

THE APPEAL KEEPS IN FRONT BECAUSE:

- 1-It aims to publish all the news possible. 2-It does so impartially, wasting no words. 3-Its correspondents are able and energetic.

THE APPEAL

THE APPEAL STEADILY GAINS BECAUSE:

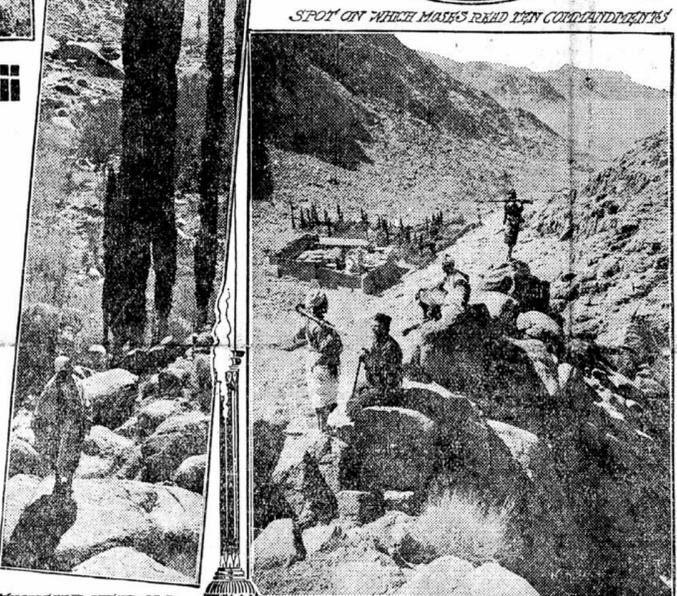
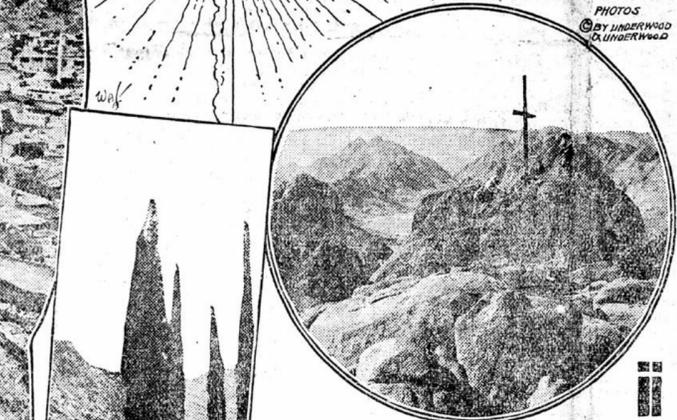
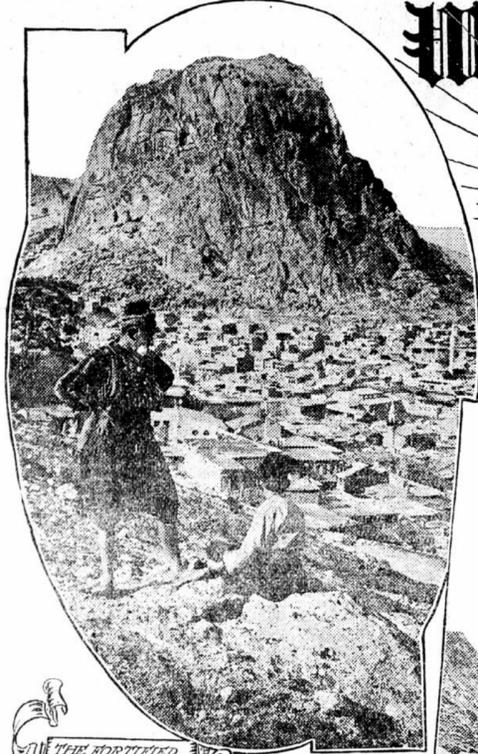
- 4-It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans. 5-It is not controlled by any ring or clique. 6-It asks no support but the people's.

