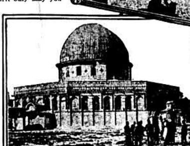
EASTER IN JERUSALEM

BY EDITH NEIL BENNEY

JERUSALEM, the sad-eyed daughter of the past, the keeper of the histories of man, the mother of immortal memories, who anciently received the word Divinian and brought it forth, a light to light the world! How solemn and how pitiful she sits upon the rocky fastness of her hills, locked in the gaunt arms of her two ravines and looking out across the riverless canons and unfruitful slopes, even to the lifeless valley of the salt sea of the Plain Forlorn and brought to desolation in her sad old age, a childless and deserted Niobe, or some old goddess shorn of deity, she yet, amid her squalid poverty, holds out to you the sacred chalice of remembered things, and sends her temple veil to let you through into the holy of her living past. But in the spirit only may you see that past—for outwardly she bears no sceptered majesty, as Rome or Athens do, with which to point to you the footprints of her memorial hours. About her, her prophetic desolation lies and misery has clothed her as a garment — from the waste and barren aspect of her limestone hills, unfruitful and accursed with only here and there a gnarled and blighted olive tree—a lonely palm—a gloomy cypress, to dot their white and wind-swept slopes; from bookless Kedron and arid Hinnom, to the poverty and squalor of her streets.

BETHLEHEM WHERE JESUS WAS BORN



MOSQUE OF OMAR

Viewed from afar, indeed, some reminder of past dignity still clings about her. High-perched upon her zion-mount, surrounded by her crumbling, massive crenelated walls, enforced with bastion and many an ancient tower, there is a martial, antique grandeur in her look, not out of keeping with her early pride.

But once within the walls, the splendor fades, and disillusionment falls heavy on the spirit. Close-crowded, stony, colorless, the gray walls of the houses rise on either side of narrow, filthy streets, each with its door revealing want and wretchedness and dirt, each with flat roof and tiny cupola—monotonously similar, monotonously mean. No pavements dignify the streets, and through their mire foot passengers, camels, mules and horses jostle each other in close and unsavory contact, while here and there an overspanning arch shuts out the strip of radiant sky that alone makes it tolerable. Now and then, indeed, some more pretentious building meets the eye—a convent or a church, a mosque with dome and minaret, a bit of Roman ruin, or a glimpse of picturesque and Oriental arabesque.

Yet little by little Jerusalem spells out her message for you—from David's tower, which Herod built where David's palace stood, and in whose shadow Christ must once have rested, from Omar's mosque that fills the ancient temple site with barbaric splendor; from the mouldering ruins that mark the enclosure of the Knights of St. John; from Roman tower, from crescent and from cross, the city speaks to us.

Her fates and her vicissitudes belong to those historic moods that make the whole world kin. Since David built her first, on Canaan's soil, she has felt the ambitious pulse alike of Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Roman, Saracen and Turk. By all alike has she been coveted, and fought for and possessed. She has seen mighty empires rise and flourish and pass into the misty limbo of forgotten things. And from her own ashes and the dust of falling nations she arises, and while they vanish she remains.

Wars and destructions, and the hates of kings! What wonder that the land is desolate, and that the city sleeps in wretchedness, with but the dreams of vanished splendor woven for a crown?

Unlovely and unbeautiful, indeed! And yet a holy city and a triple shrine. A three-fold robe of veneration shrouds her. For not alone to the Christian does she hold symbolic things. To every Jew she is still their David's Zion, this old Jerusalem, the city of the Psalmist and the King; the witness yet of splendid Solomon—a memory and a hope to be fulfilled.

The Moslem holds her second but to Mecca in her sanctity—for here the prophet's heavenward journey was begun and here the Mosque of Omar stands, most splendid monument of Islam. A wondrous thing—this Dome of the Rock, indeed. Surrounded by great walls it stands on Mount Moriah—where once the temple stood—gardens, fountains and shady palms surround it; arcades, with minarets and multiple-pointed arches form its approach. While from a marble platform rises the mosque itself—a glistening marvel of encaustic tiles, blue and green, purple and gold—all interlaced in delicate arabesques—the only piece of Oriental splendor in all this dismal Oriental town.

But now at Easter week Jerusalem's sleep is broken and all her streets are filled with busy life and color, for now three faiths keep festival and pilgrims flock from near and far to pray at their most sacred shrines.

