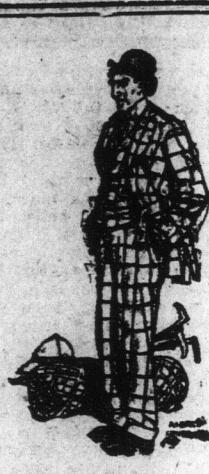




George Ade IN... PASTURES NEW



ON Q. STOOD AT
BY.

all would have gone to look
ave of Don Q. for never before
he history of the sierra has any
on, found a dwelling of my
So I thought of these things
myself and wondered what my
uld do, when I was shaken by
le noise. The mountain vomit
aping flame and trembled with
n of its torment. Great stones
cks were hurled upwards, and
my minutes the voices that
the mountains called to his aid,
and roared in the sierra that is

felt his own face pale. "Go
urged.
uld hear men stumbling and
ng and crying on the saints. And
enor. I think I slept, for I was
When the sun rose I awoke.
my lord was standing beside
the thicket and bade me look
I looked. Senor, it was a won-
night! The bridge was gone,
ean upon the Punta de Lanza,
he crags we had defended only
ay, half an army was clinging,
ther to go forward, because of
epics nor to return back be-
of the broken patch across the

I had looked a long time, my
ke. Robledo, he said, you
one may ever triumph over
ell that in the plains. Many
I am dead. You alone know
ot. Go to Castellano and tell
o only—the señor Lalor, and
abellita. If you tell the secret
other in Spain, I will know.
your lord, where is he?" ques-
Lalor.

do shook his head obstinately.
ll tell my story to the end," he
ed. "My lord and I sat together
ollow to rest, and my lord said
not see him again for a long
Go you and marry your Isa-
and be happy if you can," he
But I do not think you will be
that woman has a fierce heart,
you had better sell your guitar or
Robledo, for he is a cunning
her wives, and such a wife as
will not allow you to serenade
So spoke my lord.

Willie sighed in the silence,
the wisest of men,"
mured.
have you no message for me?"
Lalor in some disappointment.
senor," Robledo took up a
from a corner. "My lord and I
senor that, though for the time
ink me dead, I live still. Tell
t I have been thinking of you
tobiography of my life, which
hear of me again within a year,
for my sake, offer to the con-
on of an English publisher, in
that the world may know a lit-
le of one of its greatest and most
s men."

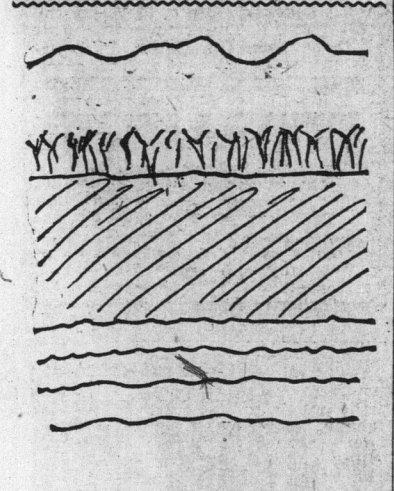
x guns and manned by eighty
nd when the treasure ship
ed for Manila she was followed
brig. The latter looked as peace-
an old hen on her nest, and no
would have had a suspicion of

Fin was in waiting at the An-
lands. That was a piratical
old before his day and the
man had an eye to the eternal
of things. The treasure ship
er course up the China Sea, fol-
by the slouchy looking old brig
spectful distance, and one morn-
up to O'Clock, was within five
of the islands. The pirates were
for her. They not only came
out from the lee of the group,
they raised the black flag to show
and. Chin-Fin wasn't going to
say baby business by sailing un-
der the flag. The brig was within
distance, but treated with con-
d. The treasure ship naturally
got away. The pirates turned on her
and put back to meet the brig, but
rates pursued with yells and a
baste of ammunition. They saw
they could capture two ships
they had counted on but one.

