

The AWAKING of the OLDER NATIONS

Across Asia Minor—The Bagdad Railway Growing—Ancient Cities of Great Anatolian Plain Will One Day Blossom With Modern Civilization.

By WILLIS T. ELLIS.

Tarsus, Asia Minor.—The main highways of history run across Asia Minor. This has been the route for uncounted centuries of the armies of conquest, and the peaceful caravans of trade, journeying from Asia to Europe or from Europe to Asia. Here are the footprints of Cyrus and Darius, Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great, the Caesars, the Crusaders, the Turks and the Arabs, and such distinguished individual travelers as the Apostle Paul.

He who goes on foot or wheel today will find himself traveling the identical route built by the Romans, and crossing old Roman bridges. As he notes the sites of battles or camps, he will be able to see in the configuration of the ground why they were so chosen. The trip I have just made is a wonderful commentary upon the books we studied in school and upon the history of the early Christian church.

Here are the ruins of many of the great cities of classic literature, the "Seven Churches of Asia," to which the familiar passages in the Apocalypse were addressed; and the other



Wagons Ready for Start Across Asia Minor.

cities which gave Paul and his companions a sample of mob law or else worshipped them as Gods.

The ancient East still survives. The country is still pretty much as it has been for millenniums. The cities are now hidden under the debris of ages, and the thriving commerce of that older day has disappeared along with the marching legions. But the wayside wells are identical with those at which the thirsty soldiers used to drink. The khans are built of mud and straw, and are after the same type as were known to the travelers before Christ; indeed they cannot be very different from that primitive khan in Bethlehem wherein was born the world's Conqueror.

The dust from passing caravans engraves the traveler. The soft-footed camels who now come swaying along with serpent necks, are laden with cans of American kerosene. The bullock carts with their primitive solid wooden wheels, bear material for the construction of the Bagdad railway. A bent stick still serves for a plow. Agriculture is largely by hand, and the threshing floors of scripture are a frequent sight. Picturesquely clad natives move slowly along on donkeys. I saw one young mother and child, whose bearded husband and father had stopped at a brook to give them drink, who suggested strikingly the picture of the Flight into Egypt.

Where the Glory Has Departed. The ancient productiveness of this Anatolian plain, when the hills were



Shoveling Grain on the Line of the Bagdad Railway.

covered with trees and there was plenty of water, is apparent at a glance. Much of it resembles the west in parts of the United States and Canada. Its ancient glory may be restored at any time that an efficient government provides for afforestation and irrigation, perhaps the cities of antiquity will rise again. Sardis, where Croesus made his name a synonym for riches, is now a heap of ruins wherein an expedition from Princeton University is digging.

Ancient Philadelphia, is now called Aleshr and one may see the comparatively new village through a ruined arch in the old wall. An excellent mineral water, which was known and used long before the Christian era, will, in the new day that may dawn for this region, become a commodity for the whole world.

The Turkish Way With Railroads. Railroads are running two-thirds of the way across this great Anatolian plain, and the construction is being pushed forward through the Taurus mountains. There is a train a day in each direction, carrying both passengers and freight. The cars are built on the European model, with compartments. The trains do not run at night, and the first night out from Smyrna is spent, *noles volens*, at a miserable native inn where the proprietor thinks it strange that guests are not willing to crowd three into a room, and even insist upon clean bedding. The train starts at day-break, for Turkish time is a constantly changing quantity. Sunset is 12 o'clock, so that clocks and watches must change every day. The natives generally take their time from the call to prayer in the minarets. Eventually the time tables will be printed "a la Frank," as they call things European out here.

The train from Smyrna connects with that from Constantinople at a picturesque ancient city, Aphion Kara Hisar, where there is a fortress that seems more impregnable and imposing than Gibraltar. There is an hour's interval between trains. Undertaking to spend part of this time in the bazaars, I returned ten or fifteen minutes ahead of the time scheduled for the departure of the train, only to see it pulling out across the plain. I was cheerfully informed that as there was very little freight that day, the train had started ahead of time! This meant twenty-four hours in a city where the only English-speaking person was the American pastor of the American Board church.

When the Bagdad Railway gets to running, this city will be an important point, and a popular objective for tourists. It was here that the Turkish government undertook to colonize the Moslem Cretans. It built houses for

a matter of three years. This will mean a wonderful opening up of trade. Modern machinery will be brought into the country. New hotels and villages are already coming into existence. Irrigation is bound to follow and the advent of western fashions will transform the life of Asia Minor. The linking of Constantinople with the northern Mediterranean region will bring hundreds of tourists, and all they imply.

