



George Ade PASTURES NEW



MR. PEASLEY AND HIS FINAL SIZE-UP OF EGYPT.

On the morning of our hurried pack up and get away from Luxor we lost Mr. Peasley. It was a half-hour before the sailing of the boat, and we were attempting to lock trunks, call in the porters, give directions as to forwarding mail and up everybody except the proprietor all at the same time.

This exciting crisis comes with every departure. The fear of missing the boat, the lurking suspicion that several articles have been left in drawers or under the sofa, the dread of overlooking some worthy mental who is entitled to bakeseeh, the uneasy conviction that the bill contains several overcharges—all these combine to produce a mental condition about half way between plain "ratties" and female hysteria. And then, to add to the horror of the situation, Mr. Peasley had disappeared.

All hands were needed—one to boss

We liked Mr. Peasley. Looking back over the trip, we can well believe that the expedition would have been rather tame if deprived of his cheering presence. But he was so full of initiative and so given to discovering byways of adventure that he was always breaking in on the programme and starting little excursions of his own. He was a very hard man to mobilize. If we had solemnly agreed to get together for luncheon at one o'clock, three of us would be waiting at the foot of the stairs, while Mr. Peasley would be a mile away, trying to buy a four-dollar Abyssinian war shield for \$2.75.

And where do you suppose he was on the morning we were making our fringed departure from Luxor. We found him in the barber shop having his hair cut! A native stood alongside him, brushing away the flies. The barber, a curly Italian, had ceased work when we came in, and encour-

and we were swinging in the current. He bestowed on us a cool smile of triumph and then removed his hat. His head had been given a shellac finish and smelled like the front of a drug store.

"Signor Mosquito is well named," said Mr. Peasley. "When he got through with me he stung me for fifteen minutes."

For several hours we refused to speak to him or sit near him on deck, but finally we heeded him to fill out a four handed game of dominoes and we were engaged in a very stubborn session of "double nine's" when we noticed that most of our fellow passengers, and especially those of English persuasion, were making our little group the target for horrified glances. Some of them actually stared at us. We began to wonder if dominoes were regarded as an immoral practice in Egypt.

"These people keep on looking at us as if we were a happy band of burglars," said Mr. Peasley. "We think we are travelling incog, but our reputation has preceded us."

Then we heard one old lady ask another if there would be any evening services in the dining saloon and Mr. Peasley, who was reaching into the "bone yard," suddenly paused with his hand up and exclaimed:—"Sanctified! Boys, it's Sunday!"

It was. We had been sitting there among these nice people throughout the calm Sabbath afternoon playing a wicked game of "draughts." After two weeks among the Mohammedans and other heathens, with every day a working day and the English Sunday a dead letter, we had lost all trace of dates. Mr. Peasley said that if any one had asked him the day of the week he would have guessed Wednesday.

This unfortunate incident helped to deepen and solidify the dark suspicion with which we, as Americans, were regarded by the contingent from Great Britain. If our conduct had been exemplary we could not have cleared away this suspicion, but for the domino debacle we were set down as hopeless. The middle class English guard their social status very carefully and you can't blame them. It is a tender and uncertain growth that requires looking after all the time. If they didn't water it and prune it and set it out in the sunshine every day it would soon wither back to its original stalk.

Did you ever come across a bunch of melancholy pilgrims from the suburban villas and the dull gray provincial towns of dear old England? Did you ever observe the frightened manner in which they hold aloft German, American, Russian, Turkish and other foreigners? They fear that if they drift into friendly relationship with people of these various nationalities, later on some of these chance acquaintances will come on them up at Birmingham or Stoke-on-Trent and expect to be entertained at the foundry.

A large majority of our fellow passengers from Luxor to Assouan were of elderly pattern. We estimated the average age to be about eighty-three. Mr. Peasley said an irrelevant thing about these venerable tourists.

"Why do these people come all the way to Egypt to look at the ruins?" he asked. "Why don't they stay at home and look at one another?"

We rebuked him for saying it, but somehow or other these rebukes never seemed to have any permanent restraining effect.

Many people visit Assouan on account of the kiln dried atmosphere, which is supposed to have a discouraging effect on rheumatism and other ailments that flourish in a damp climate. Assouan is as dry as Pittsburgh on Sunday. It is surrounded by desert, and the sun always seems to be working overtime. The traveller who does much rambling out of doors gradually assumes the brown and papery complexion of a royal mummy, his lips become parched and flaky, and he feels like a grocery store herring, which, it is believed, is about the driest thing on record.

