Cape County Herald

Herald Publishing Co.

CAPE GIRARDEAU - - MISSOURI

Hustle, and you will not feel the cold.

The fire fiend loves an overheated furnace.

Manchus and pigtails are going out of fashion in China.

The rubber gown is the latest thing in feminine apparel. Rubber!

Buffalo steaks that go uneaten are utilized as hinges on barn doors.

The cold wave is a stimulus to trade—particularly the coal trade.

If the pen is mightier than the sword where does the typewriter come in?

Doesn't it beat anything how mercury can go down when it gets started?

Minneapolis, which has invented the bobble whisker, may keep it and welcome.

The baby emperor must wonder what is the matter with his nursery now-a-days.

This weather tempts a man who has broken himself of the whisker habit to start something.

Toe dancing is advised for flat-footed children, whereas a flat foot is an excellent help in buck dancing.

Astronomers tell us that there is frost on Mars, but we need not be told that there is frost on this little old earth.

An exchange tells us that a noiseless typewriter has been brought to light. The poor girl must be deaf and dumb.

People who have a family of small boys and girls do not need a calendar to remind them that Christmas is coming.

A New York judge decides that an American's house is his castle and he has a right to fortify it with a handy revolver.

An Omaha judge says there is no such thing as old age and proves it by marrying at the age of 73. Boys will be boys.

Farmer in Connecticut found a lump of gold in a chicken's crop. The nugget is said to be almost as valuable as a fresh egg.

It has been decided the campaign cigars are not included in New York's new law prohibiting the carriage of deadly weapons.

Medicine Hat has resumed. It stands ready to forward all sorts of disagreeable weather to any address, charges all prepaid.

The smugglers who were caught in New York with $1,000 worth of glass eyes evidently were blind to the iniquity of their ways.

Street car conductors are to announce the names of streets through horns to save opening the door. They'll be singing them next.

An American aeronaut committed suicide by jumping into the English channel—a dismal paraphrase of the coals-to-Newcastle principle.

It may be possible to catch fish with noise, as a Harvard professor claims, but most anglers conserve their noise until they have returned from the fishing trip.

A business man in Toronto has an eighty-year-old stenographer. From the point of view of a business man's wife, that is the proper age for stenographers.

Connecticut cab horse which was struck by an automobile became despondent and deliberately committed suicide. Evidently he figured that fate was rubbing it in.

The price of opium has dropped as a result of the Chinese revolution. Now we know why the war correspondents are slaughtering so many thousands every day.

An eastern woman is about to take unto herself a sixth husband after having buried five of them. It behooves the organist to play a funeral march during the wedding.

Two guides were shot by mistake on the opening day of the hunting season in New Jersey. One of the strange things in connection with our civilization is that men continue to wish to be guides.

Mule in New Jersey drank a gallon of whisky and then kicked itself to death. Human jackasses seldom carry their penitence that far.

A statistician tells us that 536,000 workmen are killed or injured every year in this country. What was it General Sherman said about war?

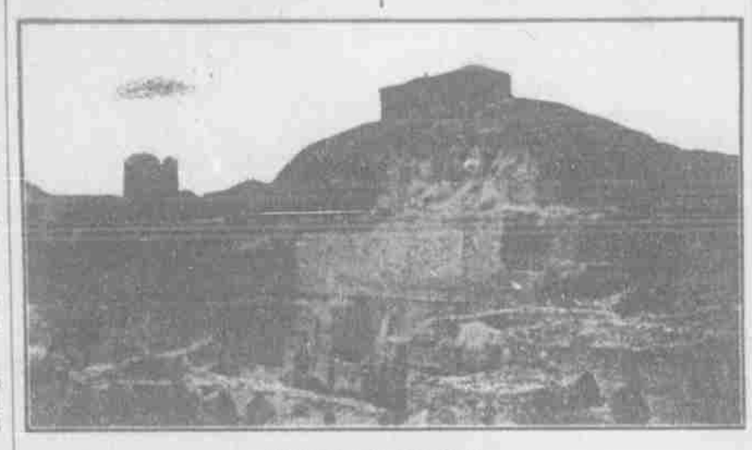
A Connecticut school requires the boy pupils to learn how to cook. It is but natural to believe that the girls are taught to lay brick or carry the hod.