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Where Moses Read the Ten Commandments



THE FORTIFIED BLACK CITADEL

More than 5,000 years ago there were gathered at the command of Moses, on the plains of Assemblage in the valley of Mount Sinai, all of the children of Israel to listen to the reading of the laws that were revealed to Moses during the "forty days and forty nights" he spent in the midst of a cloud communing with the God of the "chosen people."

Since that momentous and epoch-making event nations have risen to mighty power, only to go down to decay and oblivion. Unpeopled plains have been converted into hives of industry, and hives of industry have reverted back to unpeopled plains. New lands have been discovered and peopled and new seas have been navigated and charted. Everywhere progress has changed the physical condition of the people. Everywhere progress has changed the historical and geographical importance of nations and countries. Here, alone, in the Mount Sinai Valley, where the nation that gave us the Savior first sprang into prominence, progress has stood still. Surrounded by the peaks of the "Forty Martyrs," all is hushed and still on the plain where once the hum of thousands of voices was heard, and where the valley rang with the resounding march of the hosts of Israel.

On the peak of Ras-es-Safsafah, the cross, the symbol of Christianity, has been planted on the very spot upon which Moses, the great law giver and leader of the Jews, stood and gave to his people the ten commandments, the basis of all religious beliefs and the foundation of all law, moral and civil. Now unpeopled and deserted, the very loneliness of the place is awe-inspiring, and the "silence of the tomb" is not more impressive than the "veil of silence" that envelops Ras-es-Safsafah and its surroundings.

The mount on which God is said to have revealed himself to Moses is situated in the southern half of the so-called peninsula of Sinai, projecting into the northern extremity of the Red sea, between the Gulf of Suez on the west and the Gulf of Akabah on the east. This park of the peninsula consists of a mass of granite and porphyry mountains which may be divided into three groups, a northwestern, reaching in Jebel Serbal a height of 6,712 feet; a central, including Jebel Musa (Mount of Moses), 7,363 feet, and Jebel Katerin, 8,537 feet; and an eastern and southern, whose highest peak is Jebel Umm Shomer, 8,449 feet. Whether the Biblical Sinai was Jebel Umm Shomer or Jebel Musa was long disputed by leading authorities. The former was advocated by Eusebius, Jerome, Cosmas Indicopleustes, and in more modern times by Lepsius and Ebers. In more modern times, however, is preferred by most authorities, and is favored by tradition (which dates, however, only from Christian times), indicated by the name "Mountain of Moses," and the erection of a monastery upon it which goes back to the days of Justinian. The northern peak of Jebel Musa, known as Ras-es-Safsafah (6,540 feet), meets the conditions required, since there is an open space at its base sufficient to accommodate a large encampment.

Standing on the lofty summit of Mount Sinai, what thoughts and visions are conjured up as one contemplates that there on the vast plain of Assemblage that stretches before the eye hundreds of feet below, fifty centuries ago, the commandments were delivered to the assembled children of Israel.

Excepting for the Mount Sinai monastery, which from these heights looks like a little toy fort built of blocks, the region is still and hushed, and almost deserted. The massive walls of the monastery raised by the peace-loving and God-fearing monks under Justinian in 527 A. D.—as a protection against the marauding bands of Bedouins that infested that part of the country when the wealth of an empire was possessed by the builders and occupants of the monastery—are in the same condition as when built 1,500 years ago. Today, however, the Christian world casts a watchful eye over this mountain monastery and its contents, and the Bedouins, knowing this to be the fact, keep on friendly as well as visiting terms with the monks.