We did love Assouan. Coming back from a camel ride, with a choppy sea out of doors gradually assumes the brown and papery complexion of a royal mummy, his lips become parched and flaky, and he feels like a grocery store herring, which, it is believed, is about the driest thing on record.



the porters, another to round up the tippies, another to audit the charges for "extras," another to make a final search for razor strops and hot water bags of which we had left a trail from Chicago to Cairo. Instead of attending to these really important duties we were loitering about the hotel looking for Peasley. We asked one another why we had invited him to join the party. We called him all the names that we had invented on the trip to fit his unusual personality. One of these was a "flat headed fish." I don't know what a "fish" is, but the more you study it and repeat it over to yourself the more horrible becomes the full significance of the word. Also we called him a "swizzle," which means a chump who has gone on and on, exploring the furthest regions of idocy, until even his most daring companions are left far behind. We called Mr. Peasley a "wall eyed spindog," the latter being a mule that has lost all sense of shame. Ordinary abuse and profanity became weak and ineffective when pitted against words of this scathing nature.

Reader, if you have a lifelong friend and you feel reasonably sure that you never could quarrel with him or be out of patience with him or find fault with any of his small peculiarities, go on a long trip with him to foreign lands. You will be together so

aged by the questions of Mr. Peasley, was describing the Bay of Naples, pointing out Capri, Sorrento, Vesuvius, and other points of interest, with a comb in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other. The barber had made an indelible impression on Mr. Peasley, because of his name, which was, Signor Mosquito. Mr. Peasley said he didn't see how any one with a name like that could live.

We lined up in front of Mr. Peasley and gazed at him in withering silence. He was not fazed.

"Talk about oriental luxury," he said. "Little did I think twenty years ago, when I was measur'd unbleached muslin and drawn! New Orleans is a country store, that one day I'd recline on a spotted divan and have a private valet to keep the flies off of me. To say nothing of being waited on by Signor Mosquito."

I tried to hold down the safety valve of my wrath.

"We have just held a meeting and by unanimous vote we have decided that you are an irresponsible fish, a night blooming swizzle and a vitrified spindog," I said.

"Thanks," he replied. "I'll do as much for you some time."

"Are you aware of the fact that the boat departs in twenty minutes?" asked No. 2.

"The boat will not leave its mooring

Our boat arrived at Assouan one morning accompanied by a sand storm and a cold wave. The Cataract Hotel stood on a promontory overlooking a new kind of Nile—a swift and narrow stream studded with gleaming bowlders of granite. We liked Assouan because the weather was ideal (after the sand storm ran out of sand), the hotel was the best we had found in Egypt and there were so few fatigues that sightseeing became a pleasure. Besides, after one has been to Luxor is about as much of a comedown as turkey hash the day after Thanksgiving.

Here, on the border of Nubia, we began to get glimpses of real Africa. We hiked on camels to a desert camp of gypsies of Nubia—dressed their hair with mud instead of bay rum and reside under a patch of gunnybags propped up by two sticks. On the hills back of the town we saw the barracks where the English army gathered itself to move against the Mahdists, as we were invited to go out in the moonlight and hunt hyenas, but did not think it right to kill off all the native game.

The big exhibit at Assouan and one of the great engineering achievements of modern times is the dam across the Nile. It is a solid wall of granite, a mile and a quarter long, 100 feet high in places and 88 feet through the base, and it looks larger than it sounds. We went across it on a push car after taking a boat ride in the reservoir basin, which is said to contain 224,000,000 gallons of water. This estimate is correct as nearly as we could figure it. The town, we rode up four miles above the dam and it looks like a dummy train, with cars loaded as large as Saratoga trunks, and came back in a Saratoga boat. We shot the rapids, just for excitement, and after we had waded in the hour for repairs we decided that we had stored up enough excitement, so after that we followed the mere pied waters.

The black boatmen had a weird chant, which they repeated over and

over, keeping time with the stroke. It was a combination of Egyptian melody and American college yell and ran as follows:

Hop! Hop! Horay!
Hop! Hop! Horay!
Hop! Hop! Horay!
All right! Thank you!

