The HOLY LAND TODAY

SCENE IN BETHLEHEM

JACOB'S WELL

WHAT has been one of the chief charms of the Holy Land for Bible students will before long be a thing of the past. After centuries, even millenniums, of conservatism in customs and speech, the barrier to enlightenment has been broken down by the Young Turks, and men of enterprise have been invited to enter Palestine—so long held in bondage by the late sultan—and to form it into a modern and progressive country. With the entry of civilization and modern culture the many peculiar customs which have been observed since the days of the patriarchs, and the poetical speech of the natives which re-echo words of the prophets, will soon be banished. For even in the smallest actions of their life the people rehearse Biblical scenes of the days of the patriarchs and speak to each other in the poetical phraseology of the Psalmist and the prophets, quite unconsciously.

Perhaps the most interesting figure in Oriental life is the tall, dark Bedouin, whose life resembles in every detail that of Abraham of old. Even he, illiterate and ignorant as he is, a wanderer of the desert, living the most primitive life, embodies his ideas in highly metaphorical language. His black camel's-hair tent is probably of the same shape as that of the patriarchal days, and is made in such a manner as to facilitate its erection and its removal and transportation on the backs of burden-bearing camels.

The Bedouin is surrounded in his wanderings by just as many camels, oxen and other animals as was the wealthy patriarch of early days.

Biblical Scenes Rehearsed.

In the fields one sees living illustrations of many of the parables, and in the villages are rehearsed many incidents mentioned in the Bible. There is a great variety of homes to be seen in Palestine representing the various stages of the evolution of homes—from the abodes in the rocks of the poor peasant or the leper to the modern stone house of the wealthy Mohammedan. There are the more picturesque homes made of twigs and branches. These are literally "A shadow in the day time from the heat." They are also made of cloth from camel's hair—and merely supported by long, rude poles. Then there are the houses of clay.

The houses have flat roofs. These flat earthen roofs are not much protection against rainstorms. They soon become soaked and then commences a disagreeable dripping of water through the roof, which continues day and night. In summer the people sleep upon their roofs, and some spend the day there, taking their cooking utensils up.

At the sound of the crier from the minaret, five times a day, announcing to the village that "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet," every man and boy spreads his prayer rug on his cloak before him and kneels down upon it. Whether he be in the field at work or in his home at rest or in the streets bargaining, at the sound of that call to prayer he turns his face eastward to Mecca and bows down his forehead to the ground, and rises and makes many genuflexions while muttering Arabic words from the Koran.

Gates No Longer Closed.

In olden days every city had high, wide walls. It was possible to walk around the city upon them. Today parts of the walls of Jerusalem are wide enough for this. The gates of a city were always closed at sunset. Caravans arriving after dark were obliged to wait outside until morning. Travelers on foot could enter the city by the small door of the gate, which was known in the gospel days by the figurative expression: "The eye of the needle." Christ was referring to this custom of making the camels wait outside the gates until dawn, because of the impossibility of their passing through the smaller door, when he said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

Though the gates of Jerusalem still stand and a sentinel guards them, they are never closed by day or night.

One of the most interesting illustrations of scenes of Bible days, perhaps, since our Lord took it as symbolic of uprightness in man's dealings with his fellow-men is the daily scene of measuring wheat in the market place. The official measurer is hired by the vender of wheat and he measures the quantity before the eyes of the purchaser. He shakes the wooden measure and continues pouring on more wheat until it literally runs over. By this very act he seems to re-echo Christ's words: "Good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, shall men give unto your bosoms."

It is still customary in well-to-do homes to recline on couches during the meals, but in the village homes the people sit on the matted floor around the large wooden bowl which contains the cooked rice or beans. The head of the house opens the meal by taking up a handful of the greasy rice and a piece of bread, and rolling it into a ball he places it into the guest's mouth himself. This complimentary act is the sign for all those assembled to literally "dip in the dish," eating with their hands.

Work of the Women.

When the evening meal is over, the comfortables are taken off the shelves and spread on the matting for the family to sleep on. Beds consist only of comfortables. When the children are all rolled up and asleep the women in the homes begin the grinding of the wheat for the bread for the next day, while singing plaintive lullabies. This is monotonous work, and was often given to prisoners to do. "Samson's enemies set him to grind," when he was their captive. Ezekiel, speaking of utter desolation, used the expression, well understood by the people: "The grinders shall cease and the sound of grinding be low."