In the monastery are stored the priceless books narrating the history of Christianity in the tongue of every Christian nation. Slowly the brotherhood of Mount Sinai monks are dying out, there being but twenty or twenty-five at the present time. The life and the pay—not enough to buy tobacco—are not sufficient inducement for young recruits to join the forces that year by year are growing smaller. In the course of a few years the treasurer of the monastery will remain but a memory to remind one of the greatness of its founder, Justinian. Looking northwest from Jebel Musa to Wadi el

Loja the traveler who for days has been wearied by the sight of nothing else but the monotonous blue of the burning sky and the dreary desert all about him is exhilarated, pleased and rested by the sight of those beautiful cypress trees with their cool, dark foliage down in the wadi—the Arabic name for hollow or valley. One can scarcely imagine anything more dreary than the valley where these trees raise their heads above the rock-bound hollow in the desert. They stand in all their majesty in the gardens of the monastery of the Sinaitic monks on St. Catherine, one of the mountains of the range called the "Forty Martyrs," and great pride is taken by these men of God in these trees, which for a thousand years have broken the monotony of the desert waste and have cast their welcome shade wherein the weary traveler and the travel-stained caravan may rest and take shelter.

For more than a year the Israelites were encamped in the valley of Sinai when they again took up their wanderings in search of the promised land. Through Asia Minor they proceeded to the land of Canaan, their great leader, Moses, dying as they came in sight of the country which God had promised to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

One of the most important places in Asia Minor, on the road from Constantinople to Konia, is the ancient town of Afium Kara-Hissar, whose extraordinary citadel, rising 800 feet in its very center, was the Byzantine fortress of Aereonius, where in 730 A. D. the Arabs, under the leadership of Sidel Battel el Ghazl, were defeated by the Turks in its very shadow. To get a view of this most picturesque town a climb up the stairway cut in the rock of the citadel brings one to the very summit where there still remain the mediaeval Turkish fortifications.

Like all other towns in Asia Minor, Afium Kara-Hissar is built of mud bricks. Its streets run in every direction of the compass. Although the language spoken there is Turkish, there is a large Armenian population. It is as dirty a place as one can imagine. Overrun with half-starved, howling dogs in the day, the night is made hideous by their mad attempts to clean up the refuse thrown in the streets. It is a good place to be avoided by the fastidious. The town boasts of a fine bazaar, churches for the Armenians and mosques for the Turks, as well as schools for both classes. The Armenians have made a commendable effort to make their part of the town inhabitable and sanitary.

The story of the birth and infancy of the founder and first legislator of the Israelite nation is one of the treasured gems of Hebrew literature. He was of the tribe of Levi, and his mother, Jochebed (his father's name was Amram), hid him three months in defiance of the edict of Pharaoh, who, to prevent the growth of his Hebrew slave population, had ordered all their male children to be put to death at birth. As the danger of discovery became great, the infant was placed in an ark on the Nile, was found and adopted by the daughter of Pharaoh, and was brought up as an Egyptian prince. But his heart was with his enslaved brethren, and

his slaying of one of their oppressors necessitated his flight to Midian, where he received the divine call to be the deliverer of his people from Egypt. After considerable trouble he led them forth, crossed the Red sea, in which the pursuing Egyptians were drowned, and then, during a forty years' residence in the desert, organized the religious and social polity of the nation. Moses stands out as a sublime and unique figure, without whom neither Judaism, Mohammedanism, nor Christianity could have been what they are.

BEAR WAS HIS INDIAN WIFE.

Where the Hunter Shot Her Is Now Called Bear's House.

Along one of the branches of the Cheyenne river in South Dakota there stands a hill called Matoti, or Bear's House. Tradition tells this Indian legend about it:

Once upon a time an Indian hunter was out on the chase. He wandered for many a day through forest and plain, over hill and dale, till he finally came to a spot where Bear's House now is. Here he hunted for a while until one day he met a beautiful Indian woman.

As soon as he saw her he wanted to marry her. Long and hard was the wooing, for the Indian woman was unwilling to marry the stranger. At last she consented, but she made the stranger promise that he would never in the future hunt or kill the bear. This animal was her totem, sacred to her and an object of her worship. The hunter faithfully promised to obey her wishes and to hunt all other animals and leave the bear unharmed. Then they were married and lived on in happiness and contentment for many a day.

Once it happened that the hunter started on the chase. Early he went and roamed all through the neighboring forest without killing a single thing. At last he became weary and tired from the chase and resolved to return to his wigwam. As he was approaching his home he saw in the dusky twilight the dark and shaggy form of a huge bear making straight for the wigwam.

