

CHRISTMAS IN MODERN BETHLEHEM

By Evangeline Ben-Oliel

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ABOUT nineteen hundred and two years ago, in the reign of Caesar Augustus, the little town of Bethlehem, six miles south of Jerusalem, was crowded with visitors at about this time of the year, all coming to be taxed in their native country. In a cave, below the principal inn or khan of the town, where the oxen were usually kept, a gentle Jewish maid bent lovingly over her Babe. A light from heaven illumined the rude manger where He peacefully lay and shed a brilliant radiance over the scene.

Several hundred years later the pious Empress Helena of Rome visited Palestine and discovered this grotto in Bethlehem, which had served as a humble shelter for the Christ Child. She was convinced that this was the very place which had been hallowed by the nativity, and thereupon wished to mark the spot for all time. She had a magnificent church built over the site, so that Christians from generation to generation might worship there. The remains of that beautiful building are still to be seen in the city of Bethlehem.

It is a strange fact that, though Bethlehem was pre-eminently a city belonging to the Jews in the days of David and of Ruth, not one Jew is to

be found among its inhabitants today, and the dwellers can in no way claim to be descended from that race, though some travelers think they see a resemblance in their appearance to the Jewish type. The town which saw the birth of Christ is inhabited almost entirely by Christians. They are a thrifty and industrious people and superior in every way to the other village dwellers round about Jerusalem.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest towns in Palestine. It has existed as a town for over four thousand years. The houses are built of white limestone and have flat roofs, on which the people spend their summer evenings enjoying the cool air from the mountains. The streets are narrow and irregular, and might better be called lanes, for there is but one real street in Bethlehem. This leads from the country road into the town and terminates in the large open square in front of the Church of the Nativity.

On Christmas eve this square is filled with people dressed in their gayest attire and adorned with all the finery in the way of necklaces, bracelets and coins they possess. Christians

appearance of the "star in the east," with this significant inscription encircling it:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

Above the altar twelve lamps are hanging, to represent the twelve apostles. Three steps more lead down to another chapel over the alleged stall in which, according to Latin tradition, the wooden manger was discovered.

On Christmas eve the pilgrims crowd around the church awaiting the hour of opening in order to get good seats to witness the grand ceremony. Every man, woman and child who can possibly come is present. The nave being devoid of any seats, the people sit or kneel on the marble floor, making a curious mass of red fezes and white veils. In silent prayer they await the hour of the service. Meanwhile the strains of the Te Deum softly rise from the great organ.

Presently a procession of bishops and archbishops, attired in their most gorgeous robes, enters the church chanting. They are followed by priests and monks and small boys dressed in scarlet, who constitute the choir. The handsomest church decorations are kept for this yearly service.

The deep, well trained voices of the choir join in singing beautiful anthems, after which there is a great deal of chanting without much variation. Several times during the service the bishops, one after another, absent themselves to reappear in different attire, each of the robes being, if possible, more gorgeous than the last.

At midnight there is a sudden hush in the music and bells in the distance ring the midnight chime. Then, as by magic, a curtain is drawn aside and over the chancel gates a cradle appears to the wondering gaze of the worshippers and within the cradle an image of the babe. The Gloria in Excelsis is sung and the bells continue to peal merrily, announcing to all Bethlehem that it is Christmas day. The "bambino" or image of the babe is now lifted before the eyes of the worshippers, who prostrate themselves on the ground in adoration. The procession of bishops, priests and monks and the pilgrims descends toward the grotto of the manger chanting and waving incense all around it. The chapel

is small only the officiating priest descends into the grotto and the pilgrims gather about the narrow archway and stare with much pomp and circumstance at the manger. The chanting of the priests and the waving of the incense, lay the liturgical scene in the chapel of the

week later than the Latin church. For weeks before Christmas the Greeks fast in order to better prepare their hearts for the true worship of the Saviour on the day of His nativity. They also celebrate Christmas with

manger, where it remains during Christmas week for devout worshippers to visit. Such is the ceremony held by the Latins on Christmas eve. The Greek church in Palestine celebrates the festival of the nativity one

the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, and, sad to say, because of the frequent quarrels between the different sects which meet within this church at a time of general rejoicing, Turkish soldiers, with drawn swords, are on

MANGER, CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.



THE GIRL AT THE WINDOW

A Christmas Story....

