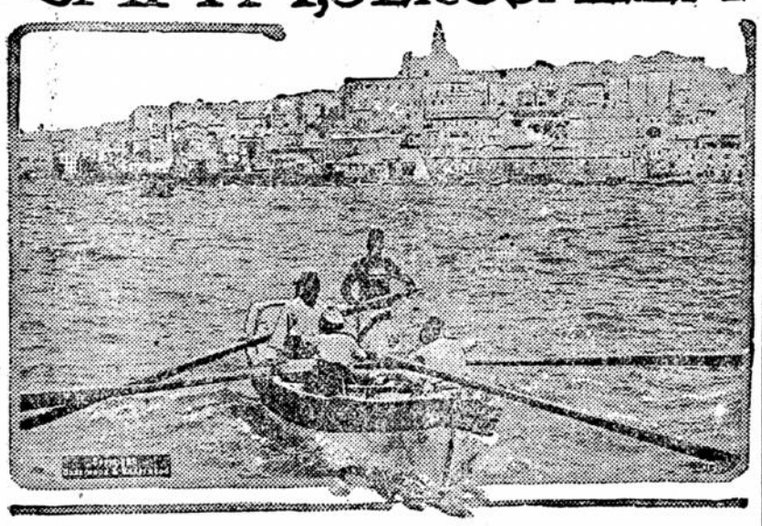
JAFFA, the PORT of JERUSALEM



Jaffa From the Sea.

AFTER being in the undisputed control of the Moslems for 673 years, Jerusalem once again has come into the possession of the Christians, the Crescent has fallen and the Cross has replaced it. The decisive event of this "ninth crusade," made by the British forces under General Allenby, was the capture of Jaffa, the chief port of Palestine.

Jaffa, which is also written Yafa and Joppa, and which is supposed to have been named the city beautiful, as its Hebrew name implies, has a history so ancient that its foundation and its early history are entirely lost in the mists of the past, writes Joseph Jackson in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It is linked with the legends of Homer, with the commerce of the Phoenicians, with the mythology of the Greeks as well as with the story of the New and Old Testaments. Lying so close to Jerusalem, and for many years the real port of entry to that inland city, it has in recent years established a very modern reputation for business, which has nothing to do with its storied past.

Even the country in which the old city is situated has had its name changed many times. The Greeks long before the time of Christ alluded to it as Ethiopia, later it was Canaan, and finally Palestine.

It has been ruled by Phoenicians, by Greeks, by Egyptian Pharaohs, by Assyrian kings, by the Romans, the Saracens, the Jews, the Arab caliphs and the Turks, to say nothing of the temporary occupation by Christian emperors from Germany, France and England.

The city of Jaffa has been besieged and taken by every newcomer for the last forty centuries who has made the attempt on Jerusalem, but despite the fact that it often has been the scene of hostilities and that more than once its block-paved streets have run with human blood, and that once, at least, it was almost destroyed by an earthquake, the town never has ceased to be beautiful, with its hills surrounding it to the southwest covered with fruit trees, and with its own quaint stone buildings, churches and mosques.

Was Held by the Pharaohs.

The Pharaohs of Egypt for a time included this ancient land in their empire, during the reigns of Thothmes III and Amenhotep, say from about 1600 to 1400 B. C., although the Egyptian occupation seems to have lasted for quite three centuries.

On the porch on the great temple at Karnak there has been discovered references to the town of Ja-pu, and elsewhere in the land of Egypt there is a reference to Ya-pu, both being interpreted to mean Jaffa. It appears to have been the Promised Land of biblical times, and when this was distributed under Joshua, the country bordering the Mediterranean, in which Jaffa lies, was awarded to the tribe of Dan. But the territory continued in the possession of the Philistines until the reign of David, when the Israelites came into their own.

During the time of Solomon, Jaffa played an important part, for it was there that the precious woods and metals which were brought from afar to make his temple the wonder of the world were unloaded from the puny vessels that plied the Mediterranean. All of the materials that were brought from afar entered Palestine at Jaffa and were transported overland to the hills on which the Holy City lies, where his great edifice was erected.

