



George Ade IN... PASTURES NEW



NEW—THE ORDINARY HUMAN FAILINGS OF THE ANCIENT MOGULS.

(Copyright, 1906, by George Ade.)
Taken by themselves as mere smouldering chunks of antiquity that have been preserved to us because they happened to be dropped down into a dry climate, the fragmentary remains of old Egypt are not very inspiring. They are big, but seldom beautiful. As records proving that humanity—old fashioned, unrelatable humanity, with its fears, jealousies, hatreds and aching ambitions—is just about the same as it was five thousand years ago, the temples and the decorated tombs seem to bring us direct and heartless mes-

his pedigree or something wrong with his registry certificate—anyway, he could not qualify as king, and so his sister Hatshepsut was made ruler and he was permitted to hang around the palace as a kind of shawl holder and cab driver. He led the cotillions and attended public dinners and wore decorations, but Hatshepsut ran Egypt and Thutmose Second was merely a trailer. When he dropped off there did not seem to be any considerable vacancy in court circles. Queen Hatshepsut continued as chief monarch, although her step-nephew, Thutmose Third, carried the honorary title of co-regent. Ha-

she had built a special memorial he appropriated to himself and put his name over the main entrance. It may have been pretty spiteful, but the whole proceeding somehow seems to establish a sympathetic link between those remote heathen days and the unselfish, Utopian civilization that we now enjoy in Chicago, Omaha, West Superior and other centres of brotherly love.

After Thutmose had put in years erasing and chiselling out all complimentary references to Hatshepsut he passed away and was carried to a winding subterranean tomb in the valley to the west. For two hundred years the great monuments which he had erected in his own honor, or quietly borrowed from his aunt, remained intact. Then came along Rameses Second, to whom we have already referred as the best little advertiser of ancient times. He had the name of Thutmose removed from all the temples, obelisks and public buildings and put his own glaring label on everything in sight. In the language of Mr. Peaseley, the Kings seemed to spend most of their time in "knocking their predecessors" and "boosting" themselves.

Here are a few instances:—Tut-enkhamon erected in the fore court of the temple of Ammon at Karnak two colossal statues of Ammon, an Ammon and dedicated them to himself. He wished to perpetuate his name. At this late date we cannot understand why any one should wish to perpetuate that kind of a name, but Tut, like the millionaires of today, was remembered pleasantly long after people had ceased to inquire as to whether or not he ever accepted rebates, so he put in a lot of time having these large figures carved and propped up in the court of the temple. After he died, and almost before he was cold, his successor, Haremheb, had Tut's name removed and dedicated the monuments to himself.

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In the temple at Abydos the aforesaid Sethos took up a large square of wall space in blowing about himself and telling of his wisdom and piety and how he stood in with the gods. His son, Rameses, set out to tell about himself. When Rameses (this is our old friend, the boss advertiser), got wound up his chief delight was to tell of his filial devotion. In the temple at Abydos he started to explain how sincerely he revered the memory of Sethos and how he was probably the most dutiful son that ever grew up, and before he got through he had so much to say about himself and his love for the departed male parent that he had to chisel away most of his father's autobiography in order to make room for his own!

Take the case of Taharka, of the twenty-fifth dynasty. He built an addition to the temple of Karnak and had his name marked on one of the columns. A hundred years later a monarch who rejoiced in the name of Psammethicus had his name put in just above that of Taharka, thereby reducing the original builder to the subordinate position of an "also ran."

At Karnak there is a temple dedicated to the god Mut. Can you imagine a bright and civilized population falling down to worship a god with a name like that? In the court of the temple of Mut are several seated figures of the lion headed goddess which were placed here by Amenophis Second. On several of these figures Sheshouk First has substituted his own name for that of Amenophis. What could you expect from one by the name of Sheshouk?

A hundred instances could be cited to prove that the kings of the old dynasties were what Mr. Peaseley would call "ringers."