This effort represented their sum total of English, and they were very proud of it, and we liked it, too—that is, the first million times. After that the charm of novelty was largely dissipated.

face toward the only country on earth where a man can get a steak that hasn't got goo poured all over it. Meet me at the station with a pie. Tell mother I am coming home to eat.

Do I like Egypt? Yes—because now I will be satisfied with Iowa. Only I'm afraid that when I go back and see 100 acres of corn in one field I won't love it. Egypt is a wonderful country, but very small for its age. It is about as wide as the court house square, but it seems to me at least 10,000 miles long, as we have been two weeks getting up to the First Cataract. Most

walking down the main aisle with my hat in my hand so long that now I'm ready for something lively.

Americans are popular in Egypt, during business hours. Have not been showered with social attentions, but I am always comforted by the thought that the exclusive foreign set cannot say anything about me that I haven't already said about it. Of course, we could retalliate in proper fashion if we could lure the foreigners out to Iowa.

him down, but you hate to jump on anything so venerable and weak. Egypt is so old that you get the headache trying to think back. Egypt had gone through forty changes of administration and was on the down grade before Iowa was staked out.

The principal products of this country are insects, dust, guides and fake curios. I got my share of each. I am glad I came, and I may want to return some day, but not until I have worked the sand out of my ears and taken in two or three country fairs. I have been



BOYS IT'S SUNDAY!

Burton Holmes, the eminent lecturer and travelogue specialist, was lying up at Assouan, having a tiresome argument with the germ that invented malaria. He had come up the Nile in a deep draught boat and succeeded in finding many sand bars that other voyagers had overlooked. Just below Assouan the boat wedged itself into mud and could not be floated until thirty natives, summoned from the surrounding country, had waded underneath and "boosted" it all afternoon. When it came time to pay the men the captain of the boat said to Mr. Holmes:—"What do you think? They demand eight shillings!"

"It is an outrage," said Mr. Holmes. "Eight shillings is two dollars. Even in America I can get union labor for two dollars a day. There are thirty of them. Couldn't we compromise for a lump sum of fifty dollars?"

"You do not understand," said the captain. "We are asked to pay eight shillings for the whole crowd. I think that six would be enough."

Whereupon Mr. Holmes gave them ten shillings, or 8 1/3 cents each, and he sailed away the grateful assemblage gave three rousing cheers for Mr. Rockefeller.

When we left Assouan we scotched by rail direct to Cairo, and in a few days were headed for home, by way of Italy, France and England, all of them seeming distinctly modern after our sojourn in Egypt.

It is customary in winding up a series of letters to draw certain profound conclusions and give hints to travellers who may hope to follow the same beaten path. Fortunately, Mr. Peasley had done this for us. He promised a real estate agent in Fairfield, Iowa, that he would let him know about Egypt. One night in Assouan he read to us the letter to his friend, and we borrowed it.

Assouan, Some time in April, Deloss M. Gifford, Fairfield, Iowa, U. S. C. My Dear Giff:

I have gone as far up the Nile as I time and the letter of credit will permit. At 8 a. m. tomorrow I turn my

not to pretend to make a bluff at being deeply interested in these open graves. Other people gushed about them and I was afraid that if I didn't trail along and show some sentimental interest, they might suspect that I was from Iowa and was shy on soilfulness. I'll say this much, however, I'm mighty glad I've seen them because now I'll never have to look at their again.

Egypt is something like the old sinner—you'd like to roast him and call



COMMON FEAR.

Miss Frances Wilson, who recently became the wife of Charles Huard, a French artist, was in her childhood a close friend of Eugene Field, the poet-journalist. She said of him the other day:

"I can still see his tall, gaunt figure, and I can still hear his musical and deep voice uttering jests gravely."

"He was always jesting. One night in May he was walking with a young lady and me. The young lady was romantically. She looked up at the sky,

spangled with stars, and said to Mr. Field:—"Space! How wonderful it is! Does it not overwhelm you?"

"Indeed it does," said Mr. Field, in a deep, awed tone. "I have a column of it to fill every day."

Not a comprehensive review of the cuts of our journey and yet fairly accurate.

[The End]

spangled with stars, and said to Mr. Field:—"Space! How wonderful it is! Does it not overwhelm you?"

"Indeed it does," said Mr. Field, in a deep, awed tone. "I have a column of it to fill every day."

TWO OPERATIONS.

"You say you had to give the patient chloroform twice?"