When the Ten Tribes revolted Jaffa regained its independence, which had been denied it for centuries, but this freedom was scarcely enjoyed before Rammanicar III, the king of Assyria, fell upon it and once more it felt the yoke of foreign authority.

If it were renowned for no other event, Jaffa must always be famed as the port from which Jonah sailed when he tried to hide from the Lord and attempted to neglect the Lord's business.

The town was once fired by the Roman governor of Syria, and its destruction, invited by the insurrection of the Jews, caused many of the latter to resort to thievery, piracy and brigandage. More than 8,000 of them had been put to the sword, and the remainder became outlaws.

Mecca for Pilgrims.

Vespasian put a stop to this sort of thing by attacking a band of the thieves, and massacring more than 4,000 of them. Then he built a fort and around this a new city sprang up.

Later for the first time Jaffa became virtually a Christian city. It had been pagan and Jewish by turns, but now it was raised to a bishopric. Fidus was the bishop, and he was present at the Synod of Lydda in 415 and at the Council of Ephesus in 431.

It now became a place for pilgrims from Europe. For centuries they arrived and made their way to the Holy City. Many of them landed at Cesarea, further up the coast, but the biblical traditions of Jaffa caused almost all of them to visit its picturesque walls.

In the seventh century of our era the Arabs invaded the country and then began the reign of the Saracens and Turks, which has continued, with occasional periods of other occupation, until the present day.

In all of the eight Crusades, which began in the eleventh century and continued intermittently for 300 years, Jaffa was a prominent figure in the accounts. The Crusades were begun under the missionary work of Peter the Hermit, a French monk, who, having visited Jerusalem, found that the pilgrims were unjustly treated by being taxed highly for admission to the city of their dreams, and that they were otherwise unjustly treated by the government.

It was customary for most of the Crusaders to land at Acre, which, while further away from Jerusalem, seemed to offer a more direct route and a safer landing for the ships and galleys which brought the Knights Templar and Hospitallers.

Jaffa became the advanced base for most of the operations against the Saracens and later the Turks at Jerusalem.

Taken by Napoleon.

Napoleon in his Egyptian campaign took the city of Jaffa, and it was there that it was declared that he left his soldiers to die of the plague, but he had his eye on posterity and had a picture painted depicting him in the convent of the Armenians going sympathetically among his stricken soldiers, whom his enemies declared he poisoned when he was about to leave.

Mehemet Ali took the town in 1832, and the Arabs were evicted by the Turks, who took the town eight years later, although in the meantime it had been laid partly waste by an earthquake in 1838.

The guide books will tell the modern pilgrim that he may still see the ruins of the house of Simon the tanner, now covered by a mosqque, and the pious may make the journey to that part of the town where the worthy Tabitha was raised by St. Peter. He may read on a signboard, "Tabitha's Quarter," but the exact spot where her house stood has not been transmitted to this time.

From a small town of about 10,000 population, the completion of the railroad to Jerusalem about twenty years ago caused the city to become important enough to boast of more than three times that number of inhabitants. The treacherous character of the entrance by sea to the town is likely to stand in the way of its future greatness, but as one of the oldest cities in the world it must always have a fascination for the curious.

Another Puzzle.

"Is it possible for a person to say something that will be a lie if it is true?"

"Yes. If a liar should say 'I never told the truth in my life,' it would be a lie if it was true."

"How so?"

"Because that statement would be one instance of his telling the truth, and thus it would be false on the face of it. And if he should say the exact opposite, that would of course be a lie, too. But leave that supposition out of the question, for it may confuse you. Just remember this—that if a fellow says he never told the truth, he must be lying."

"But if he's lying, then he's telling the truth, because his statement would merely be another lie. So his record wouldn't be broken after all."

"Yes, that's true, too. You see, that proves that it's impossible—"

"Shut up! Don't tell me any more about it—I'm going to worry all day as it is!"—Exchange.

Her Reply.

"How do you manage to get so much work done with all the conversation going on?" asked a neighbor.

"I stick right to my knitting," replied the kind old lady.

