

MODEL OF THE BAHAI TEMPLE AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**A**  
**Modern Pilgrimage**  
**to**  
**Palestine**

**L. B. Pemberton**

*With illustrations from photographs by the author*



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## Preface

The reader—whether he be of the busy, gentle or otherwise variety—has undoubtedly noticed that almost every book is decked out with a preface, and not wishing to overlook any of the customary rules or amenities, we will endeavor “to keep within the etiquettes.”

In a general way a preface seems to be a sort of bulwark behind which the author hides, and hastening to set up thereon the names of everybody he can blame for having been implicated in any way—whether by urging, advising or assisting the author—in writing his book.

Looking at it in this way, our task is comparatively easy, as these pages would have remained unwritten if a certain diminutive but persistent editress had not extracted the promise of the first instalment. In this respect our position is not unique, as the same thing has often happened before—from the very beginning of sacred history the lady has been to blame!

We also wish to warn the reader that before reaching *The End of the Trail* a chapter will be found labeled *Hints to Travelers*, which we trust will not be taken too seriously. Our only object in mentioning this is to prevent the reader from forming the same opinion as that of a New York critic, who writes that “*The Hints to Travelers* are most practical!” They were certainly not meant to be so, but were supposed to be taken *cum grano salis*!



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## Preface

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Finally, it is to be hoped that the following pages will be appreciated and enjoyed by two classes of people, viz.: those who travel, and those who do not. Some of the former, who may enjoy revisiting old scenes; and many of the latter, who possibly may have had a better time by staying comfortably at home, avoiding the monotony of omelettes and spaghetti and the inquisitiveness of the ubiquitous customs official.

Should anyone else, failing to come under either of the above classifications, happen to straggle along, they are equally welcome to climb aboard. For after all the old Spanish proverb is not far wrong when it says: "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him."

L. B. P.

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# **A Modern Pilgrimage to Palestine**

## I

### *The First Step*

Everyone who makes a journey, if only to the next county, makes a record of the fact. This may take the form of a hurried personal letter, or a picture postcard on the restricted margin of which is found such trite remarks as, "Well—here we are!" or perhaps, "Having a glorious time," or something like this, "Just leaving here for X—," all of which is supposed to be read with avidity (and possibly with envy) by the dear ones at home!

The point is, travelers write about their travels! At least I have been told that this is the case by many people, including a few publishers (who are undoubtedly well-informed in such matters), by publishers' editors and agents, and by eminent critics, to say nothing of ordinary laymen. In fact, having been told the same thing so many times, and by so many different persons, I have come to the conclusion that it must be true! And so I have written the following.

It might as well be stated here and now that the ensuing pages were originally written with two objects in view: to enlighten the home folks on present conditions abroad, and to enliven the columns of our local paper.

Having served—to a limited extent—its original dual purpose, the "busy reader" is now supposed to take the

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place of the "regular subscriber," and without stopping to comment on whether or not it is the "first step that counts," or expatiate on the proper way to write an introduction, we will haul in the gang-plank of apology, and proceed with our journey.

Arriving in New York on January 11th we found the thermometer hovering around ten degrees above zero. A biting gale with it making things very lively—especially around the old Flat-Iron Building.

Our party at that time consisted of Mr. Bourgeois, a prominent architect of New York, and his wife, the eldest daughter of the late Paul de Longpre, and the writer—who had been hibernating in California for nearly twenty years.

Our cabins had been engaged on the famous German liner *Imperatur*, the largest steamer then afloat. Owing to heavy storms which had continued during its entire voyage over from France, it had barely time to dock, make repairs and stock up in time to leave on the return trip. We were four hours late in leaving, but we had no sooner lost sight of land than the weather became mild, and for the whole voyage we had sunshine and regular California climate—for which my friends gave me due credit. Our only disappointment was the poor time we were making, due to poor coal with which the vessel had been supplied. After the first day we made about three hundred miles per day, and consequently were nine days in reaching Southampton.

Here we boarded a funny little train for London—a train of toy-like cars which might have been the inspira-

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tion of a certain man who has built several millions of popular automobiles in Detroit, which are now so universally used and abused that we saw them in every city we visited, even observing them rambling along the Sea of Galilee. On the journey to London we were greatly impressed by the number and variety of the chimney-tops. An ordinary cottage would have anywhere from twelve to twenty of them, and looking over the villages—which were old and very picturesque—there was everywhere a forest of chimney-tops of all shapes and sizes.

In our hotel in London we found that every room had its fireplace, and all these millions of chimneys were sending up little wreaths of smoke into the dull sky. Sometimes all this smoke returns to earth—as we discovered a few days later.

During our stay in London the sun was kind enough to shine, or rather made a gallant attempt to do so, for a total of about half an hour each day. Between times we were treated to cold fogs and drizzling rain. Under these conditions sight-seeing was rather difficult, but we did our best and went to St. Paul's and twice to Westminster Abbey, although we were unable to see the ceilings of either building on account of the obscuring gloom and haze. After visiting a few other places of interest, we decided to move on and try to find a little warmth and sunshine.

On the morning of our departure, we woke up to find ourselves enveloped in a real London fog—something that cannot be exaggerated. It was of the famous

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“pea soup” order, absolutely impenetrable to the human eye, and boasting a peculiar flavor not pleasant to taste. Sitting in the taxi it was impossible to see the radiator of the car, and how we managed to safely reach the railroad station will always remain a mystery. We learned later that it was the worst fog Londoners had known for twenty years. The police reported two hundred accidents on the Strand alone, two street cars collided at Victoria Street Station and over ninety people were injured. All the libraries and museums and many business houses closed for the day and traffic was suspended. We were very grateful, however, that the London weather should have run so more than true to form for our benefits.

From London we took the train to Dover and crossed the Channel to Calais, expecting to have a few unpleasant thrills on the way, as the weather had been very rough, but again we were pleasantly disappointed. The water was smooth as a mill-pond and after an hour's ride we reached Calais in good condition. We encountered an army of porters at the dock, our first experience with foreign customs officials, which was thereafter to be oft repeated and much dreaded. Fortunately both of my friends spoke French and finally our baggage was inspected, passports viséd and we were on our way to Paris. We were on a local train, as the regular boat-train had left with all seats and standing

room taken by passengers who proposed to stand five hours rather than wait for the next train, so great was their desire to reach Paris! As that way of traveling



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did not appeal to us, we waited a couple of hours for the next train and finally landed at the *Hotel Lutetia* in Paris at eleven o'clock at night, very tired and exceedingly hungry. Since the usual breakfast of porridge and marmalade, taken in London, we had been able to secure nothing but a glass of milk and some rolls, so we started out to see what we could find.

We soon discovered that in the interest of economy all business houses in Paris closed early and all the restaurants were dark and deserted. Finally we found a *Brasserie*—a place where beer is sold—and prevailed on the attendant to make us some coffee and sandwiches.

Our trip from Calais to Paris was our first introduction to the European custom of dispensing with dining-cars, or even stops for meals—everyone being expected to either take their provender along, or fast. Later on we also learned that on certain lines sleeping cars were to be had three times per week, and on other nights, if you wished to sleep, you could do so sitting up, provided you had a good conscience and were sufficiently exhausted.

After a refreshing sleep—on the most wonderful beds in the world—we started out to explore Paris, and here we must short-cut; as to attempt a description would take more space than this chapter would permit. Everything was so wonderful and the people so charming, that Paris remains the most delightful of all the places we visited, and the one place of which I, personally, would never grow tired. Our schedule called for a stop of five days in Paris, which was increased to nine, with

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a promise of three or four more days on the return trip.

From Paris we went to Geneva, Switzerland, motored along Lake Geneva to the foot of Mt. Blanc, visited the celebrated watch works and the League of Nations Building, then on to Berne, the capital of the Swiss Republic, where they were holding Parliament in three languages—Italian, French and German. Here we visited the old bear pit, where four animated emblems of the Swiss Federation are confined. We inspected the famous old clock towers, and in the evening enjoyed a German opera at the *Stadt* theatre. We found Berne a charming and lively place, more German than French, and very picturesque. Leaving by a morning train, we had a beautiful trip through the snow-covered Alps, and after plunging through twenty-two tunnels—among them the famous St. Gotthard—we came out into Italy.

“Beyond the Alps lies Italy!” But somehow it did not measure up to our high expectations.

On reaching Milan, we stopped at the *Grand Hotel de Ville*, an old “palazzo” converted into a hotel, and after settling ourselves started out for a stroll. After sauntering along for a few blocks we reached an open square where the great Gothic Cathedral of Milan rose up before us in the moonlight—one of the real thrills of the trip.

After visiting the Castello, Art Galleries, Museums and the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele—an arcade formed in the shape of a cross, with shops on all sides and the whole covered with glass—we took an evening train to Venice, in our haste neglecting to take along any pro-

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## *The First Step*

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visions except a few oranges and some chocolates. Consequently, when we arrived at Venice and boarded a gondola, we were not in any condition to enjoy our midnight ride of three-quarters of an hour to our hotel on the Grand Canal, where we succeeded in persuading our host to serve us lunch in our rooms.

Engaging a gondola the next morning, we passed St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace, visited the Murano Glass Works, the famous Lace Works, and other places of interest. We soon discovered that the smaller the canal the greater was the odor, until finally we were compelled to return to the hotel, as the odor was not only disagreeable but overpowering. We were assured by our host and others that in two or three months the tide would turn, clean out all the canals and eliminate the odor.

But as our time was somewhat limited, we proceeded to Florence, where we spent five very pleasant days and met many charming people. It is claimed that Florence is the intellectual center of Italy and destined to be the birthplace of a "world Renaissance." After having become convinced of this it was disconcerting to learn that three days after we left the city a riot broke out; machine guns were planted in the square in front of our hotel; all trains and street car traffic suspended, the city placed under martial law and no one was allowed to leave.

From Florence we went to Rome. Arriving in the evening we decided to see St. Peter's by moonlight. It was not an easy task to explain to the cabman that

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we wanted simply to take a ride out to St. Peter's at that time of night, but we finally managed to put it across and started. Just before we reached there, however, the moon hid behind a cloud and remained there, so that the cabman's doubts as to our wisdom in making the trip were fully justified.

On the following day we visited a few of the eleven thousand rooms of the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel and St. Peter's, with its immense circular colonnade. But most of the three hundred and sixty-five churches which are scattered all over Rome we had to pass by and content ourselves with inspecting the old ruins—the Coliseum, Baths of Caracalla, Caesar's Palaces and the Forum.

We stood on the spot, now covered with ruins, where Caesar stood amidst the Roman Senators on the fatal day when he was stabbed. A few hundred feet below us the old Appian Way, its battered triumphal arches and fragments of marble columns sad commentaries on the transitoriness of earthly power and grandeur! At the same time we were struck with the providence of the Romans in preserving so many old things for the pleasure and benefit of the modern world—acres of ancient ruins, art galleries, museums and gorgeous churches in which only one or two services are held each year; but open at all times to every sight-seer.

From Rome to Naples is a pleasant ride of four hours by train; but with the exception of the Bay and Mt. Vesuvius, we found nothing there to claim our particular interest—not even a night drive down Spaghetti Alley,

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## *The First Step*

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from which Dante might have gathered much inspiration for his *Inferno*!

From Naples we took the steamer *Milano* across the Mediterranean, and after a delightful voyage of four and a half days landed at Alexandria, Egypt, where we enjoyed our first contact with the Orient.

## II

### *London in February*

Before proceeding with our journey it might be well to pause for a moment and gather up a few experiences and impressions of the countries through which we had just passed. Naturally, these must be somewhat cursory, as our limited time did not permit us to study any of these countries in detail, but by careful consideration we soon learned to economize and cover considerable ground in a short time.

Our usual procedure on arriving at a new hotel was to fill out the necessary blanks required by the police department, stating our names in full, age, name of father and mother, birthplace, present home address, name of place from which we had just come, destination, the reasons for our coming and going, and various other knotty and apparently stupid questions. This took some little time, as, except in England, the blanks were printed in either French or Italian. Finally, if we intended staying beyond a certain time, usually from three to five days, our passports had to be handed over for inspection by the police department.

While these preliminaries were being arranged we had set the *concierge* busy securing a guide and conveyance, having found it more satisfactory to fee the *concierge* properly, and let him hire everything and settle all bills, as there is everywhere a strong tendency

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## London in February

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to overcharge and occasionally short-change the unwary stranger. Then with the aid of the guide and *concierge* a list was prepared of the finest streets, most prominent buildings and other places of interest, together with the most direct way of reaching them.

After a two or three days' tour, conducted along these lines, a good general idea of the city was obtained, and afterwards we were able to browse around more leisurely and intelligently by ourselves.

But we started out to say something about conditions which we found existing in the various countries, and before doing so wish to state that we are recording simply *our* impressions and the things *we* happened to see—which no doubt will differ from what anyone else may have experienced. Any little criticisms that may creep in are intended, not as fault-finding, but as foot-notes to actual occurrences, showing what particularly impressed a passing group of inquisitive Americans.

In London except for the big fog, which was the *piece de resistance*, the principal thing that attracted our attention was the tenacity of the English in clinging to old, and to our minds, antiquated, methods of doing business. Their monetary system of pounds, shillings and pence requires pencil, paper, complicated calculation and considerable time to make up an ordinary bill; while the Bank of England notes, printed on tough but plain white paper—increasing in size as the denomination increases—make an awkward and bulky package in contrast to our currency. If you step on the drug-store scales to be weighed, you marvel at registering only

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40—which you find is stones, and must be translated into pounds before you can determine whether you are gaining or losing.

In London we had our first introduction to narrow thoroughfares, many of them with sidewalks not over three feet wide, while the street itself measured from ten to twelve feet from curb to curb. Naturally the pedestrians took to the middle of the road and chances in dodging the cabs and taxis.

Greater still was our surprise, in walking through the shopping district, to see the store windows being stripped of everything at closing time and heavy, corrugated iron shutters pulled down over the windows and locked for the night—making the shops look like a row of warehouses, illuminated only by the dim gas lights on the street. Window shopping in the evening is out of the question all through Europe and in Egypt, as practically all the stores were equipped with these iron shutters.

One London custom was very perplexing to us, and only after a narrow escape from being run down did we fully realize that traffic regulations in England are the reverse of ours—vehicles passing along the left side of the street and turning to the left, instead of to the right.

We were surprised at the number of “Bobbies” stationed in the middle of the street, on the street corners, and in the middle of the blocks. In fact, you never seemed to get out of sight of a policeman in downtown London. All of which was very convenient, as they were very civil and ready to answer questions or give



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## *London in February*

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directions. Occasionally they had an amusing habit of pompously turning on their heel and, with extended palm, remarking, "I've done ye a favor, 'aven't I?" a question which was most satisfactorily answered by a small coin.

The enormous street traffic in London is remarkably well handled and we seldom saw a jam or collision of any sort—which was little short of miraculous, considering the multitude and variety of vehicles pouring into the main thoroughfares at all angles. While there are several street car lines, mostly in the outlying sections, and a few subways, the main downtown traffic is handled by cabs, taxis and two-story busses, from the tops of which a good view of the streets can be had. But, to the stranger, it is rather confusing, as these busses are equipped with identical signs at both ends, and you don't know whether they are coming or going, unless you make inquiries.

It was somewhat surprising to see smoking permitted in the subways and a fine of eight pounds for "spitting on the floor,"—other parts of the car evidently free for all! This seemed very mild in comparison with the New York subways, where both smoking and expectorating are prohibited under penalty of five hundred dollars fine or imprisonment or both. These are of course small and trivial things, but simply show the difference in customs—little details that attracted our attention.

We were also impressed with the fact that, so far as personal liberty was concerned, everyone was permitted

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to go about and do pretty much as he pleased. There was never any brutal show or incivility on the part of those in authority, and this feeling of absolute freedom was one of the most pleasant features of our stay in London.

We saw little to remind us of the recent war except the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial, not far from Trafalgar Square, and the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey, both of which were banked with beautiful flowers and continually thronged with hundreds of visitors. One other incident recalled the war to our minds. Returning from Buckingham Palace we passed a large and impressive building at the entrance to Waterloo Place, and were curious to know what it was. We asked a "Bobbie," who explained that it was "Kaiser Bill's Palace," and added with a grin, "But he's not occupyin' it just now."

Here, as in every city we visited, some particular thing seemed to stand out prominently and typify the place. To me the spirit of England was embodied in the four huge lions by Landseer at the foot of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. Those impressive beasts, looking placidly out over the Square and the mass of people moving about in all directions, vividly impress on one's mind the dignity, solidity and power of the English nation—which quietly continues on its way regardless of all obstacles.

### III

#### *In Gay Paree*

Our recollections of France will always include a humorous picture that presented itself as we were landing at Calais. As the boat glided up to its anchorage, we discovered the pier lined with a hundred or more porters in caps and long blue blouses, shouting in French and wildly gesticulating. This mass of blue blouses kept bobbing up and down, the men animating them trying to attract the attention of the passengers and all the time pointing to a large disc, containing a number, suspended around their necks. It reminded one of a Punch and Judy show, only it was a lot noisier. The old chap we selected rushed on board and was not satisfied with draping himself about with seven suit cases, two overcoats, two Boston bags, one brief case and an umbrella, but also insisted volubly that there was plenty of room about him for a few cameras, a roll of drawings and several other small pieces of hand luggage. It was extraordinary to see long lines of these porters staggering along under huge iron trunks, and I can readily believe they would tackle anything up to a grand piano.

Our next impression on finally reaching Paris was far from humorous; in fact, it was one of sadness. If there ever was such a place as "Gay Paree," it was no longer in evidence and I am of the opinion that the

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general idea of Paris, held especially among Americans, is entirely erroneous.

While everyone seemed intent on his own business, there was no lack of courtesy, and there was also no evidence of frivolity or anything approaching it. Taken on the whole, Paris was by great odds the cleanest, most beautiful and most interesting city we visited on our whole trip. Utility seemed always combined with artistic beauty. Smooth, clean streets lined with beautiful buildings of uniform height—generally with mansard roofs, making the buildings seem lower than they really are, and rows of shade trees at each side, even in many of the business streets—showed with what rare ability the city had been planned, especially when the streets opened out on beautiful gardens and parks filled with statuary, or on public memorial squares.

As in London, the streets were filled with a seething swarm of cabs, taxis and motor busses; but, fortunately for us, they all passed on the right side of the street, and the only difficulty was for the pedestrian to break through. This generally required two operations, the first jump to the safety islands in the middle of the street, followed by a later rush to the other side.

Street cars, or trams, as they are called, operate outside the main business section only, and are conducted by brisk women in natty uniforms, who are replaced at night by young men or boys.

The subways are somewhat better than those in London or New York, cleaner, brighter and better ventilated, while the cars run more smoothly and with less noise.

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## *In Gay Paree*

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The only real difficulty we had in Paris was in getting accustomed to their *petit déjeuners*, or light breakfasts, which consist of coffee and rolls—a rather insufficient ballast with which to commence the day's work. It required a lot of conversation on our part to convince the waiter that we really wanted something to eat; but at any other time of the day the meals were limited only by the price we wished to pay. The quantity, quality and service left nothing to be desired and the cooking was excellent, but when it came to the *pâtisserie* it was easy to see why the French are famous for their pastry. My personal preference between a *pâtisserie* shop and a book store could only be decided by the time of day and whether or not I had just dined. And the *confiserie*, or sweet shop! No one who has ever tasted their *marron glacé* can possibly resist it.

In the restaurants we marveled at first at the leisure with which the French consumed and enjoyed their mid-day meal. This was soon explained by the fact that the banks and principal business houses close from twelve to two p. m. daily, and even the sidewalk vendors pack up their wares and suspend operations long enough to enjoy a quiet lunch. In addition to this daily breathing spell Monday is generally observed as cleaning day—all public buildings are closed for the day and in the larger stores it is not on this account a favorable day for shopping.

Sunday was one of the best days for sight-seeing indoors, as all the public museums and galleries are

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kept open as long as, or longer, than on week days, and are thronged with visitors.

One thing in Paris that interested me greatly was the number and variety of book stores, in which we occasionally saw a good collection of English and American books on sale, in authorship ranging from Dickens to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Most unique of all these was an outdoor book store on the Seine embankment not far from the Gare D'Orleans. This narrow but lengthy establishment consisted of a long row of shallow boxes covered with galvanized iron and attached to the coping of the stone embankment. It extended along the sidewalk for a distance of five or six hundred feet. Overhead was the blue sky showing through the budding branches of the overhanging trees; just below was the Seine, beyond which lay the Louvre and the Garden of the Tuileries. A charming place to stop and browse! And here the impecunious bookworm was constantly seen, passing along from box to box, poking around among a varied collection which seemed to contain almost everything that had ever been published, from cheap, paper-covered novels to rare old editions, not to mention engravings, colored prints and sheet music.

I happened to pass by there one day just as it was starting to rain, and the proprietor was showing extraordinary and unexpected speed as he rushed along shutting down the lids of his long book store, then parking himself under an umbrella to wait until the storm had passed by.

Another interesting scene was the markets of peasant

women in the boulevards adjoining the residence section, one of which happened to be on the beautiful Boulevard Raspail near our hotel. Two-wheel push-carts, loaded with all kinds of fruits, vegetables and fresh meats, were hauled by these sturdy women from their homes in the country and lined up at daybreak ready for business. Although some of them, the potato carts in particular, looked like a good load for an average horse, and had been trundled for miles, the husky proprietors looked fresh as daisies, and were bustling around disposing of their wares so as to reach home in time to start back with another load for the next morning. When not busy with customers they filled in the time by making up a supply of paper sacks out of old sheet music, newspaper and other odd bits of paper, and thus getting even with the sack trust.

All over France the word THRIFT seems to be spelled with capital letters. There is no waste either of time or materials. Everything is picked up and worked up. All through the country every house has its neat garden and a few fruit trees; the walks are clean and the roads look as if they had just been swept with a broom. When a tree is chopped down in the forest, even the twigs are tied up in neat bundles and sold to the bakers for baking bread, while every square foot of tillable ground is under cultivation. Compared with the wasteful and slovenly methods which obtain in the rural districts of our own country, such national habits of neatness and economy pointed a very valuable object lesson.

And now we are about to step off into rather deep

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water; but it seems a necessary step, as no article on Paris would be complete without a few words on the subject of fashions—particularly fashions in feminine apparel. While the writer does not profess to be a connoisseur, or to have had any special training as a fashion expert, a few words will sum up his observations in this direction, and we have no hesitation in saying that, in the matter of dress, we found New York more Parisian than Paris, or what we expected Paris to be. With the exception of the tourists, the women's dresses were simple, plain and conservative, while, most surprising of all, there was an almost total absence of facial make-up.

Wishing to see a typical French audience, we chose a Sunday evening to attend a performance of *Faust* at the famous Grand Opera House. You can imagine our surprise, when we entered the gorgeous auditorium, and saw it filled with men in ordinary business suits and women in black; not a décollete costume in the whole theatre, with the exception of those worn by perhaps forty elaborately dressed English and American tourists. These, as someone remarked, wore costumes "suitable either for an opera or an operation."

On the streets and elsewhere, the Parisians themselves dress very conservatively. By this I do not mean shabbily, for although the men in general seemed to pay little attention to their personal appearance, the women invariably look stylish and charming.



## IV

### *Through Switzerland*

Compared with France our trip through Switzerland was devoid of incidents—our sensations being somewhat like those of a person used to a regular table d'hôte when he finds himself face to face with a lunch counter.

Switzerland's long suit consisting of scenery, one is apt to get fed up in a very short time, unless he happens to be an outdoor enthusiast and willing to keep on raving over a procession of barren but well advertised peaks covered with snow.

Our first stop was Geneva, and Sunday afternoon we strolled down by the lake and studied the natives, who were all out for an airing on the Quai du Mont Blanc—a wide promenade lined with a sort of sycamore trees with flat, scraggy tops, that look very odd and picturesque. These Genevans were a husky, ruddy-cheeked lot, and their favorite form of outdoor sport seemed to be wheeling enormously high baby carriages.

While the view of Mont Blanc failed to produce much of a thrill, the lake was very beautiful.

I had one very amusing experience at Geneva, the full significance of which was not apparent until I reached home. On presenting a sheaf of letters at the hotel desk I was told they were temporarily out of stamps, but if I would leave the letters stamps would be procured, the letters mailed, and the amount added

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to my bill. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered, on reaching home, that the smallest stamp known to the Swiss P. O. had been affixed and each of my friends had to pay eight cents overdue postage for the questionable pleasure of hearing from me. When I stood a few days later in Berne, admiring the beautiful statue they had erected to the Postal Union, I did not realize at that time to what base uses the thrifty hotel-keeper at Geneva had put this glorious Postal Union, in order to extract thereby a few petty centimes!

When visiting the famous watch works of Vacheron & Constantin, founded in 1785, and apparently winners of all the medals and prizes ever awarded since 1840, we were astounded at the marvelous machinery, operated largely by women and a few men who had grown grey in the service. Plainly there was no "hire and fire" system in vogue here, and the superintendent explained that the trade was handed down from father to son and that was the reason of their great success. Owing to the fact that the cheapest watch they make is sold for seven hundred and fifty francs f. o. b. factory, we decided to look a little further before making any purchases.

We observed that many of the hotels at which we stopped had formerly boasted formidable German names, such as the *Schweizerhof*, etc., which were now camouflaged as the *Hotel International, Suisse* or *Hotel des Princes*, owing, no doubt, to some miscalculations made three or four years ago by the general staff at Berlin. Nevertheless, the hotels were good and well conducted, even if they did skim off a little extra in the matter of

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## *Through Switzerland*

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postage or their favorite item of *chauffage*, when the only fire we had been at all interested in was the one in the kitchen range.

In passing through the country everything looked neat and clean and even the fields were tidied up as though everybody was expecting company. As this part of the work is attended to by the peasant women, it was, of course, a thorough job.

In Berne it was rather odd to see a man and his dog harnessed to a cart, jogging along through the streets with the morning's supply of milk or other produce. We found it very interesting to visit the street market in front of the famous old clock tower, which is flanked on each side by picturesque old buildings that look as if they might have been erected very soon after the founding of the city in 1191. Stretched in the middle of the wide street were long tables piled up with all kinds of produce which the gaily attired peasants had brought in for sale; while along the curb rival peddlers and a few fakers were prepared to relieve the peasants of their newly acquired coin, or do business with any passerby who happened to be susceptible.

The city of Berne has carefully preserved its old-world charm and is considered "the heart of Switzerland." Among the attractive medieval features are its bridges, towers and gates, as well as its buildings and quaint, red-tiled houses, nestling on the hillsides along the river Aar. The view from the high terrace back of the Parliament Buildings, with the river winding below and the snow-covered Alps in the distance, Jungfrau looming up

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in the center, make a picture long to be remembered.

In the guide book the visitor is requested not to miss seeing the *Weltpostdenkmal*, *Zähringerdenkmal*, *Erlackdenkmal* and *Bubenbergsdenkmal*, the *Stampfli* and *Hallerdenkmal*, but whether we saw them all I will never tell, and, if so, I do not remember them by their *full* names.

The Arcades form an interesting feature, as the upper stories of the buildings rest on massive columns and arches and extend out to the curb line. This arrangement, however, is more artistic than practical, as the little stores and shops are consequently poorly lighted.

At Geneva we spent an evening listening to a comedy in French, but at Berne they had opera in German, and must have got down to business early in the evening, as the front of the house was deserted when we arrived and it was like breaking into jail to find anyone to show us to our seats. The performance was very enjoyable and apparently well done, as the rest of the audience seemed to approve. What interested me particularly was the immense orchestra, a large number of whom were women—and all playing together in perfect harmony! The opera was based on an incident that occurred during the French Revolution, and it was a rather queer coincidence that we should see the same thing, but by a different author and under another name, sung in Italian at Florence a few evenings later.

The pride of Switzerland is her schools. Attendance at the primary schools is compulsory up to the age of fourteen years, and supplementary courses, also compulsory, bring the backward ones up to the required stand-

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ing before their military service begins. They claim that inability to read and write is unknown. These schools are free of charge of any kind, either for tuition or materials. It was interesting to learn that the dead languages have given place to modern tongues, and that English is now taught in place of Greek. In some cantons the school term runs along for forty-five weeks, although in the Alpine districts it is shortened to from twenty-four to thirty weeks. The Swiss point with pride to the fact that it is not unusual for an agricultural commune, with only two or three thousand inhabitants, to build a school building costing a hundred thousand dollars.

As there are three national languages, Italian, French and German, it would seem that a Swiss school teacher must be something of a linguist.

As Berne is preponderantly German, we found it almost impossible to do any shopping, except with the aid of the French members of our party; in fact, the knowledge of French is a valuable asset and everywhere on our trip we found it to be practically a universal language.

Our exit from Switzerland, at Chiasso, was as amusing as had been our entrance in France, at Calais, besides throwing a side light on the characteristics of the *genus Americano*.

The size of our party had increased at Paris, now numbering four, and our array of luggage had increased accordingly, but with the aid of a few valorous *porteurs* our luggage was soon spread out on the inspection tables

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ready for the ordeal of a customs examination, when I heard close by a commotion between a courier for the A. E. F. and a bewhiskered inspector. The latter was recklessly reeling off yards of Italian and German and the former was indulging in vigorous U. S. vernacular. The row was over four packs of cigarettes, not declared by the owner, but which the said inspector had found on opening his suit case.

Neither one could understand the other, the offender offering, with violent protests and many vigorous oaths, to pay the necessary duty and penalty, while the other was reiterating the fact that he would have to pay. The object of the soldier was obviously to divert the mind of the inspector and get his valise closed up again as soon as possible. The inspector was jubilant as he finally marched the lad over to the pay counter; but the joke was really on him, as the young man—who happened to be a Los Angeles boy—confessed to us a little later that he had sixty other packs of cigarettes concealed in his valise, which he succeeded in getting across the border free of duty.

I heard of another little incident which shows how our fellow countrymen go about things when they mean business. In this case a bustling American rushed into the compartment of a first-class car where two Englishmen were seated, and presently, pulling out an old, highly flavored pipe, proceeded to enjoy a smoke. One of the Englishmen offered vigorous objection and informed him that he ought to know it was contrary to the rules to smoke in a first-class car. As this had no

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effect, he threatened to call the guard and have the offender put off the car. At the next station the American managed to see the guard first, and informed him that an Englishman in his compartment was traveling first-class on a second-class ticket, whereupon the guard proceeded to remove the gentleman to another car, and quiet reigned.

Presently the other Englishman remarked: "That was deucedly clever of you, old chap, but how did you happen to know he had a second-class ticket?"

"Easy enough," replied the American, as he filled his pipe again, "his ticket was the same color as mine!"

## V

### *Impressions of Italy*

When we purchased our through tickets from Paris to Naples, the agent advised us to travel second-class in Switzerland, thereby saving a few francs, but by all means to go first-class through Italy. We found his advice excellent, and although we remained in the same car, we found, as soon as we crossed the frontier, that we were now traveling strictly first-class. This was accomplished by simply changing a small label by the door of our compartment. Later on we learned that on a regular Italian train conditions at the best were poor enough, and at the risk of being a little too realistic I will mention a few particulars.

In the first place, there is but one *Ritirata*, or wash-room, to the car, and it belongs to whoever happens to get there first. This room contains but one fixture, a dirty corner wash basin that lets down from the wall, into which you pump water, if there happens to be any; but usually, an hour or so after starting on your journey, the tank is empty, and remains so. This, with a large round hole in the floor, to which a fixture was once probably attached, is all the room contains, except half an inch or so of water, which sloshes around over the floor. If you happen to become thirsty or dirty, you remain so until you reach your destination, as no soap, towels, ice water, drinking cups or any other conveniences are found anywhere beyond the Alps.



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## *Impressions of Italy*

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Practically all European cars have a long corridor the full length of the car, and are divided into compartments, each one seating either six or eight persons, classed in Italy as *fumatori* and *non-fumatori*. If you are in the latter class and wish to smoke, you can either stand in the corridor and smoke, or bribe the guard to let you have his seat at the end of the car. Fortunately, I found that one *lira*, four cents, usually gets his seat, and a few matches as well.

As coal is scarce in Italy, it is not unusual to see a tender attached to the locomotive loaded with cordwood, supplying fuel for the train. The cars and equipment generally are in a very bad condition, and with the present rate of exchange, the price of new equipment and repairs is prohibitive.

Owing to the scarcity of cars the ladies are fortunate if they can all secure seats, while the men gallantly stand outside in the corridor, or perch on the stray pieces of luggage that are stacked here and there. But no one grumbles, and if the train starts half an hour late it will only be half an hour late in arriving, provided it does not lose another hour or so on the way, which is usually a good, safe bet.

Anyway, we made our *entrata* into Italy, and were rolling along briskly—it being down grade! Below us were beautiful valleys and occasionally we caught a glimpse of a narrow, white stripe revealing an old Roman road. Here and there were quaint old houses of stone, roofed with thin, irregular slabs of split stone, and surrounded with old vineyards, the vines trained on wires

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forming fantastic arbors. Even the fence posts in this part of Italy are of stone slabs drilled to support wire fencing. There was nothing combustible except the meagre furniture inside the houses, and I imagine that insurance agents are an unknown as well as an unnecessary quantity in this section of the country.

In a little over two hours after leaving the Italian frontier at Chiasso we arrived at Milan, and then our troubles began. We all wanted ice cream, and none of us knew the proper name for it in that country. But we bravely struck out and fortune smiled on us, as we soon found a place where the waiter understood a little French. As we entered, the orchestra struck up the *Largo al Factotum* from the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, and we all felt quite at home! But the interesting and educational part of the performance came when we tried to pay our bill. The waiter looked at both sides of the money, held it up to the light, and finally took it to the manager for his approval, so we concluded there must be some spurious currency afloat, and were thereafter on our guard.

One of the principal attractions we had been looking forward to in Milan was a performance at the *La Scala Theatre*, one of the largest and most celebrated in Europe, where so many famous artists have appeared. Unfortunately, we found it had been closed for some time for repairs and had to content ourselves with hearing the company at Florence a few evenings later.

Of all the countries we visited, Italy makes by far the bravest show of soldiery—at the railroad stations,

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## *Impressions of Italy*

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on the streets and in the trains, soldiers seemed to be moving about everywhere, and certainly make a striking sight with their grey uniforms and long military capes.

We were struck next by the great number of clocks to be seen everywhere, on building after building; but they are evidently intended only as ornaments, as none of them were running. The next most frequently encountered sight, especially in Rome, were bands of various religious orders, marching in different colored vestments and with such odd-shaped hats one would never imagine a piece of masculine headgear could be molded into so many different contraptions. I was often "joshed" by the other members of our party because of my desire to make a collection of native hats, especially the old and interesting ones; but when I saw this wide variety I lost heart, as I remembered that the ocean liners restrict you to twenty cubic feet of baggage, and thought it more feasible to take up some other line, such as moderate-sized pyramids or some of those noisy little Italian motor cars of the kindergarten type.

While there was a prevalence of soldiers, clocks and monks, there was a great scarcity of good bread, fruits, refined sugar, fresh meats, etc. The bread, while it forcibly reminded us of our own war bread, was much poorer in quality than ours had ever been, and the fruit, especially the apples and pears, was such as could not be graded in an American packing house; but no matter how small and knotty they happened to be, the flavor was always surprising.