The women are as busy in the fields as in the houses. There are Ruths gleaning and reaping and winnowing and even plowing by the side of the oxen. To the town the women come bearing the produce of their fields, and they look very picturesque "sitting in the market place." On their heads they carry large baskets and on their shoulders their small sons sit, taking their first lessons in riding. This leaves the women's arms free for the other purposes. Baby girls are carried in a carpet hammock slung across their mothers' shoulders. There is a figurative prophecy regarding the better standing of women in the Orient, in days to come in the proclamation: "Their daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders."

Those better days are now at last breaking, for this is the dawn of freedom from subjection of women in all Turkey and the Holy Land. But with her loosened fetters will go also the country's traditional customs, and its quaint, poetical forms of speech, influenced by the influx of civilization.

PURELY FEMININE

LINGERIE IS DAINTY

UNDERGARMENTS LOOK LIKE THE WORK OF FAIRIES.

Attractive and Almost Endless Selection of Materials Now to Be Had Give a Most Gratifying Variety.

Once upon a time a girl thought herself very well provided for when her mother gave her a bolt of longcloth and some spools of cotton and admonished her to be industrious, but times have changed, and girls have changed with them. Today longcloth undergarments are practically unknown and instead of the tatting and crocheted trimmings once fabricated so laboriously the modern woman goes to the shop for the daintiest laces.

Her intimate little garments—nighties, chemises, drawers, skirts and underbodies—are all made of cottons or linens that look as if they have been spun by the fairies.

The one thing the dainty modern girl does in imitation of her grandmamma is to make her under-raiment by hand. If she is not skilled in the use of the needle, she buys lingerie by hand.

But, alas, even in the finest materials ready-made lingerie is of two sorts, the good and the bad. It may come from gay Paree or be made in the slums of the great American cities, but it is open to the same objection. The lovely restraint which is shown in the good things is, balanced by a superfluity of ornament, a gushing abandon as you might say, that brings a blush to the modest cheek. Is it possible, you think, any woman would wear such horrid things! When garments in coarse lawn and cambric are trimmed in this way they seem so inappropriate, that only to look on them dulls the appetite for elaborate lingerie. "Let me be plain forever more," you growl, "and go forth with a nun-like petticoat, treated only to hems and tucks."

The best results in lingerie are correspondingly attractive, and the endless variety of materials now used for the purpose gives a gratifying variety. Fancy lawn skirts, flounced with dotted muslin or cross-barred muslin, and nightgowns, chemises and underbodies are all made of these dainty weaves. The expensive batistes and dimities, the crinkled crepes and handkerchief lawns once regarded as exclusively for outside wear, are now used for all kinds of under-garments.

With lawns, linen and cotton some new insertions that look like canvas are much used and several kinds of lace appear on a single petticoat. Tasteful monograms in hand embroidery are now de rigeur, and ribbons are run through a lawn insertion with slits of the exact width.

With the exception of the joining of the seams, which is done by machine, every garment constructed in perfect taste should be made by hand. A delicate touch of color sometimes appears in the figured dimities, but the general preference is for all white, with only the ribbons tinted.

The illustration comprises a very smart petticoat and corset cover of nainsook. The skirt is gored, and the two cuts show it may be made either with a deep or a narrow flounce. For a dressy costume the flounce could be of lawn, with lace instead of the cambric trimmings, shown herewith. The underbodice is hand embroidered, and can be made in a single piece, except the tail, for the tucks at the sides fit it into the figure.

Good undervests for summer are of lisle or Italian silk—the vests which are not ribbed. Three of a very excellent gauze-lisle can be had for a dollar, and one dollar and twenty-five cents will buy a dainty silk vest with a lace edge and ribbon drawstrings.

Mary Dean

A Boticelli Headdress.

There is a headdress affected by women of regular features and small, thin faces. This is a kind of Italian coiffure founded probably in the Botticelli scheme. All the hair on the crown of the head is rolled up to form a chignon that stands out a long way from the head in a direct line with the nose, says Hairdressers' Journal. If the hair is not sufficient to make a firm, thick chignon, a "crepon" is wound in it or a thick pad of some sort. The arrangement must be very neat, the hair being brushed upward and standing out well. The top and sides are treated separately with a parting, either on top or at the side, while the hair is, besides, lightly puffed out over the ears. Those who like the wave apply the iron to this part, so as to produce deep, soft undulations, which bring an effect of light and shade into the scheme.