The scenery in the Taurus mountains is beautiful beyond description. The mountains of Scotland are not comparable with it, and it ranks with the best of the Rockies and Switzerland. Some of the peaks are snow covered all the year round. There are majestic gorges and precipices and vistas. The natural beauties are enhanced by frequent remains of antiquities.

In the narrowest part of the Cilician Gates is chiselled a tablet recording the passage of Marcus Aurelius. Roman milestones dot the road, although in some cases they have been altered to bear Turkish numerals. The famous Cilician Gates proper have proved too difficult for the railway engineers, so they go through an upper pass, which they consider somewhat easier. At best the engineering difficulties will be great. Once the mountains have been crossed, the railway debouches upon the great Cilician plain beyond which sparkles the Mediterranean.

Nobody is willing to prophesy how long it will take the railroad to cross from Adana above the head of the Mediterranean to Aleppo and then down into Mesopotamia. When that day does come, it will be a notable event in eastern politics as well as in commerce. In the meantime, there are those who say that the Germans will never be permitted to complete it so long as the British Empire lasts. (Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

DROPPED TRUNKFUL OF G'S

Peculiar Exhibit Used by Mrs. Billtops for the Reformation of Her Husband.

"Ezra," said Mrs. Billtops to her admiring husband, "I have something here that I desire you should see," and as she spoke she threw back the lid of a big trunk in the storeroom. The trunk was full, level full, of a vast number of little things of uniform size that might have been oats or grains of wheat, but which upon a little closer inspection seemed to be small type letters.

"They are letters, Ezra," said Mrs. Billtops; "they are the g's you have dropped in the last three years."

And the meaning of this exhibit was clear to Mr. Billtops instantly; he was not really a dull man; it was not necessary to hit him with a maul to make him understand things. Mr. Billtops has always been a great man for dropping his g's. Whether from carelessness or laziness or economy of his speech, or whatever his prompting, he has always said *sein'* for seeing, and *bein'* for being, and *doin'* for doing, and this has always disturbed Mrs. Billtops. Time and again she has sought to get him in this respect to mend his ways, but habit has proved too strong for him, and so finally she resolved to give him an object lesson.

"Three years ago, Ezra," she said, "unbeknown to you I began gathering up the g's you dropped in speaking. I started out to keep them in an empty fruit jar, but I soon found that wouldn't do, in fact I was appalled by the number I collected."

"I found that much as you had disturbed me in this way I had still never realized how bad you were; so I began storing them in this trunk, and here you see, Ezra, a trunkful of g's that you have dropped in three years. Don't you think that is terrible?"

Mr. Billtops freely admitted that it certainly was; and then and there in the presence of that open trunk he vowed a reform. If she would throw away those g's, he said, right now, to the last one, he would most earnestly endeavor always to remember to make it ever impossible for her to start another collection.

Just to See the Ball Game.

"My!" exclaimed little Jimmy as he gazed at the lithograph. "I'd like to be a giraffe. Just think how easily you could 'rubber' over the baseball fence."

"That's all right," replied Johnny, "but there is another time when you wouldn't want to have a neck like a giraffe."

"When is that?"

"Why, in the mornings when your ma begins to scrub your neck with soap and water."

A Precaution.

"Mary," said her mistress, "I'm going to entertain a few friends this afternoon. You needn't stay in."

"But don't you want me to help?" said the hired girl.

"No, I'll get along myself. I'm afraid if any of my friends see how competent you are they'll start to bidding for your services."

Even Then.

American Citizen (A. D. 1910)—You don't take much interest in congress, Ezra.

Another—No. I tell you they don't have the men there that they had twenty years ago.—Puck.

Odd Coincidence.

"What do you think about the man who is the base of all my musical success in song?"

"What about him?"

"He isn't a bass at all; he's a tenor."