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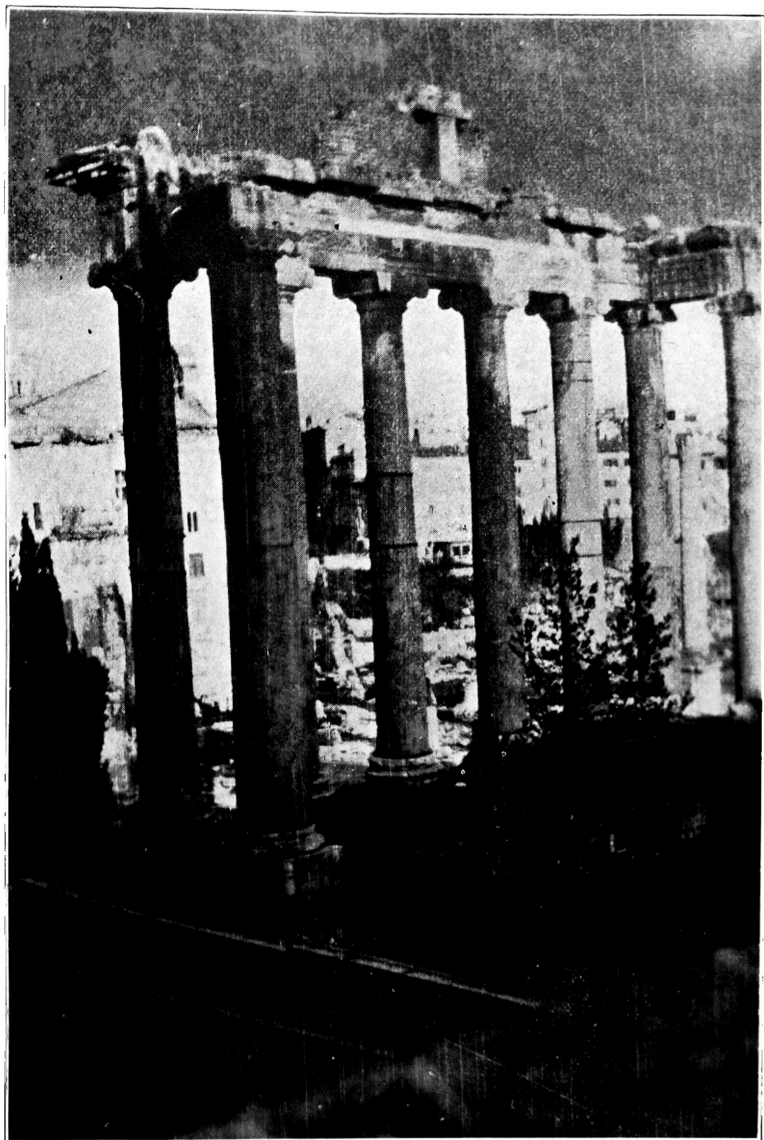
## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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One thing in Milan, however, struck us as being adequate, a bronze statue in front of the Academy. It represents Napoleon as a Roman Emperor; but the sculptor, Canova, in order to symbolize the fame and power of his subject, gives him a splendid but imaginary physique several times too large for the Little Corporal. There are many other very beautiful statues, especially the one of Leonardo da Vinci in the *Piazza de la Scala*, which is a wonderful and impressive piece of work. And here in the *Santa Maria delle Grazie* is this artist's most celebrated painting, "The Last Supper," now unfortunately almost faded away.

Passing on to Venice, we found at least one feature there that was right up to our highest expectations, for their gondoliers are all that has ever been claimed for them, a fine, sturdy, good-natured lot, who act as guide, megaphone-artist, engine, pilot and traffic officer all rolled into one.

As you glide along one of the narrow canals, you see ahead a hopeless jam of barges and gondolas; but on reaching the spot, you hear a little vigorous language and, in some miraculous way, just room enough for you to glide through is made, and then perhaps you whirl into a still narrower canal, just missing the corner of a building by the narrow margin of a quarter of an inch. But the interesting part of it is that although they come close, they always manage to miss, and so skillfully is it managed that it seems the gondolier and his craft are one. Their deep, guttural cry, announcing their approach and indicating in which direction they expect



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE RUINS OF THE PALACES OF THE CESARS.



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to turn, echoes weirdly down the narrow streets, and, in the moonlight, is strangely moving and romantic.

We were surprised to find how much of Venice could be seen without the use of gondolas. There are only about one hundred and fifty canals in the whole city, over which there are about four hundred bridges, and the intervening spaces have streets much like any other Italian city. From this time on it was part of the day's work to become used to odors, as each city maintains its own peculiar aroma, and very often this never-to-be-forgotten fragrance differs from block to block, so that the wayfarer, though he be deaf, dumb and blind, could not be mistaken in his whereabouts.

We often found ourselves wondering if the American public is not a little over-particular and super-sensitive in the matter of disinfection and sanitation, especially when we noticed the open-air comfort stations in some of these Italian cities placed in the alley, not over ten feet from the main street and consisting merely of a narrow groove in the side of a building, connected with a hole in the pavement. This is sometimes, but rarely, shielded on the street side by a narrow slab about one foot wide by four feet high; but it needs no sign to designate it.

One thing we learned in Italy, that the ideas we had formed of many things needed considerable revision. Among other surprises was the general appearance of the country. Instead of the neat little farms, or beautiful old villas surrounded by flowers, orange trees, etc., we found much of the land uncultivated and not even inclosed by fences, giving one the impression of a new

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and undeveloped country rather than an ancient one presenting the appearance of an old mine almost worked out and practically abandoned. In no part of Italy did we see the intensive farming of France, or the quaint cottages and well-kept gardens.

Florence and Rome were each so rich in history and incident that to tell of them would require a separate article, so we will pass on to Naples and then resume our journey.

In going anywhere in Italy, or the Orient, it is well to inquire if the train you wish to take runs on Sunday, as many of the train schedules have a sudden respect for the Ten Commandments and suspend operations on the Sabbath day.

At each step of our journey we added some piece of information to our slender store. Just now it happened to be in regard to the way hotel reservations are handled "over there." Before leaving Florence, we had telegraphed ahead to Rome; but were coolly informed by the *concierge* on our arrival that there were no vacancies. We asked for the manager, who appeared and acknowledged that he had received our telegram, but expected us on the morning train, and as we had not arrived then (which was impossible) he had rented our rooms. However, he kindly placed his one remaining room at our disposal, and when we remonstrated that this was hardly feasible for a party consisting of a man and his wife and two other men, he hotly retorted that we could all go and sleep in the *Pincio*, a public park, etc., etc.!! Finally matters cooled down, and we were fitted out with his



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one remaining room and temporary beds in a back parlor until the next day.

Finding that telegraphing ahead for hotel rooms was not entirely satisfactory in this part of the world, we decided to trust to luck at Naples, and found, on reaching that city, that because we had not telegraphed they were unable to accommodate us. After a little inquiry we found a very good hotel with an elevator which ran long enough to get us up to our rooms. This is not altogether unusual on the Continent at present, as this part of the hotel equipment generally operates only long enough to accommodate the incoming guests, and then immediately goes out of business until the next day, when a new batch of arrivals appear. In the intervening hours you are expected to read the "Out of Order" sign and trudge up and down four or five flights of stairs.

After a few more experiences we learned there was another interesting consequence to engaging your hotel accommodations in advance; you were always charged the highest rates.

In addition to getting a varied experience along commercial lines, we thoroughly enjoyed the art and architecture of Italy, which are worthy of anyone's attention, whether particularly interested in these lines or not. But I could not make myself believe that the sky is any bluer, or the sunsets any more gorgeous than those on the Pacific—especially when viewed from the terraces of our own home town!

## VI

### *On the Mediterranean*

Before leaving Naples we must not overlook two other little incidents that throw an interesting sidelight on our impressions of Italy.

One of the first chores we did at Rome was to take our passports to the Police Department to secure permission to leave the country; but the matter dragged along, and finally we were told that we had made a serious mistake in not reporting in person to the police soon enough after coming into Italy, and it would be necessary for us to return to the frontier and do it all over again. As the boat on which we had secured our passage sailed in two days, things began to look rather serious. Finally the guide managed to signal us to slip him fifteen *lira* (sixty cents), which he passed to the police official, and we were surprised to see all objections suddenly waived, and our passports handed to us in less than an hour. It was amazing what quick results so small a bribe could accomplish!

But this Roman official was a mere novice, a clumsy amateur, compared with another member of the force at Naples, who, instead of being contented with a mere trifle, planned on taking the whole pile. This second incident occurred on the boat. After my passport had been inspected, I was accosted by a rather surly-looking gentleman in uniform, who wanted to inspect my pocket-

book and look over all my private papers to see what I was taking out of the country. To all this I demurred, until the agent of the Steamship Company assured me that the man was acting within his rights, and I had better comply with his request. So I produced my big black pocketbook and saw him contemptuously pass over my perfectly good American, English and French money, and finally lift out nearly one thousand *lira* of paper money (worth about forty dollars in United States currency), which he laid on the table in front of him, curtly informing me that according to law I had no right to take any money out of that country. He then motioned for the next man in line to advance and be held up, whereupon I reached over the table, picked up my little old one thousand *lira*, walked out of the room, and stayed out! A couple of hours later, when I assured myself from a safe place on the upper deck that the officials were leaving the boat, I came down and was told that the aforesaid police official had been inquiring for me; but as he had not been able to find me, he had kindly consented to let the matter drop. I feebly expressed my appreciation of such courteous treatment from one who was a total stranger, and began to feel relieved, as I saw that our boat was now actually leaving the soil of *Grande Italia*. An hour or so later I felt still more relieved when all I could see was the smoke curling up above Vesuvius, and below it the dim outline of Pompeii.

While we deeply regretted being unable to stop at Capri and visit the Blue Grotto, we planned on rolling

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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out about four o'clock and see Stromboli in action, so we retired rather early, expecting to be called. But they were evidently out of four o'clock calls on that boat, for when I awoke about six a. m., we were entering the Straits of Messina, and presently Mt. Aetna loomed up in the distance. With a faint wreath of smoke continually heaving out of it, one could readily see how appropriate it was as a trade-mark for various insurance companies, especially those dealing with fire-risks. In this respect it seemed to have an edge on Gibraltar, while its majestic appearance makes Mt. Vesuvius look like a sideshow attraction.

So far, in fact, all the way to Alexandria, the sea was calm and beautiful, the air cool and crisp, like California in winter.

Our first stop was at Catania, Sicily, where we tarried for four hours, while they loaded enough brimstone on our vessel to start a fair-sized inferno. Finally, to our great relief, the hatches were battened down and we proceeded on our way.

During our stop at Catania we strolled some distance down the pier to inspect one of those painted carts for which the peasants of Sicily are famous. While admiring the elaborate carving, the figures and landscapes painted on the body of the cart, and the highly decorated harness, etc., a crowd of curious natives also gathered to inspect the crazy foreigners who were making such a fuss over nothing. This crowd attracted the attention of a *gendarme*, or whatever they call them in that country, who proceeded to inquire from us who we

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## *On the Mediterranean*

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were, where we came from, what we were doing there, and what we meant by collecting a crowd. They are evidently not in favor of crowds over there, so while he was considering what would be the best thing to do with us, we suddenly decided to settle the matter by beating a hasty retreat to the boat, with the officious policeman tagging at our heels.

Unfortunately we did not reach Syracuse until six o'clock in the evening, too late to visit the ruins and the old Greek and Roman theatres there.

This part of our trip seemed to go by fours, as we were four hours late in leaving Naples, stopped four hours at Catania, four hours at Syracuse, were delayed four hours at Alexandria and it required a little over four days to make the voyage.

But this gave ample time for making acquaintances, which is the principal attraction of traveling on the water, when the elements behave themselves, and you do not have to worry over what is about to happen to you, or be kept in suspense as to whether you would prefer to exchange the agonies of the present for the doubtful torments of the hereafter.

Speaking of acquaintances, we had at our table during the Mediterranean trip a noted archeologist and his wife, on their way to Palestine to perfect arrangements for excavating a buried city; Father B—, a prominent priest and superior-general of the Paulist Fathers in New York City; facing us an archbishop of Beyrout, and at our right a brother of the ruling Pasha of Egypt and former commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army,

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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who was just returning from a six years' exile to Spain, where he had been interned by the English. The latter was a very well-informed man, and we had several interesting chats on world conditions, during which the merits and manifestations of Bolshevism and socialism were discussed. I was especially interested in his plan for the prevention of wars, and at the risk of digressing a little will briefly describe it: During a former campaign in Egypt his army was encamped near a well in the desert, on the opposite side of which lay the forces of the enemy. An arrangement had been made whereby the soldiers of each army might visit this well at different hours in order to get water. Happening to visit this well one day, he found his soldiers and some of the enemy exchanging cigarettes and sitting around telling stories and joking together. Thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that these private soldiers had no desire to kill each other, on the contrary, seemed to be the best of friends. All this set him to philosophizing as to the real cause of wars and whether or not it would be possible to prevent them. Finally he concluded that the best remedy would be to have the kings, or whoever happened to be at the head of the government, the prime ministers and all the leading politicians on both sides man the front line trenches, and when everything was properly arranged give the order to fire! If this were done it was his opinion that there would be very few wars in the future. Anyway it would be interesting to see it tried for a few hundred years.

One of the most delightful memories of our Mediter-

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## *On the Mediterranean*

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anean trip was the long walks and talks with Father B— on the promenade deck in the moonlight. Being a genial, middle-aged man, and an extensive traveler, his conversation was both entertaining and instructive. Above all his kindness won a way into my heart, and anyone in my condition at that time would always keenly remember it.

The condition referred to was the result of a little episode that happened in Venice about two weeks previously, when the lady of our party privately remonstrated that my old pipe was getting too highly flavored. I promised that, if it was offensive to her, I would dispense with it. A few minutes later, as our gondola was drifting along in front of the Doge's Palace, she asked me to hand her my pipe, which I saw quickly disappear overboard. Once on board the boat, the old longing returned, and I secretly pined for my old companion and solace, which was resting, peacefully, I hope, and doing its bit to add to the fragrance of the Grand Canal.

When Father B— inquired if I smoked, I told him the sad story, and he nobly came to my rescue. Having laid in a good supply of cigars before embarking, and having often, in his travels, been in a tobaccoless condition himself, he insisted that I share with him, and therefore our sociability greatly increased.

The only excitement we had on the voyage was furnished by a lady passenger who claimed she had been robbed of a necklace, variously valued at from ten to fifty thousand pounds, and accused the *femme de chambre* of purloining the same. This caused a thorough

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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search both of the boat and the suspected young lady, as well as a four hours' delay and police investigation at Alexandria, before anyone was allowed to disembark.

During this delay we had our first view of the Orient, and ample opportunity to inspect the motley array on the pier. It was easy to realize that we had touched a new and different section of the world. Bright red tarbushes and long white cotton robes were to be seen bobbing around among the sombre, conventional costumes of the Europeans. Brown-faced and bare-legged specimens of the poorer classes lounged about the pier. Spirited horses dashed by, attached to *arabiyehs*, a sort of surrey with a calash top, driven by a swarthy *Arbagi*, whose feet generally protrude conspicuously over the dashboard, as the space between the driver's seat and the dash is packed full with fresh alfalfa—a day's supply for the two steeds. Water carriers in bright costumes with large earthen vessels suspended from their shoulders wandered about clashing their brass cymbals. Negroes, Sudanese, all the races of the world seemed to be represented, and all reflected the true Oriental spirit in a total absence of hurry! Large, high-powered automobiles dashed into the crowd, which in some mysterious way managed to let them through without anyone being run down. Here and there, perched on the edge of the pier, were poorly clad natives contentedly fishing, but evidently not expecting to catch anything.

Finally the gang-plank was run out, and the passengers filed out, escorting their baggage to the customs house where, owing to the stolen necklace incident, every



solitary article was taken out and carefully examined. After levying a duty on each separate and collective article of luggage, our persons were carefully searched for the missing necklace.

Then came the long, rambling drive to the hotel, and our first experience with Oriental street brawls, which are amusing enough in the daytime, but seriously interfered with our sleep at night. It was easy to see that something was brewing in the political pot over in that part of the world, and that Italy was not the only country possessed of smouldering volcanoes.

It was difficult for us to realize that we were in the city founded by Alexander the Great about 400 B.C., and at one time containing more than half a million inhabitants, as very little remains now to remind one of the glorious period when Antony and Cleopatra held revel here, and the city boasted of a library containing nine hundred thousand scrolls.

Pompey's pillar, a real granite column nearly nine feet in diameter and over sixty feet high, stands on the ruins of the old Serapeum in the midst of a public park, but nothing was in evidence to suggest the wonderful city that existed during the time of Hypatia, or a few centuries earlier when Alexandria was the center of the commerce of the world.

## VII

### *In the Land of the Pharaohs*

The distance from Alexandria to Cairo is one hundred and thirty miles, the trip requires four hours and the fare is one hundred and seventy-five *piastres*, first class (equaling seven dollars in United States currency, and three dollars and fifty cents second class). These figures give a good idea of railroad conditions in Egypt, as far as price and speed are concerned. The quality of the service was surprising as it was the best we had enjoyed since leaving England. In fact, you could almost believe that you were on the Southeastern & Chatham Railroad, the equipment being practically the same, and everything clean, comfortable and sanitary—thanks to British management! They even run dining or restaurant cars, as they are called.

Nearly the whole journey from Alexandria to Cairo is through the fertile delta of the ancient Nile, although at present there remains only two of the seven mouths that once emptied into the sea, the others having been silted up long ago, and are now replaced by a vast network of irrigating canals.

As far as the eye can see, in every direction, stretches a level, fertile plain, on which a great army of workmen labor in a primitive fashion and with the crudest of tools. A donkey and bullock hitched to a curved stick is their idea of a first-class farm implement, and stranger

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## *In the Land of the Pharaohs*

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still, answers their purpose, as there are thousands of acres under cultivation. The farmhouses match their wooden ploughs, consisting of mud huts grouped in little villages, like the pueblos in New Mexico and Arizona. The only visible adornment is the village cemetery, which sometimes happens to contain one or more shade trees, the only ones in sight. Anyone admiring the "simple life" could find it here in its most unadorned simplicity, moving along in the grooves that were fashioned fifty centuries ago.

As we journeyed along we noticed that a great many people seemed to be either out for a ride or going somewhere, and we began to wonder if we would find anybody there when we reached Cairo, as everyone was journeying towards Alexandria. It was amusing to see them jogging along on "broiler-size" donkeys; the rider usually in a long white robe, sitting far back on the donkey's rump, swinging his feet in and out in true Oriental style. Now and then a train of donkeys would come ambling along loaded down with such a variety of commodities that we concluded it must be some portable Oriental emporium looking for a new location, or keeping on the move to avoid paying rent.

Entering Cairo, our train stopped in a large and up-to-date station, alive with noisy Arab porters and guides, all rather confusing to a stranger. But we had arranged with the American Express Company to meet us, as we feared our knowledge of Arabic, which at that time amounted to a mere "chemical trace," might not be sufficient to meet the requirements. So we managed to get

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safely to our hotel, located on the Opera House Square, a large and sumptuous hostelry with a large terrace filled with tables and potted palms, overlooking the *Esbekiyeh* Gardens. (I use the word hostelry advisedly; as "the Egyptians call their houses 'hostelries' on account of the short time they inhabit them; but the tombs they call eternal dwelling-places.") This hotel was equipped with an elevator, which actually ran most of the time, provided you had leisure enough to wait for it; but as we were only stopping there a few days, we generally climbed five flights of stairs and often wondered why they had to make the ceilings so high!

Cairo has been called "the diamond stud on the handle of the fan of the Delta," and we found it all of that. In fact, next to Paris, it was the most interesting and fascinating city we encountered and one of which volumes could be written.

Naturally our first expedition was to the pyramids of Ghizeh, which can be reached by auto in a little over half an hour, or by tram car in about forty minutes. When about one hundred and fifty yards from the pyramids, the good road suddenly stopped and so did our little party (owing to a punctured tire), and rather than plough through the sand we negotiated for four camels, which, after the customary amount of protest, finally knelt down for us to climb on. So much was easy; but it required some dexterity and vigilance to stay on while these long-legged animals up-ended themselves, and got under way. These unclean and pathetic animals slouched along like a negro with sore feet, and

in about twenty minutes more we were brushing by Cheop's pyramid, on which, it is said, one hundred thousand men labored three months each year for twenty years—the period when the Nile is on its yearly rampage. Like everyone else who sees this monument for the first time we marveled at the immense blocks of stone of which it is composed.

Anyone of an inquiring mind is permitted to explore the interior of this pyramid by going around to the north side and climbing up thirteen tiers of stone, each one about three feet high, then getting down on all fours and crawling through a dark and slippery passage about three and a half feet high by four feet wide, breathing meanwhile an atmosphere that smells strongly of bats. After crawling along for a distance that seems fully as long as a city block, the inquiring and persistent person comes finally to the Great Hall and the King's Chamber, which at present contains nothing but an empty and mutilated sarcophagus and an Arab fortune-teller, who, with his index-finger marks out a wheel in the sand and for five *piastres* a throw will tell you what the future has in store for you. After the veil of the future has been momentarily lifted, all that remains to do is crawl out again, and brush off the cobwebs. As none of our party seemed anxious to go indoors, we continued on our way about two hundred yards beyond the big pyramid and dismounted in front of the Sphinx. This famous monument was hewn out of the natural rock at least five thousand years ago. As the original rock was slightly deficient in places, additional blocks of stone

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were added to form the shape of a recumbent lion with the head of a man, supposed to be the likeness of King Khepren, by whose orders the work was done. At one time it was supposed to represent a sun-god, and that it was sculptured to guard the entrance to the Nile Valley; if so, its name was Hu. While on the subject of pyramids, we learned that the Arabic name for a pyramid is *haram*, while the Mohammedan's name for his wives, up to four, is spelled *harim*. Whether there is any etymological significance in the similarity of these two words we were unable to have thoroughly and satisfactorily explained.

From the pyramids we crossed to the opposite side of the city, where the Tombs of the Caliphs are located, just north of the Mokattam Hills, whose quarries furnished much of the rock used in the construction of the pyramids. Here we found some wonderful specimens of Arabic art and architecture, but nothing to compare with the superb mosque of Sultan Hasan, which is considered the finest existing monument of Egypto-Arabian architecture, or the recently completed Rafaiyeh mosque, which, in the judgment of our humble party, was the one perfect specimen of Oriental architecture among the thousands which adorn the sky-line of Cairo. This latter mosque contains the family burial vault of the Khedive Ismail, who did many great things for Cairo (and, incidentally, for himself), his ambition being to make that city the rival of Paris. He was getting along beautifully and had succeeded in appropriating to his own use one-fifth of all the arable land in Egypt and had

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## *In the Land of the Pharaohs*

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increased the public debt to about three hundred and seventy millions of dollars when he was finally deposed.

The city of Cairo is fertile in mosques and we plucked up courage enough to climb to the top of one of the tallest minarets and take a bird's-eye view of the city and its environs, and our sympathy goes out to the poor old *muezzin* who has to make that climb five times each day.

On our second day in Cairo we visited the famous Egyptian Museum, one of the most wonderful of its kind in the world, and while it is highly interesting, it can hardly be called a place for pleasurable sight-seeing. In one gallery you are introduced to the Royal Mummies, and find yourself standing at the side of Merenptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus (who, by the way, has not been "unrolled" yet). In a case near by is his father, Rameses II, the Pharaoh of Oppression mentioned in the first chapter of Exodus, whose features are not exactly pleasing to look at. But after you have strolled along farther and find one whose honeycombed skull shows that the royal owner was carried off with smallpox, you decide that Rameses was not so bad looking after all. From the royal specimens you pass on to a varied assortment of mummified monkeys, dogs, cats, gazelles and crocodiles, as well as bunches of flowers and fruits that were gathered fresh something like forty or fifty centuries ago. But mummy-gazing is not exactly an enlivening pastime, and a couple of hours of it is generally sufficient for the average individual, when he is perfectly willing to move along and examine the jewelry that the

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queens and royal princesses wore when they motored over to see how the pyramids were progressing, or strolled out on the ancient Rialto.

Especially fine and elaborate are the ornaments and jewels of Queen Ahhotep, the mother of King Amosis, who ruled 1580-1557 B.C. Rings, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, etc., were considered the proper thing even in those days, and while vanity cases were not yet in vogue, the lady's mirror is on exhibition.

One of the charms of Cairo (on a cool day) is a visit to the Mouski along which the best of the native bazaars are located; but it is well to beware of the Tunis and some of the other congested bazaars in the heat of the day, as the odor increases with the heat, and you could hardly find a more ideal breeding place for cholera or any other form of pestilence. Some of these old places have evidently never been properly cleaned since Moses was found in the bulrushes, and a modern vacuum cleaner would probably have nervous prostration if called upon to function in that part of the city.

You can never be lonesome in Cairo. As soon as you step out on the street you are assailed by guides and street vendors of all kinds, who want to sell you anything from a New York Herald to a genuine scarab made in Germany; but we soon learned the proper antidote for beggars and street merchants, who follow you around for blocks, refusing to take "no" for an answer, thinking you will buy presently if they keep on lowering the price. We learned that by firmly saying, "Ma feesh filoos (There is no money)!" they would all scatter



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like chaff in a high wind. These dealers in spurious antiques have a serious way of trying to convince you of the genuineness of their wares by pulling down their lower eyelids and repeating their favorite oath, "By my eye!" In that country, where there are so few good eyes, we decided that they were putting it as strong as they knew how. Ophthalmia is a serious problem all through the Orient, and the stranger must be continually on his guard if he wants to leave the country with two perfectly good eyes. It is pitiful to see even babies with diseased eyes, and the mother with perhaps only one eye in operative condition, and that slightly out of order. Somebody has facetiously remarked that this country must be where the Russellite cult originated, as millions of these people will certainly never see death or anything else!

There is something else the newcomer has to continually be on his guard against, and that is not to confuse the sex of the waiters in the restaurants, who all wear long white robes with bright red sashes or *tarbushes*. And when you get to coffee, you are sure to get *cafe fort* in Arabian style, and find yourself drinking black mud instead of coffee such as you are accustomed to drink.

If you decide to take a ride on the street car, you find they are divided into first, second and third classes, with an enclosed compartment marked *Dames*, which, if you happen to enter and a veiled lady also happens to board the car, you are supposed to vacate immediately, as the same roof must not cover persons of opposite sex. For this reason the soldiers nicknamed

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these black-robed, black-veiled ladies "submarines," and steered clear of their special compartments. Fortunately you are not compelled to patronize street cars, as the city is alive with Arab cabs, and you no sooner step out of the hotel than one appears as if by magic, and a swarthy Arab throws back the calash top and waits for you to climb in.

Moving day, which seems to be any day at any time, is one of Cairo's chief sights. If the moving is on a small scale an Arab will be seen walking down the street with a dresser on his head, followed by another Arab with the marble top balanced on his head; while a third will have a few chairs hung around on his person. If the movee happens to be a person of some importance and social standing, one who has accumulated considerable of the world's goods, he secures an ordinary jolt-wagon, with a large, flat bed like a hay-rack, on which he loads his several wives and other female dependents, three or four along each side with feet hanging down over the edge, piles his household effects up in the middle between them, ties the family cow to the rear of the wagon, where it is attended by the juvenile members of the family, while he, the lord and master of the household, seats himself up on the high seat alongside the driver.

Funerals also are barometers of social standing in Egypt. The usual ones seen on the street consist of the deceased carried in a regulation box on the shoulders of a group of pallbearers, followed by the lamenting harem and a few friends, the whole procession on foot.

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In a short time the box is brought back empty and ready for the next call.

But in spite of all the strange customs and odd sights there is a fascination about the city of Cairo which is irresistible but hard to explain. At first you feel disgusted with the filth and odors, you dislike being annoyed by insistent guides, street peddlers and beggars. The ragged, sore-eyed, emaciated and generally run-down condition of the natives makes you feel that it is about time to wipe off the slate and start a new score. But eventually the lure of Egypt creeps through your system, and your whole mental attitude changes. You begin to feel a little sympathy with the old-timers who tell you that they "simply love the filth and odors of the Orient," and you gradually grow to enjoy the peculiar flavor of Oriental life and your stay becomes one of constant interest and pleasure.

## VIII

### *From Egypt to Palestine*

Just before leaving Cairo a little incident occurred that enlivened our departure. A few hours before train time Mr. B— decided to pay a final visit, and in order to save time and run no risk of getting lost, called a cab and gave the cabman the directions, which he professed to understand. Time passed; it was getting dangerously near train time, when suddenly a cab pulled up in front of the hotel, Mr. B— dashed out excitedly, and after a few hot words, handed the cabman a small-sized bank note, which he looked at and contemptuously threw on the ground. The hotel cab-starter picked up the money and handed it to him again, when the Arab launched forth in a loud harangue, stretching his hands up toward the sky, beating his breast, and again throwing the money on the ground, whereat a nearby Sudanese slipped quietly down from his cab, pocketed the spurned money and climbed back on his seat with a satisfied and expansive grin. In the meantime a crowd had collected and with it a policeman, all of which made the noisy cabman more noisy and vehement than ever (as their theory seems to be that the loudest man wins), until finally the policeman led him over and parked him on the opposite side of the street with instructions to cool off and quiet down. While all this was going on, I had managed to glean from Mr. B— that the Arab

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had driven him over half of Cairo, everywhere except to the right number, which he never did reach, although it was not over ten minutes' walk distant from the hotel, and on one of the principal streets, and that the cause of all the row was his refusal to pay a full fare for the afternoon's ride around the city.

Before leaving the subject of Cairo we should be remiss if we failed to mention the Bahais who did so much to make our stay a pleasant one, and of whom I expect to have more to say at another time.

Leaving Cairo at six-fifteen p. m. we proceeded by rail to Kantara, on the Suez Canal, on the opposite side of which the military railroad, built by Lord Allenby during the late war, has its southern terminus.

After a round with the customs officials and a tiresome siege with the passport officers, we secured porters and started in search of the train for Haifa. This seemed to be a sort of mirage, but we trudged on in the darkness, crossed the bridge over the Suez Canal, were halted now and then by sentries, who scanned our passports, and after a hike of over half a mile, finally overtook a train of sleeping cars on a sandy siding, into which we climbed, completely exhausted, about midnight. The train was much better than we had expected, and the management seemed especially solicitous for the personal appearance of the traveling public, as it had neat little framed notices in the cars stating that "the conductor will brush and polish the shoes of the passengers if so requested." The white-jacketed porters, so familiar in American Pullmans, are here conspicuous

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by their absence, and although there are plenty of Ethiopians in this part of the world, they have not yet invaded the sleeping car payroll. The solitary conductor does not bother much about your tickets or anything else, and appears in the morning only long enough to make up your berth and collect the linen.

When traveling in a party, these European compartment cars are ideal, as you have absolute privacy, and no one disturbs you, even to announce the stations; it seems to be up to the passenger to keep track of the train's whereabouts, to see that he gets off at his proper station, and to do his own yelling for a porter to carry his luggage. But if your party is not large enough to fill the compartment, the case is entirely different, as you are likely to have your peace of mind and body disturbed by the pervasive and unsavory presence of the less desirable type of native, with his own ideas of ventilation.

In Palestine these International Wagon-Lits, or sleeping cars, are operated by a company whose full name is the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagon-Lits et des Grands Express Europeens*, and are fairly good-sized cars. They have to be, in order to get the name of the company on one side of the car without too much abbreviation, or the necessity arises for wrapping the rest of it around on the other side of the *voiture*. They have only one row of berths opening onto a side corridor running the full length of the car. In the daytime these coaches resemble the ordinary Continental cars, except that each pair of compartments has a little semi-circular

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built-in washroom, done in beveled glass and Lincrusta-Walton, a very convenient feature. The weakest thing about it is the water supply, as after two persons with tiny hands and a very small face have washed, the rest of the party must be content with using the damp end of the towel, unless they get out a search warrant for the conductor, who will obligingly furnish a small pitcherful of water. It is very necessary for the traveler in these parts to remember that he is supposed to supply himself with soap and towels, as in so doing he will automatically avoid a great deal of inconvenience. The reason given in Italy for the failure to provide these articles is that anything so easily removed never remains long in place. Such a condition is surprising in Rome, which once boasted the finest and largest baths in the world; but where the natives must have gotten washed up for all time, as the present indications show that bathing is not in vogue, soap and towels are kept under lock and key. But here in the Orient, where ablutions are a religious obligation and are required of the faithful five times a day (before prayers), we naturally expected better facilities. Indeed, we failed to see how this duty could be discharged unless, by special dispensation, the inhabitants were allowed to avail themselves of the religious regulations of the desert, where "the faithful are permitted to use sand for their religious ablutions"—a sort of dry wash!

Getting back to the car again: each compartment has two very comfortable berths, an upper and lower; but the regulations state that "each sleeping car cabin is

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available for three first-class passengers after eight a. m."—what becomes of the third passenger during the night-time, and whether he gets any sleep depends, I presume, on whether he is a stronger or a better man than either of the other two.

Fortunately the most unattractive part of the journey, that through the desert of El Tih, was accomplished during the night, and the next morning found us in the narrow, but fertile valley that skirts the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which at one time was the most frequented and fought-over section of the world, but is now a scene of ruin and desolation. Except at rare intervals there is nothing for miles and miles to indicate that this part of the world is even inhabited, and you begin to wonder if you have by mistake been switched off into some new and undiscovered country.

Being assured that we were really in Palestine, we began to look about for some signs of Zionists, who, we had been led by our home press to believe, were invading these parts in force. We continued to look long and earnestly all the way from the Suez Canal to the northern end of the Sea of Galilee for a glimpse of these colonists about to reclaim their native land, and make the desert and rocks of Palestine blossom like the rose. A week or so later, from Haifa to Tiberias, we did discover two or three instances of unusual activity. The English are busy installing a system of good roads in Palestine, so that something more than a donkey or a caravan of camels can move about from one place to another with some degree of speed, com-



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fort and safety. These roads are being built according to the specifications of John Macadam, and the rocks are broken up by husky young Jewesses, while the grading is done by their husbands, brothers and sweethearts, under the direction of English engineers. They seemed to be a happy and industrious lot, but rumor says that as soon as they draw down sufficient cash, they hasten to buy a return ticket for their former homes.

The only evidence of permanent colonization we saw was the little German settlements dotted here and there, which formed a pleasing contrast with the surrounding desolation and showed that industry and perseverance will work wonders even in this forsaken corner of the globe.

Our curiosity was aroused by a large pipe-line which we saw cropping out occasionally along the railroad south of Ludd, and learned that this was installed during the English military operations along with the railroad, and that water was now piped through it to Jerusalem, thus fulfilling the ancient prophecy that one day the sweet waters of the Nile would be conveyed to the Holy City.

After passing through the Plain of Philistia, the train halts at the railroad station of Ludd, about a mile distant from which lies the ancient city of Lydda, which should be especially interesting to all Englishmen, as it was the native place of St. George, the patron saint of England. His tomb is still shown in the old church, a sort of two-family house, as one end of the building belongs to the Greeks, while the other is walled off and used as a Mohammedan Mosque.

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Ludd is a prominent junction point, if nothing more. To the right lies Jerusalem, forty-two miles away, and to the left you can see the orange groves of Jaffa, twelve miles distant. These groves have unique burglar-proof, rust-proof fences composed of a dense growth of prickly pears.

Jaffa is the ancient Joppa, the place where Jonah is said to have set sail on his tempestuous voyage, and a few centuries before that was called Iopa, where, in mythological times, Andromeda was chained to the rocks to be devoured by the cruel monster, when Perseus happened along, killed the monster and proposed to the young lady. The surroundings were probably more romantic than they are now.

After leaving Ludd we enter the Plain of Sharon. Here and there we saw a solitary palm or fig-tree, or a pomegranate and a few clusters of low, black tents, indicating that some Arab was making a temporary home for himself with a few cattle grazing around him. When you see this you have seen about all that remains of the wonderful Plain of Sharon, of which Solomon sings so enthusiastically. And you find that the Rose of Sharon wasn't a rose after all, but a narcissus, and you relax and relapse into silence until the train approaches Caesarea, which we dimly remembered as the chief town of Judea in Roman times, having been built by Herod the Great in sumptuous style, and named for Augustus Caesar. It has lost every trace of its former grandeur, and for many years has been used only as a quarry for rock to be used in buildings elsewhere. It is

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inhabited only by a few Bosnian exiles, who manage somehow to live a quiet and secluded life among the ruins.

About twenty miles farther across the Plain of Sharon, we passed around the head of the Mt. Carmel of Biblical times and just under the caves of Elijah, and entered the Bay of Acre, at the southern end of which lies the beautiful little city of Haifa and at the northern extremity the historic City of Akka.

In size and shape it resembles our Santa Monica Bay, but here the resemblance ceases, as the country between these two cities is silent and deserted and there is nothing to indicate that about eight hundred years ago this spot was the battle ground of the Crusaders, and that at one time sixty thousand Christians were slain here or sold into slavery. In more recent times, Napoleon encamped on what is still known as Napoleon's Hill, and unsuccessfully besieged the City of Akka.

At last, after a jaunt of over ten thousand miles, not including the distance we had tramped through art galleries, museums and mosques, or journeyed by autos, cabs or other minor means of conveyance, which would be incredible if totaled, we reached what I supposed was the end of our journey; for Haifa is the home of Sir Abdul Baha, the head of the Bahai movement, whose influence is now being felt in every civilized country.

## IX

### *The New Bahai Temple*

One of the prime responsibilities of each member of our party during our journey eastward was to look to the safety of a certain roll, about six inches in diameter and four feet long, containing the plans and prospectus of the new Bahai Temple at Chicago, which was on its way to Abdul Baha, the master and head of the Bahai Movement.

Particular and exacting as that charge was at the time, it seems easy compared with the present task of attempting to describe what was contained in the precious roll.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize the fact that these plans were exquisite examples of architectural drawings, and the large water-color perspective a work of art; yet it was not until I returned to Chicago and saw the huge model of the building that I began to realize the wonderful beauty of this new creation, and even then it was necessary to become somewhat familiar with its symbolism to grasp its full significance.

This masterpiece is unique in that it represents in plastic form the teaching of the new Revelation—a concrete expression of a spiritual conception. It is safe to say that never before in the history of architecture has such a thing been attempted and executed with such complete and marked success.

