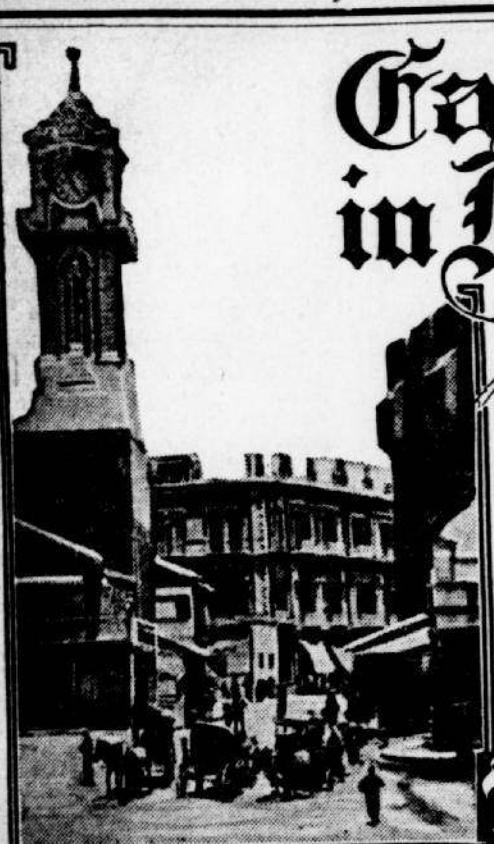


# Easter Week in Jerusalem



THE JAFFA GATE, MAIN ENTRANCE TO JERUSALEM



NEW WORLD AND THE OLD FACE TO FACE

WE crossed Palestine, riding over those ancient byways that wind through hill and dale leading to the holy city, we were deeply impressed by the pilgrims—not only by their numbers but by their very air of patient eagerness—as they trudged the dusty roads footsore and weary. As we neared the city we knew that Jerusalem was already filled to overflowing with these pilgrims, because the roads leading into the city were lined on either side with crowds of these pilgrims camping in the ditches, with their pots and pans and bedding.

Although it was midday when we arrived and the sun beat down mercilessly, many of these tired pilgrims had spread a small scarf or shawl across sticks and were sleeping in its shade. Still they continued to flock into the city, carrying palm branches in their hands, until all the highways round about Jerusalem were lined with these weary but devout people.

One could not help pitying them, while at the same time admiring their wonderful devotion. Thousands of them had walked hundreds of miles through Russia and across inhospitable Turkey, being treated in the latter place more like dogs than human beings. If there is one thing above another a Turk hates, something that arouses his Mohammedan indignation, it is the sight of these Christians, devout members of the Greek church, plodding afoot across the sultan's domain with but one thought in view—to kiss the tomb of Christ. You can only marvel at their religious zeal which enables them to withstand the tortures of a long journey and the abuse of the cold-blooded Turks.

Fortunately, our quarters had been reserved long in advance, otherwise we, too, would have been forced to camp among the pilgrims beside the highway. As these pilgrims come in sight of the Holy Land they fall upon their knees, facing the Jerusalem they love, so simple and beautiful is their faith.

Jerusalem's places of interest during the Easter week are many. They are made memorable through their association with Christ on and prior to the day of his crucifixion. We first visited the Garden of Gethsemane, where, so many years ago, he went to pray, "Not my will, but thine." This is really a very small plot of ground, about twenty-five feet square, containing many flower beds and some extremely old olive trees. Always kept in good order, on the occasion of Easter this hallowed garden is made glorious with beds of flowers in full bloom.

There is also the Via Dolorosa, or "the street of sorrows," through which Christ passed on his way to Calvary. Along this street are the various stations of the cross, recording the incidents in this memorable journey.