From the entempted Doric hills of green (those earthly slopes of Jove's Olympia) Greece, with her golden suns and silvery olive groves, from far Siberia; Auroran haloed daughter of the North, from Jaffa and the Sea of Galilee; from crescent-crowned Damascus, have they come—a pied and motley throng that overflows the streets, impassably. Here you may see the native peasants in bright yellow turbans and striped robes; Armenian pilgrims with their broad red sashes, Jews in Oriental garb, or with the curls and fur cap of the Pharisee, Russians, knee-booted, and long-haired Greek monks, Turkish soldiers, black-skinned dervishes, Nubians, Hindoos, Persians, Tartars, Arabs—a very picturesque kaleidoscope of nations—a sea of tropical florescence that ebbs and flows beneath the moon of faith, whose phases change, but whose great circling truth is one eternally.

Borne on the surge and resurge of the human tide you find yourself inevitably cast up before that central rock of Christendom, the pale Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But not to pause for long. The Romanesque and vaulted limestone vastness of the place seems earthly, tawdry, bare of that dignity its site should have endued it with, and so, although its gilded splendors mark the homage of barbaric ages, although the spot is drenched with martyrdom, although the knees and kisses of centuries of worship have worn the stones away with rapt sincerity, although the candle lights burn solemnly about the rosy-hued Anointing Stone, although the very tomb itself be here, yet all the tinsel, pomp, theatric pageantry, but mar the thrill, the sanctity and the transcendent sweetness of that Life that Death—so simple and so great.

No, not here; but rather in some quiet olive grove without the walls, where it may be that once he sat alone; where spring is showing now, despite the ages' blight, the early green and silver of the leaf, where, beneath the rounded Pascal moon, Jerusalem looks fair and beautiful and clothed in mystery, where faintly comes the calling of the muezzin from the tower, the glad hosanna from the far off church, blending in unison of praise to the one God, here may the city's immemorial heart beats reach your ear, the ultimate spirit whisper of her soul, the silent music of her Calvary, the message of the deathlessness of life, whereby forlorn Jerusalem still hopes, even while she looks out over Kedron's naked gorge and Moab's purple and eternal hills beyond the Valley of the Salt Dead Sea.

Rolling the Stone Away

Thus the majestic event which Easter commemorates is not only religious and spiritual in its true signification but mundane and commonplace and familiar and secular. It is an incessant event in every life. The hope of resurrection was planted deep in the heart of things. Why should it not be formally remembered and celebrated once a year and at the season when nature herself joins in the festival?

Not in the profound and despairing pessimism to which Job gave utterance is the highest wisdom. "My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart. They change the day into night. If I wait, the grave is mine house. I have made my bed in the darkness. I have said to corruption, Thou art my father, to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister. And where is now my hope? They shall all go down to the pit, when our rest together is in the dust."

The suggestion of the true philosophy is rather in the words of the young Galilean to Nicodemus. "Marvel not that I have said unto thee, Ye must be born again." Growth is not otherwise possible, and life without growth would be intolerable. Fortunately resurrection in its true sense is attainable by every one right here on this earth, and no life is so dead or so wrong that it cannot reach the light.—Dudley.

Beats Sonneteering

The late David Graham Phillips, as is the way of bachelors, struck many a satirical blow at matrimony.

A sonneteer, having married last autumn, came up for discussion one evening in the Manhattan club.

"Do you suppose his wife really supports him?" an editor asked.

"I know it," said Mr. Phillips. "He told me he didn't know what real happiness meant till after he got married."

Thine Easter Day

Within thine heart is there an open tomb?
Have God's strong angels rolled the stone away?
Rises thy dead self from its bonds of clay?
Breaks heaven's sweet delight across the dark and gloom?
Then is this day in truth thine Easter Day.

If broken down are stony gates of pride,
If shrouded bands of earth are torn away,
If sin and wrath and scorn in thee have died,
Mourn not the past. The folded shroud beside
Angels will watch; it is thine Easter Day.

Rise, new-born soul, and put thine armor on,
Clasp round thy breast the garment of the light;
Gird up thy loins for battle. In the fight
He leads who upward from our sight has gone;
It is His day; there's no more death nor night.