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## *The New Bahai Temple*

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As is well known, all great religions have brought into existence a new type of architecture; so that architecture may be truthfully said to have been born in the temple. Each religion has also adopted or originated a certain figure or symbol; such as the *swastika*, the earliest religious symbol, used in prehistoric times from China to Western Africa; the *gammadion*, or voided Greek cross; the seal of Solomon, consisting of two triangles superposed and forming a six-rayed figure (also used by the Vedantists and Theosophists); the Mohammedan symbol of the crescent and five-pointed star, and finally, surpassing them all, the nine-pointed star, which is the symbol of the Bahais.

All of these emblems have been wrought into the decoration of this Temple, presenting a history of religious symbolism from the earliest times. Interwoven with them is a system of geometrical lines and figures, original with Mr. Bourgeois, by means of which he obtains an endless line, and as you look at his decoration you are reminded of the wave of sound evoked by the master from the violin—"an uninterrupted wave of crystallized sound!"

While one could truthfully say that this specimen of architecture is "frozen music," yet, on the other hand, it has extraordinary life and movement. It produces a variety of emotion in different onlookers, and while all agree that it is a marvelous creation, some go into raptures over it; while others are moved to tears. One of the greatest architects in New York has stated that "it is the first new idea in architecture since the thirteenth century."

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This Temple is to be called the *Mashreq' ul-Azkar* (also spelled *Mashrak El Azkar*), an Arabic term which means "the dawning place of the mentionings of God." A place of prayer and praise and one from which is to go forth actual and unselfish service to humanity.

In plan it resembles a nine-pointed star, the number nine being used by the Bahais as the symbol of this Revelation, as it contains all the others and is the sign of completion. The nine faces of the Temple are made on an inverted curve, which has the effect of two open arms inviting all who approach to enter. The nine entrance doors are at the center of each of these curves and symbolize the heart.

The crowning glory of the Temple is the massive and inspiring dome, on which is carved all the religious symbols; beginning at the base with the *swastika*, the Buddhists' symbol, the seal of Solomon, the Cross, the crescent and star, and finishing at the top with the nine-pointed star, the symbol of the Bahais, all wonderfully interwoven with geometrical tracery that gives it an indescribable richness and charm.

All of this decoration on the dome is not only carved, but is pierced or cut through, and will present, especially when illuminated, a piece of architectural lace work that will surpass anything of its kind in existence. This type of perforation was originated by Mr. Bourgeois and featured by him in California over twenty years ago.

The shape of the building reminds one of a bell, and it has been called "the new Liberty Bell, calling to dis-

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## *The New Bahai Temple*

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tressed and separated humanity." Others liken it to a beehive betokening activity in perfect order.

In the elevation of the Temple we are confronted with more symbolism, as it is built up in three stages, forming a trinity such as is found everywhere, in man and all the works of nature.

The architectural forms of the past have been worked into its design, the first story being reminiscent of the old Egyptian temples, with nine towers ornamented with exquisite tracery and perforated to form spiritual light-houses. The doors and windows are Romanesque in form with a touch of Gothic and Arabic tracery. The second story is Gothic in form, interlaced with Romanesque and early Byzantine motifs. The third story is Renaissance in treatment and leads up beautifully to the dome, the great and crowning feature of the building, ninety-five feet in diameter and one hundred and sixty-two feet high. Within this outer dome will be an inner dome of opalescent glass to take care of the rain or snow, a space of three feet to be left between them for electric light display at night and for a system of forced steam heating for melting snow and ice.

The nine towers of the first story, as well as the minarets of the second story, will also be perforated and illuminated at night. But the most spectacular electrical effect will be found at the apex of the dome, where the nine ribs come to a common point, representing hands joined together in prayer. These hands leave an open space between the fingers and thumbs from which powerful searchlights will throw nine beams

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of light into the sky, forming a nine-pointed star in space, visible for many miles.

From a psychologist's standpoint this Temple presents an interesting study, as Mr. Bourgeois declares he is "only the channel through which it came," and proceeded with the work only as it was given to him.

The first thing he did was the doors and windows of the first story, a wonderful piece of architectural design, symbolizing the descent of the Holy Spirit. After finishing this he got the entire form of the lower story and sketched it out in an hour's time, but he realized when the sketch was finished that the idea could not be properly expressed in a drawing on a flat surface. So he proceeded to make a plaster model. Then the second story dawned on him and he modeled that, but being deeply perplexed all the time as to whether it would be possible to design a suitable dome, one rich enough to complete the vision that had already been given him. Then the quiet and restful third story appeared, which added still more to his perplexity and brought several days of grave doubts as to his ability to produce a feature worthy to complete the structure. One morning he was awakened suddenly at three o'clock and saw before him the dome, which he hastened to sketch out.

Thus all the credit for this wonderful creation is given by the architect to a higher Power, which simply used him as an instrument, and much in the same way as he used his pencil and modeling tools.

One morning in the spring of 1901 (twenty years ago) Mr. Bourgeois and the writer were taking a stroll on



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the Mission Hills at Santa Barbara, California, when he related at some length that his mission in life was to build a large temple to be dedicated to Truth, which was to be surrounded by other buildings devoted to Art and Science and the welfare of humanity. Just where these buildings would be located he was not sure, but hoped it might be somewhere in sunny California.

A few months later I happened to call at the De Longpre residence at Hollywood and was shown by M. De Longpre two newspaper clippings reporting that our mutual friend had been taken to a sanitarium near Pittsburgh with pneumonia and three days later had passed on.

Having read all this in the Associated Press dispatches, I naturally believed it was true and was hardly prepared for the shock I received about eight months ago, when I saw in the Architectural Record an article on a new Bahai Temple at Chicago designed by Louis Bourgeois. So I lost no time in writing him to inquire if he had been here all this time, and requesting some sort of an explanation.

His reply was to the effect that he was still here, and planning a trip to Europe and Palestine, in which it was my good fortune to join and incidentally add to my experiences the richest chapter of my life.

But the strangest thing of all is that his dream, related to me twenty years ago, is being realized in the Bahai group now being erected at Wilmette, near Chicago.

From a human standpoint, the designing of this

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temple presents another interesting phase, as when the problem of designing the building presented itself, Mrs. Bourgeois volunteered to co-operate by buying a little notion store at West Englewood, New Jersey, where they were living, and while the artist-architect was working on the model she was occupied with selling ice cream and candy. Instead of being able to finish the model in a few months, as he at first thought, it required three years, but finally in an atmosphere of love and cheerful co-operation the great work reached a successful termination.

The model was designed for a building four hundred and fifty feet in diameter and three hundred and sixty feet high and would cost approximately twenty-five million dollars. The one now under construction in Chicago is on a smaller scale and will be one hundred and sixty-two feet in diameter, one hundred and sixty-two feet high and will cost about three million dollars. It will be situated on the only bluff in sight on Lake Michigan, in a plot of nine acres, which is circular on three sides. This will be inclosed by a wall five hundred feet in diameter and will be laid out in beautiful gardens having nine avenues and nine large basins of water with illuminated fountains. The water from these basins will be gathered into the center basin, facing Acca, Palestine, and will then be cascaded into the lake forty feet below. This cascade will also be illuminated at night.

The municipality of Wilmette has purchased the land adjoining the site of the Temple for park purposes, so

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## *The New Bahai Temple*

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that it will have a park on one side and the circular part will face on the great Lake.

Around the Temple it is proposed to erect accessory buildings devoted to the study and propagation of the arts and sciences, and, as Abdul Baha says, "when these institutions, college, hospital, hospice and establishments for the incurables, university for the study of higher sciences and advanced educational courses and various philanthropic buildings, are built, its doors will be open to all nations and all religions. There will be drawn absolutely no line of demarcation. Its charities will be dispensed irrespective of color and race. Its gates will be flung wide to mankind, prejudice toward none, love for all. The central building will be devoted to the purposes of prayer and worship. Thus for the first time religion will become harmonized with science and science will be the handmaid of religion, both showering their material and spiritual gifts on all humanity."

To one who is not familiar with the Bahai movement, the question naturally arises as to what it means and what is behind it all.

As I had the great honor and pleasure of meeting Abdul Baha, and having several interviews with him, I have taken the opportunity of investigating the Bahai teachings.

## X

### *What the Bahai Movement Is*

In the teachings of the Bahais we find nothing radical or revolutionary. They do not seek to introduce new forms or ceremonies and have nothing mysterious, occult or abstruse about them. One looks in vain to find anything that must be accepted "on faith," such as is defined by the little Sunday School girl as the "act of trying to make yourself believe what you know is not true!"

It is not an organization and has no paid clergy. It is not an attempt to supplant or supersede any of the old established religions, but is rather an inclusive movement that numbers among its adherents members of every known religion and creed, and is represented by people from every civilized country on the globe.

Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Theosophists, Freemasons, Spiritualists, all find their highest aims in this cause, as it contains the essence of the highest ideals of the present century.

It is constructive rather than iconoclastic and its teachings are based on twelve principles, laid down by Baha Ullah about sixty years ago, and expounded by his son, Abdul Baha, known in the Orient as "the Master" and the "Center of the Covenant." He says of them:

"All the teachings which have been given during past days are to be found in the Revelation of Baha Ullah, but in addition to these this Revelation has certain new

teachings which are not to be found in any of the religious books of the past."

## THE TWELVE BAHAI PRINCIPLES

- 1 **The Oneness of Mankind.**—"Baha Ullah addresses himself to mankind, saying: 'Ye are the leaves of one tree and the drops of one ocean.' That is, the world of human existence is no other than one tree, and the nations or people are like unto different branches thereof. Thus Baha Ullah presented the fact of the oneness of the world of humanity, while in the religious books of the past humanity has been divided into two parts, one part looked upon as belonging to the faithful, the other as belonging to the irreligious or infidel; the first assigned to the Mercy of their Creator, the second considered objects of the Creator's wrath. But Baha Ullah proclaimed the oneness of the world of humanity—he submerged all mankind in the sea of Divine Generosity."
- 2 **Independent Investigation of Truth.**—"Men are commanded not to follow blindly the ways of their ancestors. Nay, each must see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears, investigating the Truth for himself that he may attain the Truth by himself."
- 3 **The Foundation of All Religions Is One.**—"The foundations of all the Religions of God are one and the same foundation, and that Oneness is the Truth, and the Truth is One, and cannot be made subject to division and plurality."

- 4 Religion Must Be the Cause of Unity.**—"Religion must be the cause of unity, harmony and accord amongst men. If Religion be the cause of inharmony, or leads men to separate themselves each from the other, creating conflict between them—then Baha Ullah declares that irreligion is better than Religion."
- 5 Religion Must Be in Accord With Science and Reason.**—"If a religion is not in conformity with science and reason, then it is superstition. Down to the present day it has been customary to accept a thing because it was called religion, even though it were not in accord with human reason."
- 6 Equality Between Men and Women.**—"The world of humanity has two wings—one is woman and the other man. Not until both wings are equally developed can the bird fly. Not until the world of women becomes equal to the world of men in the acquisition of virtues and perfections can success and prosperity be attained as they ought to be."
- 7 Prejudice of All Kinds Must Be Forgotten.**—"Prejudice and fanaticism—be it religious, sectarian, denominational or patriotic—is destructive to the foundation of human solidarity; wherefore, men should release themselves from such bonds in order that the oneness of the world of humanity may become manifest."
- 8 Universal Peace.**—"All men and nations should make Peace, that there shall be a Universal Peace amongst

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## *What the Bahai Movement Is*

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governments, Universal Peace amongst Religions, Universal Peace amongst races."

**9 Universal Education.**—"All mankind—men and women everywhere—should acquire secular and spiritual knowledge. The education of each child is obligatory. If there are no parents, the community must look after the child."

**10 Solution of the Economic Problems.**—"Just as the rich man enjoys his rest and his pleasures surrounded by luxuries, the poor man must likewise have a home, be provided with sustenance, and not be in want. Until this is effected happiness is impossible."

**11 An International Auxiliary Language.**—"An international auxiliary language shall be adopted which shall be taught by all the schools and academies of the world. A committee appointed by national bodies shall select a suitable language to be used as a means of international communication and taught in all the schools, in order that everyone shall need but two languages, his national tongue and the international auxiliary language."

**12 An International Tribunal.**—"A universal tribunal under the power of God, under the protection of all men, shall be established. Each one must obey the decisions of this tribunal, in order to arrange the difficulties of every nation."

The above meagre outline presents the Principles proclaimed by Baha Ullah, something like fifty years ago,

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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before Esperanto, the League of Nations, Woman's Suffrage or the Inter-Allied Church Movement had entered on the stage of human affairs, much less been permitted to take their places anywhere near the forefront.

That they present a practical and much-needed platform, no fair-minded person can reasonably deny, and that they provide a satisfactory working basis is proved by the fact that in the Orient the many adorers of the Sacred Cow and their mortal enemies who abominate the unclean Pig have forgotten their animosities and, under the Bahai standard, are living and working together in perfect peace and harmony. It has erected a new *Mashreq*, or meeting place, into which all parties and sects can enter and comfortably lay aside their prejudices.

In our various interviews with Abdul Baha he laid especial emphasis on the necessity of actually "living the life," instead of talking about it or holding beautiful but barren beliefs.

He has laid down the following rules for the guidance of those who wish to become Bahais:

To be no cause of grief to anyone.

To be kind to all people and to love them with a pure spirit.

Should opposition or injury happen to us, to bear it, to be as kind as ever we can be, and through all, to love the people. Should the direst calamity descend, to rejoice, for these things are the gifts and favors of God.



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## *What the Bahai Movement Is*

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To be silent concerning the faults of others, to pray for them, and to help them, through kindness, to correct their faults.

To look always at the good and not at the bad. If a man has ten good qualities and one bad one, look at the ten and forget the one. And if a man has ten bad qualities and one good one, to look at the one and forget the ten.

Never to allow ourselves to speak one unkind word about another, even though the other be our enemy.

To do all our deeds in kindness.

To cut our hearts from ourselves and from the world.

To be humble.

To be servants of each other and to know that we are less than anyone else.

To be as one soul in many bodies; for the more we love each other, the nearer we shall be to God; but to know that our love, our unity, our obedience must not be by confession, but of reality.

To act with cautiousness and wisdom.

To be truthful.

To be hospitable.

To be reverent.

To be a cause of healing of every sick one, a comforter for every sorrowful one, a pleasant water for every thirsty one, a heavenly table for every hungry one, a star to every horizon, a light for every lamp, a herald to everyone who yearns for the kingdom of God.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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There is a vast amount of literature on the Bahai cause, which is very interesting as well as instructive, and yet only a small portion of it has been translated into English, as the Persian imagery and idiom can hardly be expressed in a language which is devoid of suitable words to express the exact meaning of the original.

The works of Baha Ullah are written in the Oriental style, and abound in beautiful imagery; while those of Abdul Baha are clear and concise and can easily be understood by the Occidental mind.

Judging by the nature of the questions which have been asked me regarding the Bahai Movement, it would seem that many persons expect some new kind of philosophy, or mystic "something-new" religion—evidently overlooking the fact that there is not so much need for a "new" religion as there is for a renewal and revitalization of the old essential teachings. All the great teachers taught practically the same thing—simply suiting their message to the needs of the people for whom it was intended, depending on the stage of their development.

"In the first outpouring all creeds and religions  
Were pure, and full of the power of the spirit.  
Then comes the act of human defilement;  
What was good became base, the pure perverted,  
The robe of Truth is embroidered with tinsel,  
And outward form replaces true worship."

The Bahai cause has been epitomized by Baha

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## *What the Bahai Movement Is*

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Ullah in the following quotation, which has become a classic:

"We desire but the good of the world and the happiness of the nations; that all nations should become one in faith and all men as brothers; that the bonds of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened; that diversity of religion should cease, and differences of race be annulled.

"These fruitless strifes, these ruinous wars, shall pass away, and the 'Most Great Peace' shall come. Yet do we see our kings and rulers lavishing their treasures more freely on means for the destruction of the human race than on that which would conduce to the happiness of mankind. These strifes and this bloodshed and discord must cease and all men be as one kindred and one family. \* \* \* Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, *that he loves his kind.*"

## XI

### *Haifa to Tiberias*

On reaching Haifa, our sense of the romantic received a jolt, as we were conveyed from the railroad station to the Pilgrimage House in the small kind of "touring-car-made-in-Detroit," making us feel that we had not traveled very far after all, and that this particular kind of car was getting to be like "the poor, who are always with us."

At the Pilgrimage House we were the guests of Sir Abdul Baha Abbas, who happened to be just then at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee. We were in doubt as to whether any or all of us were to continue on our way to Tiberias, or whether he would return to Haifa. But two days later a messenger from him arrived with instructions for us to visit Behje and the Tomb of Baha Ullah on the following Monday, and the day after that for all of our party to proceed to Tiberias.

The intervening day being Sunday, we attended services at the Tomb of the Bab, which is located on the side of Mt. Carmel, just above the city of Haifa. Here we heard real Oriental chanting for the first time. Listening to this kind of weird and spontaneous music was a new experience for us, and had a thrilling effect on our Occidental ears. It was rendered particularly impressive by the wonderful manner of Sheik Mohamed Ali, who officiated on that occasion.

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## *Haifa to Tiberias*

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On Monday morning we took the train for the historic city of Acca (also spelled Akka, and located about ten miles from Haifa), which, in the time of the Crusaders was a royal city and the port of the Kings of Jerusalem. It is located at the northern end of the Bay of Acre, along whose shores are found the Murex shells, from which the ancient Tyrians extracted their famous purple dye.

On reaching Acca we decided to walk to Behje, a distance of about two miles, across a level plain, luxuriant with large crimson poppies and other wild flowers; but like nearly all the country of Palestine, devoted merely to pasturage and the convenience of the Arab herders, whose low, black tents are scattered here and there throughout the valleys.

Just before reaching Behje, we met a caravan of camels under the ruined arches of an old Roman aqueduct, and passed a watering trough where a group of women were doing their laundry, just as they have been in the habit of doing for several thousand years. Herds of goats were browsing around among some old ruins, the ensemble presenting a pastoral scene that would please the heart of an artist; but a scene that had formed the original set several thousand years ago.

On reaching Behje, which is a town in name only, we saw the old Governor's palace, where Baha Ullah was allowed to pass the last few years of his earthly life, and near which is his tomb, a place to which pilgrims resort from all parts of the world.

From Behje we crossed the plains and continued

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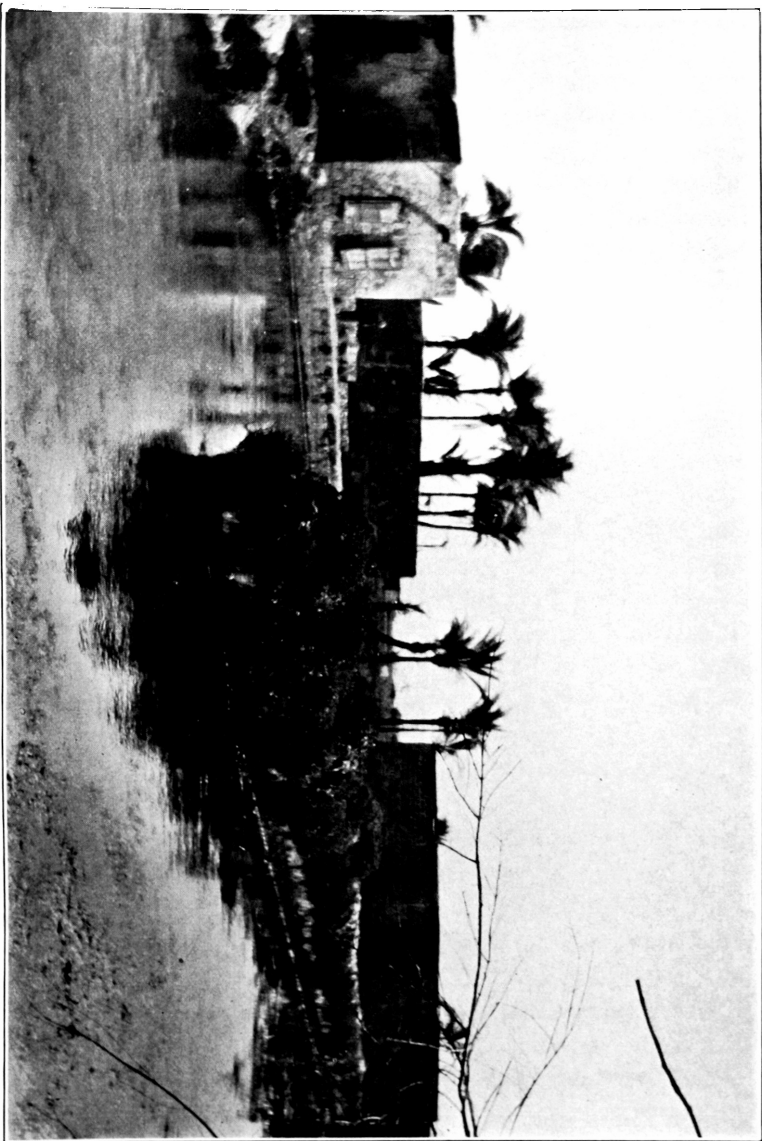
## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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around Napoleon's Hill, from which the Little Corporal unsuccessfully bombarded Acca in 1799, finally reaching the Garden of Rizwan. This is a beautiful spot, though now somewhat neglected. Here Baha Ullah composed some of his later writings, in a small room over which towers a wonderful rose tree, the finest and largest specimen I have ever seen. It is indeed a place of peace and quietude. A little stream runs through the Garden, and with the bright flowers, "the gnarled and antlered trees" and the clear blue sky above, the place was worthy of its name, *Rizwan*—a Persian word meaning Paradise.

From Haifa we traveled by train to Semakh, a small, mud-hutted town on the southern end of the Sea of Galilee, passing through the Plain of Esdraelon, near the village where Deborah once held forth and within a few miles of Nazareth, which lies among the hills to the north.

After jogging along for about twenty-five miles, we entered the valley of the River Jordan, a fertile but almost entirely uncultivated valley, through which the rickety train meanders, passing the "Ford at the Crossing," where John the Baptist exercised his ministry. We finally reached Semakh, about six hundred and eighty feet below the level of the Mediterranean. At this point we transferred to a motor boat, and after a two hours' ride on the Sea of Galilee, arrived at Tiberias, a town built by Herod nineteen hundred years ago, and dedicated to the Emperor Tiberius. It was once the chief city of the Province of Galilee and boasted many hand-



GARDEN OF RIZWAN, NEAR HAIFA





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## *Haifa to Tiberias*

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some buildings; but it is now greatly reduced in size, having a population of about four thousand souls, three-fourths of whom are Jews.

The Hot Baths, located about a mile or so south of the town, and mentioned in the Old Testament as the Baths of Hammath, are the city's principal attraction. They are celebrated as an infallible cure for rheumatism, and anyone who has nerve enough to back up his faith, risking a bath in the place, deserves to be cured. Visitors from the hotel generally visit these Baths at six o'clock in the morning, as soon as the doors are open, for shortly after that the natives begin to flock in, and by noon the curative powers of the water have been tested to the limit, and the pool has reached something near the point of saturation.

The second day after our arrival at Tiberias, Mr. B— and I decided to visit Magdala, which is about four and one-half miles away. Wishing to avoid an hour's haggling about rates, we asked the livery man to name his lowest price at once, which he gave at one hundred and seventy-five *piastres* (seven dollars in U. S. money). When we called the deal off and started away, he followed us for a block, wildly begging us to make him an offer, after he had insisted that his first price was bed-rock. His exorbitant demand reminded us of the story they tell of a wealthy retired Irishman from Jerusalem, or elsewhere, who was visiting these parts and wanted to see the exact spot where they walked on the water in Bible times. He arranged with a boatman to row him out for two dollars, but when he was ready to

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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return was told that the price would be ten dollars, at which he threw up both his hands and exclaimed: "No wonder they walked on the water in those days!"

Anyway, to make a long story short, Mr. B— canceled his part of the trip and I was forced to shoulder my camera and proceed along the highway which skirts the shore of the lake to Mejdal, or Magdala, the birth-place of Mary Magdalene. At present this is a wretched village of about twenty mud huts and less than half a dozen houses of stone which might be classed as residences. Winding through the village was a dusty road filled with dirty half-clad urchins who assailed me with persistent cries of "*bakshish!*"

Just at the entrance to the village a native was making a half-hearted attempt at cultivating a patch of tomatoes with a wooden plough attached to a diminutive donkey, while the partner of his joys and sorrows was crouched down on the newly ploughed ground and showing no interest in anything in particular. Just beyond the village is a small plain—the one to which Jesus repaired after performing the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Some distance to the left of Magdala, on the cliffs, are the ancient caverns of Arbela, once the stronghold of robbers which Herod the Great overcame by lowering cages filled with soldiers down into their stronghold. The level plain below is the Land of Gennesaret.

In the distance, rising out of the fertile plain, is a curiously shaped volcanic hill, having on its summit two peaks or horns, now called Karn Hattin, or Horns of

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## *Haifa to Tiberias*

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Hattin, said to be the place where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered. On the steep hillside, close by, a flock of goats was clambering around, occasionally jarring loose a shower of stones that rattled down into the roadway. Over the tops of the hills a few buzzards were circling around; along the hilly road that follows the shore of the lake an occasional rider was to be seen, jogging along on a small donkey and driving two or three others, or a couple of camels could be seen leisurely carrying produce to the markets of Tiberias. Farther along towards the northern end of the lake is another small plain, dotted at present with the white tents of a small military camp, which is said to have been the scene of the Feeding of the Five Thousand.

In the middle of the Plain of Gennesaret, which is about three miles long and one mile wide, could be seen indications of a new era which is dawning over this wonderfully fertile but long-neglected region. Here were detachments of tanned and husky young men with pick and shovel, grading for a new system of good roads, while groups of equally muscular young women were seated on long piles of rock which they were successfully pulverizing for the macadam surface. On the grade at the farther end of the valley were long trains of horses and military wagons, winding over the hills to a new location.

On the following day Abdul Baha placed his carriage at our disposal and we drove again through this country and around the northern end of the lake to Bethsaida and almost to Capernaum. We were informed that

plans have been made for a new city on the site of Bethsaida, commanding a wonderful view down the lake, which is over twelve miles long and six miles wide at its widest point; but at present all is desolation.

In visiting these places the traveler who is familiar with the Scriptures will recall the words of the Saviour, who said: "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done unto you had been done in Tyre or Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. \* \* \* And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell."

As we looked about us we concluded that this prophecy had been literally fulfilled, and "the line of confusion" successfully stretched over this entire region.

## XII

### *Interviews With Abdul Baha*

Before going further it might be well to explain that the three outstanding figures in the Bahai world are Ali Muhammad, known as the Bab (meaning the Door or Gate); Huseyn Ali of Nur, afterwards called Baha Ullah (pronounced Buh-hah Oo-lah, accented on the second and fourth syllables and meaning the "Glory of God"), and Abdul Baha (pronounced Ahb-dool Buh-hah, accented on the first and last syllables, and meaning literally "Slave or Servant of the Glory"). The latter is the son of Baha Ullah, and is the present head of the movement.

Among the Bahais these three personages are regarded respectively as the Messenger, the Manifestation and the Expounder of the cause. Of these, the first was martyred in 1850 at the age of thirty, in the public square at Tabriz; the second, Beha Ullah, after being persecuted and imprisoned for nearly forty years, finally departed this life in May, 1892, at Behje, near Acca, where he is buried. Before his death he appointed his son, Abdul Baha to be the "Center of the Covenant," and authorized Expounder of his writings. The only claim that Abdul Baha makes for himself is that he is a great educator, and the Servant of God in this Revelation.

Sir Abdul Baha Abbas (as he was recently knighted by the English government), was born in Teheran,

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*A Modern Pilgrimage*

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Persia, May 23, 1844, and is consequently in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He is a genial, kindly man of medium size, somewhat stooped, with long, snow-white hair and beard. His face is browned and seamed with many lines that at first would seem to indicate a man of more advanced age; but in his movements he is active and alert, while his majestic bearing gives one the impression that he is a person of prominence and power. You are immediately attracted by his large grey eyes that have a kindly, but searching look, and seem to take in everything at a glance. His mental and physical faculties are in full vigor. He wears a long, brown robe of silk and camel's wool, with wide, flowing sleeves, and his massive head is crowned with a pure white turban. In speech he is ready and apt; his expressions concise and exact, and his genial talks lead up to a point and convey a lesson, which his hearers cannot fail to grasp.

During the early stages of our trip I had entertained vague hopes that I might see this important person (as I had not yet received permission to visit him), and often wondered if I would really meet him. You can imagine my surprise when I was invited to daily interviews with him during our short stay in Tiberias, and the honor I felt in being accorded a private interview of three-quarters of an hour's duration.

When ushered into his presence, you are greeted with a kindly smile and "How are you?"—in English, strongly accented on the second word. If you reply, "Very well!" he laughingly repeats it in Persian, which is very like the English expression, and invites you to be seated;

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## *Interviews With Abdul Bahai*

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after which he usually inquires of each one, "Are you well and happy?" Then, after a few preliminary remarks, he begins his talk, which lasts from twenty to thirty minutes. You listen, or answer the questions directed to you, until he has finished, when he rises, shakes hands all around, and ends the interview. As he speaks very little English, his talks are in Persian, and translated by his secretary, Azizullah, who has a ready command of English as well as Persian, Arabic and other languages.

In the first interview, which was given in his room in the tower of the hotel at Tiberias, he commented on the beauty of the scenery of Palestine, and related how the Lord told Abraham that it was the finest in the world and if there was anything better He would have given it to him. He then likened it to California, its climate, the contour of the hills, its flowers and foliage being much the same, and in this respect he called California "the Holy Land of America." He concluded his talk with the story of the man who wanted to become a Bahai.

Some years ago, he said, he was traveling through Persia, in company with several others, one of whom was a merchant known to him as a man of rather questionable reputation. The caravan stopped at a certain town, and numbers of the people flocked out to meet Abdul Baha. From there they proceeded to another town, where more people came out to meet him; then to another town, where the same thing was repeated. After this had occurred a number of times, and everywhere crowds of people had invariably rushed out to

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

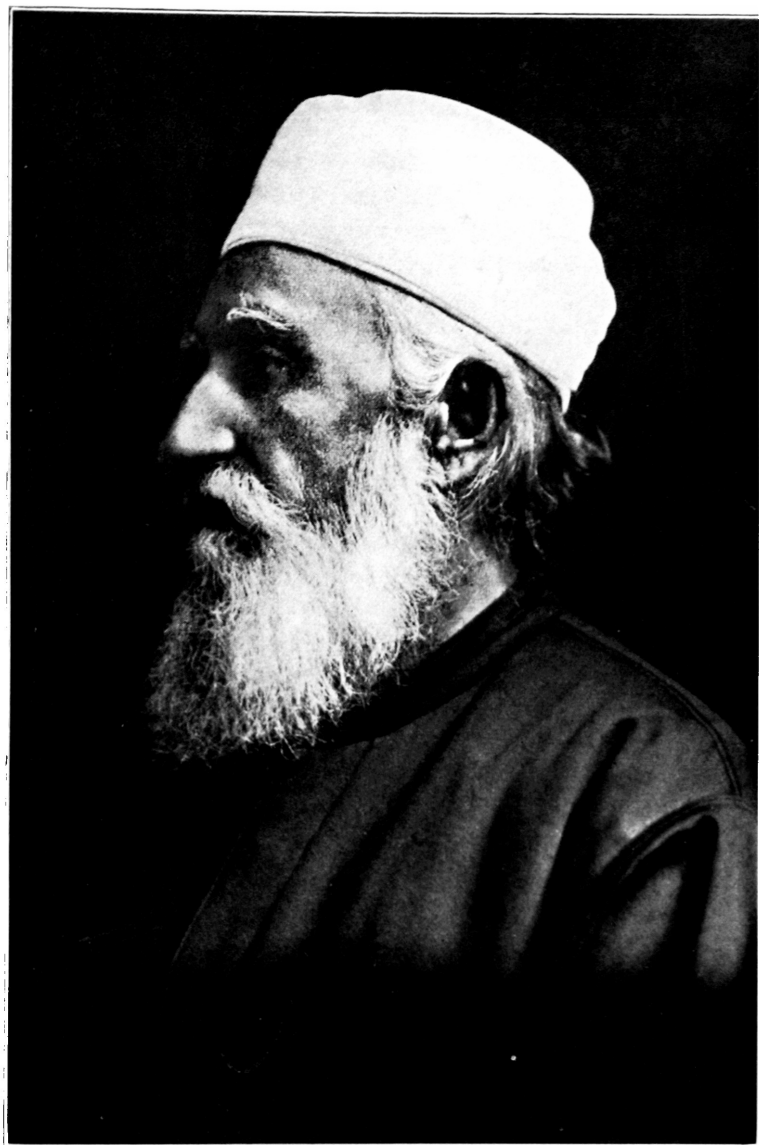
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meet him, the merchant called him aside and told him he wished to become a Bahai. On being asked why, he said, "You are a Bahai, and wherever you go great crowds of people flock out to meet you, while no one comes to meet me; so I wish to become a Bahai." Asked if that was the real reason, he replied, "I also think it will help my business, as I will have all these people come to meet me." Then Abdul Baha told him, "Do not become a Bahai. It is better for you to remain as you are."

The moral to this little story was too obvious to need any explanation.

The next day Abdul Baha spoke of the essential and non-essential things of life and illustrated his remarks with the story of the young Arab woman who preferred not to live in the city. It seems that a wealthy man who was traveling through the desert happened to meet a young Arab woman, and being struck with her youth and beauty, begged her to accompany him to the city, offering her many inducements to do so. Among other things, he offered to adorn her person with silk and costly raiment, promising that she should have the daintiest and most expensive morsels to eat; a beautiful palace to live in, and servants to wait upon her. After he had exhausted his glowing arguments, the young Arab woman laughed at him and said, "Why should I be a prisoner, and shut myself up in your expensive walls? Why should I worry with your silks and fine raiment? Here I am happy and have all that I need. The whole blue sky is above me, and I have the pure





ABDUL BAHÁ



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## *Interviews With Abdul Bahai*

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air to breathe. Why should I give up my freedom?"

Early one morning I visited Magdala, and returning at about eleven o'clock I noticed that Abdul Baha was seated alone in the parlor of the hotel. As I passed, he came to the door and beckoned me to enter. While he was saying, "Come in!" his gestures indicated the opposite direction; but as I had been informed beforehand of this lack of co-ordination in his signals, I entered. After the usual salutations, he called in his secretary and said, "You have been to Magdala! How did you like it? If you had expressed the desire, I would have placed my carriage at your disposal." He marveled that I had walked so far; but I explained that on the steamer we had made it a practice to walk twenty miles each day, in order to keep in good condition. He took a handful of shells which I had just picked up on the beach near Magdala, and commented on their beauty and then inquired if I would like to hear the history of Mary Magdalene. On being assured that I would, especially from him, he proceeded to relate the history, which in substance is as follows:

Magdala, the little village I had just visited, was the birthplace of Mary, known as the Magdalene. She was a beautiful girl in the habit of coming often to Tiberias, where at that time many Roman soldiers were located. Here she attracted the attention of a young Roman officer, with whom she later lived on terms of intimacy. In the course of time, this officer was transferred to Rome, and was advanced to a position of trust in the affairs of the Roman Empire—being well liked and en-

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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joying the favor of the Emperor. After his departure from Tiberias, the well-known events occurred that changed the life of Mary. She forsook her former life, embraced the faith and became an ardent Christian.

In those days, immediately following the crucifixion, the Jews were being severely persecuted by the Romans, and Mary was chosen to go to Rome and intercede for them. On her arrival at Rome, one of the first persons she met was the young officer who had been her lover in Tiberias, and who was overjoyed at seeing her—thinking that her great love for him had induced her to make the long journey. He lost no time in inviting her to come with him; but she refused, saying that she was not the same woman he had known at Tiberias. He then inquired why she had come to Rome if not to see him? To which she replied, "To see the Roman Emperor!" This somewhat astounded the young officer, who thought she was making sport with him. Finally she convinced him of her sincerity by telling him all that had happened in the Holy Land since his departure, how she had repented of her former life and become a Christian. The young man was so touched by her recital that he offered to secure an interview for her with the Emperor. This, on account of his high position, he was able to do, and in a few days she entered the presence of the Emperor, who met her kindly and inquired what he could do for her. To which she replied, "For myself, I want nothing." Somewhat perplexed, he asked why she had sought an interview with him, and she answered, "I have come to ask you in the

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## *Interviews With Abdul Baha*

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name of the Christians to stop the persecutions of the Jews in Palestine." The Emperor exclaimed, "I have been doing this as a favor to the Christians—to punish the Jews for crucifying your Christ!" But Mary assured him that the Christians did not want this; that their religion was based on love—not revenge.