"Yes," replied the dentist. "I had to give it to him the second time to extract the money."—Detroit Free Press.

SURPRISE SOAP

The name "SURPRISE" stands for Pure, Hard, Solid Soap. The best value in Laundry Soap.



At the



COTTON WORKERS GET INCREASED PAY

New Bedford Manufacturers Decide to Grant an Increase of 5 per cent

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 23.—The cotton manufacturers of New Bedford today decided to grant an advance of five per cent in wages paid to the employees in the textile mills. This advance, which is the answer to a demand for ten per cent, will go into effect on July 2nd.

About two months ago the New Bedford Cotton Manufacturers' Association asked the New Bedford Cotton Manufacturers' Association to advance wages ten per cent. The letter to the manufacturers was written on stationery of the Loom Fixers' Union. The Manufacturers' Association made no reply to the communication, and later the Textile Council again reiterated their demands, insisting further that the desired increase be granted before June 15. The New Bedford Manufacturers' Association met today and after discussing the matter decided to grant the five per cent increase.

It is generally believed that the wage increase of five per cent, will be accepted by the operatives without any further demand being made. The textile council will hold a special meeting tomorrow night to act upon the manufacturers' offer.

CUPID'S PRIMER

Arrows are this Archer's claim; Beaux and Belles are both his game, Does Deight to bidder us, Every tricky Enterprise Finds a Favor in his eye, Give him one Glad smile or Glance He is happy, Here's his chance Imp and Impudent, the boy Jupiter's own child of Joy, Kisses are his kind, be sure, Love his Life is and his Lure; Matches he can Make or Mar; No and yes his Neighbors are; Old or young, his One best call Pleases People, Franks and all; Queer the Questions that he brings; Rhymes and Roses, Ribbons, Rings—Such are the Seductive Sweets To make Trouble when he Treats, Useless 'tis to bid him be Thankful; Venus, his mamma, will find Ways for him to Win or Woo Kexes and Kantippe, too, Youth, immortal since of Yore, Zealous, Zany—Nothing More.

YES AND NO.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the motor car was coming down on the right side and the dogcart was trying to pass the motor-car, you saw the plaintiff between the carriage and the dogcart, or the motor-car and the dogcart, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the carriage, dogcart and motor-car, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was?"

JERKING OF THE LIMBS.

"Before using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could not sleep, had no appetite, hands and feet were cold, my digestion was poor and I had jerking of the limbs. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has made a radical change in my condition, building up the system and strengthening the nerves."—Mr. Wm. Brantley, Victoria St., Stratford, Ont.

ST. JOHN, N.B., June 22.—The cutter Neptune has been dispatched in quest of the American fishing vessel Essex, which is reported to have sailed from a radical change in my condition, building up the system and strengthening the nerves."—Mr. Wm. Brantley, Victoria St., Stratford, Ont.

A number of fishermen who had drifted away from their vessels during the recent gale arrived here today, having suffered severely from exposure.

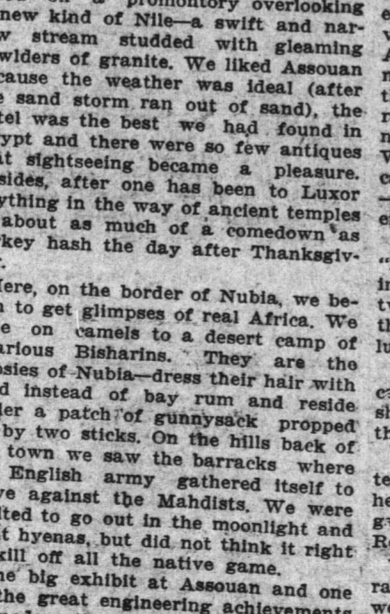


much of the time that finally each will begin to hate the sight of the other. There will come off days, fraught with pretty annoyances, when each will have a fruitful desire to hunt enemies and suit cases at his beloved playmate. Suppose your life-long friend has some little eccentricity of manner or speech, some slight irregularity of behavior at the table or a perverted and stubborn conviction which reveals itself in every controversy. You may have overlooked this defect for years because you met him only at intervals, but when you begin to camp with him you discover every one of his shining faults. And he? they do get on your nerves! Next to matrimony, perhaps, traveling together is the most severe test of compatibility.

