



George Ade IN PASTURES NEW



Round About Cairo, With and Without the Assistance of the Dragoman or Simon Legree of the Orient.

(Copyright, 1906, by George Ade.)
Mr. Peaseley is a secretive student of the guide book.
He reads up beforehand and on the quiet. Then when he comes face to face with some "sight" and you are wondering about this or that Mr. Peaseley opens the floodgates of his newly acquired knowledge and deluges the whole party. He is seldom correct, and never accurate, but he knows that he is dealing with an ignorance more profound than his own, and that gives him confidence.
For instance, the first afternoon in Cairo we chartered an open conveyance and rode out to the Citadel and the mosque of Mohammed Ali, both of

a man sitting next to Mr. Peaseley poked at the briny minnows with his fork and asked, "What are these?"
"Those are anchovies," replied Mr. Peaseley, without the slightest hesitation.
As a rule he gets one syllable right, which is pretty good for him. At present he is much interested in the huge dams of masonry and iron gates that have been thrown across the Nile at Assut and Assouan. Over here they are called "barrajes." Mr. Peaseley insists upon calling them "garages." We tried to explain to him that a garage was a place where automobiles were cared for, but he said that automobile and "dam" belonged in the same cate-

gory and often meant practically the same thing, so he continues to speak of the "garage."
By the way, when a pious Englishman over here says a bishop on vacation wishes to relieve his feelings with the actual use of profanity he claims "Assouan!" If he falls off the donkey, "Assouan!" If the tea is served to him at less than 212 degrees Fahrenheit, "Assouan!"
"Assouan" means the superlative of all dams, the biggest dam in the world. It takes the place of a whole row of these—
Mr. Peaseley uses the word, when he can think of it. If his memory fails him he falls back on the American equivalent.
Inasmuch as I reside in Indiana, where it is a social offense to crave a cigarette from a stranger, I have a tin in the house and a high crime to smoke one, Cairo during the first day gave me many a shock. Cairo is unquestionably the cigarette headquarters of the uni-

vers. If the modern Egyptians followed the ancient method of loading the tomb with supplies for the lately departed they would put in each sarcophagus about ten thousand cigarettes and a few gallons of Turkish coffee. The food wouldn't matter.
In Cairo men, women and children smoke. Only the camels and donkeys abstain.
Cigarettes are sold nearly everywhere—not only by tobacconists, but also by milliners, undertakers, real estate agents, etc. Those who do not sell them give them away. A cigarette across the counter is the usual preliminary to driving a bargain.
It surprised us to learn that although the Egyptians have been addicted to

this enfeebling vice ever since they first had a chance to cultivate it, they have managed to survive and flourish as a distinct breed of humanity for some seven thousand years, as nearly as I can figure it off hand. By eliminating the cigarette from Indiana the Hoosiers should beat this record. No doubt they will retain their primitive vigor for a longer period, say nine thousand years. If so, the anti-cigarette law will be vindicated.
We certainly had a feeling of guilty pleasure when we sat in front of Shepherd's Hotel and smoked the wicked little things and knew that the policeman standing a few feet away did not dare to raise his hand against us.
A very clever young American owns a shop near the hotel. He is a student of Egyptology and a dealer in genuine antiquities, including mummies. While I was noting through his collection of scarabs, idols, coins and other time-worn trinkets, he suggested that I purchase a mummy.
"Can I get one?" I asked in surprise.
"I can get you a gross if you want them," he replied.
"What would a man do with a gross of mummies?"
"You can give them away. They are very ornamental. Formerly my only customers were colleges and museums. Now I am selling to people who put them in private residences. Nothing sets off an Oriental apartment to better effect, or gives it more color and atmosphere, as you might say, than a decorated mummy case."
I told him I would not object to the "color," but would draw the line at "atmosphere." He assured that after a few thousand years the mortuary remains become as dry as a London newspaper and as odorless as a congressional investigation.
I followed him into a large back room and saw two beautifully preserved specimens in their rigid overcoats being packed away for shipment to America, while others leaned against the wall in careless attitudes.
What a grisly reflection! Here was a local potentate, let us say Ipekak II. of Hioawa—ruler of a province, boss of his party, grand owner of broad fields and grazing herds. When he died, 1,400 B. C., and was escorted to his rock tomb by all the local secret societies, the military company and a band of music, his friends lowered his embalmed remains into a deep pit and then put in a rock filling and cut hieroglyphics all over the place, telling of his wealth and social importance and begging all future generations to regard the premises as sacred.
Some two thousand years later along comes a vandal in a cheap store suit and a cork helmet, engages Ipekak's own descendants to pry open the tomb and heave out the rock at fifteen cents per day, hauls the mummy into the daylight and ships it by luggage van to Cairo, where it is sold to a St. Paul man for \$125.
Until I talked to the dealer I had no idea that mummies were so plentiful. In some parts of Egypt people go out

