboy. He spoke English and with his directions I was able to proceed correctly.

Now I had heard that leprosy was an exceedingly contagious disease, and that anyone who touched even so much as a hair which had been previously handled by a leper, was apt to contract the disease. With the hazards of the undertaking fully impressed upon me, no general on the field of battle ever reconnoitered the enemy's position more carefully than I approached that leper asylum. I walked completely around the building, inspected every door and window, then withdrew to a safe distance and deliberately planned how I should effect an entrance. I approached the second time. I did not dare knock on the door casing even with my knuckles, but procured a small stone. Even this might have been tainted with leprosy, so I kicked dust all over it and then used my handkerchief. Thus armed, I returned and tapped faintly at the side of an open doorway. No one responded, and the knockers were increased until I hammered with the force of a battering-ram. Still no response. Then as stealthily as a cat which steals food from the kennel of a watch-dog, I entered the open door and proceeded cautiously through the long hall.

I finally spied a young "Fraulein" clad as a nurse, who was talking German to one of the inmates while doling out slices of bread. From a safe distance

I inquired if she could speak English. She shook her head with a pretty smile and signalled for me to follow her, and led the way to a reception room. While she went to call someone else I sat down gingerly on the edge of a chair and placed my hands on my knees to prevent accidentally touching the contaminated arms. To the nurse who entered I must have appeared like a confused and bashful youth making his first call upon the ladies. She spoke English. She was attractive, graceful and easy of manner and in her charming presence I almost forgot the dread fear of leprosy until I saw her touch a patient.

"But I thought leprosy was contagious!" I exclaimed. "Not in the slightest. I have been here for seven years," she said. And then I laughed outright at my ridiculous precautions. The recollection of the unpleasant sights haunted me all the way back to the city. Much doubt exists as to whether the leprosy with which we are familiar is the disease which is mentioned in the Bible.

At a Jerusalem Bank. Running short of money while in Jerusalem, I found it necessary to cash a draft which had been mailed to me by an American bank. The Cairo bank on which it was drawn had a branch

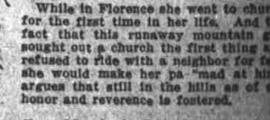
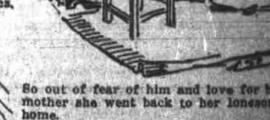
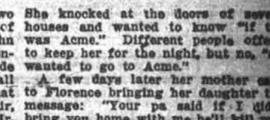
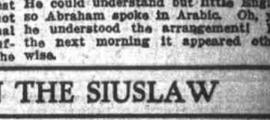
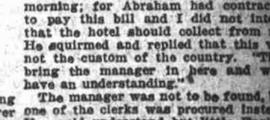
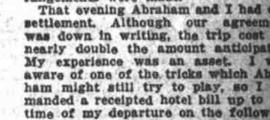
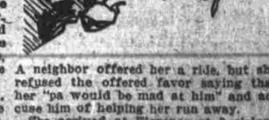
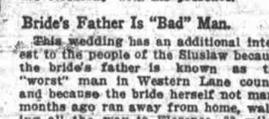
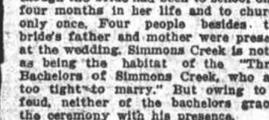
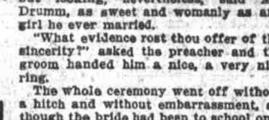
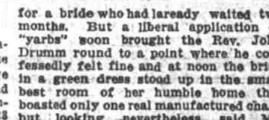
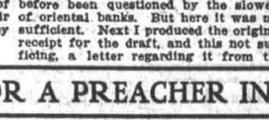
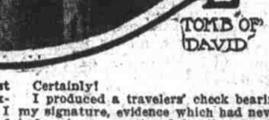
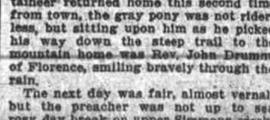
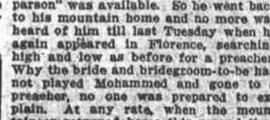
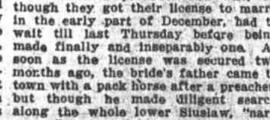
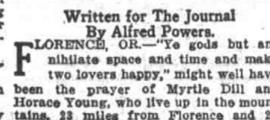
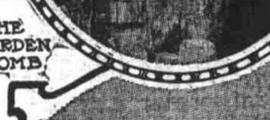
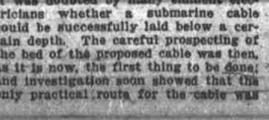
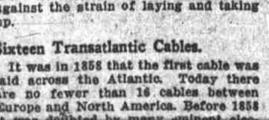
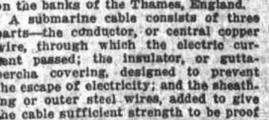
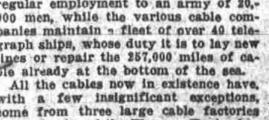
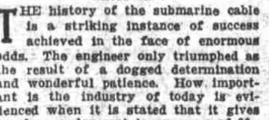
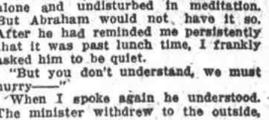
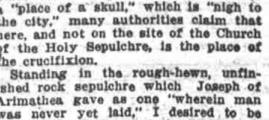
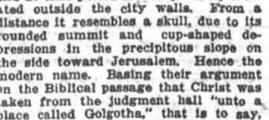
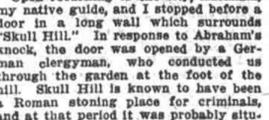
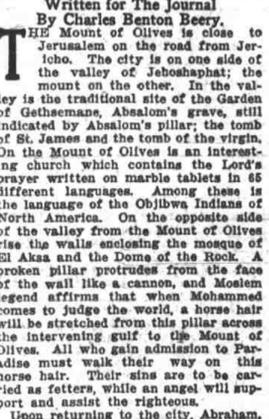
in Jerusalem and I applied to it first. The bank asked what seemed an exorbitant rate of exchange, but when I explained that I needed only a couple of hundred francs, and would accept their draft on Cairo for the balance, they agreed to cut the exchange in half. Could I identify myself?