The AWAKING of the OLDER NATIONS

Persian Pilgrims Carry Seeds of Modern Reform—Holy Places of Moslems Near Bagdad Are Shrines for Myriads of Shiahs From Afar.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Bagdad, Turkey.—The man of the street in Philadelphia, or Chicago, or London would look skeptical if told that the most densely populated section of the earth's surface was formerly the region off in this little-known corner of the earth which is now the Mesopotamian desert. It is hard for one on the spot to realize that these wastes were once of incredible fertility, and that the kings of the whole earth once reigned here in splendor. At present, the roving Arabs and the Moslem pilgrims have the land to themselves. The tracks across the desert are chiefly made by pious members of the Shiah sect of Moslems, who are required to make at least one pilgrimage a year to these holy cities set off in the desert.



The Temple of Niffur.

The popular idea is that Mecca is the one great place of Islamic pilgrimage. Certainly it holds first place, and Medina, the home and burial place of Mohammed, comes second. Ali Moslems, of whatever sect, agree as to the sanctity of these holy places. But the Shiah sect of Moslems, who abound in Persia and India, and are by the Sunnites considered heretics, regard the graves of Ali and Hussein as of almost equal sanctity; and the rule of pilgrimage to these spots is more rigidly observed by them than by Sunnites generally. Ali was the husband of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, and Hussein was their son, the prophet's grandson. As the direct descendant of the prophet, he is esteemed as greater than his father, who entered the line by marriage. These two men contended with the companions of Mohammed for the succession to the supreme place, or caliphate, and in sanguinary battles were defeated. The Sunnite Moslems hold to the validity of the succession of the Companions, whereas the Shiahs accept the claims of Ali and Hussein and regard them as martyrs. When they read the story of the death of the prophet's grandson the pilgrims weep and wail loudly, for all to hear.

Rich Shrines in the Desert.

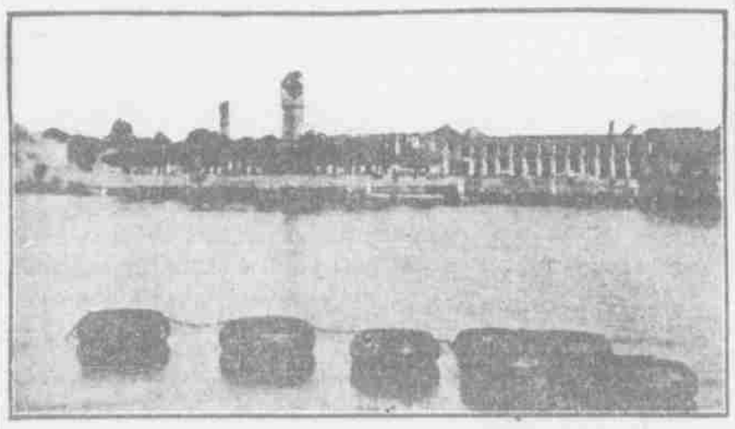
It sounds like the Arabian Nights to tell of towers of pure gold piercing the air of the remote desert, yet such is the literal fact. I am able to understand with what joy the weary travelers over these interminable wastes, where there is no object to relieve the monotony, is gladdened by the sight of the golden minarets of Kerbela's mosque, beneath which repose the bones of the martyred Hussein. In the same fashion the dome and minarets of Meshed Ali, or Nejef, signal from afar that the goal of the pilgrim is in sight. The cupolas and minarets of both these sacred mosques are plated with pure gold, and beneath them are treasures that stagger the imagination, the piled-up gifts of rich and royal devotees. When the late shah of Persia visited Kerbela, the storehouses were opened, and the riches he beheld were of staggering oriental sumptuousness. Incidentally, it may be mentioned, the leaders of the Shiah Moslems, resident here, have almost the last word to say concerning the fate of Persia.

No Christian may enter one of these mosques. Under the new regime he may not be kept out of the city, but the best he can get is a passing glimpse of the lavish golden ornamentation of the courtyards of the mosques and of the wonderful mosaics, and by discreetly passing all he may gain a fair knowledge of the mosques, though if he tarries, as I know, he is likely to be shown how unwelcome he is. That the old spirit which counted it meritorious to slay non-Moslems still exists I learned while on this pilgrimage. At Meshed Ali we were unable to secure lodgings at any of the inns, not because they were full, but because it was the anniversary of Hussein's death and feeling was running high. We were taken care of by the Young Turk officials, and put up in the courtroom. Even so, the food we bought from the bazar was poisoned and I was made seriously ill.