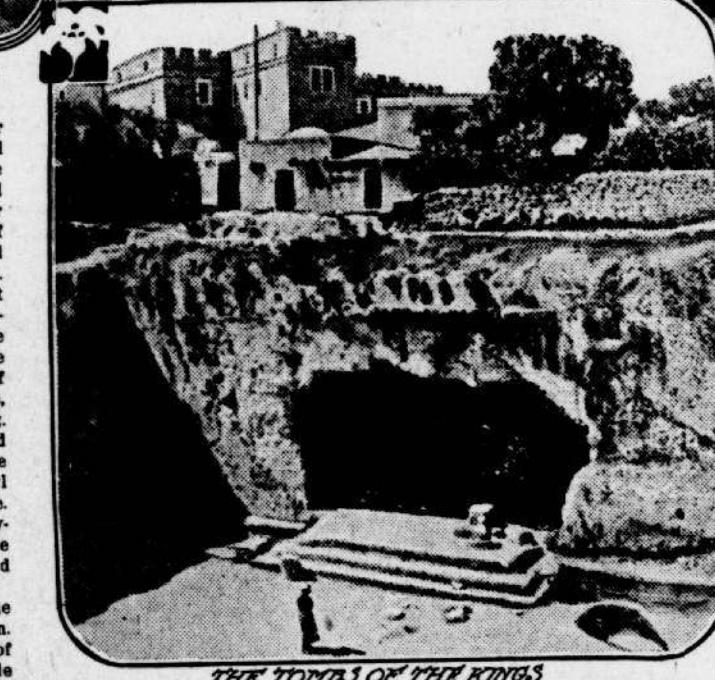
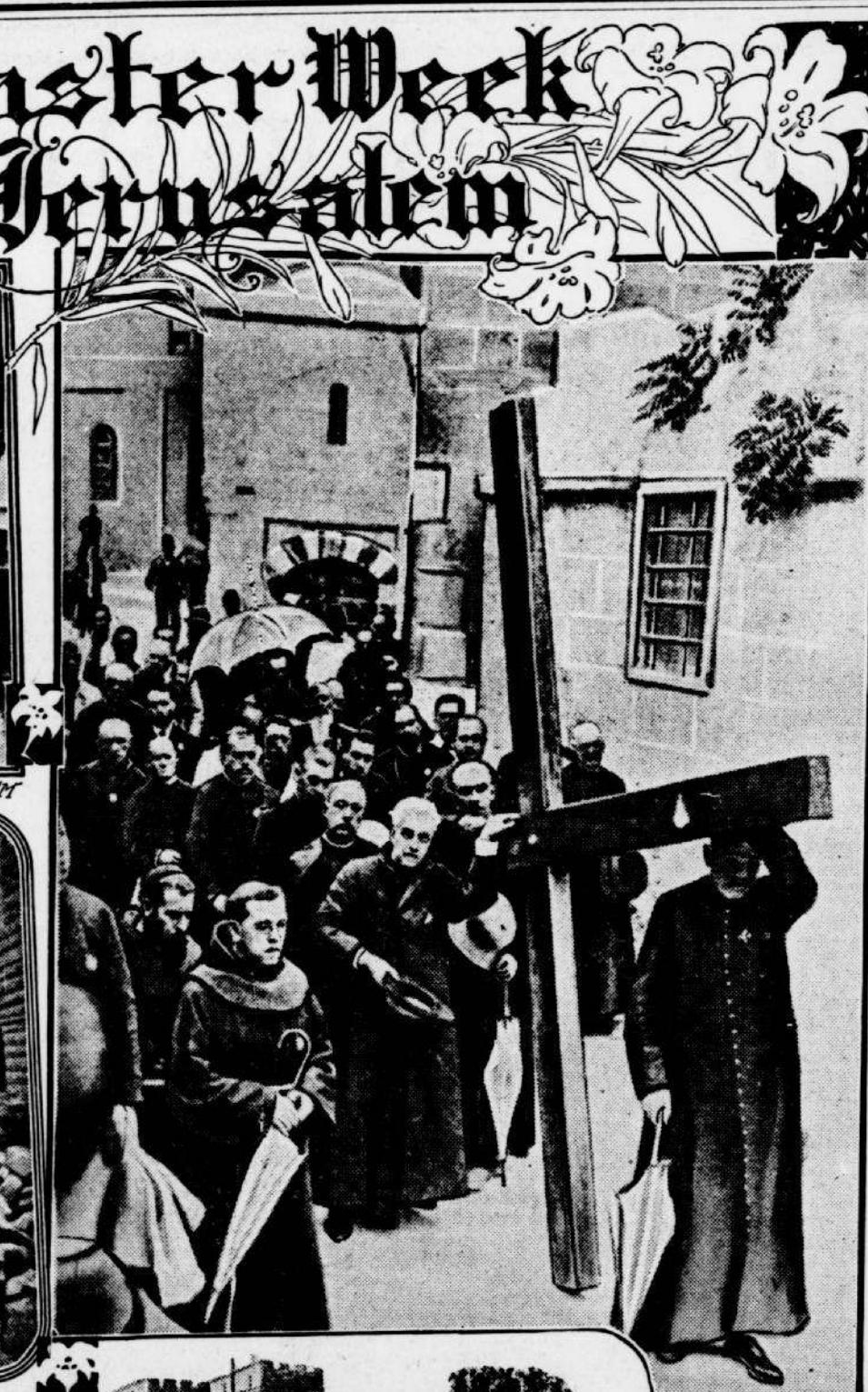
Then there is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where the elaborate Easter ceremonies are held. This church is in reality a massive building containing vast congeries of churches, chapels and shrines in which the various sects worship. There are within these walls thirty-seven so-called "holy places," although it must be said that there is a grave question as to the authenticity of many of these.