"Now my wife will be lost," he thought, "for if the bear reaches there before me he will surely kill her."

Doubt at first stayed his hand, for he remembered his marriage vow. But fear and anxiety overcame his doubts. He raised his bow to his shoulder and aimed at the animal. One arrow sent straight to the heart laid the animal low. When the Indian came near he saw instead of the bear the lifeless form of his wife. The hill where they lived is still called the Bear's House, or Matoti Hill.

Not for Publication.

"Of course, you have some convictions in matters of public concern." "Mebbe," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Well, why don't you come out and express them?" "I don't. We've got boarders from all political parties."—Washington Star.

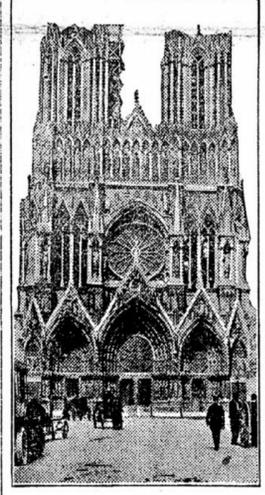
NOVEL AUTO TOURS

Run From Boulogne to Arras In Spain Is Interesting.

Switzerland No Paradise for the Speeder, as Inhabitants Do Not Welcome This New Mode of Travel — Speed Limit

Boulogne, France.—There are more ways than one of setting out for the Tyrol, and if a short sea voyage is an object, then nothing can better the Folkestone-Boulogne route. Otherwise the Hook of Holland and a journey down the Rhine is a good alternative. We chose the short sea trip and started with a run from Boulogne to Arras, a town not devoid of interest. Then on to Rheims, which is always a satisfactory halt, first, because it possesses one of the most perfect of all the French cathedrals, and secondly, on account of the excellence of the hotel—a consideration not to be despised after a day's run. We had intended staying a night at Bar le Duc after Rheims! but on arriving there we were so unoppressed by the look of the one and only hotel given in our guide that we decided to go on to Nancy, which we reached eventually after being caught in a terrific thunder-storm. We made our way into Switzerland through the Vosges country, staying a night at Plombieres, a pretty little French watering-place, rather shut in by woods and hills.

Our next journey took us over the Ballon d'Alsace, then through Belfort, Montbellard, St. Hippolyte, Maiche and Morteau to the frontier. The road, on leaving Montbellard, is particularly beautiful, and especially after leaving St. Hippolyte, where it begins to ascend rapidly with a succession of corners. It is hilly and winds all the way to Maiche, and then runs along a fine open plateau for some kilometers, gradually ascending as far as Russey and then descending until Marteau is reached, when a sharp turn to the left brings one within a few miles of Le Lac au Villers and the French Customs. After climbing to the summit of the Col des Roches, a fine rugged piece of scenery, the road enters a rock tunnel, at



The Cathedral at Rheims.

the end of which the Swiss customs house comes into sight. From Chaux le Fonds we could only crawl for the rest of the way into Neuchatel, for the road is very steep over the Col des Loges, and then comes a long winding, and in parts rapid, descent to Bondevillers and Valengin, with numerous sharp corners and tunnels cut in the rock.

From Neuchatel to Zurich is an easy day's run, but in Switzerland one must always remember to allow about double the time taken to cover the same distance in any other country. The speed limits are absurdly low in the towns and villages, and as the country is thickly populated and there are seldom more than a few kilometres without houses, traveling becomes a somewhat lengthy proceeding. Very heavy fines are imposed for non-compliance with regulations, and every minute large platas greet the eye with "Halt! Autos Langsam—6 kilos—Busse 200 francs!" As yet cars are not welcomed by the Swiss, and one has to get accustomed to hearing "Halt!" yelled out constantly, while the angry looks of the inhabitants lead one to imagine one is beating a record instead of crawling at the rate of four miles an hour in the middle of a village.

GERMAN TAX LAW OPPOSED

Proposed Action Against Nickel Shows and Saloons Raises Storm of Protests.