The magnificence of Kerbela and Meshed Ali is famous, but the mosque at Samarra is really finer—the most beautiful in all the world. It is not so well known because Samarra, another shrine city, is further up the Tigris, and not visited by so many persons. It is counted a point of special merit to be buried near to the graves of Ali and Husein, and so the neighborhood of both cities is surrounded with graves, some of them sumptuous. Those with the rich green tiles mark descendants of the prophets. Bodies are brought from Persia to be buried here.

The unexpected ways in which the West is touching the East, and the immemorial conservatism of the Orient is being broken up, was shown while I was lodging in the judge's, or cadi's chamber at Meshed Ali. A head was poked in the door a few hours after our arrival—so quickly does news fly about an Eastern town—and a voice with a quaint accent said: "Howdy do? You Americans? So am I." Inasmuch as no Christian is permitted to live in one of these holy cities, it was rather startling to be acclaimed by a fellow countryman. The man then went on to say that he was a Moslem, born in Canada, had lived most of his life in the United States, and had wandered East in pursuit of his trade as a machinist, and was now running a grist mill and—shades of the prophet—an ice-making machine in the city. He was glad to talk the speech of the lands that he loved best, and his comments upon his fellow Moslems were marked by all the freedom of the West. But he was "making good money," and would remain, as the advance guard of western civilization.

And the West is coming even this far East. This very tide of pilgrims is a factor in the awaking of the world that might not occur to one who had not seen its proportions or its character. People come from all over the Orient to these shrine cities. They meet and fraternize at the wayside inns, as well as in the cities which are their goals. Travelers in the East talk together more than in the West. They gather at nightfall about the common fire and tales of all the earth are told. Because these men cannot read does not mean that they are fools; and as they discuss, literally, the affairs of nations, there is created that intangible thing called public opinion. The advantages of western education, of western mechanical appliances, of western justice, and of western conveniences, are all fully thrashed out. We commonly speak of the newspaper, the telegraph and the steam engine as great agencies of civilization; added to these must be the wayside conversations of the leisurely East.



Government Building at Bagdad.

Camel Farms on the Desert.

Further south on the Mesopotamian desert than the shrine cities are villages of Arabs, who subsist largely by raising camels. The crop of camels is larger than one would think, for in this region alone their number is legion. Thousands of female camels, feeding on the camel-thorn which seems fit for nothing but fuel, and thousands of baby camels, feeding on the mothers, are a sight like nothing else in the world. The funny little beasts, with most absurdly long legs, are covered with a soft wool, white, black, or fawn color, and they scamper about the desert as if they had been trained to cut capers in a circus. Arabs watch them, each armed with a gun or a bludgeon.

Arbitration treaties and doctrines of peace do not reach down here. Every man must be his own police man. The traveler who went unarmed or unescorted might fare badly. Outside of each of the villages is a high, rectangular tower, built of mud bricks, and resembling the pictures of the Tower of Babel in the old family Bibles. This is both watch tower and fortress. Here a sentinel is ever on the lookout for the approach of marauding bands, or war parties of enemies, and into this the people are gathered when there is danger of attack. The petty wars that are life and death to these people are, of course, unknown to the world.

An American Among the Arabs.

I learned of an adventurous American who has cast in his lot with one of these tribes, and has become an assistant sheikh, or adviser to the tribe. His name is Williamson, but he refuses to talk very much about himself to the few foreigners who have met him. He is an educated man, and says that his one regret at living among the Arabs—for he dresses and lives exactly as other members of the tribe—is the lack of books. He made periodical visits to the American missionaries in Bosra to secure literature, but they have not seen him now for a considerable time, and they fear he has perished in one of the affrays of which he told them such interesting tales. A man would have to be fonder of the simple life than most of us, and thirstier for adventure, to cast in his lot with these poor, dirty and lazy Arabs.

Treasures Dug Up by the Arabs.