ed by things got to work and
n felt his back hair curl. The
gan hammering away with six-
o his two, and at the end of
a minutes thirty of his fifty
were dead or wounded and his
a sinking condition and he had
for quarter. It was granted
t his men taken aboard. Why
asure ship pursued her voyage,
started back for Singapore.
had seven men killed or woun-
d. The pirates were shackled and
t between decks, and for two
ay were as humble as cats.
had no need for Chin-Fin, who
natural orator, to tell them how
s stood. They were going back
Brisas for trial, conviction and
on. Had those pirates been
get a professional jury and a
lawyer from the United States
ould not have been acquitted.
t them felt like dangling at the
rope, and Chin-Fin least of all
made a blunder in starting out
rate, but he wanted to live to
it. If he could get free he
go to Bulwer's and become a
and rake in a few American
aries. With this idea in mind
ed at his shackles until he freed
and then freed his companions.

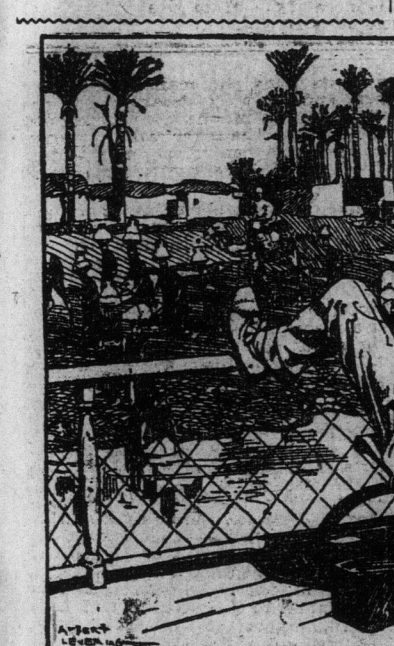
dead of night, with one watch
asleep below, the pirates made
ash. They at first carried every-
before them, and it looked as if
gands business might come to a
but they were eventually over-
d. Chin-Fin and four compan-
y were left alive after the com-
d they did not get another
to break out. They raised
from some unknown source and
the case in the courts for
year, but in the end a verdict of
was reached. One day, fifteen
after the raising of the black
the music of the band, the five
stood on the gallows with ropes
their necks. Chin-Fin had done
ding since his capture except to
that it was all a mistake and
was a good young man. When
that there was no longer any
however, he made a speech. He
ad that he had been a boss bad
non head to heel, and that the
ought to rejoice that he was to
be spoke for half an hour, piling
o himself as hard as he could.
en excused his conduct by saying
his all owing to his mother
when he had a head rather go
g by his sad fate, and with a
ad wave of his hand he signalled
ngman to let 'er go and was
ed into eternity.

THE DREAM of many years has
come true. We are moving
(southward) up the Nile. Like
busy sand flies we are lifting, almost
daily, across white patches of desert
to burrow into second hand tombs and
crick our necks looking up at mutilated
temples. We have learned to spar with
native pedlers and fight them out of
our way. We ride delicious donkeys at



pell-mell speed through bewildered vi-
lages, while maniacal boys run behind
and yelp like coyotes. We have adopt-
ed helmets, goggles, sun umbrellas,
cameras, guide books, witch hazel and
insect powder. We are letting on to one
another that we have got all the dynas-
tics straightened out in our minds and
that we are beginning to get the hang
of the hieroglyph.

Ten years ago not one of us had ever
heard of Kott or Khennhotep. Now we
refer to them in the most casual way,
as if we had roomed with them for a



LING BACK TO WATCH OTHERS WORK

while. It is certainly a gay life we are
leading over the cemetery circuit. Just
think what rollicking fun it must be to
reveal day after day in sarcophagi and
sepulchres, stumbling through subter-
ranean passages and kicking up the
dust of departed kings, peering down
into mummy pits, also trying to stretch
the imagination like a rubber band so
that we may get the full significance of
what is meant by 1500 B.C. People
come to Egypt to cure nervous depres-
sion and then spend nine-tenths of their



IT IS CERTAINLY A GAY LIFE

time hanging around tombs. Why come
all the way to Egypt? Why not go out
to Woodlawn and run races from one
family vault to another?