As we approached the outer gates of this church we were annoyed by the painfully incongruous note which was struck by the deafening medley caused by the yelling and screaming of dealers in "articles de piete," or, in other words, "holy relics." All sorts of vendors were shouting at the tops of their voices and eagerly clutching at all comers in their frantic endeavors to make a sale—representative descendants, indeed, of those who once made the temple "a house of merchandise."

## SPRINGTIME OF THE WORLD

Land That Was Filled With Loneliness Made Quick With Life and Keen-Eyed Joy.

Life is visibly released, and we are eye-witnesses of creation at work. We see the earth touched with color, and greenness sweeping over the land. Now the wayside flowers spring up, rained upon and glad of the sun. And the eye of man is gladdened by intervals and fertile field, and the long



THE TOMB OF THE KINGS

Knowing that during the days of the actual Easter celebration we would have little opportunity to see these things, owing to the great crowds, we took occasion to visit them the day following our arrival. Among the principal places of interest in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher are the supposed tomb of Christ, the stone of unction, the holy sepulcher, the Greek church, the chapel of St. Helena and Mount Calvary.

The first of the Easter services in the holy city consists of the "washing of feet." This occurs on the Thursday before Good Friday. It is a Greek ceremony, short and unexciting, and takes place in the courtyard of the church. Notwithstanding that it is unexciting, every available space in the courtyard and every commanding window and rooftop was occupied as the Greek patriarch bathed the feet of twelve of his priests as they were seated upon a little platform.

On the next day—Good Friday—we witnessed the Latin ceremony of the crucifixion. This is interesting in a way, but somewhat shocking to the occidental idea. This ceremony takes place over what is said to be the actual site of the crucifixion. It is performed before a cross on which a dummy figure has been nailed. At the conclusion the figure is taken down from the cross and placed in a white sheet, the crown of thorns and the nails drawn from the "hands" and "feet" being placed on silver salvers. After this a procession is formed which leads to the stone of unction, where sermons are delivered in six different languages.

Saturday afternoon we witnessed the ceremony of the "holy fire," to the minds of the pilgrims the most important of all. There is a certain impressiveness about it, but the grandeur is lost in the mad struggle between the Latin and Greek worshippers that changes what should be a solemn ceremony into a veritable mob scene.

At the time we were there much talk was heard of either abandoning this ceremony or greatly modifying it, and I must confess that all of our party agreed that unless it could be conducted in an orderly manner it should certainly be abandoned.

There is an old tradition in Jerusalem that long after Christ had arisen and departed from the holy sepulcher holy fire from heaven was seen to descend into the sepulcher. Time has deprived this tradition of the greater part of its weight, but it must be admitted that many of the poor faithful but ignorant pilgrims still be-

lieve the flames they witness to be literally holy fire.

We secured a good vantage point from one of the upper balconies, and by two o'clock the church was filled to overflowing with a zealous yet excitable mob. The Greek patriarch, accompanied by the Armenian high priest, entered the holy sepulcher, and instantly there was a bustle throughout all the church. On either side of the sepulcher are holes, and soon flames appeared through these holes. Instantly the struggle commenced. To us it was a terrible sight to see the pilgrims fight to get near the holy flame. Each pilgrim held a candle, and

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Within ten minutes the thousands struggling around the holy sepulcher inclosure had lighted their candles, and the church was a mass of tiny lights from each of these candles.