The AWAKING of the OLDER NATIONS

The Spirit of Change Has Reached the Holy Land and Its Famous Capital—Religious Sectarianism Has Crowded Holy City With Rival Establishments.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

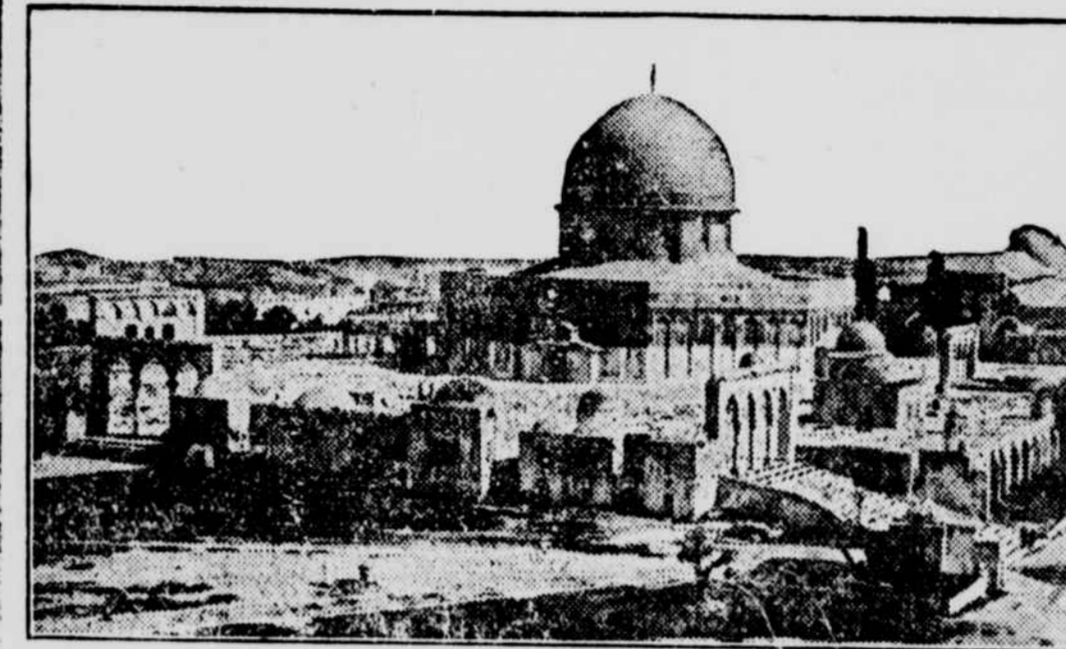
Jerusalem.—Of three holy cities that are popular places of pilgrimage, Jerusalem, Mecca and Benares, the Turkish empire has two within her borders. The Holy Land, as Christendom calls the little strip of territory along the Mediterranean coast north of Egypt, is an integral part of Turkey. It has always been famous for the persistence of its ancient customs, so that hundreds of clergymen travel over it every year, to get light on the Bible. A generation hence, that search will not be so successful, for it is patent that Palestine is sharing the awakening of the ancient east.

Not only is there a railway from Beirut to Damascus, and from Damascus to Haifa, and from Damascus to Medina, and from Jaffa to Jerusalem, but there is also projected at the present time a new railway that will go down the coast from Beirut through Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Haifa and Jaffa, clear to the Suez canal.

Improving on Solomon.

The ancient City of David has come under the new influences of modern times. Negotiations are at present pending for several radical and transforming innovations. The first of these to be pushed to early completion will probably be the water system. Jerusalem still depends on the collected rain supply in cisterns for its water. The very pools built by Solomon are still in use, although the municipal system has greatly deteriorated since his day.

Now it is proposed to bring water from two sources, in Fara, north of the Mount of Olives, and Fawar, another spring in the same valley. It has been found that this water is pure and sufficient for the city's needs. When this has been put into water



City of Palestine.

main, and all the residents have been compelled to install it in their homes, it will mean a revolution in the habits and the life of the people, and, it is hoped, a revolution also in the matter of personal cleanliness.

Where Foreign Governments Interfere.

In order to meet the expenses of the installation of the water system, the government decided to take, as a special tax, the hides of the animals slaughtered within the city. A common sight is a sheep tethered on the sidewalk outside the butcher shop, awaiting its turn. As this bore hardly upon the butchers, many of whom are registered at the various consulates as citizens of foreign countries, these representatives of the powers objected, so some other means of financing the new water system will have to be found. Men seeking the concession are on the ground, and the government seems determined to carry the project to an early settlement.

Allied to the water question is that of sewage. Jerusalem has something in the way of an antiquated system of sewage, but the visitor would never suspect it. Travelers talk of the filthiness of the streets of Jerusalem—and the listeners understand them in the terms of the west, which gives no inkling of the real situation. The proprieties of western life do not permit one to speak freely on this point.

