



## MR. PEASLEY GOES INTO THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS AND LIVES TO TELL ABOUT IT.

During the first three days in Cairo a brilliant and original plan of action had been outlining itself in my mind. At last I could not keep it to myself any longer, so I told Mr. Peasley.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" I asked.

"I am going to write up the Pyramids. I am going to tell who built them and how long it took and how many blocks of stone they contain. I shall have myself photographed sitting on a camel and holding an American flag. Also, I shall describe in detail the emotions that surge within me as I stand in the shadow of the Sphinx and gaze up at that vast and imperturbable expanse of face."

"It's a great scheme," said Mr. Peasley, "but you've been scopped. They've been written up already."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir, the whole outfit of Pyramids has been described in a special article by a man named Herodotus."

"How long since?"

"About 470 B. C."

He produced a guide book and proved that he was right. All the things that I had been getting ready to say about the Pyramids had been said by Herodotus. He had got there ahead of me. In daily newspaper competition, when some man gets his news twenty-four hours ahead of another one is proud of his "beat" and is the hero of the office for fifteen or twenty minutes. But think of trailing along twenty-four centuries behind a Greek space writer!

It took all the starch out of me. Mr. Peasley suggested that inasmuch as considerable time had elapsed since the appearance of the first write-up, possibly the average reader of it and accept my account as brand new stuff. But I knew better. I would have only a dim recollection knew that some old subscriber, with a complete file put away in the bureau, would rise up and draw the deadly parallel on me. All I can safely do in regard to the Pyramids is touch up a few points overlooked by my predecessors.

Herodotus, by the way, had quite time in Egypt. At that time Shephard's Hotel was not in operation, although it must have been under way, and no round trip tickets were being issued by Cook, so Herodotus had to do his own booking and put up at a boarding house. In Memphis, which is now a fragmentary suburb of Cairo, Herodotus engaged a guide. He does not tell us what he paid, but he does give us a line on the character of the dragoon, who was full of superfluity and undesirable information, but who fell down and asked to divulge facts of real importance. This proves that the breed has not changed since 500 B. C.

The guide took Herodotus out to the Pyramids and filled him up. It is now believed that most of what Herodotus sent back was merely hearsay, but it made good reading. The Pyramids had been standing some two thousand years, and any information in regard to their origin could hardly be traced to the head of personal recollections. Whatever Herodotus has to say about the Pyramids is now accepted as gospel, in spite of the fact that he never saw them until twenty centuries after the last block of stone had been put in place and Cheops had taken possession of the tomb chambers. Rather late for a grand opening.

When he arrived at the great Pyramid he stopped it off and put down the dimensions, and then he remarked to some of the natives standing around that it must have been quite a job to build a tomb of that size. They said yes; it had been a big contract, and the thing had been completed only two thousand years. They were enabled to go into details.

They gave Herodotus a fine lay-out of round figures. They said that one hundred thousand men had worked on the job and that the time required was thirty years—ten years to build the road and the huge incline for bringing the blocks of stone into place, and then twenty years to quarry the stone and transport it across the Nile and the valley. The stone cutters worked all the year and during the three months' inundation, when farming was at a standstill, the entire rural population turned out, just as they would at a husking-bee or a barn raising, and helped Cheops with his tomb. They did this year after year for thirty years, until they had piled up 2,300,000 blocks of stone, each containing forty cubic feet.

Herodotus discovered some large hieroglyphics on the face of the Pyramid and asked the guide for a translation. It is now supposed that the guide could not read. Any one with education or social standing wouldn't have been a guide, even in that remote period. But this guide wanted to appear to be earning his salary and he justified in demanding a tip. So he said that the inscription told how much garlic and onions the laborers had consumed while at work on the job and how much these had cost. Herodotus put it all down in his notebook without batting an eye.

"How much did they spend for onions and garlic?" he asked, poisoning his pencil.

The guide waited for a moment, so that his imagination could get a run-

ning start, and then he replied "They cost 1,600 talents of silver."

Now, that sum in talents is equivalent, under modern computation, to 350,000 English pounds, or \$1,750,000. Think of a million dollars' worth of garlic! Try to imagine the bouquet that permeated the desert when one hundred thousand men who had been eating garlic began to call for more bricks and mortar.

Herodotus told his story and got away with it. By the time the next letter writing traveller came along, a good many centuries later, the outer casing of the Pyramid had been stripped off and the inscription had disappeared. His story has stood because he was here ahead of the rest of us and saw the marks with his own eyes, and had them translated by a ten-cent guide. But would devote thirty years and sacrifice thousands of lives and work the canyoneer to the big undertaking. During that time he never had a strike or even a clash with the walking delegate. The eight hour day was unknown and no one dreamed of such a thing as an arbitration committee. All he had to do was to give orders and the entire population obeyed him. He didn't even pay salaries. It is true that in a spirit of generosity he set out a free lunch for the laborers—about \$2,000,000 worth of garlic and onions. If he had tried to feed them on quail probably he would have gone broke.