This idea was so new to the Emperor that he asked her to explain to him more about this strange new creed, and in the end agreed to comply with her request. At the close of the interview, the Emperor ordered her to be well cared for, and showed her many honors during her stay in Rome.

"This," said Abdul Baha, in closing, "shows the power of the Spirit. Here was a poor and ignorant woman, who in her youth had been a girl of the street and respected by no one, but whose life had been transformed and illumined by the Spirit. From a lowly station she had been elevated by the power of the Spirit, until she was received and honored by an Emperor. Other things pass away, but the power of the Spirit is sure and eternal!"

His talk the following day was on the folly of devoting one's life simply to the accumulation of money. As an illustration he cited an incident that occurred during his visit to New York City in 1912:

A noted banker had been making a collection of rare Persian and Oriental manuscripts and invited Abdul Baha to come at a certain hour and give him an opinion as to whether or not they were genuine. At the appointed time he was conducted to the banker's library

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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and soon after his arrival was informed by a messenger that his host was detained, but would arrive presently. After some time, a second messenger arrived, expressing his regrets that an urgent business meeting had prevented the banker from arriving on time, but that he would come very soon. Then Abdul Baha said that he was sorry he could not remain longer, as he, too, was a busy man.

"Thus," he said, "a man who is spending his time trying to amass great riches, is not a free man, but is a slave to his wealth. After all, if wealth was the principal thing, then Christ would have devoted His life to money-getting, as He had a brain undoubtedly equal to the task; but He realized that other things are of more consequence, and that the things of the Spirit are the only ones that are eternal."

In our final interview the next morning, he spoke of the pleasure our visit had given him. He wished us success in our work and promised to pray for us in the silent hours of the night. He urged us to go forth with renewed courage, and a determination to live a life of service; to be kind to everyone regardless of color, race or condition; to be "a cause of healing for every sick one, a comforter for every sorrowful one, a pleasant water for every thirsty one, a heavenly table for every hungry one, and a herald to everyone who yearns for the Kingdom of God."

### XIII

## *Snapshots on the Sea of Galilee*

Before taking final leave of the Province of Galilee, I wish to sketch in two or three more details to help complete the picture and possibly add a bit of local color.

One afternoon I strolled down in that section where the native bazaars pollute the city of Tiberias, incidentally breaking into some Moslem's filthy backyard in order to get a better view of a tall palm tree, that had been pointed out to us by Abdul Baha from the hotel window, as marking the spot where Jesus called Peter to follow Him and "become a fisher of men."

I wandered on down the narrow and tortuous lanes, when suddenly I saw approaching me a feminine fashion-plate that looked like a recent importation from New York or Los Angeles. A jaunty wide-brimmed hat and a swagger-stick completed an animated picture which was making the lazy Orientals sit up and take notice. I was somewhat dazed at first, but managed to keep on my way until I arrived at the outskirts of the city, where I found a film factory, with a crowd of real camels, donkeys and other Oriental accessories. I concluded that the vision I had just met in the bazaars was a movie queen returning from a day's work devoted to Art and the Unspeakable Drama!

As there was a fine view of the lake from the hills back of the hotel, I was in the habit of strolling up there just before dinner, and had noticed on several occasions a wild

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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young Arab woman flying up the road ahead of me and disappearing in a patch of greenery. When my curiosity was sufficiently aroused, I made a closer investigation. I found the young lady in question had cross-eyes and carried a carving knife, with which she cut stalks of chicory, seated herself and proceeded with her "*al fresco*" meal. In a few minutes the repast was finished and she was tripping back to the city as happy as a lark gorged with lady-bugs. This little incident offered a solution of a problem we had often discussed, as to how any man on an ordinary income could support a respectable sized harem in these days of expensive living. It was now easy to see that a fairly large harem might be maintained very reasonably, provided they were properly trained and satisfied with such a simple vegetarian diet as the lady under discussion.

That the women of the Orient are trained, whether properly or not, was borne out in several other instances. It was not unusual to see the lord and master of the household riding into Tiberias on a runty mouse-colored donkey, seated far back on the animal's rump, his swinging sockless feet encased in loose flapping slippers, while one of his wives (I presume the favorite one), was trotting along barefooted at the animal's heels, and carrying the master's high red boots, to be worn when he reached the city.

The women of Tiberias, aided by a liberal supply of empty five-gallon oil cans, also provide a pipe line to convey water from the lake for domestic purposes. As this water brigade is kept in action all day long, and there is plenty of water in the lake, the question of a water supply seems to be settled to the satisfaction of the Tiberians. In some cases of great



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*Snapshots on the Sea of Galilee*

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urgency, some of these women balance a five-gallon can of water on their heads, and carry one in each hand.

For the sake of ease and convenience the family washing is still carried down to the lake, where the clothes are rubbed and pounded on the rocks. Some modern conveniences are, however, gradually coming into use, as the dining-room of our hotel had two or three windows equipped with fly screens and one screened door, which was always kept open. But the flies are not yet accustomed to these innovations, refusing to leave the dining-room through the open door, and preferring to fall in the soup or decorate the flypaper doilies on the tables and window sills.

One evening, which happened to be the seventeenth of March, we were seated on the hotel terrace enjoying a post-prandial smoke, when an unusual commotion arose just around the corner. This was followed by wierd singing and a little later developed into a torchlight procession, consisting of candles, kerosene lamps and torches, and illuminating a lot of red "tarbushes." All we could get out of the natives was, "The birthday!" and we wondered if the Patron Saint of Ireland was also revered in this Province. Later in the evening some guests at the hotel returned, and we learned from them the rest of the story. It seems that they had been invited to attend a wedding feast at the home of a prominent Moslem just back of the hotel. This Moslem, who was very rich, was also a fine mathematician, and he had figured it out that by giving this wedding feast on the night of Mahomed's birthday, one lot of lights and refreshments would answer for both occasions. So while some were celebrating his offspring's

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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wedding, the others could commemorate the birth of the Prophet, and all at a minimum of expense.

There is a large, though somewhat dilapidated, Turkish mosque in Tiberias, located about half a block from our hotel. The second morning after our arrival, I was startled by an unearthly cry and jumped up, thinking that perhaps the premises were on fire. Finally I traced the outcry to the *muezzin*, who, from the top of his minaret, was sending his call to prayers to the four quarters of the earth. How many of the faithful heeded, performed their ablutions and recited their prayers, it is impossible to state, as there was not any visible response.

Another unique character was a young Turkish bootblack, who had a little box affair just inside the front door of the hotel, but who spent most of his time sitting in an automobile parked outside, droning a Turkish love song which contained one thousand or more verses. On the foot rest of his box he had a little call bell which he jingled as he finished each shoe. He was always ready with a broad smile as he pocketed your two pieces of money, and whether they were half *piastres* or whole ones seemed to make no difference, provided there were two of them.

With all its drawbacks and lack of modern conveniences, Tiberias is an interesting and pleasant place to visit, and if the plans of the English are allowed to mature, the place will some day come into its own. Plans have already been made for a new city to be located back of the present one. A new wharf is to be built, and when the system of good roads is finished, the city will undoubtedly take on new life. As to the old part of the town, it is in such a wretched condition that

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*Snapshots on the Sea of Galilee*

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its only hope lies in liberal quantities of dynamite. The only wonder is that something stronger and more dangerous than malaria is not germinated within its unsanitary borders. But the surrounding scenery is fine and the lake is beautiful, although at times it can become quite rough and tempestuous, as we discovered the day after our arrival, when the cold wind whistled down from the snow-covered peaks of Mt. Hermon, which stands on the northern boundary of Palestine, about fifty miles away. In a few hours the lake was too rough for navigation, and continued so for a couple of days, so there is no doubt about its ability to put up a good storm on short notice. For my part, I was rather glad of the disagreeable weather; we had already been treated to a jolly good fog in London, and were fortunate enough to witness, a few weeks later, a real storm on the Sea of Galilee.

## XIV

### *From the Sea of Galilee to Jerusalem*

Our three hours' ride by train from Semakh to Haifa was not exactly hilarious, owing to the fact that we had become very damp during our trip across the lake. Although the boat was provided with a roof and side curtains, they had both seen better days, and the rain seemed to collect and form little rills that trickled down on the passengers who were closely packed inside.

The next morning was showery, but I decided to take a chance and visit the Caves of Elijah, as his adventure with the ravens was one memory of my Sunday-school days which had made an indelible impression. Although it is recorded that the affair occurred at the brook Cherith, near Jerusalem, I realized that there might have been an encore elsewhere; at any rate the Latin Carmelites seemed to think so, as they have built quite a large monastery over the cave—the entrance to which is under the high altar.

At the side of the mountain, which is about five hundred feet high, are several other large caves, one of which is called the Cave of the Prophets, where Elijah hid "one hundred of the Lord's prophets by fifty and fed them with bread and water." In some of these caves are wonderfully constructed cisterns, but as the monks explained that there has been a continuity of religious guardians to this mountain since the time of Elijah, it seems highly probable that these cisterns were hollowed out of the solid rock at a later date, perhaps by the Greek hermits who located there about 400 A. D.

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## *From the Sea of Galilee to Jerusalem*

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The interior of the caves shows that the mountain is composed of limestone in stratas about a foot in thickness, which are marked by thin veins or nodules of flint.

The Holy Family are supposed to have rested somewhere near here on their flight to Egypt, and it is often mentioned by the writers of the Old Testament—Solomon comparing the beauty of his spouse to the summit of this mountain.

The place seems to be regaining some of the "excellence" ascribed to it by Isaiah, as the mountain and valley presented a beautiful appearance on this particular Sunday in March.

The sides of the mountain were covered with luxuriant wild flowers and foliage; a short distance below stood the Tomb of the Bab, with its sentinels of tall cypresses, surrounded by orange and lemon trees, among which roses and other bright flowers were in full bloom. Still lower in the valley, spread out along the shore of the bay, lay the city of Haifa, with its white stone houses and red tile roofs nestling among orange, olive, palm and eucalyptus trees. Beyond the town stretched the calm blue Mediterranean, with its snow-white beach, like a crescent, that merged into the white city of Acca at the further end of the bay. About the middle of the crescent a large grove of tall feathery palms extended down almost to the water's edge, back of which lay the Garden of *Rizwan*.

While busily engaged in admiring the panorama that stretched out before us, a sudden shower broke loose, and by the time we reached Haifa we found ourselves soaked a second time. But the view was worth it—to say nothing of the historical interest attached to the places visited.

In the afternoon we again attended services at the Tomb

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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of the Bab, and, being strangers, were served with tea and refreshments, as were also a few of the very old men who were present.

In line with Oriental customs, the women meet in a separate room; but in deference to Western ideas, our party, after removing their shoes at the door, was allowed to remain together. We enjoyed the chanting of Sheik Mahomed Ali, who seemed to outdo himself on this occasion.

The following day, March twenty-first, was the Feast of *Nawruz*—the Persian New Year, which has been celebrated in Persia for the last five thousand years. In its native haunts, it is a long affair, lasting about two weeks, and all labor is suspended during the time which is given over to visiting and feasting.

We were all invited to attend this feast, which was given at the “big house”—the home of Abdul Baha. After an hour of social converse, with several rounds of Persian tea and *nogul* (a delicious candy), we adjourned to the dining-room—a plainly furnished but immense room, where we sat around a long table and enjoyed an excellent lunch. It consisted of the customary *pilau* (a savory dish composed of rice, flavored with grated orange rind, chopped meat, raisins, etc.), fruit, Syrian bread, *cafe fort*, and pudding made of rice flour.

Afterwards, we were taken to another room and shown the only existing portraits of the Bab, Baha Ullah, with other pictures and relics which are held in great reverence by the Bahais.

The morning after the Feast of *Nawruz*, we bade farewell to the friends at Haifa, and took the train for Jerusalem.

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*From the Sea of Galilee to Jerusalem*

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It was not an easy task to say "good-bye," as the friends in Haifa seemed nearer to us than any we had met.

In going from Haifa to Jerusalem, it is necessary to return to the junction at Ludd, and change to the train coming from Jaffa. As travel to the Holy City happened to be very heavy (it was near Easter), we found ourselves in a compartment taxed to the limit by the presence of a huge monk, accompanied by two fair-skinned, blue-eyed, but fully-grown-up sisters and one young man, which reinforcements, added to the four in our own party and our combined baggage, made the quarters rather too close for comfort. As the compartment was on the hot, sunny side of the car, and the ample German monk and his sisters had organized a continuous lunch-party, I soon compromised by standing outside in the corridor, trying to extract a little comfort from a new pipe I had brought from Egypt to replace the one that had ended its fragrant career in the Grand Canal at Venice.

We found very little to enjoy in the way of scenery, as the "plummet of emptiness" seemed to have been successfully lowered over the whole country.

We passed the Crusader's Tower at Ramleh, and saw, beyond a low range of hills to the left and some eight or ten miles away, the Plain of Ajalon, where Joshua had commanded the sun and moon to stand still. A few miles further on we entered the Valley of Sorek, famous as the birthplace of Samson, and the scene of his subsequent adventures with Delilah.

The scenery continued to grow more savage and wild, and shortly after leaving Dier Aban we entered the jaws of a gorge that forms the pass to the highlands near Jerusalem.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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Near here is the famous spot where Samson is said to have lost his temper, but forthwith found the jawbone of an ass with which he slew a thousand men, which would seem to exceed the present population of the entire country by at least nine hundred and ninety men.

A few minutes later our train stopped to take on water, and our attention was attracted to three men overseeing some three score women carrying rocks balanced on their heads, from a valley about fifty feet lower, up to the railroad cars on the siding. These women all wore shoes whose soles are supposed to grow thicker with age and use, and formed a continuous procession up the steep hillside—an ancient but successful system of telpherage.

As the train made an average speed of less than fifteen miles per hour, winding mile after mile through barren and rocky gorges abounding in small caves hollowed out under the shelves of limestone, we were not sorry when we reached the Vale of Rephaim, where David smote the Philistines, and finally entered the railroad station at Jerusalem, which is located some little distance outside the walls and something over half a mile from the Jaffa Gate—the principal entrance into the city from the south.

The first view of the city which presents itself to the stranger, coming from this direction, is not particularly attractive.

The hills on all sides are immense mounds of limestone, on the glaring white side of which are shallow terraces, one above another, held in place by row after row of rock-retaining walls laid up loosely, so that the outskirts of the city resemble an immense rock quarry in full operation and able to fill unlimited orders.



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## *From the Sea of Galilee to Jerusalem*

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The roads are inclosed by stone walls from five to eight feet high and from two to four feet thick, and still the harvest of rocks has not been completely gathered.

Each one of the terraces supports one or more straggly olive trees surrounded by a small patch of pasturage which seems to take care of itself, as nowhere in any of the fields were there workers visible.

Across the valley of Hinnom, the ancient walls of the city loomed up, and the massive tower, erroneously ascribed to King David, stood guarding the Jaffa Gate.

At the right of the city lies the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, beyond which is the Mount of Olives, and still further away in the distance, the mysterious mountains of Moab rise wrapped in a purple haze.

To the right of the railroad station stretches away the Hill of Evil Counsel, where Judas Iscariot met the emissaries and bargained to betray his Master—the eastern slope of which is now marked by the “Potter’s Field.”

While we were absorbed in viewing the surroundings, our porters had been busy assembling our luggage in front of the station and holding exciting interviews with waiting cabmen. Finally they reported that all the cabs were engaged; but we insisted that it was very necessary for us to have some kind of a conveyance. After a little persuasion, one of them disappeared over the hill and in about a quarter of an hour returned with one rickety cab, explaining over and over that there were no more. So we climbed into the creaky affair, piled our suit cases up around the driver, and hoping for the best, jogged off with a flock of porters trotting along behind.

Passing down a steep hill and over a large stone bridge, at

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the left of which is the old Pool of Gihon, we wound around under the walls of Mt. Zion, the southwestern corner of the city.

These walls thirty-five to forty feet in height are built on the solid rock which crops out from fifty to one hundred feet above the roadway. The ancient portion of the wall is easily traced by the immense size of the stones, the upper and later sections being composed of smaller rocks and showing inferior workmanship.

Finally, after painful toiling with the odds largely against our weather-beaten conveyance, we arrived at the Jaffa Gate, where we were very much interested in a modern addition in the shape of a clock-tower, the dials of which indicate both the English and Turkish hours. This clock is an ingenious affair, which strikes twice for the Turkish hours and at sunset points to twelve o'clock. As the hands were getting around toward this point we lost no time in looking up a hotel.

*In Jerusalem*

One of the first things that impresses a visitor in Jerusalem is its small size, for in the short space of an hour, one can walk around the walls of the entire city. This feeling is followed by one of disappointment, as the city in which you are interested is not visible, but is buried from thirty to one hundred feet below the surface. The only part of the old city that we ever saw was in the basement of a church where they have uncovered a few square feet of pavement, said to be the courtyard of Pontius Pilate's palace. This pavement had possibly been used by soldiers or other persons of leisure, as some of the stones had small, irregular squares scratched on them, as if they had been used for playing games.

We were thrilled by the thought that possibly Roman soldiers were on this very spot while the Cross was being carried along the Via Dolorosa, which lay just a few feet away; then we were suddenly reminded that landmarks had been obliterated by Titus less than a century after the Great Tragedy (even to the foundation of the buildings), and it was absolutely impossible to tell whether this might not be the Tower of Antonia or some other place, instead of Pilate's palace. The only thing we could be reasonably sure of was that we were looking on a small piece of the original pavement of the ancient city.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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The present walls of Jerusalem inclose an area of only two hundred and ten acres, thirty-five of which are occupied by the Haram, or Temple, inclosure. The original city was built on four hills, once separated by deep valleys, but now largely filled up by the debris resulting from the various destructive disasters which overwhelmed and almost completely obliterated it.

The position of the city has not remained stationary, as the north wall has been changed three times, and now runs about half a mile beyond the original boundary. The south wall has also been moved north, so that Jerusalem in the time of Christ, and up to its destruction by Titus, was at least a third larger than at present. The city is now divided into four quarters, each one occupied by people of a different religion; the Mahomedans occupy the northeast, the Christians (Greek and Roman Catholics) the northwest, the Armenians the southwest, and the Jews the southeast section of the city.

Outside the walls, on the north and northwest sides, a modern city has grown up, covering a large area and boasting more inhabitants than the city inside the walls. About ten years ago, the population, which is gradually increasing, was estimated at sixty-eight thousand, of whom eight thousand are Mahomedans, ten thousand Christians and fifty thousand Jews.

For the practical, matter-of-fact person, this little city contains many surprises and disappointments—all the information given, as well as the sights shown, are approximate only, and are either based on deduction, or

unreliable tradition which has shifted from time to time to suit the exigencies of the occasion, and the convenience of the pilgrims. When the visitor is shown something of vital interest and inquires if this is really the place, etc., the guide feebly admits that the real place must have been somewhere near here, but is now buried from forty to a hundred feet below the spot at which he is looking!

The massive structure, shown as the Tower of David, was not built by him; but probably by King Herod, something like a thousand years later. The Mosque of Omar, the one beautiful building in Jerusalem, is not a mosque, and it was not built by Omar; it is simply a shrine to cover the Holy Rock, a place revered alike by Christians and Moslems. To cite a few more instances: When we were visiting the Coenaculum, the traditional place of the Last Supper, I was foolish enough to inquire if this was really the room where the Last Supper was held, and was told that the real room was perhaps forty feet lower than the room where we were standing; but could not be visited because a harem occupied the lower part of the building. You walk along the Via Dolorosa, and note the different Stations of the Cross arbitrarily marked by bronze tablets on the walls; but you are inwardly tormented by the thought that the exact location of the original Way is unknown; that it is supposed to be somewhere in this locality, but from forty to seventy feet lower than the pavement on which you are walking. You are taken to the Tombs of the Kings, and find there is no evidence or even probability

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

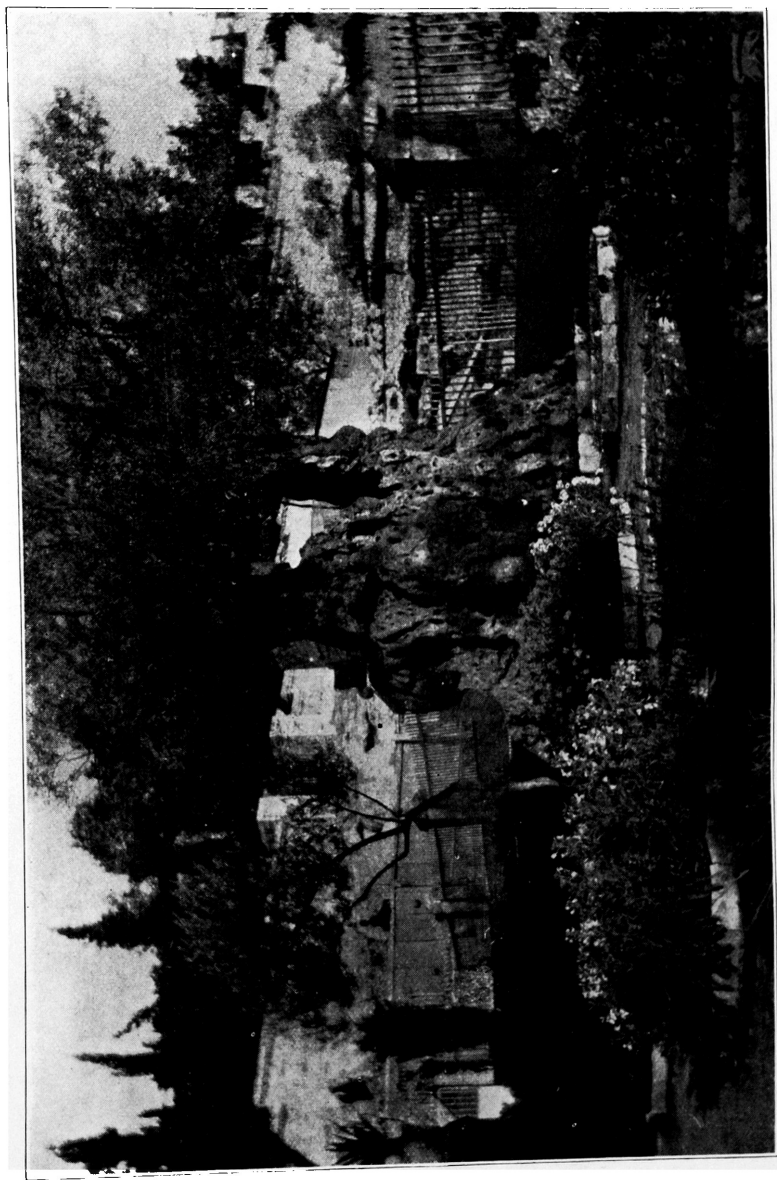
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that any kings were ever buried there. In despair, you ask to be taken to the Garden of Gethsemane, walk reverently along the gravel walks and among the gnarled and aged trees, finally to learn that the Greeks have a rival garden near by, which they staunchly maintain is the true one. You are shown the tomb of Absalom, David and others, but by this time you are a little incredulous and balk at the tomb of Adam, which is pointed out in the Holy Sepulchre!

The foregoing remarks are not to be considered irreverent, as they are not so intended. They are made merely to show how impossible it is for the average visitor in Jerusalem to accept seriously many things that have no real claim to probability, although blindly believed by thousands who do not stop to investigate. Many people, having come a long distance "to see the sights," would be sorely disappointed if they were not accommodated, so they are taken on the regular round.

I do not wish to dwell too much on this, but the following incident is worth telling: The primary object of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem is to visit the Holy Sepulchre, and I will describe faithfully (but truthfully), just how this was accomplished by our little party. On the Wednesday morning preceding Easter, we were conducted to a place outside the walls near the Damascus Gate, where the rough, rocky formation of a cliff depicts a human skull. The hollow eyes and gaping features are plainly discernible, and it is known as Skull Hill, or Golgotha, "the place of the skull." This knoll is said to be the "House or Place of Stoning," where criminals





THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE



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## *In Jerusalem*

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were executed in former times. On the top of the hill is a Moslem cemetery, and about one hundred yards to the left, a walled-in garden, which we entered. It was well kept, and from a rock at the eastern extremity the skull is visible, as well as several well-defined rifts undoubtedly caused by an earthquake. In the western end of the garden are traces of a large building (said to be the ancient Church of the Resurrection), and in the solid perpendicular rock of the hillside is a tomb, containing an ante-chamber and two graves—only one of which was ever finished or occupied. At one side of the low door is a narrow window opening into the inner tomb and in front is the groove for the rolling stone.

The attendant, a middle-aged woman, explained that this was the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, and pointed out how the different features tallied with the Biblical narrative. As we were leaving the garden, convinced that we had seen and entered the tomb of our Lord, the guide hastened to say, "I will now take you to the real Holy Sepulchre—what we know and believe is where Jesus Christ was buried!" And so we quietly followed him through the Damascus Gate, along a narrow but picturesque lane to the church generally known as the Holy Sepulchre.

I had heard that in olden times anyone who had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre was entitled to be called a *Hadji*, but we could not help feeling that this title was somewhat obsolete, or at least needed revision. For on the same morning we had visited two Holy

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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Sepulchres, each having equally good and plausible arguments in its favor, except that the latter was more widely known and recognized and had a greater age to its credit.

In order to finish all the dark and unattractive side of the picture first, we will briefly recall another incident.

We found that even as the walls of the city had been moved about, so had the Holy Places been changed from one part of the city to another, in order to suit the convenience of pilgrims, and had been renamed from time to time to conform to whatever religion happened to be in power. Mt. Zion, which was originally on the eastern hill, is now at the southwestern corner of the city, and the obliging Turk, who still occupies the lower part of a prominent building there, has fitted up the upper rooms, into one of which has been moved the tomb of David, while the adjoining one is shown as the Coenaculum. All of which, for a few *piastres*, can be viewed by the pious or otherwise.

The Sacred Rock (inclosed in the misnamed Mosque of Omar) has some indentations resembling a footprint, which are pointed out as the footprints of Jesus, though under Mahomedan rule they were attributed to the pressure of the foot of the Prophet.

After a few days of sight-seeing, one comes to the conclusion that a visit to Jerusalem is as interesting and fascinating as an amateur game of golf—you travel over the course even if you feel you are not making much of a score!

We reveled in the antiquity of the place, gazing at the massive walls, trying to realize that three thousand years have elapsed since King David selected this site as the Capital of the Kingdom of Israel, and wondering which, if any, of these huge stones were standing in their original locations. But we are suddenly brought back to earth by learning that the present walls were built by Sultan Suleiman, the Magnificent, as recently as 1542 A. D., so we pass on down the narrow streets crowded with little bazaars, from which music issues forth. But we refrained from entering any of these dingy shops, fearing our ears might be regaled with a phonographic record purporting to be the voice of Miriam leading the daughters of Israel in her celebrated choric song exulting over the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea.

It is hard to become reconciled to the fact that Jerusalem is regarded as a Holy City by all the warring religious sects, by Christians and Moslems alike, who jealously protect their rights at the point of the spear or the sword. The Mahomedans claim that one prayer said in Jerusalem is worth twenty-five thousand said elsewhere and have computed that one prayer at Medina is as good as fifty thousand offered elsewhere, while Mecca is rated still higher at one hundred thousand.

At the Dome of the Rock, you are shown the hoof-prints of the Prophet's horse, *El-Burak*, as it sprung up, carrying its rider to heaven. According to the tradition, the Rock started to follow the Prophet and his divine steed; but the Angel Gabriel, with a mighty effort, laid hold of the Rock, and succeeded in staying it after it

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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had moved only a few feet. In so doing, deep prints of his fingers were made, which are still visible.

But we must pick up the slender narrative thread of our adventures and relate the wanderings of our little party in and around the City of Jerusalem during Holy Week of 1921 A. D.

As stated before, we had reached the Jaffa Gate, our weather-beaten cab still intact, and while our non-Arabian steeds were more or less winded, the rear guard of porters was still trotting along in good form.

We were mistaken in thinking this wide entrance was the Jaffa Gate (which stood modestly near by); the larger opening was cut through the walls to allow the German emperor, dressed in the white garb of a Crusader, to ride through in state during his visit in 1898, ostensibly to dedicate a few German churches. Among these was the monumental but unattractive church on the modern Mt. Zion, which, we are told, had some wonderful decorations on its walls and ceiling. In one panel the painter had portrayed the German conception of Deity, and in the companion panel was shown the German emperor. The Psalmist was also pictured, with moustache upturned in the approved German style. The processions were doing the goose-step and everything was brought down to date and to the glorification of the German emperor and his people. However, we were obliged to accept all this on hearsay, as we were unable to wake up the attendant and have the church's portals unlocked when we called there a few days later.

But to return to the Jaffa Gate. Driving through this

new entrance (prior to its construction vehicles were not able to enter inside the walls), we drove to the *Grand New Hotel*, and were preparing to descend, when we were informed that the "standing-room only" sign was on exhibition inside. We were taking counsel together, when an obliging guide happened along and offered to conduct us to "the best hotel in town!" We decided to take a chance, and off we started, our procession now consisting of a guide in front, our chariot, supported by a platoon of porters reinforced by several others who were trying to break into the party, and followed by a number of small boys.

With this noisy escort, we attracted considerable attention as we jogged along, and were not sorry when we reached our destination, which happened to be the *Hotellerie de Notre Dame de France*, a religious hospice conducted by the French Assumptionist Fathers just outside the new gate, called Bab Sultan Abdul Hamid, at the northwest corner of the city.

The place appealed to us as having possibilities. Having put up at a variety of hotels on our way, this *Hotellerie*, with its hint of monastic simplicity, seemed to offer a sure haven. On entering, we noticed a tiled motto in the floor reading, *Deus custodiat introitum tuum et exitum tuum*, which, as nearly as I could remember, would mean that "God guards your going in and your going out." At one side of the inner entrance door, a sign in French informed you that "this door will not be opened to any person after eleven and a half hours of the evening." After trying to put in a few evenings

in the city, we found that hour to be plenty late enough.

The guide had preceded us down the stone corridor, almost a block long, up several flights of stairs, and down another long corridor to our rooms, which looked out over New Calvary and the Damascus Gate. We found, on entering our room, that it was large enough to hold a narrow iron bedstead, a small washstand, a tallow candle and one chair. The floor was red tile, the walls stone. The only wood in sight, except the furniture, was the door by which we had entered, and a wooden cross suspended on the bare wall. Nothing was lacking, or more correctly speaking, nothing had been added, to spoil the monastic effect.

For the first time since we had left our native shores, there were no blanks to fill out for the police department, and no register in which to enter our names. This, by the way, was partly explained when we left, and had difficulty in getting a written bill, which was not receipted, as a receipted bill required a government stamp, and that would entail the outlay of a few *piastres*!

After performing our ablutions, we found it still lacked a couple of hours before we could expect dinner, and we all not only joined in a unanimous prayer for refreshments, but also proceeded to locate the dining-room. By some freak or fatality we were always famished whenever we arrived in a new and strange place, and this time was no exception to the rule. So we stated our case as strongly as possible, and our arguments seemed to have some weight, as we were told to be seated, and presently a middle-aged daughter of Israel brought us

a pot of lukewarm tea. When we protested, she demurred that the tea was warm, and it was impossible to make it any warmer as there was no fire. But we were firm, and while she was away, ostensibly brewing fresh tea, we took a glance at our new surroundings.

The refectory was true to monastic form, with stone floors and walls, and rows of large stone columns, supporting a flat-arched ceiling. The tables were long affairs seating from twelve to twenty people, and gratuitously supplied with numerous bottles of red wine. Portly monks, with bald crowns and dressed in long, brown robes and girdles, moved in and out, their sandals clicking on the stone floor.

After our hot tea, augmented by a bottle of the wine, had given us renewed life, we were approached by a guide, who offered to show us all the sights, furnish carriages, pay *bakshish*, and all incidental expenses during our stay, for the modest sum of six hundred *piastres* (twenty-four dollars), which he claimed was the regular charge. As this seemed very reasonable we closed the deal; but as a cab was only furnished on two occasions (once on a trip to Bethlehem and once to the Mt. of Olives), while the remainder of the time was trudged on foot through the narrow lanes of the city, we discovered that the gentleman with the red tarbush, otherwise Joseph, had made a very good bargain, and half that price would have been about the proper charge.

During the dinner hour the large refectory was filled with soldiers, monks, tourists and pilgrims, and the bare

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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walls echoed with the hum and chatter of all kinds and classes of people, conversing in all languages.

Back of me sat two friars from Argentine, South America, Spanish Roman Catholics, who had been fellow passengers across the Mediterranean, and who had also bobbed up at the same hotel in Tiberias. In front was a long table entirely occupied by English officers, while near by was an attractive young lady who, I afterwards learned, was a French professoress from Alexandria, Egypt. Scattered about the room were the usual types of tourists.

After dinner we strolled out to see what Jerusalem looked like by gas, electric or any other kind of light, but found there was nothing on tap but moonlight. The shops were closed and the streets dark and deserted. Someone suggested the cinema, but we found there were only two of them, one inside the walls, the other in the West End. The latter happened to be the only one in operation, and was showing something like "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," only that was not the name of it; they were just then struggling along with about the fifteenth episode. The entrance to this theatre is through a livery stable, and after poking around and failing to see the front door, we decided we didn't want to see a show anyway, and returned to our *Hotellerie*, which we reached long before the time scheduled for its closing.

After our return came the amusing part of the day's experiences. Mr. B—, who was not very enthusiastic about "this monastic stuff," had insisted on having a



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*In Jerusalem*

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fire in his room, and when we reached his door, we found that someone had left there a rickety old oil stove, probably handed down from the Jebusites, which was strong on odors but weak on heat-giving qualities. Without a fire the room was almost freezing, and with the stove going we were nearly choked by the fumes. So, with firing it up, putting it out, airing the room, relighting it and beginning the performance all over again, we put in a busy evening.

Finally, leaving him to figure out which was the lesser of the two evils, we retired to our own unheated cell and turned in, our imagination at least warmed by the thought that we were sleeping somewhere near the spot where Titus had encamped on the night before he entered Jerusalem, in 70 A.D., at which time he drove out all the inhabitants and left not one stone on top of the other, excepting only the tower of David, which he used as a garrison for his soldiers, and left as an object lesson to posterity, to show how mighty a city the Roman valor had subdued.

## XVI

### *Jerusalem Continued*

On the following morning, Joseph appeared at the appointed time to conduct us around the Capital of Israel; but without carriages, as he explained that this morning we were to go on foot.

So we proceeded first to New Calvary and the Garden Tomb (which has been already described). Passing through the Christian quarter and finally turning into the Old Street of Palms, we came to a stone-paved court in front of the Holy Sepulchre. This place is so well known, having been pictured and described so many times, it would seem superfluous to go into great detail. The edifice, which has no claim to architectural beauty, is an accumulation of buildings built about 300 A. D. by the Empress Helena, the mother of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine. When you have entered and looked around, you feel that it is not a church at all, but rather a sacred Exposition Building, filled with chapels, altars, shrines, hills, caves, etc., commemorating all the events mentioned in the Bible that could by any possibility have taken place at or near Jerusalem.

Among the many places shown are the following: The Sepulchre of Christ; the summit of Mt. Calvary; the places where Christ was scourged, crowned with thorns, and anointed for burial; the point where the true Cross was found; the place where Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene; the spot where the Centurion stood during the crucifixion, and (the

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## *Jerusalem Continued*

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most ancient feature of all) the grave of Adam! This is quite a remarkable collection of relics to be found in one building.

The first thing pointed out as we entered was the Stone of Unction, where the body of the Saviour was laid for anointing when taken down from the Cross. This is not exactly the real stone (which is perhaps buried somewhere in the ruins underneath), but is another stone placed here in 1818, since which time it has been kissed by thousands of pilgrims.

A few steps further on is a stone enclosed by a railing. This is supposed to mark the spot where Mary stood, either while the body of Jesus was being anointed, or else while she was watching the tomb.

Continuing a few steps we entered the Rotunda, in the center of which stands the Holy Sepulchre, or what has been considered as such for several centuries. The sarcophagus lies in a small chapel built of Santa Croce marble, which you can enter, by stooping, through a small doorway about five feet high. The space inside measures about six by seven feet, but nearly twenty square feet of this is occupied by the marble sarcophagus, which is shown as the Tomb. Outside stand six massive candlesticks, and overhead are festoons of lamps in bizarre and Oriental shapes, the whole setting having an almost theatrical effect that is far from pleasing, and much less impressive than a simple and more dignified treatment.

In a vestibule to the east, called the Angel's Chapel, is part of the stone which the angels are supposed to have rolled from the door of the tomb.

Next we visited the Chapel of the Syrians, beside which is a rocky grotto containing several tombs. Lighting our candles we entered and were shown the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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Returning to the Rotunda, we passed around to the north of the Sepulchre into the Latin vestibule, which is paved with marble slabs radiating from a central stone marking the spot where Mary Magdalene stood when Jesus said to her "Woman, why weepest thou?"