Certainly! I produced a traveler's check bearing my signature, evidence which had never before been questioned by the slowest of oriental banks. But here it was not sufficient. Next I produced the original receipt for the draft, and this not sufficing, a letter regarding it from the

same bank, and finally a Masonic lodge receipt. The conglomeration was loaded onto a tray and exhibited before the manager, who 15 minutes later, returned the articles with thanks, but said that in addition I must be identified by someone in Jerusalem. Accordingly I consulted with the hotel proprietor and together we returned to the bank. This settled the question of identification, but in the meantime the rate of exchange had gone back to the original figure. My opinion of oriental banks had started downward in Tokio, and declining ever since, now reached absolute zero in Jerusalem. I left the bank and went to an English bank, but here the exchange was still higher. Things looked dubious. Fortunately, however, Jerusalem is still well blessed with one kind of money changers, and at the Turkish bank satisfactory arrangements were made.

That evening Abraham and I had our settlement. Although our agreement was down in writing, the price cost me nearly double the amount anticipated. My experience was an asset. I was aware of one of the tricks which Abraham might still try to play, so I demanded a receipted hotel bill up to the time of my departure on the following morning; for Abraham had contracted to pay this bill and I did not intend that the hotel should collect from me. He equirmed and replied that this was not the custom of the country. Then bring the manager in here and we'll have an understanding."

The manager was not to be found, but one of the clerks was procured instead. He could understand but little English, so Abraham spoke in Arabic. Oh, yes, he understood the arrangement! But the next morning it appeared otherwise.



WAITING FOR A PREACHER IN THE SIUSLAW

Written for The Journal By Alfred Powers.

FLORENCE, OR.—"Ye gods but annihilate space and time and make two lovers happy" might well have been the prayer of Myrtle Dill and Horace Young, who live up in the mountains, 23 miles from Florence and 23

for a bride who had already waited two months. But a liberal application of "Ye gods" soon brought the Rev. John Drumm round to a point where he confessedly felt fine and at noon the bride in a green dress stood up in the small best room of her humble home that boasted only one real manufactured chair, but looking, nevertheless, said Mr. Drumm, as sweet and womanly as any girl he ever married.

"What evidence rest thou offer of thy sincerity?" asked the preacher and the groom handed him a nice, a very nice ring.

The whole ceremony went off without a hitch and without embarrassment, although the bride had been to school only four months in her life and to church only once. Four people besides the bride's father and mother were present at the wedding. Simmons Creek is noted as being the habitat of the "Three Bachelors of Simmons Creek, who are 'no tight-do marry.'" But owing to a foul, neither of the bachelors graced the ceremony with his presence.

Bride's Father Is "Bad" Man.

This wedding has an additional interest to the people of the Siuslaw because the bride's father is known as the "worst" man in Western Lane county and because the bride herself not many months ago ran away from home, walking all the way to Florence, 23 miles.

She knocked at the doors of several houses and wanted to know "if this was Acme." Different people offered to keep her for the night, but no, "she wanted to go to Acme."

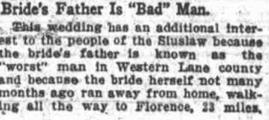
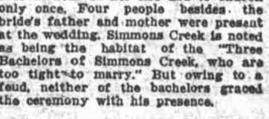
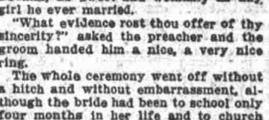
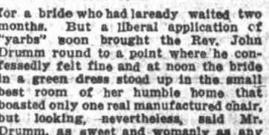
A few days later her mother came to Florence bringing her daughter to her. "Four ya, said 'if I didn't bring you home with me hell kill me."

So out of fear of him and love for her mother she went back to her inane home.

While in Florence she went to church for the first time in her life. And she fact that this runaway mountain girl sought out a church the first thing and refused to ride with a neighbor for fear she would make her pa "mad as his horn" and still in the hills at his honor and reverence is fostered.

Four Months in School.