By Lulie Wells Smith

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THE train this Christmas eve slowed up enough to take a single passenger aboard and to allow a girl seated at one of the car windows a better view of the snow covered landscape and the little patchwork of houses about the station. Then it lumbered off again. The new passenger took a seat beside the girl at the window because it was the only vacant one. She continued to gaze at the white fields for a time.

"Merry Christmas! What a mockery!" she thought bitterly. Then she stole a glance at her new companion. His face was hidden by the newspaper he was holding close to his eyes in a vain struggle to read by the fast fading light. When he threw it down in disgust, she leaned forward and asked timidly:

"May I look at it a moment? I want to see if there is any later news about the Pochunk bank robbery."

He handed her the paper and watched her curiously as she bent over it and with eagerness read the first page. "Did you find out what you wanted to know?" he asked when she handed the paper back to him.

"No, for there is no trace of the thieves or the money yet!" she answered, with a great deal of feeling.

hind. You see, miss, it's very funny. I happen to be the detective in this Pochunk bank case—I reckon you have heard about it—and have been on the track of the leader of that gang since daybreak this morning. Somehow I thought he boarded this train, and when I got on at it—I looked all through for him, but being in company with a lady I didn't size him up till it was too late. I was just coming in from the other car when I saw him dash down the aisle and make a jump while the car was moving, and of course by the time I got to the door the car had gained too much speed for me to jump after him, so I reckon he has given us the slip for good."

The girl sat staring up in the face of her new companion without opening her lips. At last she burst into a hysterical fit of laughing. Suddenly checking herself she lifted the coat and package dropped out of the folds. Slipping off the cover she picked up a roll of bills, and pinned carefully to one of them was a scrap of paper upon which some words had been hurriedly written with a lead pencil:

Please accept as a Christmas present my share in the Pochunk bank raid, which I think will about cover your loss. I used to read Sunday school books once, and in them I remember the thief was



FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS, BETHLEHEM.



PILGRIMS ENTERING BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

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A MODERN MADONNA IN BETHLEHEM. From every part of the country gather here on this night—Latins, Greeks, Armenians and Copts. The enormous collection of joined buildings which the pilgrims are facing and which stands on the edge of the cliff extending along the ridge of the hill from east to west consists of the Church of the Nativity, surrounded by three convents, the Latin, the Greek and the Armenian.

The Church of the Nativity is the oldest in Christendom. It belongs to three sects, each of which has a separate chapel within the main church. The large basilica

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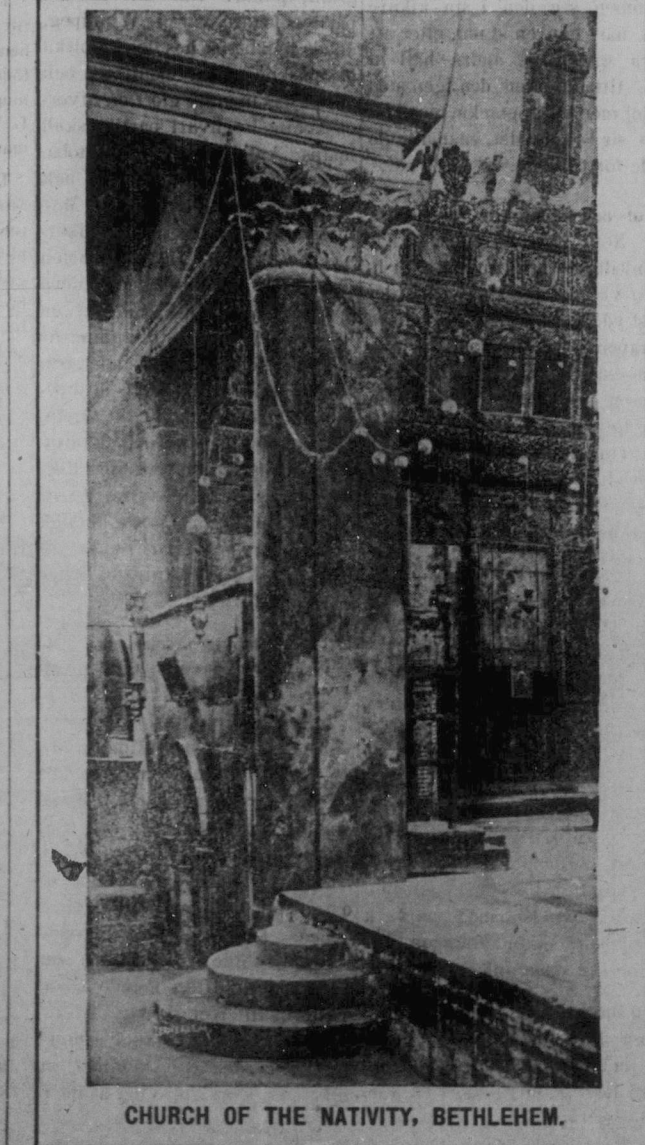
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CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