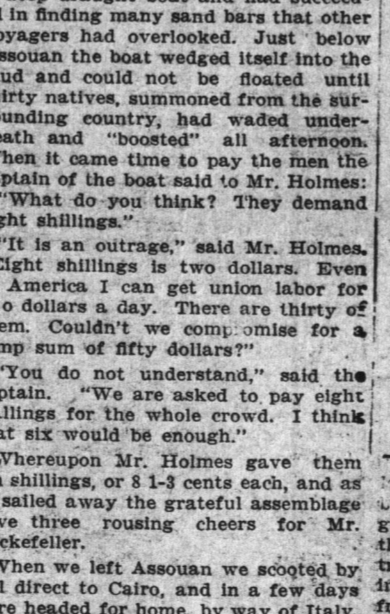


until Peasley, of Iowa, is safely aboard," he replied. "Why is it that you fellows begin to throw duck feet every time we have to catch a boat or train? Kindly send my luggage aboard, and as soon as Signor Mosquito has concluded his amputations I shall join you."

Words failed us. We hurried to the boat, feeling reasonably certain that he would follow us to Assouan by rail. When it came time to cast off, Mr. Peasley had not appeared, and our irritation was gradually softening into a deep joy. The warning whistle blew down the bank, carrying a Nubian spear eight feet long over his shoulder. By the time he had arrived on the upper deck the gangplank was drawn and



the black boatmen had a weird chant, which they repeated over and



over, keeping time with the stroke. It was a combination of Egyptian melody and American college yell and ran as follows:

"I wonder what Mrs. Thatcher had made a breakfast table band had departed after throwing about some event had better look of sons before she furthered. She went to the gazing down the her only child, or dargarten, she woman, yet lost by her height; it phazite it in a ways suggested. Hence, in connection glance of her dark, like her lips were cheeks were usual was a faint glow had made a terse remark about a blue cambric morn had received with surprise as if she it. He had also poor fellow, next to homely enough to ttle.

Mr. Thatcher's wife was the su natured comment her neighbors. Her wards her was ch trustfully, with that attention which on a lover. He even b her up and down "different" to the m ly un-intellectual a was, she yet indis charm for the ma tual. She had, in fact, to be beloved, she runs occasion, and it in all the little d "I wonder what h ectly as if somebo from town today— morning." She spok looked down the a green feathery foll out in their sprin shone carelessly th the crosses and peo grass-plot, and she was charged with pe all the usual adjun suburbs. A departm was already deliver house further down men, fresh and, ne alerly stepping tra early start for the d pelled thither by th woss woman kind to clothes. All down the and rubber plants w on piazza steps, the most part, conspic withered, but the w lagoon after the wint and dust and gar a "To feel the spring to spend money was to Mildred Thatcher could have purchas needed for the hite would not leave hom some one, would. She turned now to t her orders for lunche "I can make the croquettes, Kitty, o overs. And I'd like yo violet centerpiece."

"Very well, ma'am." The hint of a pencil was drawn on the Madge Standover who the Laviers, or her set-things to rights arranged daintily, an lats in the glass vase late in the morning done, went on the for the train, while o or no to send her dw the florist. She scruti plant. She anxiously for growth. The other way, a proof of the d tremes of Mildred's n son she had nailed rubber plants and d and the sister movin the suburbs, had me forth one morning on moment and bought o didn't seem as if th householders without a visible emblem of a domesticity. Mrs. Th grow with tropical lux yet it had only ren great.

"Good-morning!" It was a neighbor, from the pavement, a paper bag in one hand fairly against the post a low steps.

"Your plants need w timed, casting an offic upon them."

"They were watered said Mrs. Thatcher.

"It should be done every day," said the loudly. "Dear me, it's isn't it? You look t enough. I had to go to the last moment for I'm dreadfully tired. Does make your feet it? Well—good-bye!"

Mrs. Thatcher still down the street—a tra while they were talk while some one was fully. I wanted to say something about furr rugs, and I've a dress for me at home. I stopped an instant, a the post, as the other

ST. JOHN, N.B., June 22.—The cutter Neptune has been dispatched in quest of the American fishing vessel Essex, which is reported to have sailed from a radical change in my condition, building up the system and strengthening the nerves."—Mr. Wm. Brantley, Victoria St., Stratford, Ont.

A number of fishermen who had drifted away from their vessels during the recent gale arrived here today, having suffered severely from exposure.