No dark, no hurt, no more sharp shame nor loss;
All buried, hidden, 'neath the grave's dark sod,
All ways forgotten, save the road He trod,
All burdens naught in sight of His—the cross;
All joy, alive and safe with Christ and God!

Mary Lowe Dickinson.

RETRIAL FOR HYDE

VERDICT OF GUILTY OF MURDER OF RICH FATHER-IN-LAW OVERRULED.

JAIL COMRADES CHEER HIM

Kansas City Physician Sentenced for Life as Wholesale Poisoner Receives News of Court's Action Without Emotion.

Kansas City, Mo.—Dr. B. Clark Hyde, convicted after a sensational trial of the murder of Col. Thomas H. Swope, a millionaire philanthropist, was Tuesday granted a new trial by the Missouri supreme court, sitting at Jefferson City.

Doctor Hyde has been in the county jail at Kansas City nearly a year, following a sentence to life imprisonment.

In setting aside the verdict of the trial court, the supreme court remands Hyde "to the custody of the marshal of Jackson county without bail."

When news of the court's decision reached the county jail Doctor Hyde was taking his morning promenade. His lawyers, who had been on hand since eight o'clock, shouted the news to the prisoner. Hyde stopped a moment in his walk, smiled and said merely: "Thank you, gentlemen." Then, as if some ordinary message had been delivered, the physician continued his walk. When the other prisoners learned the import of the news a minute later, they crowded around Doctor Hyde and congratulated him. For the first time since his incarceration he mingled with his fellow prisoners.

Mrs. Hyde had been waiting anxiously in the office of John A. Cleary, one of her attorneys. Ten minutes after the word had come from Jefferson City she appeared at the jail. She was admitted immediately to the cell-room and, rushing to the cell occupied by her husband, embraced and kissed him.

AGREE ON TARIFF PROGRAM

Democratic House Caucus Votes to Take Up Free List Following Reciprocity Pact.

Washington.—The Canadian reciprocity tariff agreement will be the first of all tariff, as well as the first of all general legislation to be launched by the house Democrats.

This is to be followed by a tariff bill providing for the placing on the free list of agricultural implements, including plows, harrows, reapers and mowers, boots and shoes, saddles and saddlery, wire fencing, bailing wire, cotton bagging and ties, cotton sacks, burlaps, flour, meat products, dressed meats, fresh meats.

As soon as possible for the committee on ways and means to get them out, other tariff bills revising downward the woolen, cotton textile and steel schedules will be introduced in to the house.

It is contemplated that the reciprocity bill and the free list bill will be ready for introduction Thursday. It is intended to push these bills through the house with as little delay as possible, that they may go to the senate.

This is the legislative policy of the Democrats adopted in caucus Tuesday. There was no opposition to the plan, which was presented by Chairman Underwood of the committee on ways and means.

IS LIBERAL TO INSURGENTS

Minority Leader Mann Announces Assignment of Republican Members on House Committees.

Washington.—House Minority Leader Mann announced the Republican assignments to committees Tuesday. Every leading progressive or "insurgent" was given an important committee. The house elected the committees, both Democratic and Republican members, without change or objection.

Mr. Mann's course in recognizing the insurgents shows that he set himself the task of solidifying party lines, healing factional differences and presenting a united front to the Democrats.

Mr. Mann takes as his only committee assignment that of chairman of the conference of the minority. It is a new chairmanship and indicates Mr. Mann's purpose to substitute conferences of party leaders for party caucuses on legislative matters wherever possible. Former Speaker Cannon was given ranking minority membership on the appropriation committee, an assignment for which he asked, and nothing else. Two progressives were given positions on the committee on rules—Madison of Kansas and Lenroot of Wisconsin. With Dalzell of Pennsylvania and Wilson of Illinois, regulars, they make up the Republican membership of the committee.

Chase After Escaped Convicts.

Des Moines, Ia.—Deputy United States Marshal Bidwell Tuesday took up the chase for Tom Hatch and Peter Juhl, escaped convicts from Stillwater, Minn., who are believed to have engineered the plan to dynamite and rob the Polk county treasury of $100,000 ten days ago.

Woman Mayor Sworn In.

Hunnewell, Kan.—Mrs. Emma Wilson, elected mayor of this town, was sworn into office at the meeting of the city council Tuesday.