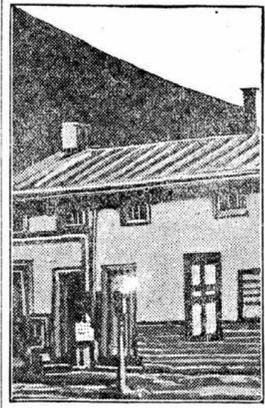
Berlin.—A storm of protest has been aroused by the government's decision to tax tickets of admission to motion picture shows and increase the tax on brewery malt. More than 350 proprietors of nickelodeons and motion picture shows in Berlin and 2,000 saloon keepers, cafe and hotel proprietors, have petitioned against the two taxes. The Socialists are bitter in their attack upon what they term an attempt to tax the cheapest form of pleasure—the only one the working classes can afford.

OLD LANDMARK TO BE RAZED

Noted Toll-House in Boston to Be Torn Down—Will Be Replaced With a Theater.

Boston.—A structure of much historic interest, which will soon be torn down to make way for a theater, is the old toll-house at the northeast corner of Oxford street and Ridge avenue. The building, which is of frame and one and a half stories in height, was the first toll-house on the famous old Ridge Road which was the first improved road leading from this city to Norristown. It was built in 1811 by the Ridge Road Turnpike Company and is the last of the old toll-houses remaining within the city limits.

The building consists of two parts, the original structure and an addition built about 1860, which adjoins it on



Famous Old Toll House Which Soon Will Be Razed.

the corner. The old building was used as the toll-house for over 50 years until a change in the highways in the vicinity necessitated its abandonment and the erection of a new house further up the road, at Issing avenue. The old house has been the property of one family ever since it was built. It was built by John S. Lawrence, the first toll-keeper, whose grandson, John H. Lawrence, recently sold it to the theatrical concern.

Mr. Lawrence was born in the building and remembers his mother collecting tolls at the doorway. For many years Mr. Lawrence used it as an office for his coal yard. It was not far to the east of the old toll-gate that Porter, the highwayman, robbed the United States mail coach in the early part of the last century, for which he was hanged at Bush Hill, near Seventeenth street and Fairmount avenue. Another important building at the time which was closely associated with the toll-house was the Moss Cottage Hotel, which was built before the Revolution and stood a short distance west.

It was the custom in the days of the toll-house not to collect tolls from hearses and undertaker's wagons, nor funeral carriages on the way to a church yard. Funerals on the way to a cemetery, however, were compelled to pay. Carriages conveying persons to church services also were exempt from the toll. The rate was 1 1/2 cents a mile for each horse and 1 cent for each head of cattle and swine.

JAIL TERM AS A "BRACER"

New York Court is Lenient to Prisoner Who Stole When Starving.

New York.—Justice Steinert in special sessions sentenced Albert F. Morgan to thirty days in the Tombs to "brace him up." Morgan had pleaded guilty to the theft of a violin worth \$15 from his landlady, Mrs. Marie Hardt, of 391 East 40th street.

"I had a position in Washington," he said, "until three months ago. Then I got in with a gay crowd and spent more money than I should and finally came to New York. For two days I had had nothing to eat, except some rolls I stole from a doorstep, and finally I stole the violin. I was desperate and down and out."

After a brief conference with Justices McInerney and Salmon, Justice Steinert announced the sentence. "You are on the verge of a breakdown," he said, "and it is for your own best interest that I send you to the city prison for thirty days."

FIGHTS CATAMOUNT AN HOUR

Beast Attacks a Pennsylvania Hunter, Killing Dog Before It Is Slain.

Pottsville, Pa.—Ellsworth Minning, returning to his home at Tremont about midnight after a hunting trip, accompanied only by his dog, was attacked by one of the largest catamounts ever seen in this section. He felt the animal leap from the limb of a tree, as if by intuition, and stepped aside, just in the nick of time. The animal immediately engaged in a fight with the dog, which was killed. In the meantime Minning repeatedly emptied a shotgun into the catamount's body, and after an hour's struggle the animal was slain. It weighed exactly 24 pounds after it had been drawn.