The four months spent in school was at Acme, where she acquired a reputation for crowing like a rooster and imitating meow and mow sheep. But after all the cry from girlhood to womanhood is a long one and this rough girl has attained something of a woman's refinement and all of a woman's sense. Mr. Drumm says she has accomplished her four months schooling with honor, study, till she can read and write very well. Her husband is a former school teacher and 13 years her senior. Mr. Drumm came back with something besides thanks for his troubles. And the "worst" man in the Siuslaw county has gathered 141 miles to get a good wife to marry his daughter. Who was it said there is so much good in the world?



How Continents Are United by Miles of Copper Cable

Written for The Journal by H. J. Sherstone.

THE history of the submarine cable is a striking instance of success achieved in the face of enormous odds. The engineer who triumphed as the result of dogged determination and wonderful patience. How important in the industry of today is evidenced when it is stated that it gives regular employment to an army of 20,000 men, while the various cable companies maintain a fleet of over 40 fishing ships, whose duty it is to lay new cables or repair the 287,000 miles of cable already at the bottom of the sea.

All the cables now in existence have, with a few insignificant exceptions, come from three large cable factories on the banks of the Thames, England.

A submarine cable consists of three parts—the conductor, or central copper wire, through which the electric current passes; the insulator, or gutta-percha covering, designed to prevent the escape of electricity; and the sheathing or outer steel wires, added to give the cable sufficient strength to be proof against the strain of laying and taking up.

Sixteen Transatlantic Cables.

It was in 1856 that the first cable was laid across the Atlantic. Today there are no fewer than 16 cables between Europe and North America. Before 1854 it was doubted by many eminent electricians whether a submarine cable could be successfully laid below a certain depth. The careful prospecting of the bed of the proposed cable was then, as it is now, the first thing to be done, and investigation soon showed that the only practical route for the cable was

along the shallow plateau that occupies the bed of the North Atlantic between Ireland and Newfoundland and which represents a submerged continent.

After the enterprise was decided upon and a company constituted, 2500 miles of cable had to be manufactured. This was accomplished in four months, and the cable, as soon as finished, was coiled away in large iron tanks ready to be taken on board the two cable ships, Agamemnon and Niagara. The vessels met at Valentia bay and landed the Irish end of the cable amid enthusiasm and demonstrations, which proved to be rather premature, for after 350 miles of wire had been paid out from the Niagara the line snapped and the attempt had to be renewed the following year.

Troubles in Laying Cables.

This time it was decided to commence laying the cable in mid-ocean, one ship working towards Ireland and the other towards Newfoundland. Before the mid-ocean rendezvous was reached, however, the ships encountered some terrible storms. Indeed, the voyage nearly ended in the Agamemnon turning turtle. She was repeatedly almost on her beam ends, the coils got adrift, the cable was apparently shifted and quite a large number of those on board were more or less seriously injured. The fear was that in some of her heavy rolling the whole mass of cable would slip and take the vessel's side out.

The next attempt, however, was crowned with success, but many exciting incidents were experienced before the submarine wire was laid. In mid-ocean the Agamemnon encountered a huge whale, which at one time seemed

likely to spell disaster. It was on August 16, 1858, that the first message passed through the cable, namely: "Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, good will towards men."

In the following October, however, the line gave out, after transmitting 722 messages during a period of three months. Appropriately enough, the last word it uttered was "Forward." The cable collapsed because too powerful induction coils had been used, or, in other words, high pressure steam had been got up in a low pressure boiler.

The Feast of the Great Eastern.

It was not until eight years later that the second cable was laid by that remarkable vessel, the Great Eastern. When two thirds of the way across, an accident happened to the machinery, and the cable parted. Repeated efforts to gain the lost end met with failure and the store of rope becoming quite exhausted, the expedition returned home. A new length of cable was then made and once again the Great Eastern set out, and this time her efforts were successful and communication was re-established between the old world and the new.

The Great Eastern was then dispatched to pick up the end of the lost cable. Four days after starting she began to drag the ocean bottom for the wire, which was at last hooked and lifted about 1500 fathoms; but owing to some fault in manipulation, it slipped away and sank to the bottom. It was an hour from midnight when the grapple came up, with the cable caught on its prongs. Boats were hurried into position, but as the men were trying to

secure the catch it slipped away like a live thing and vanished into the water.

About a fortnight later, however, the cable was at last picked up successfully after the grapple had been lowered for the thirtieth time. It was then spliced to a new piece of cable and a second line of communication established across the ocean.

Special ships are now requisitioned for this work, the largest vessel in the cable fleet today being the Silvertown. She can lay a cable across the Atlantic in 12 days.

When the first cable was laid it would only transmit two words a minute; now 100 words can be transmitted in the same space of time. A little while ago, when wireless telegraphy came to the front, many people thought that submarine cables were doomed. Seeing that over 100,000 miles of cable have been laid since the Marconi company was first established, there would appear to be no sign of cables being replaced by wireless telegraphy.

In Section 5 of Today's Journal

Beginning today, HEALTH AND EFFICIENCY, by Lora C. Little, and AUCTION BRIDGE, by R. F. Foster, two popular features that have been appearing in THE SUNDAY JOURNAL Magazine, will be found in Section 5.