Marco Polo, Mark Twain and all the other great travellers of history love to tell tall ones in a while, but the garlic story by Herodotus will doubtless be regarded as a record performance for a long time to come.

Cheops was possibly the most successful contractor in history. It is estimated that he must have worked one hundred thousand men in the building of the great Pyramid, as related by Herodotus, at least thirty years must have devoted to the big undertaking. During that time he never had a strike or even a clash with the walking delegate. The eight hour day was unknown and no one dreamed of such a thing as an arbitration committee. All he had to do was to give orders and the entire population obeyed him. He didn't even pay salaries. It is true that in a spirit of generosity he set out a free lunch for the laborers—about \$2,000,000 worth of garlic and onions. If he had tried to feed them on quail probably he would have gone broke.

# George Ade IN... PASTURES NEW



MR. PEASLEY GIVES MEN ADVICE FOR THE PYRAMIDS

Nowadays visitors go out to the Pyramids by tramcar. For some reason we had the notion, doubtless shared by many who have not been there, that to get to the Pyramids one simply rides through Cairo and out on the flat desert. As a matter of fact, the great Pyramid at Giza, its two smaller companions and the Sphinx are on a rocky plateau five miles to the west of the city. There is a bee-line road across the lowlands. It is a wide and graded thoroughfare, set with acacia trees, and as you ride out by trolley or carriage you look up at the pyramids, and when you are still three miles away they seem to be at least a half mile distant. At the end of the avenue, and at the foot of the hill there is a hotel, and from this point one may climb or else charter a dumb animal.

Not knowing the ropes, we engaged a carriage at 100 piastres to take us from the city out to the plateau. This is not as much as it sounds, but it is about twice the usual rate. After we stuck the long road, leading across the valley and saw the trolley cars gliding by and leaving us far behind we decided to send the carriage back to the city and take the trolley, where we would feel at home. The driver informed us that he could not return to the city, as the big bridge had been opened to permit the passing of boats, and that it would be three hours before he could drive back to town. It seems that he was right. The big bridge swings open but once a day, and then it stays open for a few hours, and the man who finds himself "bridged" must either swim or engage a boat.

It is a five minutes' climb from the end of the drive up to the rocky plateau on which the Pyramids are perched, and the ordinary tourist goes afoot. But we were pining for Oriental extravagance and new sensations, so we engaged camels. The camel allotted to me was destitute of hair, and when first discovered was in a comatose condition. His or her name was Zenobia, and the brunette in charge said its age was either six or six and a half. It sounded more like "six," but the general appearance of the animal seemed to back up the sixty theory. As we approached Zenobia opened one eye and took a hard look at the party, and then made a low wailing sound which doubtless meant "More trouble for me." The venerable animal creaked at every joint as it slowly rose into the air on the instalment plan, a foot or two at a time.

We had come thousands of miles to see the Pyramids, and for the next ten minutes we were so busy hang-



THE RETURN OF THE PYRAMID PILGRIMS

the base. In a revolutionary South American republic the ruler would probably get no further than laying the corner stone.

We did not climb the Pyramids. Mr. Peasley said he would postpone going up until they inaugurated a lift service. The view from the top is said to be very fine (see guide book), but those who are boosted and lugged and hauled up over the angular blocks of stone are so exhausted when they arrive at the top that they cannot see anything. We decided to go to the interior and look at the tomb chambers. An easy incline led up to a sort of grotto entrance, and we thought that going in to see these chambers would be something like strolling into a rathskeller. Let us quote Mr. Peasley's own words, that the reader may again have some idea of the horrible experience awaiting any one who undertakes the journey.

"Three men with bushy whiskers and white Mother Hubbards got hold of me and dragged me up to this hole in the rock. It is the way he told it to a group at the dinner table. 'I told 'em I didn't need any help, but they kept hold of me, and next thing I knew we were in a rat hole as dark as pitch and as hot as an oven, sliding right down to the centre of the earth. The man in front had hold of my leg, pulling me along; another one held me by the collar, and the third one kind of slid along with the rest of us and kept up a running conversation in some foreign language. After we had coasted about an eighth of a mile, as near as I could guess it off in the dark, we

struck a large boulder, and I found myself locked in a miscellaneous embrace of the Arabs. Somebody lit a candle, and I found myself sitting on the edge of a dark hole that looked like the original bottomless pit. I never saw a hole that yawned more successfully. They hoisted me over this and then we began to climb up through a long passage about the size of an ordinary smokestack. The rock had been worn as smooth as glass. I had to double up like a