But the streets of Jerusalem are as bad as those of the Chinese cities, if not worse. The marvel is that pestilence has not swept away the population. If, along with the proposed new system of sewage, there go vigorous police regulations, a most welcome change will be effected in the sights and smells of Jerusalem.

Down David Street by Trolley.

Until recently it was impossible to travel anywhere in Jerusalem by wheel-vehicle, but various streets have been widened, thanks largely to the visit of various royal personages. But on the whole, the streets of the city are narrow and unfit for vehicle traffic. Many of them are vaulted, so that they are really tunnels, and while picturesque to the last degree, they do not lend themselves to the purposes of modern streets.

Now the reform government proposes to install four or five lines of electric trolley cars, all of them centering at the Jafa gate. They will connect the neighboring villages with the city, so that one may go to Bethlehem for a night, and in less than half an hour, one line will invade the

old bazars, widening the Street of David, carrying passengers past the Mosque of Omar, which is the site of the ancient Temple of the Jews. Imagine the worshippers of the Temple disturbed by the clang of the bell of the electric car!

At present most of the streets are as narrow as footpaths. When the soft-stepping camel comes along, as he does every few minutes, all pedestrians must stand aside in the recesses of the bazars, or against the walls, to make way for his passage. Even the plodding donkey, who, still as of yore, is the favored beast of burden, takes nearly the whole street when he passes.

These electric lines will vastly enhance the comfort of the city, but they will play havoc with its historical aspect. Can sentiment survive the conductor's call, "All out for the Holy Sepulcher!" "This way for the Jews' 'Wailing Place.'" "Next stop the Temple Area." "The Damascus Gate," and "Via Dolorosa!"

New Lights for Old Streets.

Jerusalem is not so dark as some Oriental cities, for the municipality placed a thousand kerosene lamps along the principal highways. Now it is on the program of the government to install an electric lighting plant for the streets, and for the stores and houses.

A telephone system also is on the docket. At present practically all the modern business of Jerusalem is done outside of the city walls. Messages can be carried from one part to another only, as in the time of David, by foot messenger. Soon the tinkle of the telephone bell will rival the more musical notes of the camels' bells.

A Pauperized City.

Religion has blighted Jerusalem. The Apostle Paul could repeat here his famous words: "I perceive that in all things you are too religious." One looks in vain for the smokestacks of modern industry, and for great warehouses, or temples of business. He sees scores of expensive modern buildings, but all in the name of sectarian religion.

Old Jerusalem, as viewed from the hills, presented one outstanding building, the Temple of the Jews. Today the approaching traveler is confused by the multitude of the spires and towers and noble edifices. Missions of all kinds, and hospices and convents and monasteries and asylums abound.



Practically all of these are supported from abroad. Concerning the Jewish organizations and Jewish problems here I shall write in another article. At present I deal only with various Christian churches: The Greek, the Armenian, the Roman Catholic, the Syrian, the Coptic, and the Protestant. There are literally hundreds of religious institutions in Jerusalem. One sect alone spends 6,000,000 francs every year for the upkeep of its monasteries and other institutions.

The Rivalry for Sacred Sites.

Every holy sight imaginable has been possessed—and many beyond the imagination of a mere student of the Bible. Some have even been manufactured, so keen is the rivalry of the old churches to possess the holy places that attract the pilgrims. The situation has come to such a pass that visitors are scarcely shown the real antiquities of Jerusalem, so popular with the professional guides are the legendary ones. There is now afoot a plan for an American institution of popular Biblical archaeology, supported and controlled in the United States, which will provide visitors from the west with the information they really desire.

The overlay of superstition and commercialism and professional ecclesiastical rivalry which one finds in Jerusalem is quite as bad as may be seen at Benares. It has become necessary to station Turkish guards in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, in order to keep the rival churches from coming to blows. The incongruity of Moslems with guns standing guard in the birthplace of the Prince of Peace strikes an American visitor with greater force than any sanctity the spot may possess.

The vast pilgrimages from Europe and Asiatic Russia are very profitable; and as they promote national prestige, they are encouraged by the various governments which have a stake in the future of Turkey. Russia maintains a huge system of buildings, including a large hospice for visitors. There are also Austrian, German, French and Italian hospices.