Mr. Peasley has no use for the tombs
we have seen up to date. At Beni-Has-
san we rode on donkeys and climbed
bills for half an hour to inspect several
large cubes of dim atmosphere sur-
rounded by limestone. At Assiout we
put in the best part of the afternoon
toiling up to another gloomy cavern.
While we stoked in the misty chamber
of the tomb of Hapsetai (whoever he
was), trying to pump up some enthu-
siasm, Mr. Peasley mopped his brow
and declared himself.

"I'll tell you what I can do," he said.
"I can take a hundred pounds of dynamite
and a gang of daggers and go any-
where along the Hudson and blow out a
tomb in a week's time that will beat
anything we've seen in Egypt. Then I'll
hire a boy with a markin' brush to
draw some one-legged men and some
tall women with their heads turned the
wrong way, and I'll charge six dollars
to go in and make my fortune."

The significance of the "six dollars"
is that every traveler who wishes to
visit the antiquities must pay a govern-
ment tax of 120 piastres. He receives a
"monument ticket" which he must
show to the guard before entering any
tomb or temple. I regret to say that the
indulgent reader should know how and
why we come looting up the Nile. And
first of all, he should know something
about this wonderful river. The Nile has
been described one million times, but
at a rough guess, and yet, at the risk
of dealing out superfluous information,
I am going to insert some geography.
Total length, nearly four thousand

and barren table lands. Occasionally,
where there is a granite formation, the
stream is narrowed and forces its way
through rushing rapids, and these are
known as the "cataracts." The first of
these is at Assouan, about six hundred
miles up stream.

Assouan has for many centuries
marked the border line of Egypt prop-
erty. To the south is the land of the
warlike blacks, who have been trouble
makers from the beginning of time.
This First Cataract is the usual ter-
minus of tourist travel, but those who
wish to see Nubia and the Soudan
board a small steamer, pass through
the locks of the new dam and go by
river 210 miles to Wadi Halfa, thence
by rail 576 miles to Khartoum. It is
here, about thirteen hundred and fifty
miles up stream, that the White and
Blue Niles converge and bring down
from the rainy equatorial regions the
floods of muddy water which are the
annual salvation of Egypt.

Ten years ago Khartoum seemed as
inaccessible as the North Pole. It was
headquarters for the most desperate
swarm of frenzied fanatics that ever
swung a region with fire and sword.
They had wiped out British armies
and put Gordon's head on a pole. They
were in a drunken ecstasy of Moham-
medan zeal, eager to fight and ready to
die, and they got all that they were
looking for.

It is less than eight years since Kit-
chener went down to call on them. Of
all the cold blooded and frozen fea-
tured military tacticians of the inexor-
able school Kitchener stands pre-em-
inent. General Grant, in his grimness
and moment, was absolutely emotional
and acrobatic as compared with Kitchener.
He carried ice water in his veins, and
his mental machinery ticked with reg-
ularity. He did not get excited and
dash into the open trap, as the others
had done. He moved slowly but relentlessly into the dread
country and built a railroad as he went
along. He carried everything that a
British army needs, from a tin of
Belfast ginger ale, tinned meats,
pipe clay, etc.

"We cannot stampede them, because
stampeding is their specialty," said
Kitchener, "but I will lick them by as-
sault."

He did not say this, because he never
said anything, but this is what he
indicated by his main preparations. He
knew that the dervishes were wait-
ing at the mouth and praying Allah to
give them another chance to swim in
gore, so he simply selected up a chain
of striking distance of them and picked
out his ground and waited. A kine-
scope hero would have galloped up and
down the line shouting, "Up, men, and
at them!" But Kitchener was not a
hero. He was business manager of an
abattoir. His object was not to win
a great battle, but to exterminate a
species. And he probably did one of
the neatest jobs of house cleaning on
record.

