

upon them. This proves that the soil has a richness which only waits for capital and enterprise to be developed. The Germans seem to have understood this and they have profited by their knowledge, for under protection of their own government they have founded several flourishing colonies, and seem, in spite of many adverse circumstances, to thrive and progress. Just as good land is still to be bought at very reasonable figures, if I am rightly informed. There is no doubt that in the not far distant future great colonies will grow up everywhere in this land twice blessed by God.

With these and similar thoughts my heart was filled as I crossed the beautiful plain of Jezreel on my way to Djennin. The sun had already set before we reached this town, and suddenly, as is always the case in the Orient, where twilight is unknown, the night broke upon us, wrapping us softly in her dark, star-embroidered veil. The jackals in the hills and the dogs in the streets made a fearful noise—yelling, howling and shrieking—keeping up a concert which in the stillness of the evening was perfectly demoniacal. We reached the town, however, without any particular adventure, and after some trouble found a lodging in a private house.

I therefore take the pleasure of introducing the reader into this house, to take part in our entertainment.

We enter a room in size some ten feet each way and seven high, with rough walls whitewashed long ago. No vestige of furniture except a wretched little smoking lamp and a straw mat. We spread our blankets on the mat, pull our shoes off, and seat ourselves on the thus covered floor, our legs crossed under us *a la Turk* or *a la tailor*. I may mention parenthetically that it is an important part of the etiquette here to pull off the shoes. Seated as comfortably as possible we prepare our supper, consisting of bread, oranges, and sheep's milk. The oranges we have carried with us from Tiberias. The bread and milk are supplied by our native friends.

While eating we are surrounded by all the male inhabitants of the house, the females standing outside and occasionally stealing a glance through the cracks of the door. Once one of the beauties outside knocked and wished to see one of the boys inside; but he flatly refused to comply with the request to "come outside." We asked him if he could not tell the lady to come in. "Oh, no," said he, "that would not do. She is my sweetheart, and no stranger can see her before we are married."

Supper being over, I thought I would amuse our darkskinned native friends with some European music. The fact is I have carried a flute with me from Utah, and I resolved on this occasion to see what effect its silver tones would have upon these rough children of nature. With marked interest they watched the process of taking it out of its case and fixing the vari-

ous parts together, and when I sounded a few notes they were delighted. Among other melodies I played the "Marsellaise," but they pronounced that as "too fast" altogether. It appeared that their ears could not follow, consequently they did not appreciate or enjoy a succession of notes following each other in our common four-fourth's time. I therefore played slowly. I gave them the melody to "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet," in a grave andante, and this was appreciated. "Tojib tojib jiddan! Phantasia Mousica fransawi!" rewarded my efforts. Now my grateful audience insisted on trying their skill on the strange instrument. I let them have their own way, and in a moment the flute wandered from mouth to mouth, from hand to hand, all trying it and all failing to produce a sound. Never before was a flute subjected to such earnest experiment. My musical audience tried every hole of it. They blew with all their might in one end. Not that was no good. They blew in the other. No! They tried the mouth-hole and all the other holes. But no! The flute was silent, and remained so. After everybody had tried, and given up and tried again, amid much laughter and merriment it was returned to me with a request to play more. They could not make it out.

When I had given a few more pieces, some of the boys got an idea. They went out and returned shortly afterward with their instruments, consisting of a tambourine-shaped tin plate and a kind of drum. This latter was a clay pot, over which a calf skin had been stretched. They wanted to accompany my music; and so they did, keeping pretty good time when I played slowly.

But I was not going to give all the music myself. I was anxious to get an idea of the musical talent of my Arab friends, so I asked them to sing to their own accompaniment. This they willingly did, and I soon learned one of their singular melodies.

But it was time to close our entertainment, and we did so with a grand finale, the like of which was never heard before. Brother Hintze operated on the tin plate, one Arab beat the before described drum, another Arab pounded the cupboard, another clapped his hands together, and another accompanied us with a stick, striking the floor. The music thus produced could not be compared to that given by Mr. Held's silver band when in its most flourishing condition. But we had succeeded in entertaining our Arab friends and host, and left a good impression upon them. Indeed, I feel satisfied that they had an enjoyable evening.

A hearty handshake all round finished the evening's "fantasia." Our friends departed, and we rolled ourselves up in our blankets, with our trunks for pillows, determined to have all the sleep (with the permission of the thousands of fleas which shared our apartment) that we could obtain.

My only regret was that our limited knowledge of the Oriental tongue did not allow us to con-

verse intelligently with the friendly natives upon points of religion. But a time for that may yet come, if all goes well. Farewell for the present.

J. M. S.

HAIFA, Palestine, Syria, March 15, 1889.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

During the past few weeks events have been transpiring in Chicago a detailed account of which would have been interesting to citizens of Utah. Unfortunately, an unexpected change in my affairs, which imposed on me duties entirely foreign to literary work of any kind, precluded the possibility of my attending to what was going on around me in the religious, political and social spheres. I regret exceedingly that I missed such a good opportunity of treating Chicago matters as compared with those of Utah.

We have had a municipal election which has resulted in the total extinction of John A. Roche and his machine. Tonight Mr. Cregier will be inaugurated Mayor of Chicago. His plurality was fully 12,000 on the 2nd of April last.

The unique feature about this Chicago election is that it was mostly fought on religious issues. The old contest between Protestant and Catholic was once more revived in all its intensity of ill-feeling. It appears that John A. Roche is the son of Roman Catholic parents who were natives of Cork County, Ireland. In his boyhood John A. Roche officiated as "altar boy" in the Roman Church. When he grew to manhood he affiliated himself with the Unitarians, and joined a secret society known as the United Order of Deputies. This organization was founded expressly to exclude members of the Roman Church from all profitable employment, both industrial and political. His family and friends looked upon John A. Roche as one dead. His name was never mentioned except with tears. This was why the general public knew so little about him two years ago. But John A. Roche, the machinist, was a different person from John A. Roche, the Mayor of Chicago, and that is why every incident in the Roche genealogy is now published. But John is not of the stuff which enters into the constitution of heroes and martyrs; hence he was a poor Romanist and a worse Protestant. When he found that association with the Deputies would ruin him politically if known, he got his name erased from their records. The Deputies did not like this, and the secret first leaked out through them. John was in a bad fix. Both sides repudiated him. The machine worked hard. The professional Romanists were hired to speak for John, but they as well as John were swamped. Donovan, O'Connor, Comisky, Quinn, Finerty and others are very sick politicians today, and, what is worse, they are looked upon as very weak-kneed Romanists.

Speaking of the election, the