

# "Passing Parade" of Jerusalem Thrilling Sight

## REV. F. C. STIFLER SEES THOUSANDS ENTER GATE

People in Colorful Garb, Donkeys, Camels Form Procession into City of Cities

The sixth article of the series by the Rev. Francis Carr Stifler describing his recent visit to the Holy Land is herewith presented. It is the story of the "Cities of Cities" and he parades his people in this article as colorfully as is the garb of those who form the procession through the walled gate at Jerusalem.

By Rev. Francis Carr Stifler

THE Grand New Hotel in Jerusalem is neither grand nor new. But the sights from its balconies surpass in human interest anything I have ever seen in all my travels. The hotel is just inside the Jaffa Gate, the gate nearest to the railroad station, hence the principal entrance to the walled city.

Literally tens of thousands of people pass through the gate every day. Most of them are walking, some are riding horses, some leading donkeys, some in charge of stately caravans of camels. Automobiles are always in evidence but they cannot be driven much beyond the hotel door because the streets will not permit.

To study the Jaffa Gate procession impresses one with how effectively we in America conceal our individuality in our clothing. We dress so much alike. We hurry to conform in every change of style. Even to the texture and the figure of the cloth, our suits and dresses tend to alikeness. We are all wearing plaids or stripes or our clothes are cut full or else close-fitting. Our women all wear big-brimmed hats, or little ones that scarcely show. We are slaves to fashion and fashion tends to make us all alike.

### Streets Not For Women

Nothing like this is Jerusalem! For one thing, there are almost no women on the streets at all. What few there are are likely to be dressed in black with faces fully veiled. It is children and men and foreigners from the west that make the picture. And they are not all alike. The red fez is the national head dress of the men, but you will see it in combination with a flowing robe of almost any color or with a suit of clothes that might have come from a store in the Chicago loop. And besides the fez, you will see where least you might expect them straw hats, felt hats and head dresses so strange and new you cannot liken them to anything you ever saw.

Most of the men wear the Arab costume with its skirt and tunic. The colors they may wear are unbelievably varied. They wear what they may have. Their proximity to the starvation line and not the dictates of any style, is the factor that determines.

Then there are the Bedouins who have come to the city with their grain and melons. How picturesque they are. Their garments are flowing, too, but are made at home and therefore are coarser and more brightly colored. Around their waist is a sash of red or blue or purple. Around their heads is wound a turban with a flowing tasseled end behind. Their dark faces, often

## "City of Cities" as Photographer Sees It



bearded, lend color to the general effect and they are truly picturesque.

### The Endless Procession

There are hundreds of men in official garb in this endless procession. There were British soldiers, the Palestine police both mounted and afoot, priests of the various sects of Christians, the Franciscans, with their flat black hats and the Orthodox Greeks with their fluted hoods. Then there were the Rabbis, most of them with full black

beards and little shiny black curls hanging down before their ears.

There were foreigners from every quarter of the globe. From Egypt they were there and black men from the Sudan. There were Italians, Turks, Chinese and Japanese and men from every country of northern Europe, in a constant vari-colored stream of hurrying humanity to the accompaniment of bells, and auto horns, braying donkeys, and coarse cries of scores of

## THE PICTURES

Top—Entrance to David street in Jerusalem showing the old and the new in the old world. The "new" is represented by a girl, but she hasn't bobbed her hair.

Center—At one of the cisterns in the Temple area. The characters in this picture are filling goat skins with water which they sell on the streets.

Bottom—Here is the Grand New Hotel in Jerusalem. Doesn't it resemble any hotel its size in America?

venders, they were moving in endless procession past the Grand New Hotel by the Jaffa Gate.

Most of the people were going down David street. Who can describe David street? It is a half mile long and ten feet wide. Paved with heavy granite blocks, it drops a step or two with each few yards. The street is almost wholly covered with an arched stone roof, with here and there an opening for the light. The only thing to which I can compare it is the side-show street at the country fair. It is always filled with people and donkeys, and dogs and cats and children. The shops on either side are open to the street, mere stalls, and their wares project a foot or two out into the narrow passage-way.

### Noise Is Incessant

The noise is incessant of bells and whistles and cries of those who have their wares for sale. There are refreshment stands and dry goods shops, tin smith's stalls and jeweler's booths. Candles and other implements for sacred use are there to buy but most of all are the markets and food shops. One had to learn to forget David street when he sat down to the hotel for a meal. One had to persuade himself that his caterer did not deal on David street. For the only living thing that was present in greater number than the people on David street was the flies. The catables they had for sale on David street were really, many of them very tasty looking save for the flies. The hot dogs and the mutton shops, the fried cakes, the little apple tarts smelled good and one might have been tempted to indulge but for the flies.

I bought a watch on David street. The way I made the purchase was typical. I told the man my price. He replied he had nothing cheaper than twice that figure. We argued till my Arabic and his English ran out and then I turned and left him. Our argument had drawn a crowd of curious on-lookers. As I withdrew, a young man from the crowd stopped me and asked me if I really wanted a watch. I told him I did but would pay no more than thirty piastres for it. He beckoned me to return, took me by the arm, and led me back to the shop-keeper. There ensued a furious chatter in which a-half a dozen men and boys participated after which I got the watch for my price, plus a little "bak-sheesh" for the man who really made the deal. How proud I felt that I had made so satisfactory a deal—until the watch proved unreliable a few days later!

### Mr. Cohen Has a Sale

Outside the city walls along the Jaffa road, the stores are more like ours. There is a sidewalk and an open avenue with many automobiles. There (Continued on Page 23)