

tion of a great work to follow, which will carry with it a more lasting fame than the visit of Emperor William of Germany, or any earthly potentate.

In the course of events it became necessary to make a trip to Mt. Tabor and neighborhood via Nazareth. The road from Haifa to Nazareth is being put into good shape for present traveling, but the government has put watchmen on in several places to keep the teams off until after the Kaiser's trip, lest the travel should spoil it. The roads lead east under the foot of Mt. Carmel's north slope. Here the mountain rises quite abrupt and is quite high and altogether uncultivated. It is covered with a heavy undergrowth, and is said to abound in wild bears, hyenas and some leopards. These animals are certainly not very numerous, as they are seldom seen. The bear is the only one at all frequently met, as it makes its visit to the pea fields to steal a feast from the fellahs. The first village out is Beladieh Sheik. It is located on a knoll under the mountain. It has a number of olive trees around and below the village and also a palm or two and a few fig trees. This village is not supposed to be healthy because it faces the swampy mouth of Kishon. This stream has through ages of work deposited its muddy liquid matter over a very large area of country immediately bordering on the sea. This is, as may be comprehended, very rich soil, but marshy in places. When the year is a favorable one, the crops are exceedingly good. This year the crop was not so good, owing to too much rain. This place, as well as the next village east, Lachur, belonging to Mr. Solim Khorl, are rich places, but for want of proper drainage they are unhealthy. Just how much malaria may be found is not easy to discover. They live so filthy that it would be unwise to make any investigation lest one should contract fever or small pox, which can always be found among them more or less. They are troubled with eye diseases very much. It would seem that half the population have either weak or sore eyes. Much of this comes from uncleanliness. Many a child may be seen playing around in the dust with its eyes filled with matter, hardly able to see, and it looks as though it was never washed. It is a wonder that they live. To this exceptions must be noted. There are some villages where they do better and where the general appearance of its population is far ahead of the ordinary. If these rich villages were put under proper care and wisely drained it is no doubt a fine country, but draining as a whole needs to be experimented with, as the draining off of the water too much would be a great injury, as it must be remembered it does not rain at all during May, June, July, August and a good part of September. All that is needed is to keep off the surface water to keep it from stagnating and to prevent the breeding of malaria. Otherwise moist ground is necessary, as it helps the dew, which keeps the soil in a damp condition. The crops do excellent when the conditions all harmonize.

Nearer the narrows of the Kishon is located Mistel; it is better located, but its land is poorer. This belongs to the great Lursuk estate. Here we cross the Kishon, now the bridge being nearly completed. At this point we also leave the Kishon and take to the wooded hill country, and pass Hartich on the right. Hartich is also Lursuk property. All these villages which have been mentioned have their springs and wells located in the bottom, and hence have to pack their water rather a long distance. They, of course, do not notice it. Their forefathers for gen-

erations have drunk at these wells and have labored as they do and they know no different. They are happy. The young maidens go chatting and singing to the well for water as happy as anyone need be, and it is evident that happiness is not necessarily the companion of knowledge and progress, but that happiness is chiefly in being content with that which we have and in being satisfied in the sphere God has placed us.

For nearly a mile the road leads up through a long ravine, and finally we reach the top, where all travelers camp for lunch. To the right, on a knoll, we have Sheikh el Brehc, a Mohammedan shrine and the property of Lussuk. At once the road drops into the bottom again and crosses another rich bottom with Bethlehem of Gallilee off to the left. Then we climb a small hill and have Shadch, also Lursuk property. Leaving Shadch, we come onto another rich bottom east and soon have Samonieh on the left. Here the German Temple society attempted to settle; the country looks inviting, its bottom lands as also all former mentioned bottoms open into the plain of Jezreel. Here the Germans lost a great many lives. They did not know the conditions, and the malaria and over-labor carried them off one by one until they had to abandon the place. The spring is only noticed by the many cacti growing around it. These cacti which are from ten to fifteen feet high are just now being unloaded of their fruit crop. The natives gather bushels of these cactus figs, which are about as large as duck eggs, yellowish in color and look quite inviting. They are said to be fine eating.