Many of these pilgrims are ignorant persons, who see nothing discordant in the hanging of paper flowers and gilded glass balls amid the carvings and ornamentation of the Holy Sepulchre. The simplicity, dignity, worshipfulness and real beauty of the Mosque of Omar, which is in the keeping of the Moslems, present a

striking contrast to the famous Christian shrines.

A Nazareth Carpenter's Views.

The changes that are bound to transform Jerusalem and Palestine are already to be seen at work. In the bazars of an older day are exhibited foreign styles of dress, and goods of American and European manufacture. The stream of tourists from the west has effected changes in fashions. The economic conditions of the land have altered gravely.

That this has penetrated to the smaller towns and villages, I learned in Nazareth. Here, seated amid the fragrant chips of an old fashioned carpenter's shop, I talked with the carpenter, at work on the floor, hewing out a wooden plow. He complained bitterly of the general advance of prices of living, so that the 50 cents a day, which used to be a good wage for a skilled carpenter, is now inadequate. Some of his relatives have solved the problem by emigrating to America, and he inquired concerning the feasibility of doing likewise.

The world currents of today are pouring the warm stream of transforming life against the ancient east. All that centuries have failed to do in Palestine, the present decade seems destined to accomplish. Paradoxically, the Holy Land has furnished the awakening motive that has made western civilization; but the land itself has remained largely untouched. Now Palestine's turn seems to have come. (Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

HOW BIRTH WAS ESTABLISHED

Calf's Birthday Was Recorded, Thus the Age of the Human Being Became Known.

Dr. Cressy L. Wilbur, chief statistician of the bureau of census in Washington, tells a story taken from court records which, according to the Woman's Home Companion, fairly typifies the national attitude toward vital statistics.

"Farmer Hadley," he said, "of Indiana on dying left his valuable farm in trust to his unthrifty son, to become the property of his granddaughter on her twenty-first birthday.

"The girl had been told the date of her birth and when her twenty-first anniversary, as she supposed, came around, she claimed her inheritance. But her father refused to surrender the farm, asserting that she was only nineteen.

"The dispute was taken into court. The family Bible was appealed to, but the page for births and deaths was blank. The father had rendered no report to the town authorities; the family doctor was dead. Finally a neighbor remembered that a certain cow, much prized by the grandfather, had given birth to a calf on the very day when the girl was born and he could swear to it.

"Perhaps, the court opined, the grandfather had recorded the birth of the calf! The old farm book, carefully preserved in the family strong box, sustained the judge's theory; all the circumstances of the calf's birth were fully recorded. And thus the birthday of the human being was at length established.

"Talk about the registration of births in the United States!" exclaims Dr. Wilbur, "why, for not much more than one-half of the total population is there a fairly accurate registration of deaths, to say nothing of births, of which we have nowhere in the country reliable or complete information, and many of the states are so little concerned about human life that they make no more account of the deaths of their citizens than of the trees they burn to make clearings."

HOODOOS OF WALL STREET

Men Who for no Apparent Reason Do Not Make a Success in Business.

Wall street people are superstitious. They will deny it when told so, but if you ask any one in the street if he ever knew a hoodoo he will say, "Yes, many a one."

Such a one was a cotton expert who, highly recommended, applied for a place with a Stock Exchange house that had bought a cotton exchange membership and needed a man to open a new field of speculation to its clients.

The applicant was in every way desirable save for the fact that three houses with which he had been connected had failed, though not one for a dishonest reason. He was rejected as a hoodoo.

Shortly afterward he made a connection with another house to fill a similar want and proved a very valuable man in his sphere, but within a year the fourth house failed.

The hoodoo is often a man whom everybody likes, speaks well of and recommends to every one else, with the one reservation—he is a man who unaccountably has not succeeded. There is nothing whatever against him; he is honest and shrewd and all that, but—unsuccessful.

Once the hoodoo becomes known as such he must attach himself to the newcomers—those who do not know have not been warned or who are so new and confident as not to care. Each connection he makes is a little less desirable, until he finally reaches the state at which he is ashamed of his associations.

Sign of Popular Affection.

"Weren't you indignant when people you didn't know called you by your first name?"

"Oh?" replied Senator Sorghum; "I was worried a great deal since I had shown a disposition to stop it."

Mrs. Mannheim, of Orangeburg, is

visiting her sister, Miss Annie Elliott,

on South Harvin street.

Miss M. E. Quattlebaum, who has

been visiting friends in the city, has

returned to her home in Winnsboro.