We were told that much better order had been maintained on this Easter during the holy fire ceremony than ever before, and we could but wonder what some of the past ceremonies were like, since five persons were removed on stretchers while we looked on, having been severely injured by being pushed down and trampled on by the struggling mob.

It was interesting but by no means comforting to note the hatred exhibited on every hand by the Turks.

We watched the line forming for a procession where the Turkish soldiers were drawn up as a guard, much as city policemen keep back the crowd during a parade in this country.

When a Turk got in the crowd he was well handled and assisted to a vantage point if he cared to see, although for the most part the Turks would not deign to look upon it. Whenever one of the Christians was pushed by the crowd into the line of Turkish soldiers he was promptly and effectively pounded with the butt of a rifle. Not openly, but rather surreptitiously, the soldier stared straight front at the same time he maliciously and viciously jabbed backward with rifle butt, generally grievously hurting whoever was unfortunate enough among the pilgrims to be crowded against the lines. Above all it was the Armenians who were thus abused.

On Sunday morning there were more ceremonies in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

These ceremonies were conducted in many languages, and the vestments worn by the priests were unusually gorgeous.

At noon on Sunday the Easter week ceremonies were over for the year. An hour later the great army of pilgrims was flocking out of the city. In all directions they were traveling with their few belongings in bundles, but by far the greater number journeyed out on the highways that led across the Holy Land and into Russia.

By night not a pilgrim remained, while all along the roads round about the holy city were left the litter and the ash of the campfires where so many thousands had encamped during the week. The next day Jerusalem became the same quiet, sleepy city that it was when the man of sorrows rode into it and was taken before Pilate.

green lanes of linden. Not all the gathered snows and punishing winds can thwart this coming of the spring. All the tides of being are rolling in to the flood. Now there returns the wildness that leaps at life as a hunting dog let loose from the leash. The breezes tumble down from the great hills. Their cool has been nourished in the rich green pines, and has lifted off the hidden mounds of snow in dark ravines. All the spacious spread of lawn and meadow, white sea-lapped beach and lifting hill is vi-

brant. The land that was full of loneliness is quick with life and through the fresh morning there moves a keen-eyed joy. But what we witness in the silent upspringing of the wayside and forest is revealed today in the heart of man, says Collier's Weekly. We, too, are in a springtime blown upon by fresh winds. That marvelous and many-hued spectacle of the busy spring is but the garment of the God who works through the thoughts of men and touches them for renewal. The bleak ages have gone, and the



# WHO IS WHO NOW

## HATES LONG-TAILED COATS

Senator Norris of Nebraska never wears a long-tailed coat. He hates long-tailed coats. One day he was asked why and he told this story:

When he attended college years ago at Baldwin university, in Berea, O., Norris and a little crowd of students one night conceived a merry prank. On the college campus was a tower-like building on which some repairs were being made. A large quantity of old lumber was piled up on the top of the tower. The student comedians thought it would be pretty rich to shove this lumber right over the edge and hear it hit the ground below.

They crawled into the building through a window. Two or three of the students wore cutaway coats, which were considered the snappy thing for 'varsity men in those days, but they got through the window all right, and with their combined strength were able to heave overboard the pile of old lumber. The lumber was to be taken down, anyhow, so why not do it all at once and have a little noise and excitement? That reasoning might have been all right except that the students neglected to take into account that the tower was wider at the bottom than at the top. The lumber scraped along the side as it fell, and smashed every window in its path.

That being the case the students hastened home without needless delay.

The next morning the prankish lads filed into chapel, each looking as innocent as a bunch of Easter card cherubs. Seemingly, there was no possible way they could be found out and they walked about with light hearts.

But when they were going out from the chapel exercises, the president of the college motioned to young Norris, and bade him come in his office.

"Now, Norris," said the president, in an annoying know-all-about-it tone, "who all were with you in this escapade last night? Tell me the whole truth, and you'll all get off easily; otherwise—well, you'd better tell me the truth." So Norris did.