MATCHED COSTUME STYLISH

One Color Effect Attractive, but It Is Not Always Within Reach of All.

In the latest modes there are only two colors, a background shade and an ornamental one, and the latter is matched through the whole costume.

Let us suppose, for instance, that the costume is green and gray. It is a three-piece suit, gray, with collars and cuffs of green, a green hem reaching almost to the knees, and a green silk frill and Pierrot collar and cuffs on the low-necked and short-sleeved blouse.

The hat is gray straw, with plumes or Alsatian bow of green; the veil gray, with green figures, perhaps in the new comet design. The gloves are gray with green stitching.

Even the silk underskirt carries out this idea. It is changeable green and gray or gray with a green ruffle. Shoes and stockings are both green, or perhaps the shoes are gray suede oxfords, with green silk lacing.

The parasol is gray with a deep hem border of green satin, always in the same shade, so that there is no ugly divergence in color. And all the jewelry accessories, the belt buckle, the hatpins, the chain around the neck are green artificial emeralds or jade. Perhaps the metal setting is of old silver jewels.

And the same idea is applied to all other colors. It is wonderfully effective, though perhaps a bit out of the reach of the woman who has one suit a season unless she dresses always in the same colors.

But even she may manage it by careful planning, and it is stunning enough to be worth while.

Do not use a brush to remove tangles. Remove tangles with a comb of smooth, even teeth, used gently and regularly.

There are few scalps that are not benefitted by brushing for five minutes. Occasionally, however, when the hair is fine and delicate or is falling badly, brushing should be omitted.

Brushing with an unsanitary brush is worse than nothing.

This cleanly precaution takes but a few minutes if a little ammonia is put in a basin of water and the brush dipped in it several times, then into fresh water. Dry quickly in the sun.

Do not economize in your brush buying. Cheap bristles tear the hair and many injure the scalp.

Evening Cloaks.

Paisley shawl materials are to play an important part for evening cloaks and they will in many cases have deep, soft fur collars and be lined with amber mousseline. Black satin, which has been so much used for coats and skirts, will also be in favor for long coats, with no trimming but a handsome fastening of silk cords set low down in the skirt of the coat.

DRINKS IN HISTORY

IMPORTANT PARTS PLAYED BY GOBLETS OF LIQUOR.

Sir Philip Sidney and the Dying Soldier—Tragic Part of Cup of Wine in Murder of Edward the Martyr.

The proposal of the Dutch to erect at Zutphen a statue to Sir Philip Sidney recalls to a London writer the world-famed episode of the dying soldier, with which his death is inseparably connected. It occurred when that Paladin, on September 22, 1586, received his death wound before the walls of Zutphen. Parched with thirst, he called for a drink. As he was putting the bottle to his mouth his eyes fell upon a desperately wounded soldier, who, as he was being carried past, threw him longing glances, which Sir Philip perceived, took the bottle from his lips before he drank, and delivered to the poor man with these words: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

In the murder of Edward the Martyr, in 979, a cup of wine played a tragic part. Wearied with his hunting the young monarch was persuaded to seek refreshment at Corfe castle, in Dorsetshire, the abode of his stepmother, the widowed Queen Elfrida. Upon his entrance she greeted him with a kiss, and then, as he resisted her invitation to dismount, brought from the castle a goblet of wine. Even as the king raised his goblet one of her retainers drew his dagger and, with fatal effect, plunged it into his neck.

During the naval engagement at San Juan the Jesus, which was under the command of Sir John Hawkins, was attacked by almost overwhelming odds. Both by word and deed did the admiral encourage his men, and once when their spirits seemed to flag, he bade his page fetch him a cup of beer. This was brought to him in a silver goblet, out of which he drank to his crew, "willing the gunners stand by their ordnance like men." Scarce had he finished the draught and held the cup aside when it was struck by a ball from one of the Spaniards' ships and carried away.

Every June the quaint old town of Rothenburg celebrates by a costume festival, which goes by the name of "Meister-Drank," the mighty feat of a former town councillor who, in 1631, saved the town from destruction. In that year Rothenburg fell before the arms of the savage Tilly, who at the head of his forces entered the vanquished town, where at the town hall he gave orders for the execution of the civic magistrates. Before, however, the doomed men were led forth to the scaffold, the Burgomaster's daughter presented herself, bearing an immense flagon of wine, out of which the conqueror drank and passed it round to his officers.