Loyalty Is First Duty of Every Citizen of United States Today

By JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

In the present emergency it behooves every American citizen to do his duty and to uphold the hands of the president and the legislative department in the solemn obligations that confront us.

The primary duty of a citizen is loyalty to country. This loyalty is manifested more by acts than by words; by solemn service rather than by empty declamation. It is exhibited by an absolute and unreserved obedience to his country's call.

Both houses of congress, with the executive, are charged and sworn to frame those laws that are demanded by the present crisis. Whatever, therefore, congress may decide should be unequivocally complied with by every patriotic citizen. The members of both houses of congress are the instruments of God in guiding us in our civic duties. It behooves all of us, therefore, to pray that the Lord of Hosts may inspire our national legislature and executive to frame such laws in the present crisis as will redound to the glory of our country, to righteousness of conduct, and to the future permanent peace of the nations of the world.

Appearance of the American Soldier Has Always Impressed Observers

By GERTRUDE P. BISHOP

Several foreign papers have remarked on the appearance of the American soldier, as a type so strongly set in its individuality that it has evoked interest in a world whose jaded vision can but picture men in khaki.

What in him has gained such wide attention? It is the American look—that expression of intensified keenness, the look connoting eagerness, zest, and—best of all—still unsatisfied interest in the world.

As far back as 1777, when Burgoyne with his Hessians surrendered to the colonial army after the battle of Saratoga, that same impression of the American expression was apparent. A Hessian prisoner wrote in his memoirs:

"We passed through the American camp in which all the regiments stood under arms. Not one of them was uniformly clad; each had on the clothes which he wore in the fields, the church or the tavern.

"They stood, however, like soldiers; well arranged and with a military air, in which there was but little to find fault. All the muskets had bayonets, and the sharpshooters had rifles. The men all stood so still we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak with his neighbor. Nay, more, all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous, that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we were all surprised at such a well-formed race."

If the Hessian's ghost returned today, he would still find "the slim, nervous lads that stood in rank and file," with the same silent expression of courage and fire—but now clad in khaki in place of homespun.

Through this internaturalization of all peoples has come a product yet unknown—the American soldier. For the butcher's boy, the millionaire's son, the clerk, the sport and the professor have joined the army.

Children of United States Can Do Much to Reduce Food Wastage

By WILLIAM A. McKEEVER, Authority on Problems of Childhood and Sociology

If every child and young person in the United States can be induced to reduce food wastage to the extent of six cents per day the total will amount to a saving of $2,000,000 annually.

It is estimated that our European allies are short this year to the amount of 500,000,000 bushels of grain and 30,000,000 food-producing animals. Our own stocks of these materials are the lowest in recent times. The situation calls for a shipment of at least 1,250,000,000 bushels of our grain abroad. Now, those who have plenty of other things to eat can and must cut down on their allowance of these transportable foodstuffs.

Now, how may we enlist all our young people in this tremendous food drive? What lines of conservation must be especially emphasized?

Apparently there is only one practical and effective method of appeal to the child for his help in this movement, and that is to arouse the juvenile sense of fellowship and sympathy for his kind. Here we have a strong racial motive. The sympathy of children for adults is weak, but for those of their age and class it is strong.

The lines of food conservation most to be emphasized are: First, the wheat products; second, the animal products, and third, the sugar. There must be a further reduction in the use of wheat, wheat flour, meats of all kinds, butter, fats and sugar. And a little reasoning will show how easily we can accomplish this task without going hungry.

In no sense is an underfeeding of our children contemplated. That would be poor economy. There can be a change in the quality of that now carelessly used without any reduction in the body-building value.