Nearly every ancient structure has been defaced or altered to gratify private jealousy or some prejudice founded on religious belief. The Romans tried to obliterate the old Egyptian deities. The early Christians hacked away at anything that failed to strike them as orthodox. Then the Turks capped the climax by coming in and burning everything non-Mohammedan that was at all combustible. Few ancient records remain, because they are carved in huge characters on very hard stone. The theologians wanted to batter them down, but it would have been leading sadistic and they had been leading sedentary lives. So they merely circumscribed

them and wrote the equivalent for "Rats" underneath, and let it go at that.

Even the modern circus bill is not more exuberant and given to joyful hyperbole than the inscriptions and paintings of the Egyptian temples. A few of them are reproduced herewith. Take No. 1, for example. This represents our old friend Rameses the Great in the act of overcoming his enemies. It was designed by Rameses himself. Now we know where Kaiser Wilhelm got all his tips.

Some warriors are content with overcoming one man at a time, but Rameses is seen holding ten of them by the hair, getting ready to clout them into insensibility. The picture is an artistic success, but is somewhat ugly anatomically. The ten enemies have a total of only three legs for the whole crowd. They are better supplied with

be a box of handkerchiefs. The raised right arm would suggest that he attempted to slap the king, who caught him by the arm and held him until he could select a good vital spot in which to prong him. Attention is called to the fact that both of the victims wear the long and protuberant chin whisker, which would indicate that the honest farmers were getting the worst of it even four thousand years ago.

The carvings and paintings which do not depict warlike scenes usually show the monarchs receiving homage from terrified subjects or else mingling on terms of equality with the principal deities of the period. Illustration No. 2 is a very good specimen. King Amenophis and his wife are seen seated on their square built-Royeroff thrones, while two head priests of Ammon burn incense before them and sing their praises and tell them that the people are with the administration no matter how the senate may carry on. There was no race prejudice in those days. The queen is shown to be a coal black Nubian. In one hand she carries what seems to be a fly brush of the very kind that we used all the time we were up the Nile, and the article in her

her hand resting on his shoulder, as if she hated to see him go. The other, having just fitted him with his new gourd shaped hat, has both hands in the air, and you can almost hear her say, "Oh, my! It looks just fine!"

Seti I. was another shrinking violet. In one of his private three sheet advertisements, No. 6, he has the sublime effrontery to represent the great goddess Hathor as holding his hand tenderly and offering him the jewelled collar which she is wearing. Notice the uplifted hand. He is supposed to be saying, "This is all very sudden, and, besides, would it be proper for me to accept jewelry from one of your sex?" Of course, there never was any Hathor, and if there had been she wouldn't have hobbled with a man who had his private interviews done into oil paintings. But this painting and one thousand others that we have seen in Egypt help to give us a line on the ancient kings. If there was any one of them that failed to get the swelled head soon after mounting the throne the hieroglyphs are so strangely silent regarding the case. They were a vain, self-laudatory lot, and all of them had that craving for the centre of the stage and the hot glare of the spot light which is still to be found in isolated cases.

After all is said and done can we blame them? Rameses wanted to be remembered and talked about and he laid his plans accordingly. He carried on a reign of his long and successful distributed his pictures with the careful prodigality of a footlight favorite. What has been the result? His name is a household joke all over the world. He is remembered by the name of Harry Thurston Peck, the name of the press Khedive of Egypt know all about Rameses the Great, although no two of them pronounce it the same. According to Egyptian usage the hard medial is used on the name of the "Ram." Perhaps you have heard the song in the Days of Old Rameses. That story had pangs. Are you on? Are you on? Are you on? This is poetic license. There is no word in the English language that will rhyme with Rameses. If I wanted to write an Egyptian poem I would select Mut as a title.

GAINED 25 POUNDS.
"It was much run down in health, could not sleep, was very nervous, and so weak that he could hardly get around. Some months ago I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and today I am pleased to say that I am completely restored to health. I have gained over twenty-five pounds in weight, sleep well and feel strong and healthy."—Miss Annie Evans, 29 Gowtong St., Halifax, N. S.