Ascending a few steps we entered the Latin's Chapel of the Apparition, where the Lord appeared to Mary after His resurrection. As our visit happened to be on Wednesday of Holy Week, we saw here the Column of the Scourging. This is said to be a piece of the column to which Christ was bound when scourged by order of Pilate, and is only exhibited on this one day of the year.

Passing along to the Greek section, we were shown the Prison of Christ, where He was said to have been incarcerated prior to the crucifixion, and near by the Chapel of the Division of the Vestments.

We now descended about thirty steps and entered the Armenian Chapel of St. Helena to view a niche in the low wall where Queen Helena sat while they were excavating for the true cross, although no one happened to remember or mention it until one hundred years or so after the event. In this room are two altars, one to the penitent thief, Dismas, and the other to Queen Helena.

Descending about a dozen steps more, we reached the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross, and were shown three holes chiseled in the ceiling to mark the location where they were found. This is called in the calendar "The Invention of the Cross."

It is interesting to note that this chapel is owned jointly, the Greeks claiming the right and the Latins the left side.

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*Jerusalem Continued*

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We now re climbed the forty odd steps and passed into the Greek church, which is much larger and more gorgeously decorated than any of the others. In the center is a short column marking the center of the earth, and on the ceiling are some disfigured frescoes that date back to the twelfth century.

Ascending another narrow flight of steps we arrived in Calvary, about fifteen feet above the main floor of the Sepulchre. At the end of this chapel is an altar, under which are holes or sockets, which are pointed out as the location of the three crosses, and anyone wishing to do so, is allowed to put his hands in these sockets. Near the altar is a long brass plate covering a Rent in the Rock (which has been stained red), and is said to have been made by the earthquake at the time of the crucifixion. Through this rent the blood of the Saviour was supposed to have trickled down on the Tomb of Adam, located directly underneath; the idea being that "the blood of the atonement was destined to fall on the head of the first transgressor"—all of which would seem more poetic than probable!

In order not to overlook anything of interest to the pilgrim the tomb of Melchizedek has been located in another chapel, and near it the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and Baldwin I, although these were desecrated by the Saracens over six hundred years ago and totally destroyed by the fire of 1808 A. D.

All these wonderful exhibits gathered under one aggregation of roofs, are the joint property of the Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians, Syrians, Abyssinians and Copts. Although each nationality, at its allotted time, takes its turn in making processions to the holy places and worshipping at the sacred shrines, each sect has selected certain chapels and sta-

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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tions at which it worships, simply passing by or ignoring the others. The Rotunda itself is common to all the sects, but the rest is divided and exclusively reserved. Prior to the English occupation, a Turkish guard was constantly on hand to see that none of the sects encroached on the rights of the others, or overstayed the time allotted to them.

Such, in brief, was our visit to this Holy Place, which has been an object of great interest for many centuries and among all nations. Turk, Infidel, Crusader—thousands of lives have been cheerfully given, and rivers of blood have been shed, to have and to hold this very place.

In pondering over all this and calling to mind the jealousy and deadly hatred of the different peoples now in possession of the premises, we were forcibly reminded of the words of Abdul Baha: "Religion must be the cause of fellowship and love. If religion be the cause of enmity and rancor, if it should prove the cause of alienating men, then assuredly non-religion would be better."

So, without touching on the Holy Fire, the dream of Helena or the many other ancient and interesting traditions that hover about the Holy Sepulchre, we will wander on through the Bazaars, which, in one respect at least, we found very different from any we had seen. They were comparatively clean, and free from the pervasive odors of those in Cairo and elsewhere in the Orient. This was quite a surprise, as the bazaars of Jerusalem were formerly noted for their filth and corruption, and the streets in some places were almost impassable. But now the booths generally are clean, especially those in the Christian quarter, where the bake shops and candy stores were spotless.

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## *Jerusalem Continued*

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Under English rule, these rocky lanes (which are called streets), are swept regularly and evidences of a general house-cleaning are here and there apparent. But in the Jewish quarter and among the Moslems it will require some education and perhaps a generation before they are permanently weaned away from their accustomed ways.

As Jerusalem has always been thought of merely as a place of religious pilgrimage, many other interesting and remarkable things appear never to have received the attention they deserve. One of these, which interested me particularly, was the massive stone work. While the Copts have captured the praise and admiration of the world for their pyramids, the monuments of Ghizeh are "easy picking" compared with the heavier work performed by the stone masons of Israel, where, in a quarry in northern Palestine, a huge rock has been discovered that measures sixty-eight feet long, fourteen feet high and fourteen feet broad, and is estimated to weigh nearly twelve hundred tons.

Owing to a sudden strike, evasion, or perhaps some change in the building ordinances, this immense stone was abandoned 1700 years ago, and is still to be seen in the quarry.

While the blocks found at Jerusalem do not measure up to this giant, one stone in the Wailing Place measures twenty-four feet long by seven feet high and rests nearly eighty feet above the original surface of the ground. In the Haram wall is another thirty-eight feet long, weighing at least eighty tons. In the same wall is a course of masonry six feet high, and at the corner of the Haram inclosure is a huge stone that weighs at least one hundred tons.

As these walls now show a height of seventy feet and extend

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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eighty feet below the present grade, it means that some of the immense stones were possibly elevated one hundred and fifty feet, which would be no small task even in these days of powerful machinery. It would be interesting to know whether these weighty blocks were hoisted perpendicularly and placed in position, or were handled in the same manner as they were at the pyramids.

The point I wish to emphasize now is that from the children of Israel sprang not only the greatest prophets, poets, law-givers and a religion that has encircled the entire globe, changing the history as well as the calendar of modern times; but in addition to these, great stone-workers. From an engineering standpoint, the walls of Jerusalem deserve a greater consideration than they have heretofore received.



## XVII

### *Mosque of Omar and the Via Dolorosa*

In the cool, crisp air of the following morning, we started out to visit the famous shrine of the Moslems, usually called the Mosque of Omar, not the Omar whom Fitzgerald has so widely introduced.

Since the English occupation this has become a simple matter, but prior to this, it was necessary to secure a pass, employ a *Kawas* from the consulate of the country to which the traveler belonged, and be accompanied by a Turkish soldier. These formalities have all been done away with, and all you do now is let the attendants slip some loose canvas slippers over your shoes and walk in.

The site of this structure is that of the Temple designed by King David and built by Solomon, before which stood the two mystic pillars, "thirty and five cubits high," which were called Joachin and Boaz. This wonderful building was burned down and rebuilt; others were also built and destroyed, until finally in 688 A. D., the Moslems took possession of the site and built the Dome of the Rock. Many traditions are current regarding this Sacred Rock, which is located on Mt. Moriah, and is at least one spot in Jerusalem of whose authenticity there can be no doubt. Among the Jews it has always been revered as the spot where Melchizedek offered sacrifice, where Abraham brought his son Isaac as an offering, where the Ark of the Covenant stood, and where Jacob's Ladder rested.

The Moslems believe it was from this rock that Mahomed's

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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steed sprang when it carried the Prophet into heaven—while both Moslems and Jews regarded it as the Foundation-stone of the world. The Mosque, or Shrine, stands on a slight terrace in the center of an open area of thirty-five acres, called the Haram inclosure. The building is octagonal in shape and has four doors opening to the four cardinal points; the whole exterior is covered with soft, dull-blue porcelain tiles, and the frieze, also of tiles, is ornamented with passages in Arabic from the Koran. Leading to the platform or terrace are wide steps, and four gates or arcades, facing to the north, south, east and west. In the interior the arches are decorated with glass mosaics, also passages from the Koran in Arabic.

The Rock is immediately beneath the dome, and is inclosed by a fine grille of French hammered iron work dating from the twelfth century. Inside the grille-work hang curtains, partially concealing the irregular Rock, which stands from one to nearly five feet above the floor. This Rock, on which once rested the Holy of Holies, is a bare, rugged unhewn rock about sixty feet long by forty-five feet wide, which looks as if it had received hard usage, and in its present condition shows little resemblance to what it was in the days when Onan had here his threshing-floor.

After viewing the footprint of Mahomed, which in the twelfth century was shown as the footprint of Christ, and noting the deep, highly-polished finger-prints of the Angel Gabriel, whose prompt action prevented the Rock from following the Prophet into heaven, and making sure that the three and a half nails were still *in situ* at the north end, (the legend being that originally there were nineteen nails, of which the Devil has already extracted all but three and a half,

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## Mosque of Omar and the Via Dolorosa

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and when the last one disappears, the end of the world will come); after pausing at the praying places of Abraham, David, Solomon and Mahomed, and encircling the celebrated Rock, walking on rare carpets of rich, Oriental pattern and of great price, we passed out, shedding our canvas slippers at the door.

At some distance from the Mosque is a marble fountain called *El Kas*, or The Cup, near which we halted, waiting for Joseph, who had remained behind to dicker with the attendants. Having nothing else to do, I foolishly lighted my pipe, whereupon guards rushed up from several directions, with wild gestures and wilder exclamations, until Joseph hurried to my rescue and explained that I was still on holy ground. So (rather than go to jail), I pocketed my offending pipe, and proceeded to the Mosque of *El Aksa*—originally the magnificent Basilica founded by the Emperor Justinian in honor of the Virgin about fourteen hundred years ago, but a few centuries later appropriated by the Moslems, who converted it into a mosque.

Here we were shown the tomb of the sons of Aaron; the last resting place of the murderers of Thomas a' Becket, and the beautiful pulpit of Saladin, made of the cedar of Lebanon and inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Near the pulpit is the praying place of Moses, while back of the pulpit is a stone said to contain a footprint of Christ; close by are two pillars, so near together that only a very slender person could pass between them. In former times, every pilgrim was supposed to try it, as those who succeeded were sure of a place in heaven; but for those who failed the case was considered doubtful. Owing to the fact that some years ago a portly

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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pilgrim, in trying to squeeze through, got wedged and expired on the spot, stanchions were placed between them, and we were obliged to look further, and for some other test, in order to settle the important question of our eternal futures.

Underneath this portion of the inclosure are located Solomon's stables, and here he had "forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots"; but as this structure only dates back to Roman times, it is probably the stables of the Knights Templars.

From this point a wonderful view is obtained. Below is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, a mass of graves and memorial stones, as it is the wish of all devout Jews to be buried here, where the Messiah is to come "and sit to judge all the heathen roundabout." To the south lies the Village of Siloam, the Virgin's Fountain and the Pool; across the valley is the Mt. of Olives, and at its foot, on the edge of the valley of the Kedron (whose dry bed shows that the Brook is now only a temporary affair), a small walled-in garden is seen, containing a few cypress and olive trees, the reputed Garden of the Gethsemane. A little to the left of the Garden is the road to Bethany, and winding over the hills still further to the left is the road to Jericho.

About the center of the east wall of the inclosure stands the Golden Gate, through which it is supposed the Saviour entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. It is now walled up, and there is a tradition that when He returns, He will make the triumphal entry through this Gate and wrest the city from the Moslems. In the inclosure, north of the Gate, is a small mosque called the Throne of Solomon, where it is said he was found dead. The character of Solomon, by the way, pre-

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## *Mosque of Omar and the Via Dolorosa*

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sents a peculiar study, when viewed at close range. Here on the spot where we were standing he built the wonderful Temple to Jehovah, while just across the valley, and connected with it by a great causeway, he erected a temple to Venus on what would seem to be well-named, the Mt. of Offense. Here, in plain view of the Lord's Temple, he kept his seraglio of young and well-selected beauties, with whom he spent his time when not composing Canticles or issuing words of wisdom. In other words, while he said many wise things, he also did many vain and foolish ones, and in the end died ingloriously. All of which leads one to believe that he spoke from personal experience when he casually remarked that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Passing out of the inclosure by the northeast gate, we walked by the Pool of Bethesda, now dry and clogged with rubbish. Continuing, we reached the Via Dolorosa, called by the natives, "The Street of the Serai," which leads from the Government House to the Holy Sepulchre. The Via Dolorosa is a narrow, roughly paved street, spanned by several picturesque Roman arches. It is a shock, however, to learn that it was not selected or so named until the fourteenth century. In this street are located nine of the fourteen Stations of the Cross, which are marked by bronze tablets attached to the high walls which inclose the street on both sides; the other five Stations are within the walls of the Holy Sepulchre already described.

The first Station, the *Scala Sancta*, or holy steps, we had seen in a church at Rome, but the place where they once were is pointed out. Near by is the second Station, the place of the Binding of the Cross upon the shoulder of Christ.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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A few steps further on we came to the *Ecce Homo* Arch, a part of which extends out over the street, and is said to be the spot where Pilate said unto them, "Behold the Man!" At the junction of this street with the one leading from the Damascus Gate is where He is said to have fallen for the first time. From this third Station, the visitor, if sufficiently interested to complete the course, is shown where the Virgin fainted, the place where Simon took the Cross, the house of Veronica, which recalls the legend regarding the Holy Handkerchief, the so-called Gate of Judgment, where He fell a second time, where He addressed the daughters of Jerusalem who accompanied Him, and the ninth Station, which is at the door of the Coptic Monastery. While it is claimed that these Stations were known to the Roman Catholics in the twelfth century, we were unable to find that any of the pilgrims of that time mentioned them: so that, unless the visitor is endowed with a large amount of what is distinguished as "religious" faith, a walk down this little street leaves his mind in anything but a calm and satisfied condition.

Many times since this cool morning in March, when we toiled over this Stony Way, the words of Abdul Baha have come to my mind: "No man should blindly follow his ancestors and forefathers. Nay, each must see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears, and investigate truth in order that he may find the Truth." But in doing so, what a difference it makes in the verdict!

## XVIII

### *A Day at Bethlehem*

After several days of tramping over the narrow, stony streets, looking at doubtful antiquities, we grew somewhat weary, and were relieved when Joseph appeared and announced that the carriage was waiting outside.

Now, we thought, our opportunity had come to get out and see something real, some of the pictures we had formed of life in the Holy Land. We even had a vague hope that our eyes might somewhere rest on a replica of "the solitary gleaner," who once "stood in tears amid the alien corn"; but who—at the suggestion of her mother-in-law—kept only one eye on the corn and the other on the aged but susceptible Boaz, who we are told finally succumbed, and gladdened "the sad heart of Ruth."

But after journeying a short distance, we discovered that it was out of season for any kind of gleaning, so we began looking about for some modern Rebekah at a well, waiting to say, "Drink, and I will draw water for thy camels also." But this, too, seemed out of fashion, since a certain Canadian engineer at Kantara, with the aid of a filtering plant and a twelve-inch pipe line, was pumping unheard-of quantities of the "sweet waters of the Nile" into a large reservoir inside the walls of the ancient city.

Regarding this event, which we have already men-

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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tioned, we heard another version of a Turkish tradition, prophesying that the Turk would remain master of Jerusalem "until the waters of the Nile flowed into the Holy City." To their minds, this was evidence that they would remain there indefinitely. But General Allenby, basing his efforts "on the justice of our cause and faith in the sustaining help of the Almighty," had brought about this unexpected event, and the surprised Turk had no other alternative but to evacuate the stronghold.

Although fulfilling one prophecy, General Allenby side-stepped another by refusing to allow them to remove the masonry which blocked up the Golden Gate ("until the Deliverer should appear"), but quietly entered the city through the Jaffa entrance (prepared a few years previously for the German Emperor), and without any pomp or flaunting of foreign flags in the faces of the inhabitants of the "occupied territory."

How expert the English are in these matters, and how carefully they refrain from inflaming the hearts of the natives is also shown by the fact that at the present time the flag of the conqueror is seen nowhere, except over the residence of Governor, and that is on the eastern side of the Mt. of Olives, quite a distance outside and out of sight of the city. By a strange irony of fate, the Governor has taken up his abode in what was formerly the Empress Auguste Viktoria Sanatorium, inaugurated by the German Crown Prince in 1910. It is a large and substantial looking group of stone buildings, surrounded by a high stone wall, which incloses a well-kept garden of several acres, liberally supplied with trees and flow-



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## *A Day at Bethlehem*

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ers. From the tower of the main building there is a wonderful view: on one side is the Dead Sea (nearly thirteen hundred feet below the sea level), and on the other side, the Holy City (about twenty-five hundred feet above sea level); to the north the mountains stretch away towards Bethany and Jericho; while to the south lies the town of Bethlehem, a panorama that takes in many of the most important places in the religious history of the world.

Before leaving the subject of water supply, we might add that what is now conveyed by the daughters of Israel and their neighbors is still carried on their heads, in the ancient fashion, but in five-gallon tin cans—the picturesque being sacrificed for the modern and more practical containers dispensed by the Standard Oil Co.

But, as I started to say at the beginning of this chapter, our guide announced that our carriage was waiting, and that we would now visit the little town of Bethlehem—the most widely-known town of its size in the world! Leaving the city by the Jaffa entrance, we proceeded down the Valley of Hinnom along the familiar road leading to the railroad station, but continuing due south, past the Hill of Evil Counsel, where Caiaphas the High Priest had his summer residence and bribed Judas to betray his Master, and passing the traditional tree on which Judas later hanged himself. We continued along the glaring white road where Mary and Joseph traveled when, failing to find lodgings at Jerusalem, they continued on to Bethlehem.

Farther along, by the side of the road, is the Well of

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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the Magi, where the Wise Men paused, and seeing the reflection of the Star in the well, followed it until it stood over where the young Child was.

A short distance beyond we paused to visit the tomb of Rachel, a modern structure supposed to stand somewhere near where the ancient tomb was. The interior bears some resemblance to a hotel register, as the white walls are completely covered with names, scribbled everywhere within reach of the scribbling public, so that either step-ladders will have to be provided for next season or the walls given a new coat of whitewash.

Finally we reached Bethlehem, a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, situated on a long hill six miles from Jerusalem. It presents a rather picturesque appearance, as the hill is terraced and well covered with vines, fig and olive trees. The streets are generally too narrow for vehicles to pass each other, and are steep and slippery. While they reminded us somewhat of the Canals of Venice, navigation is more difficult here, as traffic can only pass in one direction at a time, and you have to take your turn along with the droves of sheep and camels and other vehicles. The houses are square, solidly built of stone, with cupolas and balconies, forming a pleasing picture, with the groves and terraced gardens below them.

The inhabitants of Bethlehem are supposed to be celebrated for their beauty and turbulence, but as our short visit did not permit us to see any shining examples of either class, we cannot vouch for either the one or the other.

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## *A Day at Bethlehem*

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The principal industry of the town seems to be the manufacture and sale of souvenirs in the shape of rosaries, crucifixes, cigar holders, etc., which are made of olive wood, Dead Sea stone and mother-of-pearl. This business is carried on very earnestly and with great persistence, and strangers are besieged by shopkeepers who follow them with warnings not to buy at the other man's store and be robbed, but to come into their store where the job would be done properly, the prices here being at least double those in Jerusalem.

The center of interest, however, is in the huge, fortress-like building or buildings at the eastern edge of the village—the Church of the Nativity, which is said to be the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world, having been erected by Constantine in the year 330 A. D. The roof was renewed by King Edward IV, and is of English oak. Adjoining are three convents belonging to the Romans, Greeks and Armenians, who are joint-owners of the church.

The Grotto of the Nativity, which is a cave in the rock twenty feet below the main floor, is reached by two staircases, and is thirty-three feet long by eleven feet wide. The walls are covered with Italian marble, and the little room is profusely decorated with lamps, figures of saints and embroidery. In a recess at the east end of the grotto, a silver star on the pavement indicates the spot where Jesus was born, and which the pilgrims who desire to do so may crawl to and kiss. In the upper part of the shrine, above the star, fifteen silver lamps are kept continually burning—six of them belonging to

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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the Greeks, four to the Romans and five to the Armenians. In another recess is the Chapel of the Manger, which the Roman Catholics claim is the place of discovery of the wooden manger, now shown at one of their churches in Rome. Here is also shown the tomb of St. Jerome, who spent more than thirty years of his life in a cell in this church and died there.

A short distance south of the church is another low cave or grotto, called the Milk Grotto, where it is claimed the Holy Family was kept in seclusion before their flight into Egypt, and during which time a drop of the Virgin's milk accidentally fell on the floor and turned the whole cave white.

In walking about the church we noticed an occasional armed guard sitting behind a pillar or in some shady corner, for an immense treasure of gold and silver and jewels is contained in the lamps and decorations of the various altars. As we were leaving the Grotto where Christ was born, our curiosity was aroused by a triangular-shaped carpet and diverging lines on the floor. It was explained that these were merely to show the property lines of the joint-owners of the church. As this failed to fully enlighten our ignorant minds, it was further explained that in the past this place had been the scene of much friction, strife and not infrequent bloodshed; that this carpet and the lines were finally laid down so that one sect would not encroach on the rights of the other, and if they now crossed the line even so much as an inch, they did so at the risk of their lives!

To our untheological minds this seemed a peculiar

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*A Day at Bethlehem*

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condition to exist at the birthplace of Him who came to proclaim "Peace on Earth and Good Will unto Men," and our thoughts reverted to what Abdul Baha had said in speaking of the new Bahai Temple at Chicago: "The purpose of places of worship and edifices for adoration is simply that of unity, in order that various nations, divergent races, varying souls may gather there, and among them amity, love and accord may be realized."

## XIX

### *From the Mount of Olives to Mount Zion*

There are several ways of going to the Mount of Olives from the city, but as we were to visit some other places *en route*, we took the roundabout way, passing along the north wall until we reached the Damascus Gate, where the road branches in three directions.

Taking the way to Nablus (the ancient city of Shechem and once the capital of Palestine), we passed by the new German Hospice of St. Paul's and behind it the new Calvary and Garden Tomb. Near by is the large church of St. Stephens, recently built by the French, and a little further on the English school and church of St. George, where the residence of the English Bishop is located.

Stopping here we visited what has long been known as the Tombs of the Kings. Being unable to learn exactly what kings had ever rested there, I took the pains to look the matter up, and found that instead of kings, they must have meant queens, as the name of Queen Helena of Adiabene is prominently mentioned, the inference being that she died in the first century, and was buried somewhere, possibly in this very place! A sarcophagus bearing the name of Queen Sarah was also found there.

Considering that none of the kings have introduced any evidence at all on their side, it would seem that the queens have a little the best of the argument so far.

After viewing the interior of these rock-hewn tombs, which

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## *From the Mount of Olives to Mount Zion*

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are very interesting, we renewed our journey along the upper Kedron valley and crossed a low, barren range of hills on which is located the English cemetery, filled with row after row of white crosses, marking the graves of the soldiers who fell in the late war.

Gradually we ascended the ridge of Mount Scopus, where in ancient times Alexander the Great encamped; over which "the Assyrians come down like a wolf on the fold," and from which various other despoilers invaded the city. From here is perhaps one of the best views to be had of the city and of the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea.

Finally we reached a small, modern village on the summit of Olivet, and left our carry-all to wait for us at the foot of the hill. The principal object of interest is the Place of Ascension. A large building, belonging to the Moslems, stands on the site which from the fourth century has been shown as the place from which Christ ascended into heaven. In the center of a large courtyard is a small Chapel, called the Chapel of Ascension, containing a rock with a footprint, shown as the footprint of Christ.

South of this building is the spot where, it is said, He taught the Disciples to pray, and here a French princess has had a chapel erected, called the *Pater Noster*, in the court of which are thirty-five panels, each containing the Lord's Prayer written in a different language. Her mausoleum of white marble is also shown here. Further north, surrounded by a small pine grove, is a Russian Chapel and Priest's House, and near by the Russian Tower, with a spiral staircase inside, from which an extensive view may be obtained of the whole surrounding country. Near the corner of the Chapel is a round rock.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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protruding about a foot and a half above the ground, and inclosed by an iron railing. This is pointed out as the spot where Jesus is said to have often rested on his way to Bethany. At the edge of the bluff, we looked down nearly five thousand feet below into the Dead Sea, fifteen miles away. This remarkable body of water called by the Arabs, *Bahr Lut* (Lot's Sea), is thirty-six miles long by over nine miles wide, and covers an area of over four hundred square miles. Its depth varies from thirteen to thirteen hundred feet, but with a mean or average depth of one thousand and eighty feet. All the old notions that no bird could fly over it, and that no person could breathe its poisonous exhalations, as well as many other extravagant statements, have been long since exploded; but it is still the most depressed sheet of water in the world, as it lies thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. It is estimated that six million tons of water empty into it daily, and its only outlet is by evaporation, so that one may reasonably expect to find its climate torrid. On both sides of the sea are precipitous mountains rising from the water's edge, and near the southern end is a large peak consisting almost entirely of pure rock salt. The water is strongly impregnated with the chlorides of sodium, potassium and magnesium; while its specific gravity is so great that a person can lie on the surface of the water almost as on a couch.

On a hillside, about half way between the sea and the point where we stood, lies a wretched little Moslem village, once called Bethany. This dirty, sleepy little hamlet is, however, wide awake enough to invite the stranger to a place called the Tomb of Lazarus, and another place said to be the house where Mary and Martha lived.



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*From the Mount of Olives to Mount Zion*

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After gazing at the scene for many long minutes, we walked down the steep and rocky white road that leads to the foot of the mountain, where, since the fourth century, the Garden of the Gethsemane has been located.

Soon we reached the Tomb of Absalom, which is filled to overflowing with small stones which the devout Jews have heaped on what has been localized as the grave of David's ungrateful son. From this point we continued on down the valley to another spot which has been made familiar to every one by Bishop Heber's classic, but misleading hymn:

"By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows, etc."

We had often during our trip hummed these well-known words, and I had fully decided that, when we reached that place, the guide would be blindfolded, or sand-bagged if necessary, while one or more of those wonderful lilies were added to our collection of floral souvenirs. But when we reached the "shady rill"—which would seem to be another name for the Virgin's Fountain—it was very evident that the guide was in no danger of violence at our hands, as there were no lilies or any other species of flowers to be seen in any direction as far as the eye could reach, and while once it might have been very fair, it now looked like an ideal "habitation for dragons and a court for owls," and a place where the stayr could "call to his fellow," and feel perfectly at home about it.

Our next visit was to the modern Mount Zion, where three points of interest are located. First, we called at the imposing edifice recently dedicated by the German Emperor, and

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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named the Church of the Dormition of the Virgin. This name is based on a belief that some extraordinary mystery about the death of the Virgin is implied in the Book of the Apocalypse, where it is stated that "to the woman were given two wings of an eagle." We continued on to the Coenaculum and the Tomb of David, touched upon in a previous chapter.

Being unable to penetrate the room supposed to be the scene of the Last Supper—as it was some forty feet below the one we had entered, and was at present occupied by some Moslem's harem—we proceeded to the Palace of Caiaphas, the High Priest. This place has also been filled in until the present floor level of the court is well up toward the top of the first floor arches. The courtyard is paved with stone slabs, marking the graves of priests, bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries.

This is said also to be the place where Peter stood when he denied the Lord, and a small pillar is shown whereon the cock stood when he crew to warn him. Below, on the opposite slope of the hill, is Aceldama, or the Potter's Field, which is sometimes claimed to be the one which the chief priests bought with the thirty pieces of silver which Judas returned to them before he went and hanged himself.

## XX

### *Last Days in Jerusalem*

In summing up our impressions of Jerusalem, we were surprised. We had looked at so much, and had seen so little. In trying to account for this we blamed our lack of proper theological training, and the absence of that necessary faith that would have enabled us to be thrilled at everything we were shown, and to believe all we were told. Notwithstanding this handicap we had thoroughly enjoyed our visit, and would gladly welcome another and longer stay in this city of so many varied and peculiar attractions.

While reviewing and attempting to fix in our minds the events of the last few days in the Holy City, our thoughts naturally reverted to Haifa, Acca and Tiberias, where we had just seen another religion in the making, and we were not slow in realizing how fortunate we had been to make our trip at this time, to meet and talk with the great leader of this movement, and to visit the scenes in which he was actually living. On the Sea of Galilee, not far from the little hamlets where Jesus spent the greater part of His life, we had met and talked with another man, who, since his boyhood, has been called "the Master"; who was living the Christ-life, and had formulated a new set of sane and practical rules for making the world better for those who are now living in it. We had seen how these teachings had, in less than

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half a century, penetrated to every corner of the globe, and persuaded men of every sect to lay aside their petty jealousies and work together in a common cause—the betterment of the world today! In the midst of the insincerity and superstitions that hover around the Holy Places in Jerusalem, it was refreshing to turn to the plain and wholesome ways of the Bahais.

On the afternoon of our last day in Jerusalem, the other members of our party found themselves somewhat fatigued and suggested that we all take a good rest; but I remarked that it was Good Friday and I intended going to services at the Holy Sepulchre.

The idea seemed all right, but as our guide and encyclopedia, Joseph, had completed his contract and been dismissed, how was I going to find my way about? I assured my fellow-travelers that I had found my way in larger cities than Jerusalem. Anyway the bluff worked, and the others decided that if I was sure I could find the way, they would join me.

So, taking upon myself Joseph's duties, but my own hat and mantle, I set off with the party in tow. Just after passing through the Damascus Gate I noticed a young lady excitedly talking to a native in a combination of French and Arabic. As my heart was naturally touched at seeing a young and very good-looking young lady in distress, I paused to inquire the nature of her trouble. She replied in none-too-fluent English that she had several times inquired the way to the Holy Sepulchre, but that none of the natives had apparently ever even heard of it!

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## *Last Days in Jerusalem*

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I tried to relieve her anxiety by telling her that we were on our way there and if she would join us, I had no doubt we would all reach the place, sooner or later. At first she rather doubted my ability, as I failed to look the part of a professional guide, but on being assured by the rest of the party that I knew the way perfectly, she decided to take a chance. Her English and my French were equally good—or bad—but we managed somehow to surmount the barrier of language. Having thus cracked the ice of convention, we sauntered along through the bazaars. The young lady, I soon learned, was not only well educated, and a devout Catholic, but was also a professoress of French Literature in a college at Alexandria, Egypt, and was taking advantage of her Easter vacation to visit Jerusalem for the first time.

Fortune seemed to smile on my efforts as a guide, and in due time we arrived at the Holy Sepulchre, just as a large procession was marching out of the entrance. Working our way through the crowd, we entered and stood near the Holy Tomb.

As this was the period allotted to the Franciscans, the services were conducted in Latin, but the responses of the congregation, which had gathered from all quarters of the earth, were made in French, English, Latin and other tongues which I was not linguist enough to recognize. Presently a male choir of about twenty voices sang the chorus, *Le Prophete* with an effect truly magical. Never have I heard a group of men (some of them were of middle age and others turning grey) with

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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such marvelous voices. Add to this the spiritual associations which cling like a veritable atmosphere about the place, and the result was an experience never to be forgotten.

Viewing this little incident from another angle, it impressed me anew with the strange things that can suddenly enter into our lives. If anyone had told me on Christmas that on the coming of Good Friday I would be conducting a strange French lady from Alexandria, Egypt, along the streets of Jerusalem to the Holy Sepulchre, I would certainly have thought that individual headed for a padded cell, or at least in need of the services of a psychiatrist.

While we were in Tiberias, the most spectacular feature we witnessed was the torchlight procession on Mahomed's birthday; but at Jerusalem the great excitement was the arrival of Lord Randolph Churchill.

Being in the vicinity of the Jaffa Gate about five o'clock in the afternoon, I noticed the streets and house-tops packed with humanity and the policemen unusually busy trying to keep the road clear for something that was about to happen. Squads of mounted horsemen were dashing around and companies of soldiers were filing down the road toward the railroad station. I was unable to make any headway in finding out what was going to happen. Not being able to juggle with either Arabic or Yiddish idioms, I put in the time gazing down the street which everybody else was gazing down; but as it was approaching the dinner hour, I decided my name was not Job, and sauntered back to the hotel.

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## *Last Days in Jerusalem*

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There I saw a man who had seen the *Egyptian Gazette*, and he said it stated that the English Foreign Secretary was due to arrive and that was probably what the crowd had collected to see. So after a hurried dinner we all went out again to see the rest of the show.

Sentries were now stationed about one hundred feet apart along both sides of the street. They seemed to be a species of Boy Scouts, dressed in a sort of abbreviated summer uniform that left a portion of their legs exposed to the inclement weather as they stood, their teeth chattering, holding long poles with streamers on the top. In the cold wind we found a sweater and overcoat failed to make us comfortable, so we walked briskly up and down on the lee side of the city wall for another hour or so, and still nothing exciting happened.

How and when the English Secretary ever got into Jerusalem, we never learned, being denied the pleasure of welcoming him. We were relieved when the Scouts, by this time almost petrified with the cold, were called in at nine o'clock. We had the pleasure of seeing the Secretary frequently on the boat a few days later.

The next morning, if our *Hotellerie* had possessed such a thing as a clock, it would have been striking four a. m., when we rolled out, finished our packing and started off in the moonlight for the railroad station. In the gray dawn we passed by the Tower where the Jebusites had taunted David by placing on the wall "the blind and the lame," and wound down the hill by the Pool of Gihon, which David, now a successful and pros-

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perous king, had made famous by happening to see Bethesda bathing there.

At six o'clock our dingy little train began to move, and in a few minutes the City of David passed into the realm of recollection.



## XXI

### *From Jerusalem to Cairo*

In studying the map of Jerusalem in its early days and comparing its topography with that of the present time, one is astonished at the changes that have taken place there during the last few thousand years. Originally the city was built on four hills, and a deep, precipitous valley separated the eastern from the western part, making two really distinct cities. Believing it only right and proper to give every man his just dues, we wish before closing the account, to pay our respects to that person (or persons) who acted in the capacity of city engineer of Jerusalem for the last twenty-five hundred or three thousand years.

From what we could learn, it appears that each time the city was captured and destroyed, the ruins were thrown into the several valleys with which the city was conveniently provided, and the accommodating city engineer simply set up his transit, if he happened to have one, and established a new grade, which was official until the next despoiler came along and left some more debris. Then the grade was again raised to meet the new condition, and so on until the valleys practically disappeared, and the portion of the city within the walls became comparatively level.

While the city engineer was covering himself with glory and the stone masons were doing their good work,

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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the architects failed to keep up with the procession, and have produced practically nothing worth while. As we looked around on the commonplace buildings, we were reminded of the remedy proposed by one of England's Prime Ministers, who, in lamenting the lack of any beautiful buildings in London, suggested that an architect or two be hanged occasionally, on the theory that "no profession has ever done its duty until it has furnished its victim," and that "terror has its inspiration, and might succeed where competition has failed."

Just now, however, there is no more demand for an architect in Jerusalem than there is for a Methodist preacher, as there is no possibility of getting a building permit, although there is a great demand for new houses. But the Moslems, who are still in charge of the local government, are playing a little politics. They realize that every building means new residents—who will not be Moslems—and enough new residents will mean a change in the city officials, consequently the lid has been clamped down and the door closed on any further construction.

It is true, a piece of property changes hands every few hundred years (I had one piece pointed out that had actually been sold recently), yet it is evident that real estate agents do not thrive in this climate, and the Chamber of Commerce, if there is one, is located in a sub-cellar and conducted in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. The only real live-wire "boosters" in Jerusalem are engaged in selling souvenir post cards and

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## *From Jerusalem to Cairo*

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Oriental curios—most of which have been imported from Germany!

The Jordan valley from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea is only sixty miles long, but the river itself is two hundred miles in length, winding back and forth across the valley until at times it seems to be running uphill; and it falls six hundred feet in the sixty miles. It is interesting to know that the only recorded instance of greater fall is in our own Sacramento River, which falls eight hundred and forty feet, but in a distance of four hundred and fifty miles.

While the Valley of the Jordan is only a very small affair, the soil is deep and has the appearance of being very fertile, and seems to be patiently waiting for a real steel plow to come along and till its richness, which has been fattening for thousands of years.

At present the only inhabitants in the valley are the migratory Arabs, who pitch their tents wherever they choose, without the formality of a building permit, and in a few days or weeks move on to new and fresher pastures. The Arab's objection to owning land is two-fold. First, he would have to stay in one place; and second, he would have to pay taxes, to which he is constitutionally and unconditionally opposed. In many respects his conditions and frame of mind are similar to those of the native Californians before the *Gringos* came.

Here in Palestine we came nearer to the real Arab than anywhere else; we grew interested in them and their native haunts, which they are said to have inhabited since the Flood, some of the tribes claiming direct

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descent from one or more of the eighty persons who made the voyage with Noah in the Ark. Having made a safe landing, they have been playing safe ever since by simply holding their own in their own way.

The nations around them have amassed great riches, built wonderful cities and speeded along on the main boulevard of civilization and power. But in the end they have paid the penalty for their so-called progress and sunk into ruin. While the wily Arab has persisted in clinging to his tents and is still neither greater nor less than he has ever been. Though always on the move, he has remained stationary; he is still enjoying his freedom, he has never been conquered, and feels that he never will be. Of some things perhaps he has a right to be proud, as Lord Beaconsfield makes a character in one of his romances say, "the Arab is the only race that never withers," and "the Creator of the world has never spoken to anyone, except an Arab!"