Sues for Dog's Board.

Boston.—Fee, the Parisian poodle dog, which has figured in several of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's short stories, is now the central figure in a suit brought against Mrs. Ward's estate for board for the dog.

CANTON MODEL CITY

Metropolis, Where Vice Was Pre-dominant, Is Now Transformed.

Overthrow of the Manchus Is Responsible for Change—Opium Smoking and Open Gambling Is Now Unknown.

Pekin, China.—A common proverb in China was, "If you wish to be wicked, go to Canton."

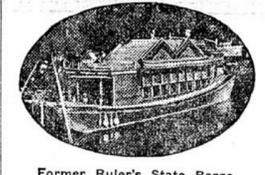
One who knows the old Canton, with its treasures of iniquity, would be greatly surprised today at the tremendous change. No longer do the four story palaces of vice near the foreign settlement bring their seductive influence to bear on the youth of the city—all are dark and the streets are deserted. The lower buildings are in the latest style, a thousand-foot front of "red light," is the military barracks.

No longer do you find on three and four corners of the principal street crossings the blatant signs, "Gambling Here." There is not an open gambling den nor a lottery in this city of over a million and a half of people. Opium smoking, that curse worse than drink in western lands, is gone, never to return, it is asserted.

Not only have these three open sores of the western world healed, but age-long abuses due to ancient religion and custom, have been cut away to allow the new growth of truth to appear. Slavery has been abolished by law, and assistance is given to those who are freed to find means of livelihood. Four hundred girls are being educated in one school at the city's expense. The blind singing girls are now being cared for and given an education in industrial work.

And, finally, the nunneries have been opened, the girls in them are allowed the choice of leaving or remaining, and the small girls purchased to be brought up as nuns are liberated and are being taught in government schools. Twelve of the 13 Confucian temples in the city have been turned over to the control of the educational department to be used as schools.

These great reforms are but the result of the natural moral force of the Chinese, combined with the enlightenment of the west. Once freed from the long crushing thralldom of the



Former Ruler's State Barge.

Manchus, the Chinese have leaped to the front rank of moral reform. It is true that opium and gambling in Canton were prohibited before the revolution came, the latter only a few months before, but they were the results of agitation through those attempting to get at the root of the matter under the inertia of the Manchou government, and who were successful. The Manchus thought to throw them off the trail by permitting lesser reforms.

It is noteworthy that within three months after the new Cantonese government was formed and the present corps of officials was well established, this city, once the worst of the marts of China, has become a model city.

PREFERS LOVE TO THRONE

Grand Duke Michael of Russia Loyal to Morganatic Wife.

St. Petersburg.—That love is better than a throne seems to be the opinion of the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, brother of the czar, who has definitely renounced all his rights to the throne, refusing to annul his marriage, which was recently born.

The grand duke was married secretly nearly three years ago to Mme. Mamontoff. When very young this beautiful woman of many accomplishments married Sergius Mamontoff, a Moscow millionaire. The marriage was an unhappy one, and when the grand duke visited Moscow he met Mme. Mamontoff and fell in love with her.

She reciprocated his affection and at her request Mamontoff divorced her. Her family urged her to marry again. "I will find you a husband," said the grand duke to her, and he actually married her to a young officer of cuirassiers, who was her husband in name only and who afterward divorced her.

Mme. Mamontoff and the grand duke went to Moscow and there after some difficulty found a priest willing to marry them. The czar, who was intensely angry when he heard of his brother's infatuation, practically exiled him.

The grand duke told the czar that he cared nothing for imperial rank, and would gladly renounce all his rights rather than be separated from the woman he loved.

Roosters Cure Lonesomeness. Baskin, Pa.—Mrs. Mary Wentzel, a 72-year-old farmer, tills 20 acres of land, keeps 27 roosters, none fatter to be seen in the country, and none better trained. She declares their crowing banishes lonesomeness and makes things lively about the place.