STILL SETTLING DISPUTES WITH THE UNITED STATES

Sir Mortimer Durand and Secretary Root Had Another Conference.
WASHINGTON, June 7.—Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador, called upon Secretary Root at the State Department today and discussed at some length the diplomatic questions open between the two countries with special reference to the Canadian and Newfoundland fisheries. As a result of the ambassador's conference with the foreign office officials while he was in London recently, it will now be possible to make another move in the near future toward a settlement of this complex question. It will, for instance, be attempted to clear the ground for final negotiations by seeking to reach agreements upon smaller, but connected matters; while, as to others upon which there may develop disagreements to essential facts, provision will be made for the ascertainment of these facts perhaps by joint investigations conducted by experts. Thus it is hoped that by next fall when Secretary Root has returned from his southern voyage, the issues will be more clearly defined as to admit of final disposition in short order.

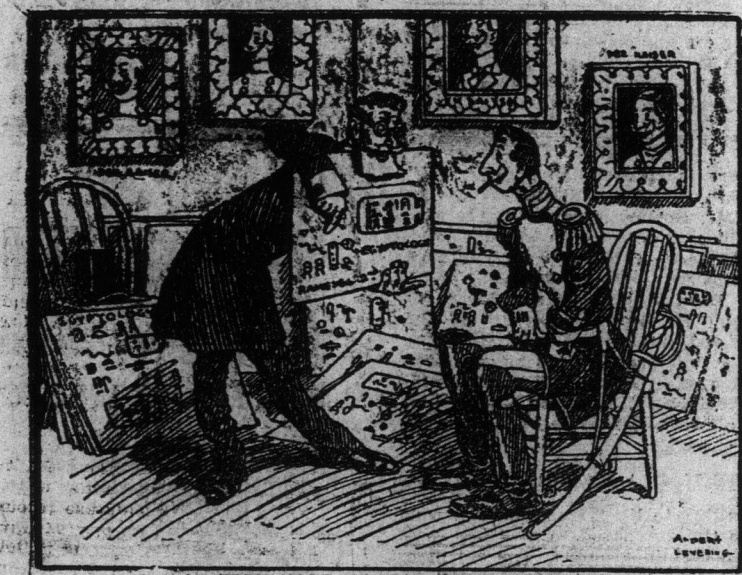
THE CORONATION OF KING HAARON

Will Take Place on June 22nd—Elaborate Preparations for the Event.
CHRISTIANIA, June 8.—The programme of ceremonies attending the coronation of King Haakon VIII. and Queen Maud have been completed. The royal couple will arrive in Christiania on the evening of June 12th, and wait there the arrival of the foreign princes and ambassadors. The coronation will take place at 11 o'clock on the morning of June 22nd, at the cathedral, and will be followed by a state dinner which will be attended by 300 guests. The rest of the week will be taken up with celebrations including musical festivals, popular entertainments and processions in which children will predominate. June 25th King Haakon will receive deputations and give a soiree at the palace.

Yesterday the first anniversary of the dissolution with Sweden was celebrated as a general holiday throughout Norway. In the cities flags were flying and the streets were crowded with merry-makers.

LONDON, June 8.—In order to lessen the risk of collision between practicing submarine boats and passing Channel vessels a special system of signalling has been adopted. It is announced that in the future a large square red flag will be displayed from the vessels in company with the submarine boats while they are being exercised, and strangers are warned to flag the vessels displaying such a flag a berth of at least one mile.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and get your money back if not satisfied. Price at all druggists or by mail, 25c. Sold by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.



WHERE KAISER WILHELM GOT ALL HIS TIPS.

ages from our brethren of the long ago.

For instance, from the beginning of time probably the most maddening and unbearable persecution that can be visited upon a sensitive human being is to have some other human being always held up before him as a shining moral example.

You know the story. The preacher in the pulpit shouted out: "There never yet was a perfect human being; a mortal without sin, or falling. Then a woman in the back row stood up and said: "Yes, there was—my husband's first wife."

Do you recall, O male reader, how you writhed in humiliation and laid plans for assault and battery when the good little Rollo of your native town was constantly dangled before your depraved soul as the paragon of juvenile virtues? "Rollo never smokes, never drinks, never reads a newspaper on teacher's bedroom window," "Rollo never carries crow dabs in his Sunday clothes," "Rollo never runs away to go swimming and then comes back with his ears full of gravel."