generally excursions are the best after all. It is more fun to drift around a new town and rub up against the people than to deliver yourself, body and soul, over to a guide. In Egypt the guide is called a dragoman. He puts on airs and has an inside pocket bulging with testimonials from people who were so glad to get out of his clutches that they willingly perjured themselves by giving him half-hearted certificates of god character. While you are in the hands of the dragoman you feel like a dumb, driven cow. You follow the fluttering nightshirt and the tall red fez of this arch villain for hours at a time, not knowing when you are going or why. He takes absolute charge of you, either by making specious representations or boldly assuming authority, and when you start out to visit the famous mosque of old Midullah Obongahats or some other defunct celebrity you finish up in a junk shop for the sale of antiques, all of which are personally guaranteed by the dragoman, because he is a silent partner in the business.
In many countries, especially at times when the traveler must condense his itinerary, the guide is a necessary evil, and in Egypt he is supposed to be a sort of ornamental body guard. We found that we could wander about without being halted and led, so we spent pleasant hours in the Moukai, which is the native shopping street, and also went to the race meeting and saw native horses and ponies, carrying 140 to 160 pounds each, saunter around a half-mile

the presence of money spending tourists. There is no hurrah night life, and gambling, which flourished here for many seasons, many of them the direction of our countryman, Mr. Pat Sheedy, has yielded to British reformatory influences.
The modern streets in Cairo, with their attractive hotels, residences and shops, suggest a blending of Paris and the Riviera—consistent architecture, trees, palms, gardens. The streets are of boulevard width and the houses of cheerful coloring, many of them bearing colored frescoes in delicate shades. We who live in a country of rainfall and smoke and changing temperature are impressed to stop and gaze in wonder at a mansion of snowy white with a pattern of pale blossoms drooping down the front of it. That style of decoration would last about twenty minutes in Chicago.
QUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES
Piles, Hemorrhoids, Protruding Rectum, Stricture, etc. Dr. J. C. F. GILBERT'S OINTMENT fails to cure in 5 to 14 days. 50c.



which are perched on a high limestone cliff overlooking the city. The mosque is modern and very gorgeous with alabaster columns, a profusion of gray rugs, stained windows and crystal chandeliers. We were rhapsodizing over the interior and were saying it was almost as well and elegant as the new Claypool Hotel in Indianapolis, when we happened to overhear one of our countrymen reading aloud from a very entertaining book on Egypt written thirty years ago by Amelia B. Edwards. Miss Edwards allowed that the mosque of Mohammed Ali was a tawdry and hideous specimen of the most decadent period of the mixed up architecture imported from Arab and Turkey. When we heard that we made a quick switch and began to find fault with the decorations and told the guide we had enough.
On the way out to the parapet to enjoy the really wonderful view of the city and the Nile Valley, with the pyramids lifting themselves dimly from the

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Endless disputes of a most vivid character rage among the donkey boys and peddlers who assemble near the hotels at about thirty miles an hour, having three or four screw propellers. When it comes within striking distance of the enemy—beard! they cut her loose and the projectile goes whizzing to the mark, and when it meets with any resistance there is a big explosion and everything within a quarter of a mile is blown to flinders. Now, that's the plot, as near as I can follow it from watchin' that short guy make motions. You listen to them and tell me if I'm right."

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We looked in at the howling dervishes. These devout priests of the Mohammedan persuasion get as much enjoyment out of their religious services as if they were real Christians and lived in the backwoods of America. Like some of our pious countrymen, they seem to think that an exhibition of religious frenzy is sure proof of a sanctified spirit. As Mr. Peaseley put it, they can give our shouters at home cards and spades.
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FUNERAL OF THE LATE DEAN PARTRIDGE.

FREDERICTON, N. B., April 20.—The funeral of the late Dean Partridge this afternoon was very largely attended and the obsequies were most impressive. The remains were conveyed from the deanery at ten o'clock this morning to the Cathedral. Previous to removal a short service conducted by Sub-Dean Street was held at the residence. A number of the clergy were present and with the family accompanied the body to the church. Here communion was partaken of, the family and clergy being the only ones present. After the service the casket was opened and up to 2 o'clock large numbers of citizens visited the edifice and viewed the remains. The funeral services began shortly after two with the Cathedral filled. It was a most solemn and impressive ceremony, the hymns rendered being favorites of the deceased. After the conclusion of the service the procession formed and proceeded to Spring Garden where internment was made. His Lordship the Bishop and Sub-Dean Street conducted the service at both church and grave. The pallbearers were Archdeacon Neales and Forster, the Rev. Messrs. Richardson, Montgomery, Newham and Dean Rev. Horace Dibble. About twenty of the clergy from different sections of the province were present and preceded the hearse. The mourners included the sons and sons-in-law of the deceased. The bodies represented in the procession were the Masons, Sons of England and vestry of Christ church. The floral tributes were very fine and numerous.