The bloodthirsty mob, led by the
Khalifa, or Dowie of the Soudan,
charged across an open plain. Each
determined dervish carried in his right
hand a six foot spear with which he
hoped to do considerable damage. When
he still lacked about a mile of being
within pocking distance of the hated in-
fidel, the machine gun opened up and
began to sweep the plain back and
forth in long regular swaths, just as
the sickle sweeps through the yellow
grain. It was quite a handicap for the
invincible children of Allah. They
could not use their six-foot spears on
any one a mile away, and before they
could recover from the chagrin occa-
sioned by this unexpected move on the
part of the enemy, about eleven thou-
sand of them had winged their way to
eternal happiness and the others were
radiating in all directions, pursued by
those who wished to civilize them and
bring them under British control.
Those of the dervishes who escaped
are supposed to be still running. At
least they never came back to start an-
other Meskiah movement.

Ten years ago the Soudan was sealed
to the whole world, and death waited
for the unbeliever who crossed the
border. Today the table d'hôte rooms

unafraid, and the illustrated postcard
blooms even as the rose.

The Nile of which you may read
and along which are scattered the
Simon Pure monuments of antiquity is
the six hundred miles of winding river
between Assouan, the First Cataract,
and the sea. For the entire distance,
until it spreads into a fan shaped delta
and filters into the Mediterranean, the
stream is walled in by flat topped rocks
of barren aspect. They are capped
with limestone and carpeted about with

The Nile is Egypt and Egypt is the
Nile. All this description may sound
like a few pages from the trusty red
guide book, and yet the word "Egypt"
will have no meaning to the reader who
does not get a clear panoramic vision
of this wonderfully slim waisted coun-
try. Nearly six hundred miles long
and yet containing only twelve thou-
sand five hundred square miles—about
the size of Maryland.

The strip of black land which yields
the plentiful crops is nowhere more than
ten miles wide, a mere fringe of ferti-

lity weaving along through dryness and
desolation. Anywhere along the river
if you will climb to the rocky plateau,
you will see the slow moving river, prob-
ably a half mile wide, as a glassy thread
on which are strung fields of living
green, bordered by the dreary upfits of
desert. The traveler who goes by
boat from Cairo to Assouan sees all of
Egypt. The cities and temples and
tombs of olden times are perched on
the high spots or planted in the bare
hills, so as to be safe from the annual
rise of waters. Anything worth seeing
in the whole country is within an easy
donkey ride of the river bank. The
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It would seem that the country was
especially laid out and punctuated with
"sights" for the convenience of the mod-
ern traveler, for the visitor who goes
up the Nile and stops off at the
right spots can do a clean job of sight-
seeing without doubling on his tracks.

Until a few years ago the tourist go-
ing up the Nile had to take a dahabiah.
This sounds like the name of a disease,
but it is really a big roomy, flat bot-
tomed sailboat. The dahabiah moves
only when the wind is in the right di-
rection, and many weeks of rest and in-
activity requires the greater part of a life-
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dly palms, now and then a solemn row
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ably a half mile wide, as a glassy thread
on which are strung fields of living
green, bordered by the dreary upfits of
desert. The traveler who goes by
boat from Cairo to Assouan sees all of
Egypt. The cities and temples and
tombs of olden times are perched on
the high spots or planted in the bare
hills, so as to be safe from the annual
rise of waters. Anything worth seeing
in the whole country is within an easy
donkey ride of the river bank. The
river is the only artery of travel. There
is a railway, but it follows the river
all the way up to Assouan.

It would seem that the country was
especially laid out and punctuated with
"sights" for the convenience of the mod-
ern traveler, for the visitor who goes
up the Nile and stops off at the
right spots can do a clean job of sight-
seeing without doubling on his tracks.