As near as the average Arab ever comes to work in this part of the world is when he sets to digging for "antikas," as the antiquities which he unearths from the sand are called. The advent of archaeologists has meant a new era for Bedouin. The University of Pennsylvania expedition at Niffur found a pot of gold, and as the Arab's avarice overmasters his laziness he is forever seeking for the hidden treasures of the ancient Babylonian civilization which flourished here. Even the statues and bronzes and clay tablets which he digs up are marketable, when taken to Bagdad. So anybody who wants to collect a modest library of writings from four to seven thousand years old may gather the clay books at sundry desert places, after a deal of bargaining with the Bedouin. The latter have lately uncovered at Jokka, several miles south of Niffur, a library of about twenty thousand tablets. That these should be lost or scattered, instead of going into the possession of the archaeologists, is a matter for real regret. Any one of them may contain information that will necessitate the rewriting of the books of early history.

The great excavations of the University of Pennsylvania, now neglected, are an impressive ruin. They are by no means exhausted, for the Arabs themselves are constantly making finds there. The controversy between Professor Hilprecht and Professor Peters seems to have stayed the work. It is perhaps a late sidelight upon that fracas, which was rather unintelligible to the average man, that the one name which seems to be best known to the Arabs, and to the neighboring Turkish officials, as well as to the people of Bagdad, is that of Professor Hilprecht. The German archaeologists at Babylon also gave him high praise and wondered who knew enough to call his findings into question. The two houses, or forts, of this University of Pennsylvania expedition are rapidly falling into complete ruin.

Unearthing Nebuchadnezzar's Palace

It is no news to the world that Babylon is fallen, but how complete is her decline can be understood only by those who have visited the ruins which the German archaeological expedition has unearthed. This work is largely supported by the German government, partly from scientific zeal, and partly, one suspects, in order to have a stake in Mesopotamia. It is a notable bit of archaeological enterprise, characterized by German thoroughness. The palace of Nebuchadnezzar has been laid bare to its foundations, and one may read the mind of the royal builder in his work, as he erected his grander palace upon that of his father. Few finds of a startling character, in the way of inscriptions, have been made by the Germans, but they have made plain the architecture and manner of life at Nebuchadnezzar's court. One may stand on the very spot where rested the throne of Belshazzar when he saw the handwriting on the wall. The very pavements on which walked these kings, and where Alexander the Great planned the conquest of Asia, are here to be seen.

For most of the year "the rivers of Babylon" do not flow at all; but Sir William Willcocks is bringing them back, and when his irrigation project gets under way, within five years hence, the ruins of Babylon will once more be surrounded by fertile fields, and the emptiness of Babylon's palace will re-echo to the sound of American farm machinery.

A Loss.

"What a pity it seemed that the ancient Romans with their love of gladiatorial sports, knew nothing about baseball."

"Why so?"

"They would so have enjoyed killing the umpire."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 31

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—I John 1:9.

To go over all the lessons separately, one after another, to repeat titles and Golden Texts in order, to select certain truths we have learned—this is not review. What we need is the movement of the whole period of the history, to study its meaning, to what it is leading, how each event, each character, bears upon this end, to help or to hinder, to see God in the history, and to learn the lessons the whole period teaches us.

Reviewing is looking backward from some tower or hilltop, over the landscape through which we have been traveling. The hills, the valleys, the cities, the villages, the forests, the fertile fields, we have been seeing in detail through the quarter we now see as one broad country, and we understand the meaning and power of the land as a whole.

The principal countries where the events took place should be noted on the map, their relations to one another, the modern names of these lands given, and the events in each reported. The Bible history is made more real, and more interesting, when the contemporary events of secular history are connected with it, joining day school with Sunday school. And often the secular history throws light upon the Biblical history. The monuments, the remains of ancient times found in the ruins of their great cities within the last century, add greatly to our knowledge and interest.

The history we are reviewing naturally falls into four eras or periods. (1) The two streams of the divided kingdom. (2) The single stream of Judah. (3) The Exile. (4) The Return and Restoration.

I. First Period. The Divided Kingdom.—Judah and Israel side by side, a double experiment in the progress of the kingdom of God. This period extended from 982-722, about 260 years. Judah's territory contained about 3,400 square miles; Israel's 9,400. Judah's capital was Jerusalem with its temples; Israel's was Samaria, with two centers of false worship. Judah was more sheltered than Israel from close contact with the heathen, both politically and religiously. Judah had one dynasty of 11 kings and one queen, all of the house of David; and Israel 19 kings and 9 dynasties. Judah had several very good kings, and great revivals of religion and reforms of morals; while in Israel from the first was a deterioration of varying degress, with great help from Elijah and Elisha.