jackknife to keep from bumping my brains out. The man ahead dragged me; the one behind kept pushing, and the third one somewhere in the rear carried my hat and did the talking. I don't know how far we went, but it seemed about a quarter of a mile. Finally we came to a landing. I fell on my face and the Queen's chamber. They said it was a piece of luck that they would burn a piece of magnesium and it would cost one shilling. They touched off the red light and I found myself in a beautiful apartment, which resembled the interior of a freight car. There was nothing more to be seen, so I folded myself up and they pushed me through one subterranean passage after another, only in getting out I forgot to ask the price of the way. Instead of climbing. When it came to the last scramble and I saw that little round hole of daylight ahead of me I was so thankful—so used up—I handed over to those burglars all the money they asked and then bought two imitation scarabs."

Mr. Peasley's account is not much of an exaggeration. We came out all mused up, winded, wringing with perspiration and with a new and profound admiration for Cheops. It seems that he constructed the interior passages leading to the royal tomb chambers so that the vandals of coming generations could not possibly find their way in and steal the royal remains. Some of these passages are less than three feet in diameter and simply bored through the slippery rock at sharp grades, first up and then down. Of course, when Cheops planned these passages, he did not count on the enterprise and the perseverance of the modern tourist. To get to these tomb chambers, which are buried in the very sub-centre of the huge mass of rock, calls

for desperate and wearisome exertion, and after one arrives there is nothing to see except black stone walls. But as Mr. Peasley expressed it, "We don't want to go back home and not be able to say that we saw the whole works."

Overheated and groggy, we tottered down hill to the hotel, which was located at the end of the car line. It is a high-class establishment, patronized by a sedate class of English travellers, and here we had no difficulty whatever in cooling off. It was one of those hotels at which no one speaks to any one else, and gooseberry tarts are served for luncheon. Here on the edge of the burning desert it was so frigid and formal in the dining room that people had to put ice in their claret in order to reduce it to the temperature of the room. Even Mr. Peasley, who feels it is a duty he owes to his fellow man, crawled back into his shell and lay very quiet after two large dower looking ladies began looking holes in him with their lorgnettes.

After luncheon we went out on the desert and warmed up again. Also, we looked at the golf links, staked out across the barren sands—not to be played on, but merely to be featured in the hotel advertisement.

Think of a golf course which is a huge hazard. Drive the ball in any direction and you can't play out of the sand! Forty centuries gazing down on a bow legged tourist in fuzzy Scotch stockings.

Most of the pleasure seekers that we encountered in the neighborhood of the Pyramids seemed to be quite elderly—some of the more sprightly as young as sixty, and from that going up to where it would be better to stop guessing the age. What were they doing there? Mr. Peasley gave an explanation of their presence. He said that the dry climate of Egypt

would preserve antiquities for an indefinite period. Of course, he was just in fun when he said that. The old folks are really entitled to a lot of credit for keeping on the move when they might be expected to rest on their laurels.

Here they were, these male and female octogenarians, not propped up in armchairs dividing the family silverware and arranging bequests to hospitals and libraries, but out on the blinding desert, thousands of miles from home, falling off donkeys, climbing up on camels, devouring guide books, rummaging around for time tables, kicking over the charges arriving on the whole life of a purple strenuously. We heard of the English women, sisters, both over seventy, who had just returned from Khartoum, from which point they had gone on a hunting expedition still further into the interior. They had to wear mosquito bags and semi-male attire, and were out in the wild country for days at a time, passing game laws and other indigenous fauna.

When the microscope of travel gets into the human system nothing can exterminate it. Once a traveller, always a traveller—that is, if the exchequer and the physical strength hold out. This aching desire to put up and go somewhere is called by the Germans "wanderlust," and with singular appropriateness, for it is a lust, an unholy passion for gadding about.

Just as I am about to conclude this treatise it occurs to me that, although I have given a wealth of useful information regarding the Pyramids, I have rather overlooked one old friend the Sphinx. I can only say in passing that it looks exactly like the printed advertisements. There is no deception about it. It is in a state of repair, but this is not surprising when we consider its age. Herodotus does not mention the Sphinx. It was right there at the time he was there. It had been there fourteen hundred years when he first arrived, and it has been there ever since. An observing traveller should have overlooked a monument sixty-six feet high, with a face nearly fourteen feet wide, a nose five feet and seven inches long and wearing a smile that must have given Herodotus either walked by without seeing it or else he did not think it worthy of mention. The only plausible explanation is that we too busy figuring up the cost of the trip.

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James goes to the grocery after a quart of molasses. On his way home he meets seven poor but worthy boys about his own age, and in the goodness of his heart permits each one of them to absorb a gill of the sweet stuff. How much remained in the jug when he reached home, and how long did it take his mother to hustle him into the woodshed?