As a Matter of Wise Policy Suffrage Is Not to Be Denied to Women

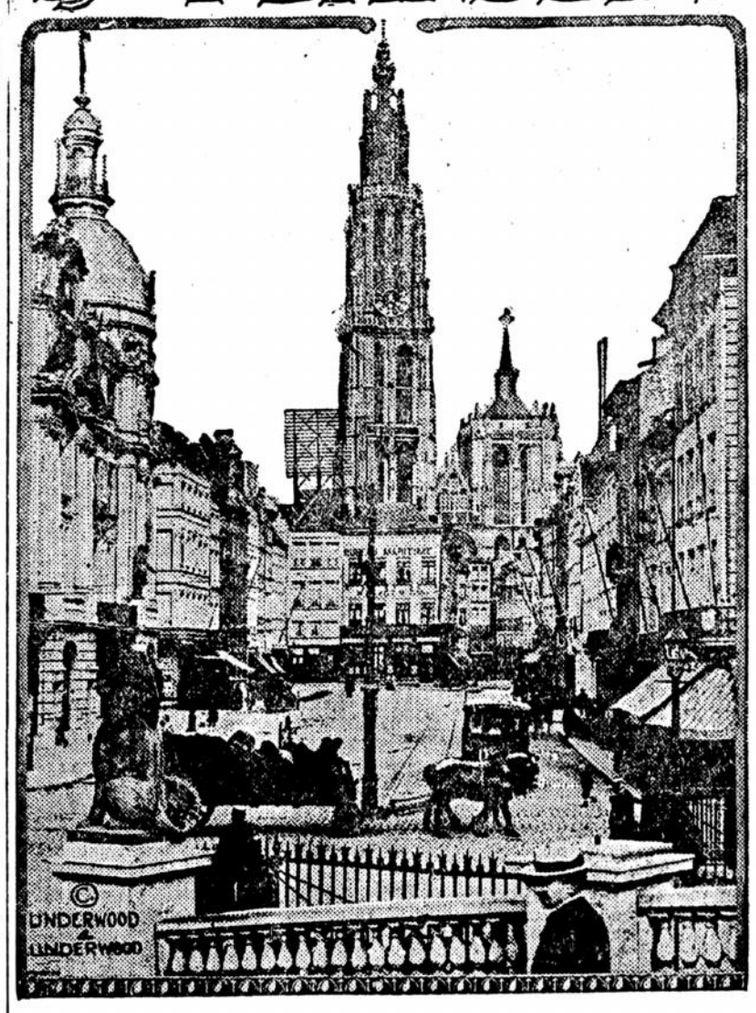
By FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior

I see no reason to fear woman suffrage. It has not worked disaster in California. To be sure, it is not a panacea for all political and social ills; nor can any other change in the political machinery of the state be a cure-all.

Nations are not made wise nor virtuous by their laws. But this is an industrial world, and those who do the work, whether men or women, are not to be denied their opportunity for protection and advancement through the action of the state.

As a matter of political philosophy suffrage cannot be put aside, and as a matter of wise policy it is not to be denied.

The CHIMES of FLANDERS



Spire of Notre Dame, Antwerp.

ACROSS the pointed roofs and wayward streets of Antwerp there fell one day 400 years ago the mellow din of bells. In a gay and golden peal the carillon of Notre Dame sang to the town until every eye turned toward the belfry and every foot hastened to the cathedral door.

Over the threshold paced a procession rich with the color and stiff with the pomp of the middle ages. As the company went up the nave, where velvets and jewels caught added radiance from the crimson and amber of stained windows, the bells beat upon the air again with a louder triumph before they at last fell silent.

There was good cause for the lusty strokes which the carillon ringers tugged at their ropes on that pleasant day in 1507. For the new bell, the Big Bell, had come safe from the casting furnace; the bishop in his robes was there to consecrate it, and the king himself was standing as its sponsor.

When the final reverent word had been spoken that dedicated the bell at the service of God and Antwerp, Charles struck from the bronze sides one loud tone. The noise rose clear and deep through the hush of the cathedral. It floated among the dim rafters as a voice that promised blessings and it hummed into oblivion with a slow, portentous melancholy that might well have been a presage of its doom.

Big Bell Into a Furnace.

For doomsday has dawned upon the big bell of Notre Dame and upon the bells of all the other steeples in Flanders—the Germans need metal. They have taken the doorplates and piano ornaments from the homes of Brussels and the splendid bronze horses from the Avenue Louise. They have taken the chimes from Isegnem and Itoulers, from Bruges and a dozen villages.