COUGH LASTED 3 MONTHS.

"I was taken with a severe cough which lasted three months, and though I had tried all sorts of medicines they failed to do me any good. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine, and I was completely cured by two bottles."—Miss Ada O'Brien, Cape Cove, Gaspe Co., Que.
FOOD FOR FLAMES.
"Where's the fire?"
"In the next block—it's going to be a big one, too."
"How do you know?"
"It's in a fireproof building."—Cleveland Leader.
AMBITIOUS.
Phroogie—"If you want to get ahead, why don't you cut down your personal expenses?"
"Wrounder."—"Because anybody can do that. I'm trying to get ahead without cutting down my personal expenses, and let me tell you, old fellow, that's something that requires genius."—Chicago Tribune.
SURE OF THE NAME.
There came a ring at the telephone. "Hello!" said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Is this the editor?"
"Yes."
"This is one of your subscribers. I want to know if you can tell me the first name of the poet laureate of England?"
"You're sure you know his last name, are you?" asked the man at the city editor's desk.
"Of course. It's Laureate. But I've forgotten whether his given name is Richard or John."—Chicago Tribune.
GIVE BOTH A CHANCE.
"You don't mean to tell me that you have named your baby 'Ananias'?"
"Yes," answered Uncle Ben.
"Dat's his name."
"But Ananias was the most untruthful man in history."
"Dat's de reason. We's gwinter put dat boy in politics. We's gwinter name children 'George Washington' for years an' it didn't do no good. Now we's gwinter try de other feller."—Washington Star.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DEAN PARTRIDGE.

(Copyright by Peaseley)
Time went on for the mountains as the executive had of his appointment were satisfactory. The matter of deal fell once more into the usual continued to appeal Lobo, but although were satisfactory point of view, it one presented any est in the eyes of I Mr. George whose fame was a blunder into the robber chief.
Though a natural he had been born as. He early crossed the facilities of trade, London and nothing was, in fact, nothing him but his name. He dinary business inst one of the few who equipped in life with account and an exce profitable business. The sink back upon the ferred to them by Born rich, at 20 work, and at 35-th roll the ball of his so much of the mud wealth that he had the money kings of t. Already inclined to over-swear, he yet pronounced degree the looks characteristic colonies. It was con that he had never a bargain or as a weather changes of world. But his most was said to be the his man. The fact declared that, if he the wealth of the un pocket, with the ex-egle dollar notes, he-vested until he had so that last dollar also, conditions of life, or share of his preponder he could be conceived fact, he was a gambler curate knowledge, pov his side a peril to hi the most modern kind. Such was the man w was in a hull he chose to go motoring, told one or two friend feeling the strain of then slipped quietly aw yast, and Vignone he was in the positio who has set a snare e of sight for his quarri. He had engineered, consummate compleme that human necessity, before had he held so in the destinies of the absent while he conor tions worked out to the issue was a part of h foresaw a possible am harassment when they corned saw his net, clo secret, he was a gambler day and leave time to for him. So, having time to his own uses, to await the moment returns for his investory.
At the parade in the night a spoken name re his moodiness. The Ra about to a subject th aiera possessed a per—the doings past or D Q.
"I have heard of this following." BEGOT with the half-contempt peculiar to him. "Tal exploit."
The impicker, a thin mountaineer, glanced at the men gathered in shook his head.
"The Cuban smiled and said, 'You have the nerve said. 'You look as



old gold haze of the desert. Mr. Peaseley wished to repay the lady who had read to us, so he paused, and, making a very indefinite and non-committal gesture, said, "Near this very spot Mohammed Ali killed more than one hundred and fifty mamulukes in one day."
Our fair countrywoman looked at Mr. Peaseley with a puzzled frown on her brow and then timidly asked, "What is a mamuluke?"
We thought she had him, but not so. He wasn't even feazed. He replied promptly. "A mamuluke is something like a mongoose, only larger."
That is Mr. Peaseley's way. If he doesn't know, at least he will make a stab at it. One evening at dinner we had anchovies as a curtain raiser, and