No, indeed, Rollo never showed any of the traits that have been the essence of boyhood since Adam and Eve started the original brood. And do you remember how bright and sunny that day seemed when Rollo, having grown pale and sidewise-skinned manhood,



THE PARAGON OF JUVENILE VIRTUES.

was arrested for stealing money from the Building and Loan Association? Mr. Piner's latest successful play in London deals with the tormenting experiences of a young wife who is constantly reminded of her failure in household management as compared with wife No. 1. Mr. Piner might have taken his plot from hieroglyphs in Egypt. In the new English play the wife, driven to desperation by a constant recital of her own shortcomings, welcomes the chance to blast the fair reputation of her predecessor. In ancient times in Egypt the rival of odious comparisons got even in another way.

Take the story of Queen Hatshepsut. She was the Victoria of the eighteenth dynasty and was on the throne just about 1500 B. C. The finest male descendant of that period had a blot on the 'autcheon of a bar sinister across

thasoo was energetic and ambitious. She put nephew into a remote back seat and ran things to suit herself, gaining expeditions to far distant lands. Also, according to ancient customs, she had her portrait and the record of her accomplishments carved on the obelisks and painted all over the walls of her private temple, which is still standing, about three miles west of the present city of Luxor.

She reigned for thirty-five years, and then Thutmose Third, gray bearded and worn with much waiting, emerged from the nursery and took up the reins of government. According to the judgment of later historians, his reign was about the most glorious in the whole history of Egypt. He was possessed of military genius, and under his directions Syria was recaptured and the influence of Egypt was firmly established in Western Asia. But no matter how many battles he won or how many captives he brought back to Thebes to exhibit in the court house square, the old timers around the court wagged their heads and said: "Yes, he's doing fairly well for a beginner, but he'll never come up to the mark set by his Aunt Hattie." Hatshepsut was her full name, but those who had known her for a long time called her "Hattie," and to a few of her intimates she was known as "Hat."

Thutmose was merely human. For years, his domineering aunt had kept him out of the running, and now that he was on the throne the glory of her achievements was constantly being dinged into him. Every time he rode out in his chariot, standing up and waving away at four horses, just as he did in Kingling's circus at the present time, he saw her name and picture on all the public buildings, and, of course, two or three years after her departure everybody bragged about her a good deal harder than they had while she was alive. Even the English newspapers speak in kindly terms of an American statesman who is safely deceased.

Thutmose stood it as long as he could, and then he broke over. He ordered the stonemasons to go forth and dig out all the inscriptions relating to his superior aunt. The temple which

she had built as a special memorial he appropriated to himself and put his name over the main entrance. It may have been pretty spiteful, but the whole proceeding somehow seems to establish a sympathetic link between those remote heathen days and the unselfish, Utopian civilization that we now enjoy in Chicago, Omaha, West Superior and other centres of brotherly love.