Our trip from Jerusalem to Cairo was interesting but uneventful. It was enlivened somewhat by the presence of a very attractive young Belgian woman in our compartment, who was able to relate many illuminating and tragic first-hand war experiences.

When we arrived at Kantara, leaving the jurisdiction of Palestine and entering that of Egypt, this young woman found to her sorrow that she had failed to visit the police department in Jerusalem and secure permission to leave Palestine, and the Passport Control Officer refused to allow her to proceed. This was not only seriously aggravating, but it looked like the end of our

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*From Jerusalem to Cairo*

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pleasant little party. But after a long quiz, augmented by a great deal of persuasion on our parts, the officer became convinced that the omission was due to ignorance on the young woman's part, but as a penalty confiscated her passport. So when the train arrived we smuggled her across, into the car, and proceeded to Cairo, where we arrived safe and sound a few minutes before midnight.

Here another pleasant surprise awaited us. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, a number of Bahai friends were on hand to meet us, and from that time on spared no pains to make our stay in Cairo a pleasant one. Thereafter we learned more and more that Bahai is another name for "cheerful service," and nothing was allowed to come between them and the stranger who was sojourning among them.

In contrast to the Western world, where business and money-getting take precedence over everything else, the unselfish hospitality of the Bahais at Cairo made a deep and lasting impression.

## XXII

### *Here and There in Cairo*

The morning after our return to Cairo being Sunday and Easter (a day not largely celebrated in these parts), we were taking a brief rest, when Dr. S——, one of the most prominent physicians in Cairo as well as one of the finest Bahais in the world, called and invited Mr. B—— and myself to a real Egyptian lunch at the *Aly Hassan El-Haty*.

The menu was a two-column affair, one side in French and the other in Arabic, but the Doctor, being a native Egyptian and a graduate of the Lyon University in France, was equally at home in either column and presided in a way that left nothing to be desired. After lunch we proceeded a few *parasangs* to a *Cafe* on the Opera House Square, where I had my first and only lesson on a *narghile*, which the natives seem to enjoy anywhere from half an hour to half a day at a stretch. My experience was, however, that the only easy part of the performance is while you are waiting for the slave to fix up a wad of Turkish tobacco about the size of a boiler-maker's fist, lay some live coals on top of it, and hand you the ivory-handled end of "the snake," when you are supposed to do the rest. After pulling away for half an hour or more, I was beginning to make some headway and producing a fairly good gurgle; but presently my brain began to act like a merry-go-round, and I felt very much as if I had taken ether and was about to have a tooth extracted. So I slacked up a bit and the fire went out; then fresh coals were brought and I

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## *Here and There in Cairo*

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was told to draw hard. Everything began to grow hazy as the dizziness increased and a slight nausea added itself to the other alarming symptoms. So I quietly coiled up "the snake" and suggested that we get out into the fresh air, where I wondered if anybody had ever actually finished one of those wads of Turkish tobacco and lived to tell the tale.

The following evening we were invited to dinner at the home of a Persian grain merchant, giving us the opportunity to see more of the Oriental home life. Arriving a little before seven in the evening, we were shown into a large living-room handsomely carpeted. The walls were bare except for a few framed mottoes in Persian and some choice pieces of silk tapestry hanging here and there. The latter seemed to be the prevailing decoration in all the houses we visited in the Orient—framed pictures being nowhere in evidence.

Shortly after we arrived tea was served in dainty glass cups, the beverage being made from the flowers of the tea instead of the leaves, pale amber in color and very delicious as well as harmless. This refreshment was repeated at intervals of half an hour until nine o'clock, when dinner was announced. After everyone was seated, there were six and no ladies present, the host rose at the head of the table and delivered a neat little speech, saying that he was very happy to have us with him; that it was an evening he would always remember, and his only regret was that he had not more to offer us.

This making of neat little speeches seems to be an Oriental habit, as earlier in the day two young Persians had called at the hotel, and although I had not spoken more than a dozen words to them, one grasped my hand on leaving and said

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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very earnestly, "I am very happy to meet you. I love you very much, and I am only sorry I cannot talk more with you!"

The following day, accompanied by a young Persian, I went again to Heliopolis, a modern suburb of Cairo, more nearly resembling California than anything I have seen. The wide streets are paved with asphaltum, the buildings are new and modern as well as being excellent examples of Arabic architecture. The street cars are fine and clean, with large plate windows, and altogether are a trifle better than anything we have here, although we are supposed to have the best in the world.

As usual, there is a reason for all this. A few years ago a company of capitalists built the city of Heliopolis and spared no expense, as they expected it to outrival as well as outshine Monte Carlo. These beautiful interurban cars were intended to haul out their flush patrons in good shape, even if they did happen to return broke. The company had every assurance that a gambling license would be granted them; but the wheel of fortune changed before it was installed and sufficient pressure was brought to bear that the government deemed it unwise to give the necessary permission. Thus a group of capitalists were left with a perfectly good city and a fine street car system on their hands.

As I had acquired a recent, but pronounced, taste for Oriental chanting I took every opportunity to stroll opposite the Opera House, where a blind Arab woman, sitting on an old piece of carpet about a foot square, turned her sightless eyes up to the sky and chanted from the Koran. In passing I would lay half a *piastre* in her hand, which would elicit an out-



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## *Here and There in Cairo*

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burst of chanting that was wonderful to hear. As soon as it subsided, I would turn and place another half *piastre* in her other hand, which insured another joyful pæan of praise to Allah. As the cost was only two cents an outburst, it was altogether the cheapest musical entertainment I had ever listened to, as well as the weirdest. The performances reminded me of that of the old colored woman in Kansas, who was praying the Lord to send her a loaf of bread, when an irreverent neighbor passed her shanty. Hearing her noisy supplication, he thought he would play a joke on her. So he brought a loaf of bread and threw it into the room, saying:

"Here's your loaf of bread, mammy, but the Lord didn't send it. I brought it myself and you know me."

"Dat's all right," she replied, "I knows you, but de good Lord sent it jus' de same—even if He did have de devil fetch it!"

At another time I was startled by a different kind of music, caused by two Arab bootblacks who were trying to settle a little difference by butting their heads together. When, at the end of ten minutes neither head nor neck had been broken, they shut off the music and finished by chewing each other's ears.

One of the charms of Cairo is the diversity of phases of life found there. As you pass along the streets you see ragged Arabs sprawled full length across the sidewalks, sound asleep, while people of wealth and fashion walk carefully around them. The half-clad and half-blind lead the blind. High-powered automobiles honk for a pack-train of donkeys or a drove of sheep to release a part of the right of way. A modern trolley car (Westinghouse system) clangs its gong

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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for a loaded caravan of camels to clear the crossing—some of the camels, perhaps, with large baskets attached to each side from which dark-skinned and darker-eyed daughters of the desert look out on the city for the first time. A group of natives squat on the curb munching away on a cake of native bread about the size of an American pie and as elastic as a piece of Indian rubber; while near by at *Groppi's* you find a garden filled with small tables and crowded with as fashionable a gathering as you would find on the boulevards of Paris. Just outside the garden, native women move along with babies astride their shoulders (the baby clutching the mother's hair for support), all dressed in the fashion of Pharaoh's daughters when they tripped down to the river's edge with the royal laundry and found the infant Moses among the bulrushes, while his little sister loitered on the bank to suggest that she could find a good nurse for the hungry child.

In the hotel lobby a dainty Japanese prima donna, with her European maid, fondles some sort of exotic poodle, while a group of English officers, on furlough, chat with their wives. The hotel terrace outside is crowded with turbaned Arabs—the chiefs of the villages roundabout—dressed in long robes of broadcloth of all colors, talking excitedly to a delegation of impassive sheiks from about Damascus and Medina, who have been summoned to meet the English Foreign Secretary.

In the street a three-car train of electric cars passes, loaded to the guards with noisy young Egyptians shouting, "Fall the English! Egypt for Egyptians!" Presently a shot is heard and a group of Arabs scatter and scurry to shelter behind a row of cabs along the sidewalk. A lorry dashes up and un-

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*Here and There in Cairo*

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loads a detachment of soldiers to clean out the square. And so the scenes are continually shifted.

Everywhere is contrast and color, light and shade; the old and the new, mixing, but not mingling. In every direction is life and activity, until you are moved to exclaim: "Surely, Cairo is a city where age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety!"

## XXIII

### *Cairo to Alexandria*

Our last evening in Cairo furnished one of the most unique experiences we met with on our travels, although it necessitated our breaking one of the iron-clad rules of the Orient—that the same roof must not shelter two persons of the opposite sex unless they are man and wife.

The stage was set as follows: The ladies, properly veiled, repaired to the house of a "friend" during the afternoon, removed their veils when indoors, and remained there until the evening, when the rest of us put in our appearances. We were greatly surprised in more ways than one; but after all the test was hardly a fair one, as the ladies were highly educated and spoke Arabic, Persian, French and English. Considering it was unusual for them to be entertaining strangers, they carried it off very successfully, and the experience was mutually enjoyable, as it was perhaps as novel and exciting for them as for us.

To me it was very interesting, showing that human nature is practically the same the world over, the only difference in this case being that some of our idioms and attempts at humor were naturally strange to them, but by a little repetition and explanation they were able always to grasp the idea, and so the evening passed very pleasantly.

One delightful thing about Cairo is the cordial recep-

tion given to Americans. Very often I was accosted by a native with, "You Engleez?" as he critically sized me up. One being told, "No, Amerikani!" his face would light up and he would become effusive, repeating, "Ah! you good fellow. I like you!" And they were always anxious to do something for you, hoping, of course, that you will maintain the American's reputation for generosity. You would be continually reminded that "Amerikani have plenty money—not stingy!" I was surprised at how many trips some of our most prominent men must have made to Cairo, as nearly every guide claimed to be personally acquainted with one of our leading bankers. "Very rich! Have show him all over Egypt!" And they all spoke very affectionately of his liberality.

But acquaintances ripen quickly in this climate. The little Greek, who kept a tobacco store at which I left a few *piastres* occasionally, almost wept when I told him I was leaving Cairo. His only consolation seemed to be that perhaps he would sell out soon, and come to California, and see me there!

This reminds me of another incident that led me to believe that the art of salesmanship in the Orient has reached a high degree of refinement. When traveling in Europe and the Orient, a man who uses tobacco has as many troubles as a person taking care of twins. The customs officials pick on him unmercifully and he is kept continually busy figuring how he can be out of tobacco when he reaches the frontier, and still have a smoke after he has crossed the border. And when you do lay

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in a supply, you wish you hadn't, as you rarely get anything fit to smoke.

As we were to be in Cairo for a few days I decided to stock up, and passing a tobacconist's shop on a prominent street, my heart was made glad by the sight of a large can of American tobacco prominently displayed in the window. I lost no time in entering and pointed out the can I wanted. The proprietor began showing me one brand after another while I was still insisting on my first choice. Finally, having lost all patience I asked him why I could not have the can I indicated, when he confessed that that was the only can he had of that kind, and it was empty!—he was using it as a decoy to get the passing "Amerikani" into his store. When I told him plainly what I thought of his scheme, he replied that a large shipment had reached Alexandria, and would be in his store in a few days. I told him I would be back in Cairo in four weeks and to reserve me two cans. When I called about a month later, the shipment had not arrived and he was unable to say what had become of it, but the empty can had also disappeared from his window!

While calling on some friends in Heliopolis we were introduced to another new feature in this strange land of many surprises, and that was the people's firm belief in prophecies. Almost everything that happens is to them simply the fulfillment of some ancient prophecy. We were told of a prophecy that "one day there would be nine cities in Cairo, and the ninth one would be called Heliopolis"—all of which had come true, even if it did

require a group of foreign capitalists, who were trying to found a second Monte Carlo.

A telegram reminds them of the time of Job, when it was said, "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto Thee, here we are?"

A humble "flivver" calls up a prophecy nearly three thousand years old that "The chariots shall rage in the streets, and jostle one against another in the broad ways"—their headlights being the "torches" and their reckless speeding the "lightnings" referred to.

And so on without end, everything seems to have been foreseen and foretold.

The World War and consequent social unrest calls up the command of Daniel "to shut up the words and seal the book even to the time of the end," which means that a new dispensation will be given and the "Most Great Peace" will arrive; the world will begin to realize that a purely material civilization has been a failure, that strife and world wars are folly, and will be willing to embrace the idea of universal brotherhood and strive to make the world better for the ones who are now living in it. All this, when properly backed up by statements and statistics, is very interesting.

Our boat was to sail from Alexandria on April first, and passports, police permits, etc., must be attended to—as well as the medical authorities satisfied that we were in reasonably good health—in particular, free from cholera germs. After the usual haggling, everything was arranged and we left Cairo on a special boat train at quarter of ten in the morning, and after once more

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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crossing the delta of the Nile, reached Alexandria at one-thirty in the afternoon. Here the railway, which is under English management, has a rule forbidding porters to enter the cars and remove luggage, so it was up to me to take our several well-loaded suit cases down from the racks and hoist them out through the window to the porters on the platform below. All went well until the last, which had a broken handle, was allowed to swing against the inner window of our compartment. There was a crash of broken glass. Immediately a guard was at my elbow demanding fifty *piastres*, which I handed him, thinking that would end it, and lined up to have my passport examined.

In a few minutes I again saw the guard approach, accompanied by a tall, crimson-faced Englishman adorned with a still redder tarbush. Being identified as the culprit, I was requested to hand over twenty *piastres* more. At this Mr. B— bobbed up and insisted that I had paid for that window once, and wanted to know who the person was, and what right he had to come along and demand more. The big Englishman swelled up, and was so near choked with rage that all he could say was, "I am an Englishman!" His melodramatic attitude struck us as being supremely funny, while we all felt sorry for him—a big, raw-boned, tweed-clad Briton with a bright red tarbush, ready to burst with anger. As a parting shot, Mr. B— asked him if there were any more Englishmen around, or whether it was all settled now?

By this time everyone was laughing, and our red-faced friend retired with his twenty *piastres*, but look-



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*Cairo to Alexandria*

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ing as if he was about to enjoy an epileptic fit. And so, without more ado or further mishap, we handed the customs officer one hundred and five *piastres*, boarded the good ship *Esperia*, and at quarter after three in the afternoon, headed for Naples, realizing for the first time that we were really homeward bound.

## XXIV

### *How the Pyramids Were Built*

As we are about to leave the land of the Pharaohs, it would seem an appropriate time to exploit a theory which dawned on me during our sojourn there, regarding the probable method which was used by the builders of the pyramids.

Aware that many theories have been advanced by eminent Egyptologists, men qualified by great learning and extensive research to speak with authority on such a subject, a simple and practical way occurred to me as I stood sizing up one of these immense pieces of masonry. As the solution seemed so easy, I wondered why it had not been thought of before. For if it has, the treatise is certainly not in general circulation. I have no intention of applying for "letters patent" on the process, or of asking royalties on any future pyramids that may be built by this method, partly because someone else may have established a prior claim, and because the demand for pyramids has fallen off considerably. In fact, they seem to have gone out of style entirely, and small mud huts are the only style of suburban architecture that now meets with general favor in Egypt.

We were told that each one of the ninety or more pyramids forming huge triangles along the Valley of the Nile, started with a small unit built first. This was commenced as soon as a king ascended the throne, showing that even in those days they believed in preparedness and wished to make sure of an eternal resting place.

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## *How the Pyramids Were Built*

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As human life has always been uncertain, and political revolutions more or less plentiful, the kings chose a size which they felt reasonably certain could be finished "in the rough" before they shuffled off, it being the practice to leave to their "heirs, executors, administrators and assigns," the job of putting on the polished surface of the exterior after the funeral services were over.

We will suppose that after consulting the actuary and feeling the political pulse, a king decided it would be safe to start a pyramid one hundred feet square. Stone masons were hired at the rate of so many bushels of onions and garlic roots per annum and started the work. These men had what is known in railroad parlance as a "steady daylight" job, and worked in the cool shade of the quarries from one year's end to another, knowing that if they delivered the rocks they were sure of a job. For if their present employer died another would take his place, and another pyramid would have to be started at once. So they had nothing to do but work.

By the beginning of June, these stone masons would have enough stone ready for transportation to the site of the proposed pyramid. The Nile had begun to overflow and all work in the fields consequently suspended. So the king would declare a three months' holiday, commanding all his subjects to report for work on his pyramid.

As soon as this army of common laborers appeared they were set to clearing off the site; the Royal Engineer was already on the lot with blueprints, and having set up the royal transit, proceeded to stake out the foundation exactly facing the four cardinal points.

For convenience in figuring and because the king had al-

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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ready decided the matter, the structure is to be one hundred feet square. And if the aforesaid king lives long enough and manages to hold his job, more layers will be added from time to time so that its final size will be an index to the length of his reign.

While the site was being cleared, a good solid road was constructed from it to the quarries. The surface of this road was covered with smooth polished stones, which (according to the last stone slab in the specifications) "on completion of the outer shell is to be carefully removed and used as filling the interior of the structure, the road to be left broom-clean and to the satisfaction of the owner and engineer."

As soon as the road was completed, large blocks of stone were moved out of the quarries. Just how or by what means is not stated in the specifications. The road over which they were moved was probably about sixty feet wide, and was sometimes built entirely of polished stone. The one at the Cheops Pyramid was forty-eight feet high in places, and according to the best accounts, ten years were consumed in building the highway alone.

On reaching the site, the stones were carefully placed until they covered the allotted space, and on completion a level layer of stone is found one hundred feet square, and about three and a half feet high. The second layer, we will say for convenience, was made perhaps ninety feet square, thus leaving a five-foot margin all around.

By an ingenious system of beams acting as levers, the stones were hoisted from the roadway onto the top of the first layer, a distance of three and a half feet, and rolled into place. The next layer was made eighty feet square, again leaving a

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## *How the Pyramids Were Built*

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margin of five feet all around and the stones were hoisted from the roadway onto the ledge formed by the first layer, and from there by another set of levers, raised on top of the second layer, and rolled into place. As the next layer was seventy feet square, the one above that sixty, and so on, the pyramid, when finished in the rough, consisted of a series of steps, and the blocks of stone needed only to be hoisted one step at a time, a distance of three to four feet.

On reaching the last small square at the top, a polished cap was put in place, and the entire structure left in the rough to be covered later with polished stone work, beginning at the top and working down until the ground level was reached.

While the great pyramid at Gizeh was originally nearly five hundred feet high, no stone was ever lifted over four feet at a time, and the whole operation becomes comparatively simple and much easier than would at first appear.

In case a pyramid was not built step-fashion, it would only be necessary to have a tier of steps on one side for use in hoisting the stones. This could be broken up later and used for filling the interior, as the outside layer only was composed of large stones, inside of which small stones, earth and rubbish were utilized.

As a matter of statistics, as well as to get an idea of what the union considered a fair day's work in the days of King Cheops, I took the trouble of making a few calculations, and to the best of our knowledge and belief, each thousand men were required to place twelve blocks of stone in place each working day, amounting to about five hundred cubic feet of stone, or about eighty pounds per man per day, which would be equal to one modern brick per man per hour.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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By applying the method above outlined to the walls of Jerusalem, the building becomes a comparatively easy operation. Instead of lifting these huge blocks vertically for a height of one hundred and fifty feet (which would be a stupendous proposition), the plan was more likely as follows:

A temporary tier of steps was located at the northwest corner of the wall, where the highest ground around the city is found. Here a tier of twelve steps enabled them to raise the top course of stone work to the required height, and when once on top of the walls, a block could be rolled along to its proper place.

My hypothesis seemed to be working all right until I unfortunately discovered several sections of masonry laid at an angle of about twenty degrees. This was very amazing, but I presume with a liberal amount of profanity these few sections could be managed somehow.

I am still sorry they did those little stretches that way, as it "threw a monkey wrench into the machinery" of a perfectly good theory, and one I had been working on for a long time!

Finally, after getting back to the home of the free and the land of public libraries, I decided to look up what could be found on the subject of pyramid-building. After considerable searching I found that Herodotus ("the Father of History") had visited Egypt about 450 B. C., and in the first history ever written had stolen all my thunder, and duplicated my scheme exactly, stating as a fact that in this manner the pyramids were constructed. So it would seem that my version is a little late in appearing and that Herodotus beat me to it by nearly twenty-five hundred years. But that is not entirely my fault, as I didn't see them any sooner, and anyway twenty-five hun-

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### *How the Pyramids Were Built*

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dred years is only a short space of time in a land where it never rains, and where the beams and timber put in place at least five thousand years ago are now only beginning to show signs of decay and will have to be replaced within the next thousand years or so.

Anyway I was glad to know that my theory was backed up by such good authority, and that in my ignorance I happened to hit on the right scheme; but judging from the evidence, the process may be safely considered as public property and free to any and all who may desire to build a summer pyramid anywhere along the banks of the sunny Nile.

*Woman's Sphere in the Orient*

Judging from a brief and limited investigation, it would seem that women's activities in the Orient are not only very circumscribed, but of very short duration, as they consider themselves old at twenty and without much to live for after that age. We were also told that many of them never go outside of their homes after marriage until they are removed for burial. Thus the life of the average woman in the East is one of unrelieved monotony. There is no social or club life, no civic activity or diversion to occupy the feminine mind. Time is principally spent in sitting indoors, eating sweets and indulging in the fragrant cigarette.

In the better class of villas (at Heliopolis, for instance), the houses are provided with flat roofs, used as roof gardens, and are also surrounded by gardens, inclosed by high "eye-proof" walls, where the lady, or ladies, as the case may be, may walk, enjoy the sunshine and remain safely unexposed to the gaze of the stranger.

To an Oriental woman, a woman from the West, who goes about, dressing and acting as she pleases, is an object of great curiosity, and it is beyond her to understand how she can mingle publicly with strangers. She is shocked, but at the same time envies her Occidental sister, and is not only hoping, but is actually planning to secure a little of that liberty for herself. Especially



is this true in Egypt, where an extensive movement is now under way, the climax of which promises to occur very soon, and is awaited with considerable interest.

As is well known, the practice of wearing veils dates back to very early times (it is casually mentioned in the twenty-fourth chapter of *Genesis*), but the women of Egypt think the time has now arrived for dispensing with this ancient adornment, and are quietly forming a nation-wide and unique "union." When the time is considered ripe, these veils will all be cast into the discard. At present there are two kinds of veils worn by the Moslem women. One a heavy black affair that you cannot see through with a telescope, worn by the poorer classes; the other, a thin, white gauzy subterfuge, about the size of a ladies' handkerchief, worn by the wealthier and more aristocratic women. This has been growing increasingly transparent, thinner and smaller, until now, instead of concealing the face, it tends rather to heighten the color and brilliancy of its wearer's black eyes, and at the same time conceal the coarse texture of her features, a state of complexion due no doubt to the sedentary life and saccharine diet.

Though veils are worn only by the followers of the Prophet, the condition of the female sex among the Oriental Christians and Jews is little better than among the Moslems, where they are regarded as mere chattels. The Moslem even dislikes to see his wives praying or concerning herself with religious matters; the churches are provided with a separate place for them to worship,

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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in case they insist on doing so, and when they die they are buried in a nook by themselves.

It was surprising to learn that divorce cases are practically unknown in this country, and I took the first opportunity to discuss the matter with a prominent judge in Cairo, who explained it by saying, "Why should there be? There is no need to go into court about such an easy matter!"

It is all very simple, for the husband has only to say three times in the presence of witnesses, "I divorce you!" and the deed is done. But he must properly provide for the cast-off wife and her children, and the former retains her marriage portion.

If the wife seeks a divorce, the matter is more complicated; she loses her "dot" and alimony, and must go to court about it. But no woman ever does this, as it is much simpler to make things so disagreeable for the head of the house that he will call in a witness and pronounce the three magic words that will untie the marital knot.

There are other and deeper reasons which perhaps make conjugal infelicity rarer in the Orient than in other countries. In the first place, marriages are arranged in a different way, the usual process being somewhat as follows: When a young man arrives at a marriageable age, he informs his mother that he thinks he would like to have a wife, and if this is agreeable to her, she agrees to arrange matters. In case the son fails to think of it first, his mother reminds him of the fact, and the proceedings go on just the same. The mother then

makes up a list of eligible young ladies, and by a process of elimination finally settles on one or more of the most desirable. Not satisfied with her own judgment, she calls in a council of half a dozen or so old women of her acquaintance, and lays the matter before them.

A little sleuthing is now in order, and the habits, disposition and idiosyncrasies of the candidate are carefully looked into, particular attention being paid to the following qualifications: She must be good looking, neat and clean in her habits, of good character and competent to manage the affairs of the house. In due time a choice is made, and the mother reports back to her son that everything is arranged and reminds him to be on hand at a certain time for the marriage ceremony.

In the meantime the bride has been notified, and believing it is her destiny to be married to someone at some time in her life, no doubt feels a little relieved, and perhaps flattered because she is the one that has been chosen (so far!) to marry this certain young man, whom she has never seen.

Everything is arranged in a cold-blooded, impersonal manner. Nothing is left to chance nor to the caprices of the romantic attachment called love.

An incident which was related to us as actually to have happened will throw some light on the religious superstitions of these people.

A doctor in Cairo, a specialist in eye diseases, was visited one day by a peasant woman and her daughter who she feared was going blind. After a glance at the patient, the doctor decided he did not care to treat the

case, but the mother pleaded so persistently that he finally consented, providing she would take the girl somewhere and wash the filth and infectious matter from her face. The mother burst into tears and explained that such a thing was impossible, as according to their religion it was forbidden to put water on a girl's face until after she was married! How she expected to find a husband for her daughter in that condition, it would be hard to imagine; but they left the doctor's office without washing the girl's face or receiving treatment, showing that religion was esteemed above health or common sense. Thus through ignorance this poor woman and all the other members of that sect had reversed the teachings of El-Islam, and were not only blindly following it themselves, but were causing their children to go blind also.

One would naturally conclude that what was needed in this country was education, but here was another paradox—so far education among the women has proved a source of sorrow and discontent. The daughters of the wealthier class are usually sent to Europe or to French convents in their own country; they receive an education, a taste of freedom, and after getting a broader outlook of life, return home and settle down to a life of stagnation. They long to be something and do something in the world, but are forced to settle down in the old groove.

Imagine the thrill that falls to the lady (or ladies) of the house when the lord and master decides to give a dinner party to a few of his friends! All the female mem-

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## *Woman's Sphere in the Orient*

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bers of the family, including wives, daughters and female servants, are kept carefully out of sight, and perhaps from an adjoining room (through a crack in the doorway), get a glimpse of the festivities and overhear odd bits of the conversation; but have no more chance of joining in the repartee or enjoying the good things of the feast than a mummy in the Egyptian Museum.

Although a man seems to have a little the best of the bargain, yet it is not all smooth sailing for him, as occasionally one happens to acquire a bunch of quarreling wives, or wives that grow lean and unattractive, instead of fat and fashionable.

After becoming acquainted with conditions in the Orient, I began to realize that an immense step was taken by the Bahais in laying down their Sixth Principle—Equality Between Men and Women. To the people of the West, it seems simply a matter of fact, but it must have made the Oriental world gasp to hear that "the world of humanity has two wings—one is woman and the other man. Not until both wings are equally developed can the bird fly. Not until the world of women becomes equal to the world of men in the acquisition of virtues and perfections, can success and prosperity be attained as they ought to be."

## *The Future of Bahaism*

While crossing the Mediterranean from Naples to Alexandria on our way to Palestine, we had as a fellow passenger an Egyptian Prince, whom I have already had occasion to mention. Having made his acquaintance and finding him an agreeable and well-informed man, we had several long talks together, in one of which we discussed the teachings of "that wonderful man of Haifa" (Abdul Baha), whom the Prince intended to visit as soon as it could be arranged, as he was greatly interested in him and the Bahai movement.

As I knew very little about Bahai matters at that time, I was glad to let the Prince do most of the talking, while I assumed the role of listener. After considering the Bahai doctrines from several angles, and airing his views in general, the Prince remarked that it was asking a great deal of a man to give up his religion; that, in the Orient each nation had its own religion, which had been handed down for hundreds of years; that the people were satisfied with it, and he doubted if they could ever be persuaded to give it up.

I ventured to suggest that they might find something new and better.

"But," he protested, "there is nothing newer or better. All the great religions teach practically the same thing. The Bahai revelation contains no new truths. There is nothing newer or better to be had."

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## *The Future of Bahaism*

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In conclusion, he stated that in his opinion there was absolutely no hope of the old religions being supplanted in the Orient.

"But," he added, "in your country, where there is no old established religion, where the people are democratic and progressive, where every language, race and creed is represented, there, no doubt, is a great future for the Bahais. Some great religion will undoubtedly spring up, make its home there, and weld all these different creeds into one. In the Orient, where conditions are different, I can see no hope; but in America *such a thing is possible!*"

This, I thought, was significant, coming, as it did, from a man well-versed in world affairs, and one who, from his position and long experience, was competent to take a broad view of the matter, especially from an Oriental standpoint.

Had I been better posted, I might have informed him that no one, on becoming a Bahai, is required to discard his former belief; that some thirty thousand Orientals had already suffered martyrdom for the cause, and that probably one million more are now living the life of a Bahai—although in many places in the Orient this must still be done secretly.

But what interested me particularly was the Prince's statement that the ideals of the American people and those of the Bahais were identical, and his prophecy that this country would be the scene of their greatest activities. Here, I concluded, was food for thought.

As to his claim that there is nothing new in the Bahai revelation, and that Abdul Baha is teaching the same

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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things that Christ taught, and the same that Mohamed and all the other great teachers of the East have taught, I was unable to make a more pertinent remark than that all the great religions are fundamentally based on the same general truths, and so far we were all agreed.

But now comes a friend who takes exception to our conclusions and claims that five minutes' investigation will show that they are all wrong. So, at the risk of unloosing another theological discussion, and begging the reader's pardon, we will state briefly what the Bahai advocate has to say.

In general, he claims the Bahai revelation is the first to come forward with a sane and practical set of doctrines from beginning to end; one not given in parables, but easily understood by everybody and incapable of being interpreted in a variety of different ways. That its simplicity renders it immune from being a breeding place for various sects. That it has no features that must be accepted on faith because contrary to reason. And finally that it contains all that is taught in other religions besides many new and advanced precepts not touched upon in any former revelation.

Taking Christianity as one of the latest and greatest religions, my Bahai friend pointed out how the doctrines of the Old Testament have been superseded by those of the New Testament, such as the old law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." He referred also to the following teachings of the Nazarene: That political power was for persecution; that governments were simply institutions for undoing the people; that taxation was



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## *The Future of Bahaism*

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robbery; that poverty was a sort of virtue and wealth a crime. Again and again His followers are taught to despise on earth the things that are offered as a reward in heaven; asked for debts to be forgiven without payment; advocated breaking loose from all home ties; advised quitting work, and helping yourself to your neighbor's larder and repaying him by stating that "the laborer is worthy of his hire!"

Besides these doctrines of doubtful value, Christianity as formulated by St. Paul is based on hair-splitting differences, that have given rise to hundreds of different sects. He divides the people of the earth into two classes, one to be consumed by the wrath of their Creator and the other to ascend into heaven. In many cases, to support what could not be proved by reason, Paul called to his aid "religious faith."

Compare these doctrines with the principles laid down by Baha Ullah nineteen hundred years later.

The twelve basic Bahai Principles have been set forth in a previous chapter and may be briefly summarized as follows:

The great purpose of the Bahai movement is to unite and harmonize all the races and religions of the world.

War is to be abolished and international differences settled by a council of arbitration.

Everyone is to practice some trade, art or profession.

Begging is strictly forbidden, and work must be provided for all.

There is to be no separate paid priesthood, and the practice of asceticism is prohibited.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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Monogamy is enjoined.

Education for all, boys and girls alike, is commanded as a religious duty.

The equality of men and women is upheld.

A universal language as a means of international communication is to be formulated and adopted.

Gambling, the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, the taking of opium, cruelty to animals and slavery are forbidden.

Some portion of one's income must be devoted to charity. The administration of charitable funds, pensions for widows, the sick and disabled and for the education and care of orphans to be the business of the state.

After repeated backing and filling, and going over considerable ground, we found that Abdul Baha had already fully disposed of the very points we were discussing in an incident recorded in the little booklet on Divine Philosophy, where he says:

"Certain of the clergy in America said, 'Many of the truths in our religion have been forgotten. Baha Ullah has come to remind us of them.'

"One clergyman said before a large congregation, 'Baha Ullah revises the old beliefs but he has brought us nothing new. These truths are already found in the sacred books.'

"Then I arose and said, 'I am going to quote you some of Baha Ullah's instructions for this day and you will show me in which sacred book they are to be found.'

"Baha Ullah exhorts men to free their minds from the

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## *The Future of Baháism*

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superstitions of the past and to seek independently for truth, putting aside all dogmas. Religions are one. Let us banish creeds that the reality may become unveiled. In which sacred book do you find this?

"He heralds the hour of unity which has dawned on all mankind. All are the children of one Father; all the inheritors of that future peace on earth. He admonishes men to banish prejudice; religious, patriotic, racial preconceptions must disappear, for they are the destroyers of human society. Where is this written? In which part of the Bible, Old or New Testament?

"Religion must be the cause of affection. It must be a joy-bringer. If it becomes the cause of difference, it were better to banish it. Should it become the source of hatred, of warfare, it were better that it should not exist. If a remedy produce added illness, it were far better to discard the remedy. A religion which does not conform with the postulates of science is merely superstition. In which sacred book do you find this thought? Tell me.

"Baha Ullah declares the absolute equality of the sexes. The male and female in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms share alike the natural bestowals. Why should there be a difference in the human kingdom? Verily, they are equal before God, for He so created them. Why should women be deprived of exercising the fullest opportunities offered by life? Whosoever serves humanity most is nearest God, for God is no respecter of gender. The male and female are like the two wings of a bird and when both wings are reinforced with the

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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same impulse the bird of humanity will be enabled to soar heavenward to the summit of progress. In which sacred book is this written?

“Education holds an important place in the new order of things. The education of each child is compulsory. If there is not money enough in a family to educate both the girl and the boy, the money must be dedicated to the girl’s education, for she is the potential mother. If there are no parents the community must educate the child. In addition to this widespread education each child must be taught a profession, art, or trade, so that every member of the community will be enabled to earn his own livelihood. Work done in the spirit of service is the highest form of worship. Where do you find this statement?

“Baha Ullah’s solution of the social question provides for new laws, but the different social classes are preserved. An artisan remains an artisan; a merchant, a merchant; a banker, a banker; a ruler, a ruler; the different degrees must persist, so that each can render service to the community. Nevertheless, everyone has the right to a happy and comfortable life. Work is to be provided for all and there will be no needy ones to be seen in the streets. The vocational labor adjustment provided by Baha Ullah precludes there being people too poor to have the necessities of life on the one hand, or the idle rich on the other. In which sacred book do you find this provided for? Show me.

“In order to facilitate complete understanding between all people, a universal auxiliary language will be adopted

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## *The Future of Bahaism*

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and in the schools of the future two languages will be taught—the mother tongue and this international auxiliary tongue, which will be either one of the existing languages or a new language made up from words from all the languages—the matter to be determined by a confederation met for the purpose which shall represent all tribes and nations. This international tongue will be used in the work of the parliament of man, a supreme tribunal of the world, which will be permanently established in order to arbitrate international questions. The members of this arbitral court of justice will be representatives of all the countries. It is incumbent upon the nations to obey the commands of this tribunal, for such a tribunal will be under the power of God and for the protection of all men. In all of the sacred books where do you find such a statement?

“The purpose of these new laws is to destroy antagonism by finding a point of agreement. We cannot induce men to lay down their arms by fighting with them. If two individuals dispute about religion, both are wrong. The Protestants and Catholics, the Moham-medans and Christians war over religion. The Nestorians claim that Christ was merely a slave, a man like the rest, but God put His spirit upon Him. The Catholics say that He was one of the trinity. Both are wrong!”

In conclusion he says: “Baha Ullah’s teachings are the health of the world. They represent the spirit of this age, the light of this age, the well-being of this age, the soul of this cycle. The world will be at rest when they are put into practice, for they are reality.”

## XXVII

### *On the Good Ship Esperia*

It has just occurred to me that some few chapters back our party boarded the steamer at Alexandria, and as the good ship *Esperia* happened to be a fast boat, and proposed to land us in Naples in two days and three nights, it lost no time in getting under way. So we hurried on deck to get a last glimpse of Egypt, a land which had proved so fascinating, and which in the matter of lure seemed to be better supplied than almost any other country we had visited. As we leaned over the rail and watched the low shore-line disappear, many thoughts and various emotions chased each other along the vacant corridors of our minds.