and dig them up just as they would dig potatoes. The prices vary greatly, somewhat depending upon the state of preservation of the party of the first part and the character of the decorations on the case, but more particularly on account of the title or historical importance of the once lamented. For instance, a Ramesses or Ptolemy can not be touched for less than \$1,000. A commander brings \$150, the governor of a city or the president of a theological seminary anywhere from \$50 to \$75. Within the last three years prices of specimens of humorist have been offered for as low as \$15, and the dealer showed me one for \$1.50—probably a tourist.
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near as I can make out from the way they act that fellow with the goatee is describing some new kind of torpedo boat. It goes through the water at about thirty miles an hour, having three or four screw propellers. When it comes within striking distance of the enemy—beard! they cut her loose and the projectile goes whizzing to the mark, and when it meets with any resistance there is a big explosion and everything within a quarter of a mile is blown to flinders. Now, that's the plot, as near as I can follow it from watchin' that short guy make motions. You listen to them and tell me if I'm right."

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Camels in the Cairo market are now steady, not literally speaking, but as regards their value. A good terra cotta camel, 55 to 60 hands high and broken to a single-foot, will fetch as high as \$150. The older, ones—spavined, hairless or pigmented—can be bought for as low as \$50 each. The common or garden camel, trained to load up like a pocket camera and carry from three to eight tons of cargo, can usually be bought at from \$100 to \$125.
We looked in at the howling dervishes. These devout priests of the Mohammedan persuasion get as much enjoyment out of their religious services as if they were real Christians and lived in the backwoods of America. Like some of our pious countrymen, they seem to think that an exhibition of religious frenzy is sure proof of a sanctified spirit. As Mr. Peaseley put it, they can give our shouters at home cards and spades.
They bend themselves backward and forward in jack-knife attitudes, nose to nose, repeating over and over again the name of "Allah." They froth at the mouth, spin around like tops, shriek like delirious coyotes and usually conclude by falling over in an elliptic convulsion and being carried out on a shutter. A good many tourists enjoy seeing it, but all of us had visited the Chicago Board of Trade, and on the whole the performance seemed rather tame and spiritless.
Cairo, as a whole, was a big surprise to us. We knew that it was going to be cosmopolitan, but we were not prepared to find it so metropolitan. We had pictured it as one or two semi-European streets hedged in by a vast area of native quarter. But, unless you seek out the old parts of the town or the bazaars, each showing a distinct type of the oriental shirk, Cairo is outwardly quite modern, very attractive and decidedly gay—that is, not real wicked gayety of the Parisian variety, the kind that is induced by



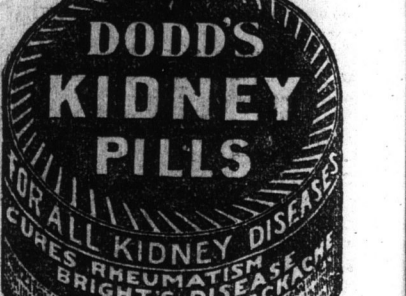
The head waiter listened and then translated to us as follows:—"He is saying to his friend that he slept very well last evening and got up feeling good, but was somewhat annoyed at breakfast time because the egg was not cooked to suit him."
"How about all these gymnastics?" asked the surprised Mr. Peaseley. "Why does he hop up and down, side step and teet and wiggle his fingers and all that monkey business?"

and a heap of rubbish. Truly it all depends on the point of view.
We held back the Pyramids and the Sphinx so as to make our visit to them the cap-sheaf of the stay in Cairo. As for rightseeing most of the time we just rambled up one street and down another, looking in shop windows, watching the workmen kill time with their prehistoric implements, smelling the bazaars, dodging dog carts, donkeys and camels and having a fine time

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track while a large number of English in Mardi Gras costumes drank gallons of tea and simulated a pole interest.
One afternoon we wandered into a market and a man tried to sell me a camel. Wherever we go, if a man has something he doesn't want he tries to sell it to me, and sometimes he does it. But I refused to take the camel. I did not see how I could fold it up and secrete it so as to get it through the custom house.
Camels in the Cairo market are now steady, not literally speaking, but as regards their value. A good terra cotta camel, 55 to 60 hands high and broken to a single-foot, will fetch as high as \$150. The older, ones—spavined, hairless or pigmented—can be bought for as low as \$50 each. The common or garden camel, trained to load up like a pocket camera and carry from three to eight tons of cargo, can usually be bought at from \$100 to \$125.
We looked in at the howling dervishes. These devout priests of the Mohammedan persuasion get as much enjoyment out of their religious services as if they were real Christians and lived in the backwoods of America. Like some of our pious countrymen, they seem to think that an exhibition of religious frenzy is sure proof of a sanctified spirit. As Mr. Peaseley put it, they can give our shouters at home cards and spades.
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