guard throughout the building, for these various Christians who worship in the same church at times forget that He whom they all adore came to bring "peace on earth and good will toward men."

She stared stupidly and thought the mustache must be a vagary. Then her eyes fell on the coat under her head and she faltered:

"Did you have any money in the bank?" he asked after a pause.

"Every cent that I own in the world!" she answered, lifting her handkerchief to her eyes and bursting into tears.

"I am sorry." The man spoke with an embarrassment that seemed out of harmony with his rough features. She wiped her eyes and with a little attempt at bravado said:

"Oh, I know I ought not to do this—and of course you do not understand. When the doctors ordered papa out here, he put \$3,000 in that bank, and after he died—it was all I had. Now it is gone, and I, oh, I am so helpless! And here it is Christmas time!" She wept afresh, and the man moved uneasily in his seat, lifted his paper and turned the leaves nervously.

In a few minutes she dried her eyes and leaned wearily against the back of her seat. She had not slept for two nights, and soon her eyes closed unconsciously, and she sank heavily against the straight, uncomfortable side of the car. With a sudden lurch of the train she swayed to the right, then back again, and finally fell in a little unconscious heap upon the strong shoulder of her companion. He looked helplessly, hesitatingly, at her a moment, then, quietly moving in his seat, slipped off his coat, made it into a heap and left it beneath her head. The light from above faintly outlined her delicately shaped face against the black coat, her small white hand was thrown in childlike trustfulness above the glistening masses of golden hair.

Bending quickly over the sleeping girl he fumbled a few seconds with the coat under her head, then drew back and pulling his hat over his eyes peered from under the wide brim into the darkness outside. Several shrill whistles came from under the car window, a lantern flashed up and there was a muttered oath. As the car moved off he ran wildly down the aisle.

The noise of the engine increased and the girl opened her eyes. She looked up into the face of the man standing over her and started. "Could he be the same? Was she dreaming? Surely her seat mate did not wear a mustache, yet these seemed to be the same piercing black eyes, the same broad shoulders.

She stared stupidly and thought the mustache must be a vagary. Then her eyes fell on the coat under her head and she faltered:

"Thank you so much for putting it there. I hope you haven't come to your station."

always brought to bay by a soft, gentle little woman. That is my case. Thank you for making me do the first decent thing of my life. JACK D.

The detective gave a long drawn out whistle when he read the note.

"He is a bad fellow, but he might be worse!" he commented with a crestfallen sort of smile. "Don't you feel a little proud of the way you handled the most notorious outlaw in the state?"

But the girl did not trust herself to answer. She had turned her face to the window and in the little prayer of thanksgiving she sent out across the wide, wild darkness for her recovered fortune there was a plea for the man who had given it back to her.

SANTA CLAUS UP TO DATE.

Since first good Santa Claus set out To make his wintery round, Though sought by many a merry rout, His home has ne'er been found. Each year he brings, with couriers fleet, His choicest gifts and toys. Then hurries on nor stays to meet Our thankful girls and boys. Because of this black, sleek, Some start a foolish chase And try the icy drifts to pass To thank him to his face.



JUST GIVE A HEARTY LAUGH. But ere the frozen fields are crossed, Where winter's blizzards blow, Each little child who starts is lost And buried in the snow. And every year some girls and boys Still keep themselves awake To thank him for his pretty toys—A terrible mistake! For lying wakeful in the cold Just keeps the saint away. And those who do it, I am told, May catch pneu-mo-n-i-a. But now this foolishness must end! You need not tempt your fate. For fullest thanks you now can send By methods up to date. To thank him for his Christmas cheer Just give a hearty laugh. And Santa Claus at once will hear By wireless telegraph.