In the distance was fast fading out the land where science, art and architecture originated; where the human mind had struggled through all the stages of picture-writing, pictorial phonetism and alphabetic writing; a land where in early days they put gold rings in the ears of their sacred crocodiles, and where the man of the house shaved off his eyebrows when his cat died. A fair enough land in those olden times for anyone in good health, but not so happy for the sick, who were dosed with concoctions of nitre, beer, blood and milk boiled up and swallowed hot.

It was here also that they decided, probably fifty centuries or more ago, that a human being consisted of

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## *On the Good Ship Esperia*

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six parts: A body, soul, intelligence, a name, a shadow, and a "ka," or vital principle, which was the most troublesome of all, as it remained with the mummy and required food and perpetual apartments similar to what it had been accustomed to before it "shuffled off this mortal coil."

Here, it is claimed, originated ages ago the belief in the immortality of the soul and the physical resurrection of the body, which accounts for the fact that at one time over seven hundred millions of mummies were tucked away in the sands and rock-hewn tombs in the valley of the Nile,—all waiting for the summons that never came,—which may be the reason the old Sphinx continues to smile in the same inscrutable way, because the whole lot of them had been fooled, and at least one-third of them carted away and used as fertilizer!

Here was not only a fair land but, it would appear, an unusually attractive one for bankers, with its modest rate of interest of six percent per month, compounded every time the moon changes! A thrifty land also for surveyors, as landmarks are more or less obliterated every year when the Nile overflows and leaves its coating of slime over the valley.

Far away in the distance lay Cairo, a city where, in uncommonly wet seasons, as much as one inch of rain is liable to fall. A place where everything that dies turns to dust, and floats in the air until blown away. A busy, hustling city, while up to its very edge creeps the desert where all is death and silence. Here and there loom up those huge triangles, the tombs of kings; but

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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there in the city itself, on its paved streets, under the glare of its lights, all is life and activity. Here one day is like another and the weather, being always the same, is a total loss as a topic of conversation. Here umbrellas and cravanettes, ear-muffs and galoshes, are not to be found on special sale at any of the haberdashery shops, and millinery stores and beauty parlors are about as common as Palm Beach suits in Patagonia!

In this land a long cotton tunic and a head-dress consisting of a cloth wound seven times around the head (which has been found to be sufficient and handy for a shroud in case of an emergency), and sometimes a pair of loose slippers, completes the costume of thousands of the natives, who go through life "hoping for the perfect age of one hundred and ten years," and are always as happy and carefree as an Ani ape or a Kafoo monkey.

But why continue? The half can never be told of this wonderful country where things were once done in such a superlative way; where statues were built with the features magnified thirty times, where they piled up in one pyramid sufficient stone to build a wall one foot square two-thirds of the way around the globe!

Our only stop was at Syracuse, where, owing to the low tide, we came to anchor in the bay for three hours. This long stop seemed to be made for two reasons; to allow a score or more of passengers to be taken ashore, and to allow some native musicians to row alongside and regale us with the usual serenade. While the passengers pelted them with coins, only a small percentage of which either hit the musicians or fell into the boat,



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## *On the Good Ship Esperia*

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they retaliated with *Oui, Marie*, and a few native songs, which, like the jokes in a circus, are always the same, and in this consists their principal charm. What with dodging the coins, scraping away on their violins and trying to sing, they seemed to be having a perfectly good time, and finally when the shower of small coins had subsided, they rowed for shore, as happy as if the gate receipts were sufficient for one course of spaghetti and a bottle of *rosso ordinario*.

Now came Saturday night, the last one of our voyage! A very busy night, too, with a grand ball on board, and the Straits of Messina in sight. A beautiful sight in the early evening with the shores on both sides of the narrow Straits dotted with myriads of electric lights—the Scylla and Charybdis of our schoolboy days!

The next morning at seven o'clock, the engines abruptly slowed down, and we were sidling up to the pier at Naples, right on schedule time. Then came the doctors and passport officials, and a wild scramble to get ashore; for we had still the ordeal before us of passing the customs officials and a carriage ride across the city to the railroad station, and a scant half hour to do it in.

Thanks to the energetic efforts of the American Express representative, everything was arranged and we had five or ten minutes to spare in which to take a fresh breath, but were cautioned while doing so to keep one eye on our baggage. Evidently we were getting back to civilization again!

## XXVIII

### *From Naples to Paris*

A German thinker once discovered that there is a great difference between reading a bill of fare and eating a regular meal; we likewise learned in a casual sort of way that making out an itinerary on paper bears very little resemblance to taking the actual trip, especially in Italy at the present time.

When the Express agent in Cairo glibly mapped out our return trip, it looked as complete and up to date as this year's almanac. We were to connect up with a certain White Star steamship called the *Olympic*, sailing from Cherbourg on April sixth. We had simply to take the special boat-train from Cairo to Alexandria, connecting with the fast boat *Esperia* to Naples, the local train to Rome, then the de luxe Rome to Paris Express, which would land us in Paris in thirty-six hours.

We got to Naples all right on schedule time; but there we learned that the Rome to Paris Express train ran only three times a week, and its next appearance would be on the following Tuesday, the day we were due in Paris, if we expected to make connections with the steamer on which our reservations had been made.

Three things stared us in the face: That boat-train from Paris to Cherbourg would surely pull out on Wednesday at nine forty-five a. m.; we were nearly

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*From Naples to Paris*

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fifteen hundred miles away from it, and something had to be done quickly. Mr. B— did not register much joy as he thought of someone else sailing away in the elegant cabin on which he had made a deposit of six hundred dollars, and for my part, I was greatly disappointed in losing out on that “de luxe” train, as I was looking forward to learning at first-hand how these words were construed in Italy.

The railroad cars we had seen had been far from “de luxe,” in fact, we had never been able to find a polite expression that would begin to describe them. But there we were, and there was nothing to do but forge ahead, trust to luck and get to Paris in the quickest way possible.

Our first lap, from Naples to Rome, was not very encouraging, as everybody seemed to have run down to Naples the night before in order to go back on the morning train. The train was not only crowded, but got started half an hour late, and little by little kept adding to its lateness. Everyone seemed to feel that it was a very natural thing for a train to be late, and if it kept losing time, it would be only that much later in arriving. Only three people on that whole train seemed to be at all impatient or in a hurry, which made it all the more aggravating. After jostling around for six hours in the “standing room only” part of the car, we reached Rome. We had barely time to transfer to the train for the north, take a full breath, and thank our lucky stars that at last we had a quiet compartment

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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where we could sit down, when the conductor tooted his little brass horn, and we were off.

Presently it occurred to me that we were in Italy again (several little things had suggested that fact), and I remembered that unless you have tickets for dinner, you do without anything to eat, so I started out to make a few reservations. No one seemed to know what I was talking about, so I continued from one end of the train to the other, only to find it had no dining car; that it did not stop anywhere for meals, and that sleeping cars were also considered superfluous.

The few oranges and a small box of chocolates which Mrs. B— always managed to have stowed away soon disappeared, but our hunger remained. Adjourning to the vestibule of our car, we waited hour after hour as the train whizzed past little stations, until after nine o'clock, when it halted in an important looking station with a buffet, to which I dashed, grabbed some hard, dry sandwiches and a *quarto fiasco* of Chianti. We arrived at Turin the next morning, tired, hungry, sleepy and dirty!

To make it still more interesting the water supply had been depleted early the evening before, and no one had taken the trouble to replenish it. For fourteen hours water had been as absent as soap, towels, drinking cups, or any other conveniences usually found on a railroad train.

Luckily we had eight hour's stop-over in Turin, and made up for lost opportunities by cleaning up, and having a bountiful breakfast, followed a couple of hours





STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC IN THE MADELEINE, PARIS

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### *From Naples to Paris*

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later by a still more bountiful lunch, and also laid in enough provender to last us for the next twenty-four hours.

Feeling again on rather better terms with the world in general and Italy in particular, we set out to fill in the time, and see something of Turin, which proved to be one of the greatest surprises of our trip. Not expecting much we found a great deal to admire and enjoy; for here was a beautiful city, very picturesque and laid out like a miniature Paris. It is perhaps the only city in Italy which is conspicuous for the regularity of its streets. They open out into spacious squares, and (what is remarkable for Italy!) everything is neat, clean and orderly.

Nature has done a great deal for Turin by giving it a superb location. Along the eastern edge winds the River Po, beyond which rises a range of beautiful hills covered with attractive villas. Parks, gardens, public monuments and well designed buildings give it a modern and up-to-date appearance. This city is evidently the Detroit of Italy, as we passed many automobile factories, the Fiat, Scat, Itala and another very popular car, in which we became greatly interested, because we thought we might some day have money enough to purchase it. These cars, which were cavorting around in every direction, looked like overgrown motorcycles or a lot of infant Fords. In spite of their small size, they showed considerable speed, and developed quite as much noise as a full-grown car. An ideal thing for a souvenir, but unfortunately our suit cases were more than full already.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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At first glance it would seem strange that the city of Turin should be associated with the name and exploits of Hannibal, but such is the case, and students of Roman history will recall how that General, after he had the dream in which he saw so many snakes, started on his invasion of Italy. He crossed the Alps and pounced down on this city of Torina (which was then called Taurasia), completely destroyed the place and put the inhabitants to the sword, hoping by this act to strike such terror into the natives that they would become his allies, and help him in his pet scheme of conquering Italy with the swords of the Italians themselves. While it was rather hard on Turin to be wiped out of existence because of a grudge they had against Rome, it was probably a good thing in the long run, as the Emperor Augustus had it rebuilt in a proper way. The name of the party to whom was entrusted the work of laying out the new city is perhaps unknown, but whoever he was, he deserves a medal as being the only city engineer in Italy who could run a street in a straight line for any distance, and make it wide enough for a street car line, a row of carriages at each side and sidewalks.

Three hours after leaving Turin, we reached the northern frontier of Italy at Modane, where we passed through the customs ordeal for the tenth time since arriving in foreign lands. While some of the previous experiences had been sufficiently nerve-racking, they were as mild as a Sunday-school picnic compared with the struggle we were about to engage in.



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## *From Naples to Paris*

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At eight-thirty the next morning we reached Paris, happy to be once more in the city of our heart's delight, but exceedingly sorry that our stay must be limited to twenty-four hours. Much of this time was consumed in making our necessary arrangements, getting steamer and railroad tickets, so we had very little opportunity for sight-seeing, although we managed to slip away to the *Madeleine* and admire the wonderful statue of Joan of Arc once more. We found it illuminated by the afternoon sun, which was streaming down on her up-turned face. The pure white marble had the color and warmth of life, and was one of the most beautiful and inspiring things we had seen on the whole trip!

After visiting several hundreds of churches, mosques and shrines, we found a thrill in the *Madeleine*, which we failed to get anywhere else. The atmosphere seemed charged with some powerful force, like the air of a cool, crisp morning when the earth is covered with snow, and our nerves tingled as when you enter the field of a powerful electric machine. Scattered about here and there knelt wives and mothers in deep mourning, pouring out their grief and seeking consolation from that Power that watches over the destinies of men and nations. In one of the chapels a service was being conducted; women in black were continually going as others were coming to their devotions, and groups of strangers, like ourselves, were passing around noiselessly.

Within these walls, which were originally intended as a temple of victory, the real spirit of victory had de-

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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scended, and we felt its invisible but actual presence. Victory and Invincibility!

With hearts full of pity for the French people, who have suffered so greatly, we quietly withdrew, feeling that we had stood for a moment in a place where religion was deep and sincere.

As we looked back for the last time, the sunlight was still streaming down on the beautiful upturned face of Joan of Arc, whose lips seemed to be repeating the words the angel had whispered to her, in the garden at Dom Remy—“*La pitié qui estoit au royaume de France!*” (Pity for the realm of France!)

## XXIX

### *A Glimpse of Paris*

On the outbound part of our trip, we gave scant notice to Paris, hoping on our return to spend at least another week there; this was later reduced to two days, and finally dwindled down to twenty-four hours. But as a distinguished person once remarked, "The moving accident is not my trade," and certain steamers have a way of leaving at a certain time, and there was nothing to do but get aboard!

Our short visit thus gave us the opportunity of visiting only some of the most important places and that in a hurried sort of way; yet a description of even these could not be compressed into a single chapter, and our first impulse is to pass the whole thing by, and continue on our way. On the other hand, it would hardly be fair to ignore the place that proved the most interesting and attractive of all the famous places we visited; a place which I hope to see again some day, and in a more leisurely way. For if I should ever be permitted to take another trip, and could go to only one foreign city, that city would be Paris! And this for the simple reason that almost everything that can be found elsewhere is found there, and if anyone is interested in art or architecture, or is simply looking for a good time, there is no one place in the world that has so much to offer. And here comes the great difficulty: while other

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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cities have certain outstanding attractions, in Paris there are so many and varied things of interest, that it is difficult to decide what to leave out and where to begin.

For the first day or so, one is apt to be content with wandering up and down the Boulevards, gazing into the shop windows, occasionally stopping to sit in front of some cafe, and watching the endless flow of traffic, wondering why the women have so much beauty and charm, while the men seem so indifferent.

After getting somewhat acclimated and having acquired a little confidence, the next thing that suggests itself is a ride on a motor-omnibus, of which there are nearly fifty lines, reaching to almost any part of Paris; through the *Arch de Triomphe*, and out into the solitude of the *Bois de Boulogne*—a park of over two thousand acres, with winding roads, lakes and streams so nearly counterfeiting nature that you could hardly believe it to be the work of man. Returning you can pass by the *Trocadero*, the *Eifel Tower* and the famous *Champ de Mars*.

Starting from the terminus of St. Lazare on the *Ceinture* railway, you can procure a *Paris-a-Paris* ticket and in two hours encircle the city within the fortifications.

In the evening, starting from the *Place de la Concorde*, in the center of which rises the *Obelisk of Luxor* (on the spot where the guillotine stood during the Reign of Terror), nothing could be more enjoyable than a walk along the banks of the Seine, past the garden of the *Tuileries* to the *Pont des Arts*, where, in moonlight, the best view of the Seine is obtained. Then crossing over

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## *A Glimpse of Paris*

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to the *Quai d'Orsay*, back to the *Pont Alexandre III*—a good three-mile walk—which will give one a better idea of fairyland than any other one place in the world.

As you pass the hazy and indistinct gardens, or stand on one of the bridges and gaze on the thousands of colored lights reflected in the water, you cannot believe you are in the center of a city of nearly three million inhabitants.

Certain tourist agencies recommend to you their "Driving Excursions"—"which enable visitors to see as much of Paris in two days as they could otherwise see in a week." Also "to meet the wants of those who prefer to take things more easily," a five-day itinerary is provided and you are finally informed that "if double this time is devoted to visiting Paris, so much the better."

After putting in ten strenuous days and nights at full speed, stopping only for meals and a very little sleep, we concluded that one to three months would be needed for a good general idea of Paris and its environs, and at least a year could be spent there, with the last months as fully occupied as the first.

The most important public building and the one first visited is the *Louvre*, which derives its name from an ancient hunting chateau once situated here in the midst of a forest infested by wolves, and hence called *Louverie*. A week could be profitably spent in this immense building alone, as it contains the most complete collection of Egyptian specimens in Europe, an Assyrian museum,

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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Greek and Roman galleries (where the original *Venus de Milo* may be seen), and many other interesting departments.

There are over two thousand pictures of the highest rank on exhibition, representing every school of painting and including hundreds of famous works from the *Marriage at Cana*, the largest canvas in the *Louvre* measuring about twenty-two by thirty-two feet, down to the small but more famous *Mona Lisa*, once more hanging in its old place, a guard stationed at each door to see that it stays there.

After gazing intently at a few hundred of these wonderful paintings your neck and eyes ache and you wonder why the artists of olden times painted women and horses with such small heads and large, voluptuous bodies, and you are curious to know where Rubens could possibly have seen the originals of those infants and young girls of his, with their muscles developed like those of a prize fighter.

Then the fact dawns on you that you have seen enough art for one day and it is time to look at the blue sky or something else for a change; then you realize for the first time that you are very tired with so much walking and looking, so you hunt up a cafe and order some ice cream and cakes, only to find that in Paris ice cream has its season, like game and salads, and that in April *glace* is not to be had, but *cafe au lait-patisserie*? *Oui, monsieur.*

The next place that is to be visited is the Grand Opera House, the largest theatre in the world, covering an area of nearly three acres. Between four and five

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## *A Glimpse of Paris*

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hundred houses were demolished to provide the site, and over nine millions of dollars were spent on the site and the building. In the interior the two striking features are the grand staircase and the grand foyer, neither of which has ever been surpassed. The auditorium itself is very ornate and richly decorated, but occupies a relatively small portion of the immense building, containing only a little over two thousand seats.

Another surprise in this magnificent building is the arrangement of the cloak rooms and the sanitary quarters which must have been left to the office boy, and a very young and inexperienced one at that! The architect's time was perhaps taken up in trying to please his Majesty, as you notice a circular ramp and elaborate porte cochere, by means of which the Emperor could drive into the Opera House in his coach and four, but unfortunately for him, when the building was completed, the Empire had become a thing of the past.

Probably the next point of interest will be the *Hotel des Invalides* and the tomb of Napoleon. This covers a site of thirty-one acres, and was originally intended for an old soldier's home, but only a few decayed veterans are found there now, the place being occupied largely by the war department and as a museum. The central part of the building consists of a church and the dome under which rests the sarcophagus of Napoleon I. Over the entrance to the vault is inscribed in French the following paragraph from his will:

"I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

The next historic place to be visited is *Notre Dame*, one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture to be found in this land where this style originated and has been carried to its greatest perfection.

A few steps away, on the highest ground in this part of the city, stands the *Pantheon*, another perfect specimen of architecture, but in the classic style. This building occupies the site of the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, and is now used as a grand memorial temple dedicated to the glory of the men of France, and filled with paintings, statues, tombs, etc.

Among the many interesting frescoes here are Lenepvu's series illustrating the life of Joan of Arc, and her statue by Dubois has also been placed here. In the vaults underneath are the tombs of Victor Hugo, Voltaire, Rousseau, Zola and many other distinguished Frenchmen.

A short distance to the left is the *Palais du Luxembourg*, built by Marie de Medici, and for many years used as the royal residence, but now occupied by the Senate. It also contains a gallery of modern paintings, a sort of purgatory for the works of modern artists before they can hope to be hung among the great masters in the *Louvre*. This because of a rule that the works of painters are not admitted into the *Louvre* until ten years after the artist's death, when, if the fact can be established that he is still dead and his picture is con-



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## *A Glimpse of Paris*

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sidered worthy by the jury, the artist has reached the height of glory, although, unfortunately, he is not in a condition to appreciate the fact.

Returning to the main part of the city, the visitor passes the *Palais de l'Institute*, the home of the French Academy, whose forty members are known as the *Les Immortals*. Adjoining is the famous *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, the foremost school of painting, sculpture and architecture in the world.

Crossing the Seine and passing through the gardens of the *Tuileries* (so called on account of the tile-kilns which were once located here), we reach the *Rue de Rivoli*, lined from one end to the other with hundreds of jewelry stores. A short distance away you enter the *Rue de la Paix*, the dressmakers' famous street, where you note the establishments of Worth, Paquin and others, where the fair sex can, for a large amount of money, acquire a small piece of goods attached to an expensive label.

It is also worth while to visit the *Grande Magazins du Louvre*, the largest general store in Paris, where they not only have reading and writing rooms and a buffet where refreshments are served gratis, but charming young ladies who have elevated salesmanship to a fine art. It is certainly a pleasure to be relieved of your money in such a delightful way, and you no longer wonder that this store has branches all over Europe and in Egypt.

Next in importance and size is the world-famous *Bon Marche*, a little out of the way, but somewhat cheaper

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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than the others; then finest of all the beautiful store with the flowery name, *Au Printemps*, a unique building in the *Art Nouveau* style, but very successfully done.

In wandering around Paris it is well to keep in mind how frequently and with what ease a street will change its name from time to time. For instance, you walk a few blocks on the *Boulevard des Capucines*, and suddenly find it has changed to the *Boulevard des Italiens*, which in a few more blocks becomes *Montmartre*, then *Poissonniere*, and so on. One street in the city is not satisfied until it has changed its name twenty-three times, and by that time it is back to the place where it started.

Although very fickle in the way of names, the streets are everywhere generously lighted; for the reason that it pays to provide a city that will attract people from all parts of the world, who in the end not only pay for the lighting, but for many other things as well.

The streets are also liberally supplied with signs. They have to be or otherwise you would never know when one left off and another began. The gendarmes, who are as plentiful as priests in Rome, are always glad to direct you; while the average civilian answers your inquiries in a pleasant and polite way.

Lastly (but usually first in the minds of those visiting Paris), there is the night life, which the newcomer often believes is about all there is to Paris anyway, and must be seen by all means. If such is the case our visit must have been a miserable failure, as the *Moulin Rouge*, the *Dead Rat*, *Black Cat* and a few other notorious places were closed up shortly before our arrival. Whether

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## *A Glimpse of Paris*

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this was done especially for our protection, or on account of the unpleasant notoriety given to them by certain movie stars who had preceded us, we did not take the trouble to inquire.

What impressed us about the whole thing was that a mere handful of such places could acquire a world-wide fame, and blacken the reputation of the whole city, which had permitted them to exist solely to amuse those visitors of depraved taste who craved such things, and would be satisfied with nothing else.

But the heartless authorities have seen fit to douse the glim and stop the rotating arms of the Red Mill, and it is no longer *apropos* to speak of "gay Paree," which to many people nowadays seems about as lively as prohibition New York.

The average, healthy-minded person, however, whose brains compare at all favorably with his pocketbook need not feel discouraged, as there is still much to see and enjoy in this great and wonderful city.

### XXX

## *Playgrounds of Children and Kings*

Two of our most charming days in Paris were spent outside the city, which is a rather inexact way of putting it, but they were spent in the *banlieue* or *les environs de Paris*, all of which means about the same thing, I take it, only a little more so.

At the time there was no idea of pointing any morals or adorning any tales; it just so happened that we went on a certain Thursday to Robinson, and on the following day (which this year came on Friday) we visited Versailles. Naturally I knew of Versailles, without really knowing very much about it; but I had never heard of Robinson, which made our visit there all the more delightful, as it added surprise to pleasure.

We discovered this little place because Mrs. B— was going to visit an uncle of hers who lived there, and not wishing to lose the only woman in our party, we all proceeded to escort her to the home of her relative, a famous old artist who, like her father, specializes in painting flowers.

To reach this place we took the train to Sceaux, a distance of about seven miles from Paris, then a delightful walk along the high road of nearly a mile, to where the road forks. And there stands a large wooden effigy of Robinson Crusoe, umbrella and all, just as we last remembered him, seeming to welcome us to his

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## *Playgrounds of Children and Kings*

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home town. In the background rises a high wooded hill and all around are playgrounds with swings, trapezes and all kinds of appliances for amusing the youngsters. Little garden cafes, with platforms built among the branches of immense chestnut trees (some of them five stories high), cosy arbors, sheltered seats and grottoes, all form a picture that could have originated only in the mind of a Frenchman. One is apt to fancy that he has suddenly dropped into the favorite haunts of Perault, and that here he conceived his stories of Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood and various other stories for children that have made him famous.

As our visit was in February, most of the places were closed and we could only imagine what a gay place it would be in the summer season, especially on a Sunday or holiday, with its jolly crowds of children, attended by mothers, nurses and governesses, flocking out from Paris to enjoy themselves in this shady nook of Fairyland—this immense stage with all the scenery and accessories, even to the high, wooded hill in the background.

No matter in what direction you looked, you found everything in harmony. The artistic spirit also extends to the village, where there are just the right kind of houses, cozy little cottages with red tile roofs, little miniature chateaux which fit into the landscape admirably.

What a difference between this quiet, pastoral scene, the playground of childhood and innocence, and the one on which we gazed the following morning, as we entered the *Ave. de Paris* and looked across the *Place*

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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*d'Armes* at the Palace of Versailles! All the bloody orgy of the French Revolution with its Reign of Terror, all the reckless intrigue, extravagance and scandal that preceded the downfall of royalty, rushed into our minds, for down this very street on which we were walking came that infuriated mob, composed largely of women armed with scissors, knives and pitchforks, and on the iron balcony at the center of the palace King Louis XVI appeared and agreed to return with them to Paris.

After gazing at this scene for a few minutes one is affected curiously, and is apt to make a rash resolution to reread all of Mulhbach's historical romances, especially *Marie Antoinette and Her Son*, as now it will seem more real.

Since that wild day when the Royal Family moved slowly and sadly towards the *Tuileries* near which a young sub-lieutenant, Napoleon, standing among the spectators exclaimed, "How is this possible? Has the king no cannon to destroy this *canaille*?"—since that time this immense playground of the king has been deserted, and the palace uninhabited except on state occasions.

As you pass the iron railing and enter the Court of Honor, you face a colossal statue of Louis XV on horseback, made of bronze cannon brought from the Rhine, while on each side are large statues of Dugueslin, Chevalier Bayard, Cardinal Richelieu and other celebrities of French history.

The Palace is an immense affair, over one-third of a mile long, built at different times, and represents not only several different styles of architecture, but recalls some of the most dramatic eras of French history.

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## *Playgrounds of Children and Kings*

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The central and oldest part, built of brick and stone, is the original chateau or hunting-box of Louis XIII; the adjoining wings were constructed by Louis XIV, who began to transform it into an immense palace; on the right Louis XV added a theatre and a chapel, while on the left a corresponding pavilion was added by Louis XVIII.

We are told that originally the site of Versailles was hardly favorable for a town, and still less for a park, but that made little difference with the king, as he grew tired of living at St. Germain, looking continually at the burial place of his royal ancestors.

Voltaire called the place "the abyss (politely speaking) of expense," and it does somewhat resemble the bottomless pit, as the palace and parks cost the enormous sum of over one hundred million dollars, at a time when millions were not so common as now, and the annual cost of maintenance was over five hundred thousand dollars.

The story of the erection of this sumptuous palace and the laying out of the grounds reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights: thirty-six thousand men and six thousand horses were employed at one time in building the terraces of the gardens, leveling the park, constructing the wide boulevard to Paris (a distance of ten miles), and building an aqueduct from Maintenon, thirty-one miles away. Each succeeding monarch added to the size and luxuriousness of the palace, until finally it reached a length of over nineteen hundred feet, and could easily accommodate ten thousand inmates.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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Many historical events have been staged in the Palace of Versailles, among which was the signing of the treaty by which England recognized the independence of the United States in 1783. Six years later the *Tiers Etat* (The Third Estate) began their sittings here, and took the first step on the way to the Revolution by forming itself into a separate body called the *Assemblée Nationale*. In 1791 Louis XVI, the last royal inmate, left there to become a prisoner in the *Tuilleries*, and since that time it has been uninhabited. A few years later it was converted into a munition factory and in 1815 it was pillaged by the Prussians.

In 1855 Queen Victoria was received there by Napoleon III, and in 1871 it was occupied by the German forces, and there King William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. After the departure of the Germans, it became the seat of government of the Republic, and continued so until 1879.

To detail all the events that have occurred at Versailles would fill a large volume, so we will proceed to enter the Palace and briefly describe a few of the many interesting things it contains.

After looking at hundreds of statues and acres of paintings, and passing through the salons of Venus, Diana, Mars, etc., you are ushered into the *Galerie des Glaces*, a magnificent room two hundred and thirty-five feet long, thirty-five feet wide and forty-two feet high. On one side are seventeen large arched windows overlooking the park and gardens, while on the opposite side of the room are an equal number of immense beveled



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## *Playgrounds of Children and Kings*

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mirrors. The walls are of the finest marble, and the ceiling is richly decorated with paintings and gilded stucco. In this Hall of Mirrors the great Peace Conference of 1919 was held, and you are shown the spot where President Wilson sat, and the positions of Clemenceau, Lloyd-George and the German delegation.

From this room you pass on to the apartments of Louis XIV, and are shown his bedroom, wig-room and bath, which by the way, does not show much wear, as the great king never used it but twice. The second time was immediately after a hearty meal, and it made his Royal Highness so sick that he refused to dally with such new-fangled innovations any more!

Next comes the grand apartments of the queen, the bed-chamber of Marie Antoinette, the hall of the Swiss Guards, and on through room after room, walls and ceilings of which are filled with paintings, expensive tapestries and elegant decorations. One finally comes to the *Galerie des Batailles*, a magnificent hall nearly four hundred feet long, filled with immense paintings showing the military successes of the French nation from the earliest times. After gazing at so much decoration and so many works of art, it is refreshing to step out on the terrace and look across the lawns and garden called the *Tapis Vert* (green carpet), down the Grand Canal with its basins, its maze of walks with fountains, statuary and shrubbery.

Passing down the *Allée de la Reine*, a walk of about three-quarters of a mile, you reach the *Grand Trianon*, built by Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon, where

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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he was fond of coming and entertaining a select circle with dinners, balls, sports and comedies. Beyond this are other gardens, beautiful with cascades and fountains. You pass on to the Musuem of Carriages, where they have on exhibition the state coaches of Napoleon, Charles X and others, besides the exquisite conveyances used by Marie Antoinette, Madame de Maintenon, Pompadour and others.

Not far from the *Musée des Voitures* stands the *Petit Trianon*, built by Louis XV for Madame Du Barry, with its up-to-date dining-room, provided with a trapdoor through which the table appeared ready-laid. Adjoining is the famous garden planned out in the English style for Marie Antoinette, with its rustic cottages grouped around an artificial lake, where the queen and court ladies played at the life of peasants. Here was the old mill, where the king acted the part of the miller; the dairy house, to which, after the queen and noble milkmaids had milked the cows, they carried the milk in white buckets with silver handles and poured it out in pretty white pans standing on tables of white marble.

You cross a little rivulet, near which stands a lovely *Temple de l'Amour*, and all around lie the remains of the original garden to remind you of the few years of idyllic life indulged in by the royal couple and their court before the storm of the Revolution broke and carried them all to the guillotine.

## XXXI

### *From Paris to New York*

On a certain Wednesday morning in April we set out rather earlier than usual, our minds confused with contrary feelings; we were glad to be entering upon the last lap of our journey to our native land, and at the same time we were extremely sorry to be leaving Paris. How we longed for another two or three weeks or months or even a year! But it was no use, this was to be our last morning in Paris.

The *Gare St. Lazare* stands immediately behind the *Hotel Terminus*, at which we were stopping, a very satisfactory place, by the way, first class, reasonable in price and very conveniently located. So, after a short stroll and a little final shopping, we secured a porter and started out in search of the special boat-train for Cherbourg. This boat-train is chartered by the steamship company and afforded us by long odds the most comfortable railroading we experienced anywhere in Europe. At the gate you are told the car and compartment that has been assigned to you, and on reaching them you find a large card hanging on the door with your name on it; meal tickets are also issued, giving you a reserved seat in the dining car at a certain time. Everything works like a hundred dollar clock, and the train does not stop until you reach Cherbourg, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, after a ride

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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of six and a half hours. And what a delightful ride it was! Green fields, flowers, fruit trees in bloom, all the charm of springtime in this beautiful section of France, which is like a continuous garden. The roads, fields and forests were clean and tidied-up; every tiny bit of land was under cultivation and everybody busy. After passing through the barren lands of Palestine and Italy, the scenery of France seemed like a little Paradise.

Arriving at Cherbourg we soon found ourselves on a tug steaming out to the big *Olympic* that lay in the outer harbor—the largest British steamer in His Majesty's service. Never before did I fully realize the immense size of a big ocean liner. Our tug, which was no small affair, looked like a peanut shell as we came alongside with over eight hundred passengers and a train load of baggage.

As throughout our whole trip, the ocean was calm and the weather almost uniformly delightful, except for a little rain and two days of heavy wind, which caused a little uneasiness among several of the passengers, especially poor Mr. B—who, having made up his mind that this would be his last chance to get seasick, curled up in his steamer chair and felt as miserable as anyone could and still live.

The seventh and last night out was wrapped in a heavy fog; the air grew icy cold and just after we had turned in the engines slowed down to about horse-car speed and suddenly stopped. We were in the neighborhood of icebergs, and the temperature was headed for zero. Suddenly the thought dawned on us that it would

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*From Paris to New York*

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be much more sensible to be up and dressed, in case of an emergency, and we began to wonder how long a person could live in that ice-cold water, in case we did collide with a berg. But it was so cosy and warm under the extra blankets that while arguing the matter with ourselves, sleep overtook us and the next thing we heard was a loud rapping on our cabin door and a familiar voice saying, "Your bawth is ready, sir!" awoke us to the fact that the big boat was still safe and sound and we had enjoyed a good night's sleep besides.

Every evening during the voyage we had been treated to some sort of festivities; a ball, vaudeville entertainment, musical or concert. But the last evening was the most festive of all, for at midnight the bar was to be closed, and like a modern disappearing bed, no trace of it would remain in the morning.

At seven o'clock in the morning we arrived at the Quarantine Station; the engines stopped, and everybody assumed an air of expectancy that they were forced to maintain for two mortal hours, waiting for the doctor to appear for inspection. Everybody grew impatient, disgusted and hungry (as breakfast is not served until after inspection); everybody, that is, except a few wise ones who had taken the precaution to have some refreshments served in their cabins before the attendants lined up for inspection.

Finally the doctor arrived and we marched by him in single file, as he gave us one brief glance from head to foot to decide whether or not we were infected with cholera, typhus or any of the other ills which flesh is

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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heir to. We all marveled at the sagacity of that representative of the medical profession, who could accomplish so much in a single glance; but were thankful that one look was sufficient, and hurried down to our belated breakfast.

After another hour or so, the whir of our engines indicated that we were under way, and presently the sky-line of New York City loomed up. The Goddess of Liberty was standing in her accustomed place, holding her torch aloft to welcome us to the home of the brave and the land of prohibition—all of which caused many caustic remarks from divers individuals who felt that the latest Constitutional Amendment was doing them an untold injury.

I will not attempt to describe our feelings as the immense skyscrapers loomed up, the most impressive man-made panorama in the world! The *Singer Building*, the *Municipal*, the *Woolworth* (the most beautiful and perfect of its kind in existence), and hundreds of others, too numerous to mention, towered up through the smoke and haze, gleaming in the noonday sun.

A thousand vessels, ranging in size from huge ocean liners down to busy little tugs that swarmed in and out of the harbor, and ferryboats like huge shuttles gliding back and forth across the channel, were coming and going on the Hudson. Leaving pier after pier behind us, on past Jersey City, then Hoboken, finally White Star Pier No. 60 loomed up, where after considerable maneuvering and twisting about, our big ship came to a standstill, and we moved down the gangplanks for our

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*From Paris to New York*

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final customs examination. Our trip was nearly over and the return part of it was remarkable as it had been one of the quickest on record. In thirteen days we had traveled from Cairo, Egypt, to New York City, and had stopped over twenty-four hours in Paris and eight hours in Turin, Italy.

"Impossible!" an old lady insisted on hearing our record. "I have crossed the ocean twenty-six times, and have been around the world twice, and it can't be done in any such time as that!"—yet there we were, able to answer to roll-call; but when I assured her that in all our trip I had never been seasick or missed a meal (when it was possible to get one), the old lady looked at me with a quizzical glance that indicated very plainly I was set down in her estimation as a lineal descendant of Baron Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Munchausen, and eligible to membership in a first-class Ananias Club.

According to our *Bradshaw* we had traveled very close to six thousand miles in those thirteen days, had crossed the Atlantic Ocean, the Mediterranean Sea, and had been bumped around on six different railroads and passed the customs ordeal five times. Quite enough excitement to crowd into less than two weeks!

## *Hints to Travelers*

In order to set ourselves right with the reader at the outset, we wish to warn him that the following chapter promises to be as interesting as Bradshaw's *Book of Continental Time Tables*, or a page selected at random from our own *Congressional Record*. It proposes to deal strictly with matters of business, to be packed full of dry information, and show up in a state of actual nudity many facts invaluable to any tourist whose knowledge of traveling is confined—as the writer's had been for a number of years—to a local ride in a jitney, or an occasional trip in a trolley car. In addition to these few explanatory words we wish to warn the reader who has survived thus far that some of the following hints are not to be taken too seriously.

Before starting on a trip abroad, the first requisite, in addition to a liberal supply of cash, a passport and a few other necessary incidentals to be mentioned later, is what we are often told a traveler no longer requires—namely, a knowledge of foreign languages, preferably French, German, Italian, Spanish and a smattering of Arabic. Gaelic, Greek, Russian and Chinese are not absolutely necessary, provided these countries are not included in your itinerary, and you confine your travels strictly to the following places: England, where in some parts a modified form of English is spoken; the beaten



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paths of France, where some of the people seem to understand their own language when you speak it very slowly, with a proper accompaniment of signs and gestures; Italy, where you will always find porters and guides who assure you they understand French, English or almost any other language you may mention, but nevertheless insist on using their native tongue, as it matches the scenery better; Egypt and Palestine, where a few simple Arabic phrases, sufficient to shoo off the beggars and insistent natives, will be about all that is necessary. Certainly a trip abroad can be made by a monoglot, but only after a fashion; and he must be satisfied to be put on reduced rations so far as pleasure and convenience are concerned. He must expect embarrassments to besiege him without ceasing, and the finer frills of the trip to be continually eluding him.