It wasn't till the end of the year that he knew how the president sleuthed him out so readily. On the closing day of college, the president handed him a little cloth-covered button.

"I think," says he, "this will fit the back of you: cutaway coat. Next time be more careful about going through windows when you have on a coat trimmed with buttons."

"And so you know," says Norris, "why I have hated coats with buttons over the tails ever since."



C. HARRIS &amp; EWING

## HE KNEW ABOUT THE TWINS

One day President Cleveland sent for John Barrett, now director of the Bureau of American republics, and said:

Mr. Barrett, I am looking for some young man who is not afraid of hard work, and who wants to make a reputation for himself, to go as minister to Siam, to settle the claim of Dr. M. A. Cheek involving several million dollars, and also involving some delicate matters in connection with the interpretation of our treaties with oriental countries. This particular case is one of the most important we now have in the Orient. Will you accept the position as minister to Siam? But first, what do you know about Siam?"

Mr. Barrett couldn't remember whether Siam was in Asia or Africa, but a little thing like this didn't bother him, so he said: "Mr. President, I know all about Siam."

"Well, what do you know about Siam?" said Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Barrett was stumped for a second, and then said: "Why, Siam is the country that produced the famous Siamese twins."

Mr. Cleveland, with a twinkle in his eye, arose gravely and said, as he shook hands with Mr. Barrett: "Mr. Barrett, I am happy, indeed, to get hold of a man with such profound knowledge and abundant information about Siam. As a matter of fact, I am glad you know nothing about it, as you will not be prejudiced one way or the other in regard to the questions to be settled there."

Mr. Barrett went to Siam, where he stayed for four years. At the time of his appointment he was twenty-six years old, and was the youngest minister plenipotentiary that the United States had ever appointed.

## TO RULE HONDURAS

Dr. Alberto Membreño, minister from Honduras, in Washington, has been designated as first vice-president of Honduras to serve as chief executive of that country pending the election of a new president January 31, 1916.

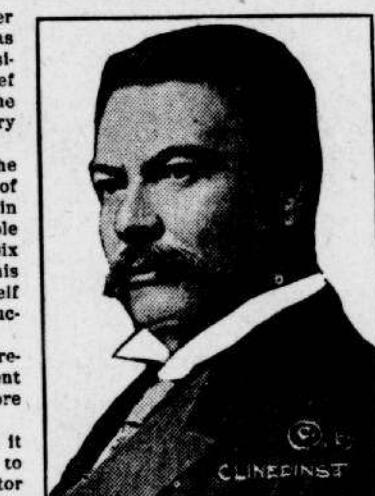
Dr. Francisco Bertrand, the present constitutional president of the republic of Honduras, decided in obedience to the will of the people to retire from office next July 31, six months before the expiration of his presidential term, to enable himself to become a candidate for the succeeding period.

The Honduran constitution prevents the re-election of a president unless he retires six months before his term ends.

The Honduran congress found it necessary to elect a vice-president to succeed Doctor Bertrand, and Doctor Membreño was unanimously elected "primer designado," and accepted.

He will leave Washington late in the spring. Doctor Membreño was born in Honduras fifty-four years ago, and received his early education at Tegucigalpa, the capital, and at Guatemala city. Later he had conferred upon him by the University of Honduras the degree of doctor of laws, was appointed as a judge, and subsequently was selected as professor of law and procedure in the university sustained by the government.

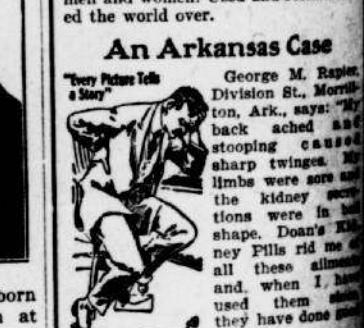
The elevation of Doctor Membreño to the presidency of Honduras is regarded with distinct approval by officials of the state department and the various Latin-American diplomats accredited near this government, particularly those of Central America, who see in him not only a man of great talent and learning, but one of moderation and respect for the law. He is not only a distinguished lawyer and diplomat, but also a noted amateur botanist, and has written several interesting papers on certain phases of plant life in the tropics and in the north temperate zone.



CLINEINST

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