STATE NEWS

Aurora.—Miss Mary Todd, for 39 years a teacher in the West Aurora public schools, who never slapped a pupil, has resigned. In point of years of service, she is believed the oldest teacher in Kane county. All of her pupils, and they are legion, swear by her.

Rockford.—Rev. James M. Taber of Rockford is a real baseball fan. For nearly an hour and a half he addressed an audience in that city on "Three Strikes and Out; the National Game and the Game of Life." It was a defense, from start to finish, of the great American game.

Litchfield.—One of the surprise weddings of the season took place at the Presbyterian parsonage when Miss Mattie Pullen of North Montgomery avenue and W. T. Kinzer, a prominent lumber dealer of Sorento were united in marriage. Rev. D. K. Miller officiated.

Sterling.—There are 22 saloonkeepers in the cities of Sterling and Rock Falls who are trembling with indignation and at every opportunity are telling their friends of the injustice of the Illinois election laws and especially of a technicality that will force them to remain closed all day just because the term of the township school trustee expires and it will be necessary to elect a new one.

Quincy.—A dangerous looking evil-faced negro is locked up at the police station. He ran amuck out on Seventh street at the home of William Londress, and imagined that he was destined to kill off the inhabitants of the city as fast as they appeared. He had a 38-caliber revolver and a plentiful supply of cartridges and was proceeding to puncture the atmosphere and various walls of the Londress home preparatory to drilling some holes in somebody's anatomy, when he got wind that the police were on his trail and escaped.

Sycamore.—Word has been received here that the insane rancher near Burlington, Wash., who killed three men, then committed suicide, was a Sycamore boy, Otis Weeden, born and raised here. Warren Weeden, his father, is one of the pioneer farmers of DeKalb county.

Le Claire.—After his wife had shot him in the forehead, the bullet knocking him to the floor and stunning him, George Yates killed her by shooting her through the forehead and then cutting her throat. With the bullet still imbedded in his head, Yates locked up his home and walked a mile to Edwardsville, where he surrendered to the police. According to Yates' story, he returned from work and found his wife absent. She came home a few minutes later, and, after a sharp quarrel, seized a revolver and fired, the bullet striking him between the eyes and spreading. He arose in a rage, he said, and, wrenching the revolver from her, shot her through the head. Then, with a butcher knife, he cut her throat. Yates gave his keys to a policeman, who found Mrs. Yates lying across a bed in the condition described by her husband.

Bloomington.—The Illinois Post-Graduate association, composed of Methodist ministers, adjourned its three-days session devoted to Bible study after electing officers as follows: President, Rev. John H. Ryan, Pontiac; vice-president, Rev. C. M. Burton, Leroy; corresponding secretary, Rev. F. A. McCarthy, Jacksonville; recording secretary and treasurer, Rev. E. F. Roe, Bradford.

Chicago.—William D. Page, who shot and killed Frederick Meyers in the Fifth avenue and Madison street elevated station on March 9, was found insane by a jury in Judge Kersten's court and sent to the asylum for the criminal insane at Chester. Meyers, who was a ticket agent, was shot in a quarrel over the purchase of a bag of peanuts.

Bloomington.—The first annual meeting of the Post Graduate association of central Illinois started with a session at the Wesleyan university and the attendance for the first day far surpassed the expectations of all. There were about forty ministers from the various parts of this section of the county.

Quincy.—Benjamin Jones, probably the oldest resident of Quincy, succumbed at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Parker. Death terminated from senility. Mr. Jones was born in Sing Sing, N. Y., ninety-one years, two months and three days ago, and at the age of fourteen came to Illinois, locating in Quincy one year later. At that time land near Washington park was selling for $1 per acre and buyers were hard to find.

Savannah.—Sam Papoes, a Greek interpreter, employed with a gang in the Burlington yards, was robbed of $115, the money being taken from his clothing. The thieves had placed a ladder to the window of the bunk car, and after gaining an entrance went through his clothes and took the money.

Avon.—Men with guns were in evidence in the Kepler neighborhood. A dog was noticed by some of the people to be mad. The fact soon became generally known and a posse of men with guns started in pursuit of the animal, which was soon overtaken and killed, not, however, till it had done considerable damage by biting other dogs and maybe other animals.

Jacksonville. — At State Street church, Dr. A. B. Morey preached the final sermon of his 50 years of ministry, 26 of which he has spent as pastor of State Street church.

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