The bells are being made into guns. When next day they speak it will be in a roar that means ruin to the very fields over whose harvests they so long have rung the curfew and the angelus.

The bells have always meant much to Flanders. A wealthy lowland beset by greedy neighbors, the little kingdom has countless times been warned of marching enemies by the clamor from a steeple. In days of peace the Flemish developed their chimes into the lively ilt of the carillons which made their guilds of ringers noted throughout Europe. To hold the carillons they built some of the noblest towers the world has seen, and when the towers were built the cities vied with each other in filling them with noble bells. There were forty bronze voices in the tower of Bruges cathedral and the same number at Louvain. There were forty-four at Malines and almost a hundred in Antwerp's Notre Dame.

Bells Roused the Towns.

Every one of these had its baptismal name, as well as a popular nickname. "That's 'Doucement,'" the villagers would say as a high tone trembled on the air at evensong. Or, in the dawn, "'La Pucelle' is calling to matins." Or as an alarm crashed forth some anxious night, "'The Thunderer!' Here comes the enemy—"

Usually the alarm bell, which was as a matter of course the largest in the church, belonged not to the cathedral, but to the town. It was owned by the municipality because the ocsin proved vital in primitive times to the town's existence. No fewer than three bells in Notre Dame were the property of Antwerp itself. The burghers cocked their ears when any of these spoke, and bade one another hearken to "Carolus" or "Curfew" or "St. Mary's." Under the name engraved on the metal there was also cut a rhymed prayer, for the people half believed that the consecrated music could frighten away evil spirits.

It was a summons to matins from Notre Dame that stole softly into the ears of Mary of Burgundy when she rode out of Bruges one fatal morning. The Emperor Maximilian cantered by the side of his young wife as the hunting party, hawk at wrist, went its way to the woods at the edge of the town. Before angelus the ladies and lords came slowly back, the duchess—white faced, but gallant—striving to make light of a bad fall from her horse. She was about to become a mother, and the injuries were mortal, but for love of her husband Mary long kept that knowledge secret.

End of the House of Burgundy.

When she died, at 25, the hopeless tolling from the belfries threw all Flanders into mourning.

They buried her in the south chapel of Notre Dame, in a tomb next to that of her father, Charles the Bold. The last of the house of Burgundy, the two were also the last native rulers of the Netherlands. Their resting place is very dear to the Flemish. It is not likely to be spared. For the gilded effigies of father and daughter are made of the copper that Germany covets for shells.

The Ambleve still flows by Stavelot. In that fact lies a gleam of hope. How to save part of its treasure was a lesson which this village on the road to Luxemburg taught the rest of Belgium when the French revolution raged. As the vandals drew near, the townspeople rallied to protect St. Remacle's relics. St. Remacle had been bishop of Liege from 652 until 662. His bones were inclosed in a case six feet long, fashioned of enameled copper plates. The coffer sparkled with a hundred gems—beryl, opal, amethyst. Into a sack the townspeople slipped their priceless reliquary, and they sank the cask in the waters of the Ambleve to wait the arrival of gentler times. It will be Stavelot's one stroke of modern good luck if today the coffer is again at the bottom of the stream.

Money Man Also.

A chauffeur is not usually unbending enough to add to his burden of dignity duties not essentially belonging to his place, muses the New York Post. Yet when recently an automobile stopped at the curb in front of a department store and the chauffeur all in green leaped out of his seat to stand at attention on the sidewalk while a young woman, the only other occupant of the machine, alighted and walked toward the entrance of the store, it did not end for him even with being chauffeur and footman. Suddenly the young woman turned as though she had forgotten something.

"My money, John," she said.

The man in green reached into his pocket, drew out a purse of feminine build, and extracted from it a roll of bills.

"Twenty-five will do," she ordered.

He handed the money to her and replaced the rest of the money in the purse, which was returned to his pocket to await the next call upon it.

Out of Style.

Anne—She said that she had to get some warm clothes for winter.

Nan—How hopelessly out of style she always is!

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