Until a few years ago the tourist go-
ing up the Nile had to take a dahabiah.
This sounds like the name of a disease,
but it is really a big roomy, flat bot-
tomed sailboat. The dahabiah moves
only when the wind is in the right di-
rection, and many weeks of rest and in-
activity requires the greater part of a life-
time. Those travelers who have money
to burn and who are content to settle
down to many weeks of rest and in-
dolence charter the private dahabiahs.
When a traveler goes aboard a dahan-
beak he tears up the calendar and lets
his watch run down. Those who have
more money and are in a hurry use the
private steam dahabiahs.

A majority of travelers go by pas-
senger boats. The tourists devote
three weeks to a loafing voyage
up to Assouan and back, with daily ex-
cursions to the graveyards and ruins.
The express steamers, carrying freight
and native passengers, take less time
for the round trip, as they skip some
of the less interesting antiquities. We
took an express steamer, thereby miss-
ing many of the tombs and temples,
but still getting enough of them to last
us for the next hundred years or so.

Our steamer is a frail affair, double
decked and of no draught worth men-
tioning. It resembles the old sty of
Missouri river boat, built to run on a
heavy dew. There are thirty passen-
gers, who devote most of their time to
loafing on the deck waiting for the
meal. Mud banks, natives hoisting
water, green fields stretching away to
the bald range of hills, dove huts, spin-
dly palms, now and then a solemn row
of camels, always several donkeys and
cows in evidence, every few miles the
tall stack of a sugar mill, perpetual
sunshine—it is monotonous travel, and
yet there is continually something doing
along the banks and the traveler can-
not get away from that feeling or satis-
faction which results from lying back
to watch other people work.

And the sunsets! You cannot esti-
mate the real dignity and artistic value
of a camel until you see him or her sil-
houetted against a sky of molten gold
just at twilight. I have made two or
three attempts to describe the glory of
a sunset in the desert, but I find myself
as helpless as Mr. Peasley, who, after
gazing for five minutes at the flaming
horizon, can only murmur a low but
reverent "Gosh."

It may interest the reader to hear
what Baedeker has to say on the sub-
ject. Baedeker says, 210 "The sunsets
are very fine." That's what I
like about Baedeker. He doesn't fuss
over a lot of words and tack on super-
lous adjectives. As soon as he has im-
parted the necessary information in a
firm and concise manner he moves on
to the next subject.

I am sending herewith two sketches
which show the beauty and variety of
landscapes to which we are treated over-
day. View No. 1 is most characteris-
tic. We see before us the rippling Nile
and beyond it the sheer river banks of
black earth. Then the field of waving
grain, in the distance the range of

miraculous rise of water to the surface.
The spots are grateful landmarks of tall
palms and are known as oases.
The valley of the Nile would be just
as bare and monotonous as an asphalt
pavement were it not for the fact that
once a year the Nile overflows. It has
been overflowing for many years, and
sands of years, bringing down from the
mountains of Abyssinia and the far
away regions of tropical rains a spread-
ing volume of muddy water. Every
winter, when the dwindling stream gets
back into the customary bed, it has left
a layer of black sediment over the in-
undated district. So many layers of
sediment have been deposited that now
the rich black soil is thirty to fifty feet
deep along the river, thinning out as it
meets the slope of the desert. Unlike
our prairie soil of the middle west, the
Nile farm lands are not underlaid with
clay. The Nile soil is black all the way
down to limestone—a floury mine-
ral powder of even composition. The
only parts of Egypt which can be cul-
tivated are those touched by the annual
overflow. Egypt is really a ribbon
of alluvial soil following the stream
on either side. The tourist standing on
the top deck of a Nile steamer can see
both to east and west the raw and
broken edges of the desert.

The entire population lives on the
river. Literally, it is true. Dark ro-
bed women come down to the stream
in endless processions to fill their water
jars, and it seems that about every
fourth man is a fisherman. He puts in
at least fourteen hours a day and his
pay from ten to fifteen cents. Mr.
Peasley told a tourist the other day that
the song "He's a jolly good fellow" origi-
nated in Egypt during the time of the
Pharaohs. This is a sample of the
kind of idiotic observation that is sug-
gested to enliven a so-called pleasure
trip.

But let us get back to the river