All along the route the people were working on their thrashing floors. It is wonderful how they have preserved so many of the ancient customs. So far as can be judged they are doing the same kind of work in the same way as did the Israelites in days of old. We read of Boas sleeping on the threshing floor when Ruth made her historical matrimonial proposition. It may be surmised he slept there to watch his grain on the same principles as the Arabs do here today. The threshing time lasts nearly two months, during which time many men are constantly on guard watching their interests. There is no security, there is no trusting your neighbor, so it is today, so it seemed in times past. The threshing floor is a large open space near the village, ranging in size according to the needs of the inhabitants of the place. Each man has his place for his stack or pile of grain from the field. It is not hard to get the grain dry as they do not often reap until the grain is dead ripe. When the proper time comes to thresh then they arrange a place about the size and shape of the space we use for our horse powers on the threshing machines. A layer of grain is then laid in a circle around an open center. The strack varies in size according to the amount of animals the thresher expects to use. They nearly always have a drag much resembling an ore sled used by the miners. This is made of heavy planks and is furnished with sharp flints on the bottom to help to grind up the straw and bring out the grain. This drag is pulled round and round by a horse or two, or by a pair of oxen, as the case may be, until the whole is ground into chaff and the grain worked out. Of course they must lift and turn it until threshed. As it is found to be ground to chaff it is worked to the middle in the space inside the threshing circle and piled up in a conic file until the threshing is done. The slowness of such a process is not hard to comprehend, but the tedious job is not ended. As soon as the grind-

ing process is over they begin cleaning by lifting it to the wind. They do not throw it toward the wind as the Danes, or clean it by holding it high and allow the wind to separate at once. No, they have the most awkward way of all. They lift or pitch the chaff and grain nearly straight up for four or five feet, thus letting a little of the dust and finest off at the time. The little that is cleaned falls back into the pile again and thus the same grains or kernels are often lifted hundreds of times before it is finally separated. This cleaning process takes many days. When the wheat in course of time begins to show it is swept windward and piled up, while the chaff and dust gradually accumulate on the opposite side with the wind. By degrees, by lifting thus, the grain is finally separated from the chaff and it is ready to be measured. The toll gatherers taking their tenth and the owners, the Sousuks, taking their fourth or fifth, according to agreement. Not until then is the fellow allowed to take his grain in.

One would think this trouble enough for the small amount of grain obtained. It is probable that they don't thresh on the average much more than one bushel per day all through. The Germans have separators, hence they clean quicker though they use the coo stone to thresh with, as stated in a former article. As stated, the hardship is not over. Now that the men have got through, the women must have their turn. Much of the grain is very filthy and dusty, hence it has to be carried to the mill or river and there washed or if water is handy wash it at home and dry it on the house top. This last process is necessitated because of the use of animals on a dusty threshing floor. Often a number of loose animals are driven around in the grain. One day a man riding a donkey and driving three head of cattle around the threshing ring was noticed. This followed for weeks on the same round or circuit will of course make the wheat very filthy and only the lowest of these creatures can take the wheat with a threshing. The animals are all unmuzzled according to the honored custom from remote times. They hold tenaciously to these traditions, and to do otherwise would be a sin with them.

Further along the road and on an elevation we find a Greek village called Medjadel. They have a great many olive trees and altogether a good location. Nearer Nazareth is the village Japha, where the Catholics have a shrine. In a few minutes Nazareth is reached were nearly all travelers find it convenient to stop.

After an uncomfortable night's rest, chargeable to Kaiser Wilhelm, because the Arabs have no rest day or night in preparing for the coming of his majesty. I was called early. A Jew and a Bedouin, named Mahmut, were at the door at half past three a. m. Soon we were off for Mt. Tabor. My time being limited owing to wagon arrangement to Haifa, we were to make the trip of thirty miles by 2 p. m., so as to get back to Haifa the second day out. All went well until we got up over the hill and could faintly distinguish Mt. Tabor in the darkness before the break of day. But all at once we had a change. My horse proved to be a stumbler and without giving notice he tumbled off the road and a man was seen rolling down the hill. My first thought was to release myself from the huge Arabian stirrups with which we are graced here. Having succeeded, the next was anything to get away from the horses. All went well; no harm was done. The horse remained quiet while the Arab and the Jew were calling upon Allah. The Bedouin was quite a man; he was to be our guide, and he proved quite a nice pilot through the hills and hollows. He was the guard of the estate we were to visit. Off we went again