The principles we have been studying apply to our own times, but are worked out in ways adapted to modern life. "The church is an army on duty, an army for the Christian conquest of the world by loving faithfulness." There are great evils to be driven out of our country. The whole land is waking up to realize the need of civic righteousness. There is always need of awakening new reforming zeal. For every step we gain gives us views of new needs, and new ideals. Every Christian land ought to be a perfect example of the kingdom of God, and of the blessings that abound in it. Every failure to live that life lessens its influence over the heathen nations.

II. Second Period. Judah the Sole Kingdom.—Length of Period, 136 years—from destruction of Samaria 722 to final fall of Jerusalem and destruction of the temple in 586. Every failure from the perfect life, every moral wrong, every fall into idolatry, diminished their power for good; and it was necessary that punishment should follow such conduct, both to persuade them into the ways of God and righteousness, and also to show the heathen that only obedience to God could lead to the blessings prepared for Gods people.

III. Third Period. The Exile in Babylon. Length of period, 70 years, 605-536 and 586-516.

A period of discipline, of sifting like wheat, of the refiners purifying fire. The Jews learned their need of God, the value of religion, the blessedness of the Word of God; they gained the broadening of their ideas, and sympathies, the increase of their culture. Discipline, purifying in the furnace, the strength that comes from overcoming, is the need of all individuals and churches today.

IV. The Fourth Period. The Return. The New Spiritual Nation.—This period extends from the first return in 536 to the close of the Bible history, 400—with an onward vision to the coming of Christ. Preparations for the coming of Christ. The forerunner.

A CURE FOR CARE.

"Do not worry; trust instead!"
That is what the Master said.
And it cannot be denied
That his teaching, when applied,
Proves a sovereign cure for care,
Lightens brudens anywhere.
Heathen men who never heard
Of the Master's restful word
May be pitied if they let
Anxious thoughts their spirits fret,
But disciples all may learn
Of the Master to discern,
That, while God doth reign above,
"Providence" means watchful love.

GOT THE LETTERS MIXED

Clergyman's Mistake Resulted in Giving Decided Surprise to Dignified Archbishop.

One of the most amusing stories which the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache tells in "Nuts and Chestnuts," is that entitled, "The Wrong Envelope." Mr. M——, a missionary, shortly before leaving England, received two letters—one from Archbishop Tait asking him to dine, and the other from the secretary of a religious society, a very old friend, asking him to preach. He accepted the archbishop's invitation, and at the same time wrote to the secretary, but put the letters into the wrong envelopes.

After the dinner at Lambeth the archbishop said to him: "Mr. M——, do you always answer your dinner invitations in the same way?"

"I do not understand, your Grace."

The letter, which was then shown to the missionary, ran thus: "You old rascal! Why did you not ask me before? You know perfectly well that I shall be on the high seas on the date you name."—London Tit-Bits.

The Difference.

"John M. Harlan," said a Chicago lawyer," in a eulogy of the late Supreme Court Justice, "had a way of pointing an observation with a story. Once he wanted to rebuke a man for exaggeration, so he said he was as bad as a Pittsburg millionaire who was being interviewed by a New York reporter.

"'Where, sir, were you born?' the reporter, as he sharpened his pencil, asked.

"'I was born in Pittsburg,' said the millionaire.

"'And where did you first—er—see the light of day?'

"'When I was nine,' the millionaire replied. 'My people then moved to Philadelphia.'"

Somewhat Inconsistent.

The young woman had spent a busy day. She had browbeaten fourteen sales-people, bullyragged a shopwalker, argued victoriously with a milliner, laid down the law to a modiste, nipped in the bud a taxi chauffeur's attempt to overcharge her, made a street car conductor stop the car in the middle of a non-stop run for her, discharged her maid and engaged another, and otherwise refused to allow herself to be imposed upon. Yet she did not smile that evening when a young man begged:

"Let me be your protector through life!"

It isn't until a man reaches the age of discretion that he discovers he can have a good time without suffering for it the next morning.

We are apt to speak of a man as being lucky when he has succeeded where we have failed.

A woman cares not who makes the money, just so she can spend it.