It often occurred to me that one's first trip abroad is largely occupied with learning the game and finding out how he may exact some pleasure out of it should he ever go over the same ground again. For, on the first trip, you never know what to expect, or when to expect it, or from what direction it is coming, which naturally gives you more or less of a thrill. You are kept in a state of suspense which, in the end, acts as a sort of halo to the remembrances of your trip.

This glamour is lacking in your subsequent trips, unless the stage happens to have a new and different setting—which is often the case—and the program is rendered with new variations that keep you guessing why things are not coming along as you were expecting them.

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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To be sure there are a number of valuable guide books to be had, which are filled with a mass of information that may or may not have any bearing on your problem. Your guide book, for instance, may tell you very accurately what to say to the cabman in order to engage him, and how to call the police should some difficulty arise between yourself and the cabman which you have just succeeded in engaging. This valuable information is followed by a splendid list of hotels and *pensions*, many of which are no longer in existence, together with the rates which are supposed to be charged, and which you will find are so reasonable that the proprietors have long since forgotten them. Then you are given a chapter on art, ancient history, religion, and a list of health resorts and hospitals. But there is none of that intimate information which would mean so much to you in the early springtime of your journey.

So, for the benefit of those who are contemplating a trip abroad for the first time, the following hints are offered, in the hope that some help may possibly be derived therefrom by the uninitiated—the experienced traveler of course needs no coaching. It should be borne in mind, however, that these few simple suggestions are not intended to entirely supplant the help offered by the regulation guide book, any more than a tube of tooth paste does away with the necessity of a dentist—they are merely supplementary.

Sufficient emphasis is not usually placed on the fact that it is absolutely essential to plan your trip carefully in advance, down to the most minute details. In this

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## *Hints to Travelers*

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way you will have the pleasure of planning many interesting things which you will never experience; but you will have had the pleasure of anticipation, anyway. The longer you think it over, the more enjoyment you will get out of the trip in this way, and if you can keep on thinking of little things that had not occurred to you before, so much the better.

I have known several very intelligent persons who, in their spare moments, continued to plan a trip abroad for ten, twenty and even thirty years; finally, feeling that they had gone far enough, they decided to stay at home, and never regretted it!

So, by all means, think it over—the longer the better!

But there is another method that is sometimes followed, that of taking the trip first and thinking it over afterwards. This happened, by force of circumstance, to be the one adopted by the writer, who ten days before starting had no more idea of going to Europe and the Orient than of joining a relief expedition to Mars—in fact, he had definitely decided that his traveling days in this incarnation were practically over.

The advantage to be derived from this review-after-the-fact method is that you are absolutely free from all pre-conceived notions, prejudices or expectations, and your mind, being, as it were, a blank, thoroughly soaks in all impressions, and even if you miss many things that you should have seen, whatever you do happen to see comes as a fresh and pleasant surprise.

Take the customs, for example. Each time you go through that ordeal you realize that it is a matter you

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had never taken very seriously before, and had no idea it could be served up in so many different and unattractive ways. It had never entered your "stream of consciousness" that on the ordinary railroad trains on the Continent you are not supposed to require any nourishment or a proper place to sleep. And so on, you keep adding one experience to another, while one thrill keeps treading on the heels of its predecessor, as you maintain the more or less even tenor of your way.

Many people make the serious mistake of spending a great deal of time in reading up about a certain place or thing, raising their expectations to such a pitch that they are even more disappointed than they would have been if they had known absolutely nothing about it beforehand. After all, the joy of traveling is not in what you see or where you go; the great thing is to have the right kind of companions, who will go wherever you wish to go, stay as long as you desire, and always do whatever you have in mind; then the rest is easy.

As a matter of fact, you might be in fairly congenial company and stay at home, and possibly have just as much fun at a great deal less expense. But if you are actually on the trail, you will soon discover one thing: that to travel alone or with uncongenial companions is every bit as enjoyable as whitewashing a barn or serving a term on a Federal jury.

Another important thing to think about at the last moment is your baggage, and, speaking from experience, I would strongly advise everyone to take plenty of it, and have it done up in as many different kinds and sizes of

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packages as possible—the more the merrier! A person who has not tried it would hardly believe what a joy it is to keep track of thirteen pieces of hand-luggage every time you change cars, and open them all whenever you pass through the customs.

This baggage question is a serious problem, and I found from repeated inquiry and observation that it has still not been solved. It does not seem to be definitely settled whether it is better to take one or two large trunks or an assorted collection of suit cases, bags, a few odd bundles of various shapes and sizes, including several hat boxes, preferably ones with vivid stripes. But no matter which of these methods you adopt on your first trip, you will decide on the next trip to try the other.

Regarding umbrellas—which are seldom needed but are such a comfort to carry around—it is never wise to start out with only one, as you are sure to lose it some hot, dry day, when you really didn't need to have it along. In addition to a relay of umbrellas, it is advisable to carry a couple of typewriters, as one of the important things that you cannot afford to overlook is your correspondence, and to make an occasional letter legible to your friends at home, what could be better than a typewriter?

Absolutely essential are several pairs of ordinary, inexpensive rubber goloshes—the reason for more than one pair being that such things are usually kicked off under the car seat, or left in some corner, and, like the evanescent umbrellas, have a confirmed habit of being

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## *A Modern Pilgrimage*

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always left behind. The same thing, with equal force, might be applied to a plurality of whisk-brooms, tooth brushes, bedroom slippers, etc., but none of these are quite on a par, or make as good a showing as an extra fur overcoat, a mackintosh or a bundle of steamer rugs. As to a collection of cameras, we will only mention them here as a valuable adjunct in connection with the foregoing articles, all properly draped about your anatomy as you struggle and squeeze down a crowded gang-plank, or try to hoist yourself up the steep and narrow steps of a railroad car.

All of which paraphernalia adds to the picturesqueness of your appearance, and lends to you a certain amount of dignity as you flock into a first-class hotel, and attempt to fill out your registration blanks.

Another item we had almost forgotten to mention is a package of books—some of your favorite volumes which you love to dip into occasionally, and by all means a half-dozen or so of the very latest popular novels, and a few of the highest-priced magazines, to show that, mentally, you are traveling on a high plane, and a person who keeps strictly up to date. This makes a rather bulky package; but it serves an N. B. to all that you are independent of the excellent library on board the ship, where a choice collection of books is offered free of charge, and you will have the further and frequent pleasure of explaining to every customs official that these are your own books, which you brought with you from home for your own use on the trip, etc.

Before getting down to small and unimportant details,

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we must not overlook another vital matter—an attitude of faith, to which should be added a certain amount of nerve. If these two essentials are lacking your trip will be a failure, and it would be as well for you to leave your money in the savings bank at four percent, or take a chance in some promising oil stock, the prospectuses of which are enough to convince any credulous individual that the world is either full of optimists or apt disciples of Ananias.

The novice who packs his grip and starts to foreign lands is in practically the same condition as a brave and trustful couple who, in the face of everything, embark on that supposedly "tranquil and placid matrimonial sea, whose shores are fringed with midnight squills, squalls and paregoric trees!" He has no idea of the trials and tribulations that await him; but he is informed in due time that the law of compensation is at work here as everywhere else in the world, and he can safely make up his mind that for every one pound of pleasure he overtakes, at least sixteen ounces of grief must be passed through.

After all, for a middle-aged or nervous individual, perhaps the safest and most comfortable—and certainly the least expensive—method of traveling is by the stereoscope system, where, with a book of explanations and a set of views, you can sit quietly at home and at your leisure see many things with greater comfort and quite as much profit as you could by crossing the seas, and following the average guide.

Speaking of taking things leisurely brings up another

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point—whether it is better for you to take your time when traveling and see a few places thoroughly, or rush along as if you were on your way to a fire. And here again tastes and opinions differ.

After you have reached dry land, the quickest and decidedly the most expensive way is to jump into an automobile, tell the driver to step on the throttle, and do your sight-seeing on the fly. Of course, you go so rapidly that you are not able to see things very distinctly; but you can surely cover a lot of ground, and can honestly tell your friends that you saw such and such a place without going too much into details.

A cheaper and less nerve-racking way is to engage a rickety cab and an invalid horse that seems to know its driver is being paid by the hour, and why should it worry? In conclusion, there is the ancient and unfashionable practice of going on foot.

Each of these methods has its own advantages and limitations—so that the whole thing is, perhaps, best regulated by the time, place and nature of the case. There are some places you cannot get through quickly enough, and others where you can well afford to linger longer; anyway, after you have gone over the course once you will know better what to do about it the next time.

But after all is said and done, and your education is rounded off by foreign travel, you will probably feel like holding a quiet *pour parler* with yourself, and come to the conclusion that the finest place in which to spend your declining years is that certain parcel of land lying



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between the Atlantic and Pacific, the Great Lakes and the Rio Grande—a land where you can travel more than twice the distance from London to Naples without being once haled into a dingy customs house, and with but a single change of cars!

## XXXIII

### *Transportation Problems*

Before administering the anesthetic and proceeding to dissect some of the minor afflictions that dog the footsteps of the inexperienced traveler, we will touch lightly on a few other topics that ought to be discussed somewhere, and perhaps it would be as well to do it now! For, sooner or later, you will have to consider transportation problems, and decide when, and on what parts of the trip you will go by boat, train or airplane, or whether you will finally decide to put on your slippers, light up your pipe and compromise on an imaginary trip in an overstuffed rocker by your own fireside.

As you probe into this matter, you will find that much of it is not nearly so difficult as it appears at first glance; in fact, the very nature of the case often suggests its own solution. In order to make a start and get into action, it is sometimes advisable to lay down a few hard and fast rules or first principles—anything to get at the subject in a logical way.

As a broad and general proposition, we believe that the best means of crossing the ocean or any other large body of water is by boat—preferably by steamboat, and the larger the boat, the more expensive the passage. The next thing to decide is whether to go first, second or third class—the distinguishing features of the different classes being about as follows:

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In going first class on a large boat you have the privilege of associating for at least seven days with a select class of people, many of whom will carefully refrain from cultivating your acquaintance. There are always a few dukes, countesses and ultra-wealthy New Yorkers aboard, whom you will never see, as they remain secluded in their luxurious parlor suites. You will have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of a dozen or more ordinary human beings, whom you will find very pleasant and agreeable.

In the second class you will find the menu card is a little abbreviated, and passengers are supposed to furnish their own music. They are also expected to be more sociable and have a better time than the first-class passengers—provided they confine their efforts to a certain restricted section of the boat. They are free to talk, laugh, sing and give impromptu concerts, and to get as seasick as any of the other passengers—at exactly half the price of a first-class ticket.

In the third class you have the privilege of mixing at close range with a lot of unpretentious people who are frequently referred to, in political campaign speeches, as the “salt of the earth,” and among whom there is usually a number of noisy and boisterous children, and one or more kinds of contagious diseases. The food in the third cabin is said to be poor and scanty, yet you will notice that nearly everyone is constantly eating.

While the third-class passengers are more rigidly confined, and in the most undesirable part of the boat, yet they have a little longer stay on board than any

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others, as their medical examination comes last. They are usually held in quarantine for a week or two, while the other passengers are hurried off as quickly as possible, and sent on their way without this extra experience.

One thing to bear in mind is that second-class accommodations on one of the large liners is equally as good (at least our waiter said so), as a first-class passage on one of the smaller boats of from ten to fifteen thousand tons, although there is about two days less of it on a large boat. The small boats, particularly in rough weather, have a much wider latitude and longitude of motion than the larger vessels, and a passenger on a small boat can reasonably expect everybody on board to be as seasick as he is himself, and there is no small amount of comfort in that one thought alone.

Before coming to a definite decision in this matter, however, you should not fail to ponder over the name of your vessel, if by chance you should be partial to names, or happen to be a little superstitious, or for patriotic, religious or other reasons have any particular preference in the matter.

After revolving these matters in your mind for a few weeks and being unable to come to any conclusion, the only sensible thing to do is count your cash a couple of times, decide the date you wish to sail, look up some responsible booking agency, and let the clerk pick out your steamer and fix up your tickets, while you merely hand over the proper amount of cash, and forget all about it.

And now you are almost started—provided you have

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## *Transportation Problems*

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secured a clearance from the income tax collector, a sailing permit, and most important of all—a passport, if you happen to be an American citizen. This may introduce another chance for a few unhappy moments, in case you happened to have been born a good many years ago, and out in some rural district, where they don't know what a birth certificate looks like. Nevertheless, certain facts must be shown to the satisfaction of the State Department at Washington; first, that you were born, and second, that you were born somewhere in the United States of America, and these claims must be properly substantiated by a birth certificate which probably never existed.

In such a case, the family doctor can be appealed to, the one who attended that first important function and remembers all the requisite details. But if that worthy has long since hung up his saddle-bags and passed on to the happy hunting ground, together with most of his patients and everyone else who knew you in your extreme youth, then you have the final recourse of looking up someone who has known you intimately for the last fifteen years, and can swear that you are not trying to leave the country on account of some crime, or for other sinister purposes, not forgetting to mention some of your good habits and a few other personal traits that occur to him. Armed with this evidence, legally acknowledged, together with an affidavit of your own, explaining why you think you are entitled to a passport, and accompanied by a prominent personal friend to swear that you are the identical person who made the affidavit and the

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selfsame individual who is desirous of securing a passport, you visit your local Consul, lay down ten dollars and ninety cents, and are told to come back in twenty days.

The next move before leaving New York, or whatever port you have decided to sail from, is to visit the Consuls of the different countries which you expect to visit, and these gentlemen will—for a matter of anywhere from two and a half to five dollars—*visé* your passport. This operation is effected with a rubber stamp, and is an indication to all the world that, so far as these gentlemen are concerned, you are at liberty to go ahead and use the ticket you have already bought and paid for.

All that remains now is to be on hand at the proper pier, on a certain day, at least two hours before the time of sailing, pass through the customs house, leave your sailing permit and trip up the gangplank.

Of course the steamer does not sail at the hour specified, but is liable to do so anywhere from three to four hours later; but you are there anyway, and can fill in the time by waving your handkerchief indiscriminately at the crowds of people who, having come down with baskets of fruit and flowers, now line the end of the pier—waiting to see someone else off. This makes no particular difference, however, as no one knows to whom you are waving, and your departure becomes just so much more heart-rending the longer and more vigorously the performance is kept up. After a few hours of frantic waving you are ready to heave a sigh of

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relief when the big boat finally pushes away from the pier.

When you arrive in London—in case you go to that city—you will probably decide to move on in a few days, should it happen the weather is chronically rainy or foggy. On making a few inquiries you learn there are several ways of reaching Paris, and that the quickest and most expensive is by air. By a little mental calculation, you find it only costs one-third as much by train, and you have over five hours longer to ride; so, if you look at it in the same manner as a Chinaman buying his high boots, getting the largest pair he could for the least money, you will probably go by train. If you do, be sure to secure your reservations in advance, as otherwise you will probably have the option of standing from Calais to Paris; or waiting for the next slow train, which will land you there several hours later. Before taking either one of these trains, you will do well to remember that neither of them has a dining car or stops for meals, and unless you are anxious to reach Paris in a famished condition, you will provide yourself with a well-filled lunch basket.

Another very important thing, although we are rather late in mentioning it, is how to best carry your money *en route*. As it is unwise and inconvenient, as well as unsafe, to carry a large sum of money on your person, even in a money-belt, for which you are often searched on the frontiers, it is customary to have either a letter of credit, or some form of traveler's checks, often spelled "cheques." But the spelling will make no particular

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difference, as no matter how they are spelled, you will experience no difficulty in making them disappear even more rapidly than you had expected and dreaded. The hotel-keepers seem particularly fond of them, and have no hesitation in accepting them in any amount.

In addition, your pockets should always be filled with the small change of the particular country through which you are passing.

After you have settled on how best to carry the bulk of your wealth, it is well to learn the value of the different coins which are passed out to you and which you must in turn speedily pass out again in the different countries through which you journey.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty in this respect is met with in England, where pounds, shillings, pence, bobs, guineas and sovereigns require a slide-rule or a good-sized sheet of paper and pencil to figure up the price of a meal or total a few purchases at an ordinary store. It is also confusing to see articles priced at so many guineas and find that there are no such coins in existence, and that it is just a little pleasantry on the part of the merchant, who expects you to convert this price into some other denomination which is in circulation. The English custom of varying the size of the bank notes according to their value is another cause of confusion.

On the Continent, matters of exchange are much less complicated, as the decimal system is used, and you are told that in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Greece, five franc pieces are legal tender everywhere. This greatly simplifies matters.



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French, Belgian and Swiss small silver coins are supposed to pass indiscriminately, but not the copper or nickel *centimes*. These small silver coins have temporarily retired, and left the field open to torn and dirty paper money, which is more or less consoling to you, as you do not realize you are spending real money, but are merely parting with something which you are very glad to get rid of. The smaller Italian coins are good only in their own country, and it is well to remember that on the northern border of Italy you are introduced to a wonderful output of some of the best printing presses of Europe. Unfortunately, this has no intrinsic value, unless it can be slipped in by some unscrupulous person when making change, otherwise it is used for labels for beer bottles, etc.

I was about to advise the necessity of looking up the official regulations as to the amount of money a traveler is allowed to have on his person when passing a frontier; but on second thought this is hardly necessary, as a little co-operation on the part of the hotel and shop-keepers and souvenir venders will arrange all this, so that you will be lucky to reach the border with enough change left to pay your porter and the customs dues.

No matter where or how you are traveling in Europe, whether by train, subway or street cars, you will still be confronted with the first, second and third class systems, a problem on which you have already been obliged to spend some thoughtful moments.

On the ordinary railroad trains even first-class service will appeal to you as being none too good, especially in

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Italy, where vacuum cleaning and disinfection seems to be unknown or taboo.

While it is advisable to provide yourself with soap, towels and other toilet conveniences, it is hardly worth while to bother about sanitary drinking cups, owing to the fact that there is never any ice water on the trains and the ordinary supply of un-iced water is generally used up before you have time to develop a thirst.

No one wishes to find fault or unduly criticize the peculiar customs of foreign lands. This would be decidedly ungracious, reflecting on the traveler's good sense, as the purpose of his trip is to come in contact with unusual and different phases of life. But in taking a snapshot it is impossible to eliminate a few unattractive objects that have a tendency to mar the artistic effect of an otherwise pleasing picture, and so in traveling on the railroads in Europe, you feel that you have suffered a degree of discomfort which makes a word or two regarding the aversion of the natives to fresh air excusable.

Especially on a very hot day, the cars are all hermetically sealed, as open windows cause draughts, which are conducive to colds, pneumonia and other deadly diseases that Americans know nothing about!

For this reason, if for no other, you are happy to reach Venice, step into a gondola and glide away over the Grand Canal and other waterways. At last you have found a kind of transportation which is romantic, ideal, soothing, perfect. You are unable to find a flaw anywhere in the system, until you lean out to inhale a breath of the glorious air, when, whew! the odor of

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decaying vegetables floating on the water, the aroma of sewage and other uncatalogued odors causes you to hastily cover your nostrils and reach for the smelling salts.

Having become thoroughly familiar with the intricacies and inconveniences of all the modes of transportation common to Europe, you will be ready, by the time you reach Egypt, to hunt up some picturesque old camel, and take a few lessons in a kind of locomotion which is in a class all by itself.

You will find a drove of camels lying in wait for you, in the shade of the lebbakh trees at the end of the avenue, just before you reach the Pyramids of Gizeh. No sooner have you posed as an expert and picked out your favorite animal, than he begins to snarl and grumble, exhibiting signs of a horribly mean disposition, as if trying to frighten you into changing your mind and picking on one of the other brutes. If you persist in sticking to your first choice, and climb on board, he emits growls more savage than ever, and shows symptoms of hydrophobia. Then you notice that he is horribly filthy, and rich in unsavory odors, and just as you are about to climb off, he rears up on his front feet. You lean forward and hang to the saddle-horn for support, when, without warning, the other end of the animal elevates itself, and you nearly take another trip through space in the opposite direction. In the meantime the onlookers have had a good laugh at you, and everybody, except your disgruntled camel and yourself, has enjoyed seeing you flounder around to keep from

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turning a somersault onto the boulevard in front of you, or landing in a bunch of "tules" in a ravine a dozen yards behind you. All the other camels have by this time joined in a sort of Anvil Chorus, and a few donkeys have set up a vociferous braying, and you feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself for having stirred up all this commotion.

Finally, your "ship of the desert" becomes reconciled, and starts off on an easy, slouching gait, and the conditions become favorable for a little romantic meditation. You think of all the wonderful people who have economized on gasoline and motored around in this fashion since Father Noah coaxed a couple of these animals down the gangplank; you think of the romance of the desert and dream of the poetic glamor of the caravan and "the tinkling of the camel's bell!" By and by you take a look at the dirty animal on which you are riding, inhale a whiff or two of its powerful odor, and come to the conclusion that the camel is much more attractive in picture and story than it is in real life—another case where distance lends enchantment, and familiarity breeds a query: Why don't they disinfect these camels once in a while?

As you return from the Pyramids the accommodating driver, wishing to introduce you to the final thrill, urges your unwilling beast into a trot. This automatically recalls to your mind the fact that a caravan camel is regarded as a poor investment, as they are good for only three or four years; you wonder why they do not jolt themselves to pieces much sooner than that, and con-

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clude that the only reason is that they seldom go on a trot.

Your final thrill comes on disembarking, when it behooves you to be vigilant again, watch which end of your camel drops first, and brace yourself accordingly, otherwise you still have a chance of soaring off on an unexpected tangent. But no matter—one should not find fault or utter a word of complaint; for it was for these very things you took a trip abroad: to come in contact with unfamiliar experiences, and otherwise have a glorious time!

## XXXIV

### *Dress, Tips and Guides*

The various problems of transportation and other vexing questions having been already (happily, we hope!) disposed of, we will proceed to other matters. Of course, it would add greatly to one's comfort if everything could be fully settled beforehand, but such complete anticipation of trouble is not always possible—nor desirable.

But sooner or later you must devote some thought to your raiment.

When traveling, the matter of dress may be roughly said to be contingent on several established facts; whether you are traveling first, second or third class; whether you are married or single, and, if married, whether you happen to be on your honeymoon, or quietly celebrating your fortieth or more anniversary. Some regard is also due to your social standing, and how many stars are attached to your rating in Dun's or Bradstreet's.

Regarding how to dress when traveling on the Continent, there is a wide diversity of opinion. Many people prefer to make their personal appearance an index of their bank account, provided it is a fancy one, expecting thereby to attract more attention, secure better service, and make a much larger splash in the social puddle. On the other hand, plain clothing, even bordering on the

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smooth and shiny stage, has its advantages, as the more prosperous you look and the more expensive your luggage is, the more apt you are to attract some light-fingered pickpocket, or become the target of one of the Band of International Thieves, who will track you to your hotel, and later call, during your absence, and rifle your high-priced luggage. A shabby purse has discouraged many an observant crook.

But to get back to the matter of dress—as tastes and inclinations, as well as the allowances available for this purpose vary so widely with different persons, it is perhaps as well to settle the matter by letting the last word be spoken by the interested party himself or herself, as the case may be, and pass on to other equally perplexing topics. In this way we will save ourselves the humiliation of offering advice which no one would follow anyway, and also escape the imprecations that would be heaped upon our heads by anyone who might literally follow our directions.

Without question, the one real and vital problem that confronts you, stands at your elbow, and assails you from the rear, in every country, and at every turn, is what, when and how much to scatter around in “tips.” One thing you may as well admit first as last. Namely, that it is the custom, and that when you are in Rome, it is wise to do as the Romans—at least in so far as tips are concerned!

That this source of grief is more real than imaginary is shown by the fact that many tender-hearted landlords are coming to the rescue, so that in almost every city

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you can find hotels in which employes are forbidden to accept tips, and the guests are requested not to offer any—as the management intends when you leave to add ten percent to your bill for service. At the Swiss hotels they are especially solicitous for you to have real good service, so they make it fifteen percent.

Unfortunately, there is a suspicion that little or none of this surplusage ever reaches its alleged destination, and is only a convenient method of increasing your hotel bill, and making you realize more keenly than ever what a wonderful time you have had!

Nevertheless, this no-tip system robs your trip of a great deal of charm—as well as more or less aggravation—and your departure is tame compared with what it is in hotels where tipping is still in vogue.

Say what you will, there is a decided thrill in seeing a good-sized squad of servants line up to bid you *Adieu!*—many of whom you have never seen before. You have no idea of their rank or calling, or the size of their expectations; added to this your uncertainty as to the value of the strange coins you are passing out, and the feeling that you are giving the right amounts to the wrong persons, you realize you are making a mess of it, and rush along the line, making still more blunders, until you reach the little slave who opens the door for you, and who has smiled and saluted you regularly every morning you have been there. In desperation you hand him all the small change you have left, without stopping to think of the *concierge* or the taxi-starter outside!



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After jumping into the taxi and wiping your perspiring brow, you feel relieved to think it is all over. But presently you wonder why you are not moving, and on making inquiries in vain from the cabman (who has not gotten his yet), and the starter (whom you have overlooked and who has suddenly lost all interest in you), you finally appeal to the *concierge* (who mumbles and seems very downhearted), and finally the light dawns upon you. You have left nothing for the elevator man in the back hall and the two porters who are to bring down your luggage, and the cabman does not wish to go without your luggage—that would never do!

So you furiously hasten to buy or borrow more change, and properly salve the injured parties, slipping the cabman a few in advance, begging him to hurry lest you miss your train.

And so it goes, like a serial story in a daily newspaper—it occurs regularly and continues from day to day. But, after all, when you get accustomed to the tipping habit, and have learned the game, you grow to like it, and there is no denying the fact that you get better and more painstaking service where you pay-when-you-go. The American tip-as-you-go kind of service is spasmodic, and there is not the same feeling of being properly and continually cared for, as under the European system; but of course everyone is entitled to his own preference.

And now we approach one of the great joys of traveling—the guide! A joy forever, though not necessarily a thing of beauty.

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Naturally, there are many kinds of guides, and in choosing one many considerations bob up to influence your decision. You may feel sympathetic, and take an old reprobate, or one who is crippled, and cannot get over the ground very well. Or you may pick a later model, whose swagger air will lend a little class to your *entourage*. But no matter whom you select or whether he has a little if any real knowledge, provided he has a vivid imagination, and can answer questions promptly and furnish you with a mass of details, you will feel that you are being properly conducted.

In the United States it is customary for a man who has "gone broke" or is a general, all-around failure, to become a painter or drive a hack. But in Europe, he launches out as a first-class guide, and becomes a choice mine of misinformation! When his knowledge becomes hazy, he suddenly fails to understand your language; but, in spite of all his failings, he can usually lead you to the places you wish to visit, or to others just as good if not better, and when at a loss to do anything else can take you an incredibly long distance to see the tomb of some illustrious person of whom you have never heard.

Perhaps one of the most reliable earmarks of a good guide is a slight limp, to remind you not to hurry him around too lively. Being paid by the hour, he prefers taking things leisurely, so as to bring you back to the same place tomorrow to finish up a few odd things that you could as well have seen today. Altogether, he is never so happy as when sitting on the front seat of the

cab and conversing with the driver, as you trail back and forth across the city, past the various objects of interest which, unless continually reminded, he fails to point out to you.

It adds a touch of piquancy to have your guide understand very little English—usually he professes to know this language very well, but as soon as you have engaged him, he suffers a severe attack of aphasia, so that his answers fail to co-ordinate with your questions and there is a general vagueness to his conversation, which helps to keep you in a delightful state of suspense. The only safe and satisfactory thing to do is to follow along and keep on asking foolish and irrelevant questions, to which you get equally immaterial and unintelligible answers. This shows him that you are alive and interested, and does not prevent you from referring to your guide-book from time to time, when you want any real information.

In Rome, no matter what the nature of our inquiry, we were always told that it “dated back to the Sixteenth Century, and all the new churches were built with materials taken from the old ones”—and after a while we got so we believed it! Once, however, as we were standing in the piazza of *St. John Lateran*, and noticed a high bridge that appeared, from where we stood, to connect the *Vatican* with the dome of *St. Peter's*, our guide varied the monotony by explaining that this bridge was used by the Pope, on very special occasions, to go from his apartments directly to the big church.

The next day, when in the neighborhood of *St.*

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*Peter's*, we called his attention to the fact that this bridge was several miles beyond the *Vatican* and inquired whether the Pope jumped onto that bridge or used an airplane. But our poor guide became immediately afflicted with a sudden attack of sensory and amnesic aphasia, which was both painless and pathetic!

Anyway, a guide is invaluable to show you the lay of the land, and entertain you in his own inimitable way. But the real sport comes a few days later when you poke around by yourself through the unfamiliar streets and allow your mind to become filled with all kinds of wonder. In Rome, for instance, you wonder why on Sunday morning old women with bunches of twigs tied to a stick do all the street-sweeping; you try to count up all the religious confraternities that are continually parading the streets and marvel at the variety of their headgear; then you try to figure out why all the other able-bodied men in Rome are marching around town in soldier's uniform. There are thousands of things at which you can wonder!

A great deal more might be said on the subject of guides without much danger of making it any clearer, for you can never see the guide industry in all its glory until you reach Cairo, and have to explain to every other man you meet on the Opera House Square that you are not in need of a guide. These tactics have the desired effect for the time being, but the relief is only temporary, and unless you are accompanied by a guide, the same thing will happen the next day and every day as long as you stay in that city.

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## *Dress, Tips and Guides*

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Fortunately, the guides in Cairo are rather better than the average guide on the Continent. They understand the rudiments of the English language and are proficient in the gentle art of conducting a stranger to as foul and ill-smelling bazaars as you could hope to find anywhere in the world. They also seem to know intuitively all the spots where fake fortune-tellers are lying in wait to reveal to you all the good things that the fickle goddess has been holding back from you.

At first you will probably be more or less disgusted by the filth and odors; but never mind! In a few days your whole nature seems to undergo a transformation and you will become fond of the very things that formerly filled you with a kind of nausea and disgust. The longer you stay, the more you will be fascinated by the place and its strange combination of Oriental and Occidental life and customs. You will find that Cairo, next to Paris, is the one city that never loses its charm, and that it has a way of presenting the kaleidoscope of life in such a variety of sparkling colors that the eye never grows weary or the mind satiated.

If the foregoing directions are carefully followed, your trip should have a lasting and living meaning to you—instead of having been an idle waste of legal tender. It is with this hope that the above hints have been thrown out, in a careless sort of way, and we trust they will not meet the ordinary fate of bread cast on the waters; but that, instead of becoming mouldy they may emit a phosphorescent glow to light the footsteps of the traveler through some of the dark and perplexing problems that might otherwise cast a gloom over his pathway.

## *The End of the Trail*

In coming to this, the final chapter of our story, we find it the most difficult of all to get under way, and for a variety of reasons. Perhaps it is because we are nearer home, and things, being familiar to everyone, are more easily checked up, or because they are on this account less interesting.

It is also difficult, after rambling along so far and for such a long time, to know when, where and how to come to a sudden stop. Everyone has, perhaps, noticed how easy it is to start something, but how difficult it is to bring it to a satisfactory and successful completion.

In addition to all the other handicaps, it is never easy or pleasant to say "Good-bye" gracefully, and before coming to that point I wish to express the hope that all and sundry who may have followed our rambles from chapter to chapter have received something of the pleasure in reading of them that the writer experienced in attempting to record them.

With these preliminaries, we will proceed to ring up the curtain and adjust the spotlight on the few details which will conclude the performance in the main tent, as well as the digressions we have taken in among the sideshows.

A few chapters ago, I left myself standing in the customs house at New York, where I remained for some

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time waiting for my last suit case to be brought ashore, before calling an inspector.

Having heard many weird stories about the rigid examination and how many people return by way of Montreal to avoid it, I was naturally rather nervous, and wondered how long it would take, and whether I could ever get all the junk back into my suit cases again. But I was somewhat relieved and felt my troubles were insignificant when my good-looking neighbor remarked that she had sixteen mammoth trunks to open up and had lost her husband in addition, who had not entirely recovered from "celebrating his liberty" the night before—before the bar room closed! But fortune, who had been with us more than once on the trip, smiled again and in a few minutes all was over and we were rolling away to our hotel on Washington Square.

The air was balmy, the trees just putting forth their leaves, and for a moment we imagined we were back in France again. But only for a moment, as a block from the hotel, Fifth Avenue begins and the tall skyscrapers loom up on all sides, so there was no doubt that we were in the great and only city of its kind in the world.

For several days our time was put in making comparisons; especially we commented on the wide, clean streets with real sidewalks, the brisk, clean-cut and highly decorated people on the streets—a composite of all the races in the world. We noted the lack of Oriental odors, and finally came to the matter of architecture. While forced to admit that many of the buildings, even

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on the prominent streets, were very commonplace, and could make no pretensions to beauty or good design, yet here and there one would strike you like a burst of sunlight through a cloudy sky. Of course, everyone does not go to New York to study architecture, and there are many other things to keep the visitors interested.

After growing weary parading up and down Fifth Avenue, gazing into the magnificent shop windows, and taking an occasional squint at the magnificent shoppers, we took a jaunt on top of one of the busses out Riverside Drive, past General Grant's tomb and on, seemingly half way to Albany or in hailing distance of *Fort Ticonderoga*.

Unfortunately the third day after our arrival the supply of good weather gave out—it rained, turned cold, and rained some more!

After four or five more days of attempted sight-seeing, it suddenly dawned on me that perhaps the sun was shining in California, and I "hit the trail."

We were all particularly and financially interested in the fact that we were traveling on a "special-fare" train, where you get a refund for every minute the train is late. But there was no chance for any refund, and as a money-making proposition we decided it was poor policy to gamble with the old Pennsy railway, as they have their business down to a fine point, and when they charge you three dollars and sixty cents extra to get you to Cincinnati at a certain time, you may be sure the odds are in their favor, and none of your coin will ever come back!



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## *The End of the Trail*

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Nearly thirty years had passed since I took my last look at Cincinnati, and I was sorry afterwards that I looked in again, as my impressions of my "home town" were not improved by an attempted hold-up by a drunken tough—the only time I had been molested on the whole trip!

In the country everything is about the same, only a little worse for wear and tear. The roads are in a little worse condition than they were thirty years ago, and the fine old forests have nearly all disappeared. The school-houses are a little scarcer, and instead of building new ones, the old ones are being closed here and there throughout the country on account of the scarcity of pupils.

After visiting the little brick schoolhouse where I had tried to teach my first school, consisting of about fifty demons of all ages and sizes who were supposed to receive instruction in everything from A B C's to algebra and music (for which I received the magnificent sum of thirty-two dollars a month), the rainy season managed to open up again with a continuous performance. After being marooned for several days I managed between showers to board a midnight train in Cincinnati and woke up in Chicago.

The principal object of my visit was to see the large model of the New Bahai Temple now being built at Wilmette, and in company with Mr. B— I headed at once to the *Academy of Fine Arts*, where the model is on permanent exhibition. It was well worth the trip, and anyone going to Chicago should not fail to see this wonderful specimen of architecture, an inspired work

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from start to finish, beautiful down to the finest detail and, most wonderful of all, an inanimate thing that actually seems alive!

Its originality of design and unique treatment leave nothing to be desired, and one can readily see why the Bahais selected this model in the face of powerful competition.

The only regret I felt was that this Temple was not to be erected on some prominent site overlooking Los Angeles instead of in the suburbs of Chicago.

In fact I would be willing to live at least fifty years longer if I could look on such a building standing on the truncated hill opposite Mt. Washington, a landmark to be seen everywhere in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, in plain view of the thousands of people daily journeying to and from Pasadena, a place of pilgrimage for visitors from all parts of the world—rivaling the *Taj Mahal* and more beautiful than the great *Cathedral* at Milan!

Such a building, surrounded by palms and tropical foliage, would be worth traveling across the continent to see! But now it is high time to be getting somewhere near the Dearborn Station, where the San Francisco limited is contentedly puffing away, waiting for the signal to pull out and complete the last lap of our long trip.

And now, in the words of the old Persian poet:

“Your ode you’ve sung, your pearls you’ve strung;  
Come chant it sweetly, Hafidh mine;  
That as you sing the sky may fling  
The Pleiades’ bejeweled band.”

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## *The End of the Trail*

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The above would have been more appropriate if had been expressed a little differently, but even at that, is no more irrelevant than a great many other things that have appeared in the preceding chapters.

Anyway, about this time, the colored "king of the Pullman" appeared with a whisk-broom and a broad smile, and briefly announced, "Brush up, sah? Dis am Los Angeles!"

And so, after an absence of four months, during which we had journeyed nearly twenty thousand miles, our little jaunt was ended!

END