If one puppy dog can shake half a pint of sawdust out of a little girl's doll, how many puppies and little girls will it take to shake out enough sawdust to fill a barrel?

If a housewife buys a box of strawberries supposed to hold a quart and finds the bottom shoved one-third of the way up to the top, what quantity remains in the box? The same peddler comes around next day and she talks to him at the rate of one hundred words a minute, how much time will she consume in uttering one thousand words?

A husband has an overcoat for which he paid \$15, but has worn it one winter and got a wrinkle in the back. His wife trades it off for a four-dollar rug with an ink stain in the centre. Does she make or lose, and how much?

How many peck peach baskets, each holding six quarts, will be required to hold seven bushels of peaches, each bushel of which is short to give you the exact figures, and don't believe him when he says the peach crop is a flat failure.

A citizen whose gas bill for a certain month was \$6, shut up his house for the next month and got twelve witnesses to swear that not a burner was lighted for thirty-one days. His bill for that month was \$6.50. Did he make or lose? If twelve witnesses cannot beat a game meter, how much will five quarts of kerosene cost at thirteen cents a quart?

A husband spends in one day 15 cents for beer, 10 cents for chewing tobacco, 20 cents for cigars, 15 cents for street car fare and loses \$1.50 at poker. He then ascertains that his wife has paid 8 cents for a button-hook, and he sits down and figures that her extravagance will bring him to the poorhouse in just three years. What is the amount of his capital?

A lightning-rod man whose conscience pricks him sits down to figure up how many farmers he has done for. He can't begin to recall the names of the farmers, but he multiplies his eighteen years' experience by two, adds five, subtracts two, and calls the result one fourth of the grand total. What number does he get?

A grocer buys a chest of tea weighing eighty pounds, and pays for it at the rate of 24 cents a pound. He sells 28 pounds of it for 60 cents a pound, and the balance at three old cent a pound. What was his profit? (This is the same grocer who said that he'd have to go into the blacksmith business to make a living.)

The people of Hastings, Eng., have decided to invite the Mayor and Municipality of Rouen, France, to the Brou Normand Fetes, and the leading members of the Souvenir Normand, to visit Hastings this summer.

THE

## IX.—HOW DON Q. FOR HIS CIG

From an expedition Don Q. turning, on a brilliant morning, the last days of March, and for the noonday heat that overhung a forest of No reflection of the sun's his mood, which was one of est. For no less than three elapsed since he had run a terial for cigarettes, and since he had sent Robledo the plans to bring him the supply.

Don Q. said, therefore, vindictively at the fire, always kindled to warm blood, even when winter his grip on the high night.

"The sun was about to eously in the silence of the when a robber came to the cave and crossed him. saw the attitude of his waited for the usual cost Don Q.

"Speak, Gaspar." Don Q. turned his head.

The big lowering rascal to reply, when from outside pattered of light feet, and a moment a tall, panting gh the mouth of the cave. who had been running after her pursued on the threshold.

"I will see my lord of tains! Senor, let me spe you alone," she cried. "T to prevent me—"

Don Q. let his eyes rest sit.

Don Q. motioned with his "Sit down," he said, ind rough chair which had been from a barrel. Then, tu his followers, "You will re added; "but, first, what bawling means? Am I to bed in this fashion?"

"The orders," replied Gaspar's voice, "were that my not be troubled until the Robledo. This woman—"

"Go," snarled the chief, norita would see me alone. The men filed hurriedly to the cave, and Don Q. with h sunk beneath his shoulders, till the last footstep died.

"You have never seen me she burst out. "You do no who I am."

"Go on, dear Isabella." She started violently. know me?"

"I fear I know nearly eve Robledo. Q. with an air, ting an awkward circumst know, for instance, that wh Robledo on special errands plains, he nearly always w hour or two for which he account—with a guitar, Isab At the mention of the na Robledo the girl's eyes filled w

"He will never sing unde dow any more, she sobbed. This is exceedingly sa remarked Don Q. coldly. "to tell me the whole story-story, Isabella."

"O, my lord, do not be she pleaded. "Four days a do came into the town, cha a mission from my lord, was growing dark he went, that mission, and presently dark, he returned.

"With his guitar?" questio chief serenely.

"In order to avert suspi bellila protested.

"Pray proceed. It is not to give me a reason. I ve simply, I will do the

"He was singing—O! song," went on the girl, in voice, "when there was a s men running down the str music ceased, and he swung up into the embrasure of the dow, where it was very dar men stopped and searched t ows under my window, and a \$6.50. Did he make or lose? If twelve witnesses cannot beat a game meter, how much will five quarts of kerosene cost at thirteen cents a quart?"

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