All quenched their thirst, and yet the flagon was only but half empty. Seeing this the fair Hebe remarked that one of the councillors present was able to empty the stoup at a draught. "If such be the case," cried Tilly, turning to the condemned magistrates, "I will pardon you all for the drinker's sake. Fill the flagon to the brim."

This was done, and then one of the city's magistrates, stepping forward, seized the vessel, raised it to his lips, and neither drew breath nor set it down until he had quaffed its contents to the last drop. Then only did he reverse the flagon in proof that the feat had been accomplished. Tilly kept his word, and every year, in commemoration of their deliverance, do the citizens of Rothenburg enact over again this famous event in their town's history.

Oblivion Is Right on the Job.

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has experienced woe in a library. Writes he: "I fell to thinking the other day, when I had slipped into the Forbes Library, that all the documents that we produce nowadays are being saved as they never have been saved before. I fell to thinking [illegible] as I stood there just where [illegible] by the hour, of what it all meant. I thought of a Springfield Republican 4,000 years old. I was depressed. Former ages may not have been clever, but they did manage in one way and another to have fair and reasonable consideration for posterity. And I thought of my own innocent woolly-lamb sort of the people ten years away, perchance, who would be struggling with them, and it came to me mercifully that oblivion would be attended to, that it could be depended upon sometimes."

So it came, and Mr. Lee may cheer up. Not all the wood pulp is consumed as breakfast food. Most of it goes to make paper. Owing to its extreme lack of durability, it may be said to promise oblivion by the carload, expressage paid. Don't write for posterity. Wood pulp paper won't last. Imitate Charles Lamb, who said, "Hang the age. I'll write for antiquity!"—Boston Transcript.

The Reproof.

It was in the midst of the football season, and the students of Professor Blank's class, well aware that their lesson had been neglected, were prepared for reproof, but not for just the way in which it came.

At the end of the hour he slammed down his book on the desk and exclaimed:

"Well, that's the worst recitation I ever listened to! Why, I've actually done nine-tenths of it myself!"

Bad Breath

"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles."—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.

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WARNING THAT WAS FAMILIAR

Grocer Man Used Formula That Made Little Harry Long to Be Far Away.

Mrs. Jones' favorite warning to her young progeny, when they were in mischief was that she would tend to them in a minute. "Tending" was accomplished by applying her open hand where it would do most good. When Harry was four years old he was sent for the first time round the corner to the grocery. In a few minutes he came trotting soberly back with the nickel still in his hand, but no bag of onions.

"What's the matter?" asked his mother.

"I'm 'fraid of the man," he said, solemnly.

"Oh, he won't hurt you," reassured Mrs. Jones. "Run along and bring the onions. I'm in a hurry for them."

A second time Harry disappeared round the corner, and a second time returned without his purchase.

"I'm 'fraid of the grocer man," he explained, as before.

"Well, what makes you afraid of him?" demanded his mother, impatiently.

"Why," answered the little fellow, "bofe times when I goed in, he looked at me, an' said, 'I'll tend to you in a minute.'"—Youth's Companion.

Someone Might Get Hurt.

Pietro had drifted to Florida and was working with a gang at railroad construction. He had been told to beware of rattlesnakes, but assured that they would always give the warning rattle before striking.

One hot day he was eating his noon luncheon on a pine log when he saw a big rattler coiled a few feet in front of him. He eyed the serpent and began to lift his legs over the log. He had barely got them out of the way when the snake's fangs hit the bark beneath him.

"Son of a guna!" yelled Pietro, "Why you no ringa da bell?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Gambling in Insurance.

The Britisher's favorite gambling is insurance gambling. He will take out a policy against anything from the death of the king to the loss of a horse race by a thoroughbred. Marine insurance gambling by those who have no direct interest in the safety of a ship or its cargo grew into such abuses that parliament has been compelled to pass a drastic act to prevent such gambling on marine accidents and losses by those not otherwise concerned.—New York Press.

World's Largest Cemetery.

At Rookwood, Australia, is the largest cemetery in the world. It covers 2,000 acres. Only a plot of 200 acres has been used thus far, in which [illegible] persons of all nationalities have been buried.

Nothing of the Sort.

"Have you any insanity in your relations?"

"Nary one. Ain't no [illegible] of any kind in our family."

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