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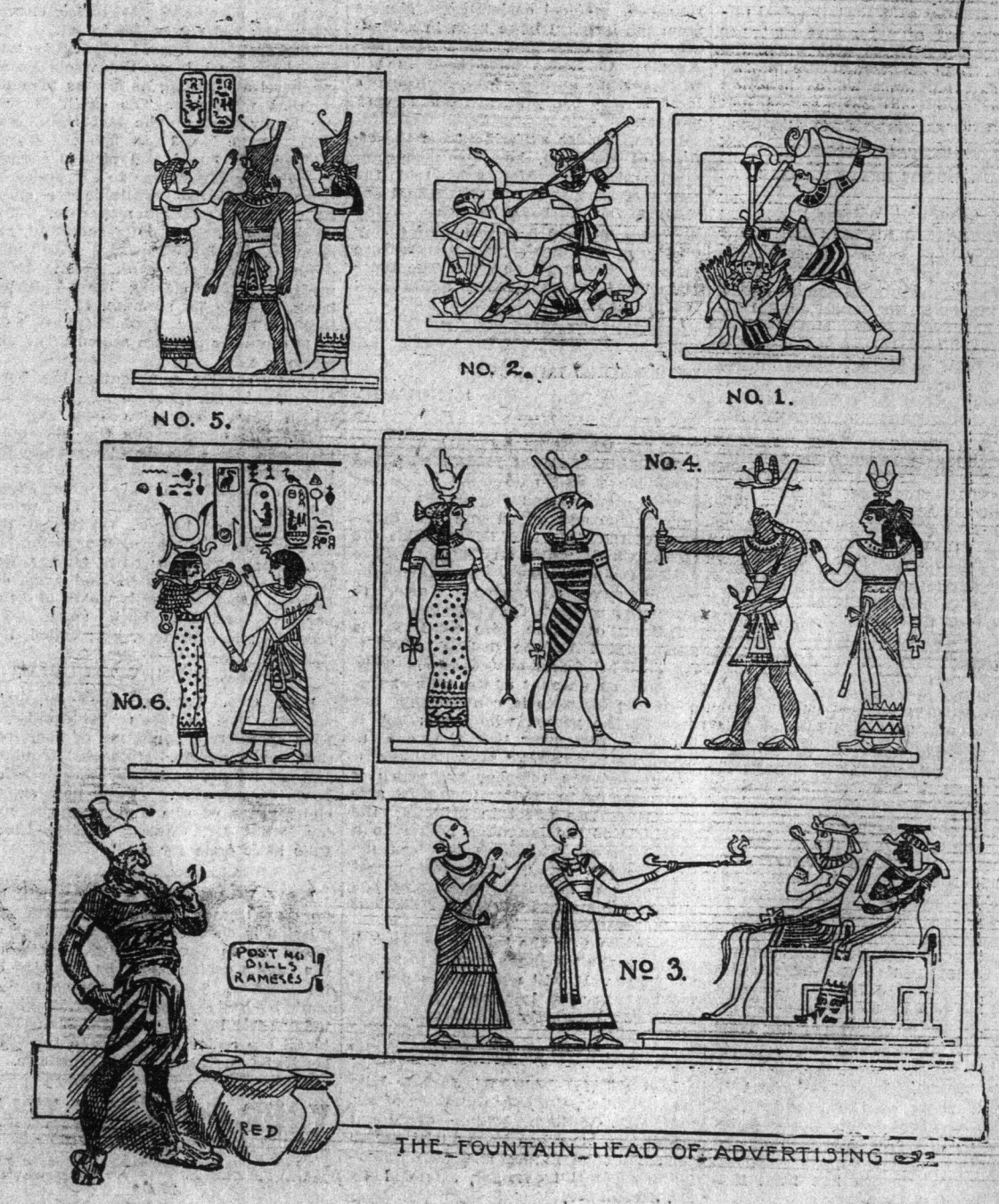
HE'LL NEVER COME UP TO THE MARK SET BY HIS AUNT HATTIE.

arms, the total being thirteen, or about one and one-third to a man. Notice also the relative size of Rameses and his rivals. There we have the real, unchanging spirit of autobiography—the great I triumphant and the petty antagonists all coming about knee high to him.

No. 2 is also very characteristic. One of the kings is represented as defeating two burly warriors. He is walking on one and pushing his spear through the other. Undoubtedly a glorious achievement. It would be still more glorious if the two gentlemen putting up the fight against the king had carried weapons of some sort. The one on the ground, who is lifting his hands in mild protest against being more glorious than he is, is a soldier. The one who is being harpooned carries in his left hand what appears to

other hand is not a cocktail glass then the artist has wittily labelled her. No. 4 is interesting as a fashion plate. Ptolemaeus and Cleopatra are making offers to the hawk headed god and the goddess Hathor. This picture will appeal to women inasmuch as it gives us a correct likeness of Cleopatra, the man trapper. No one can dispute the fact that she is beautiful, but how about the combination of an empress gown with a habit back? Is it not a trifle daring? And the hat. Would you call it altogether subdued?

Another well preserved painting to be found in the temple at Edfoin reveals the innate modesty of the Ptolemies. The king (No. 5) is represented as being crowned by the goddesses of the south and the north—that is, of Upper and Lower Egypt. These divinities seem to be overcome with admiration of the athletic monarch. One has



THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF ADVERTISING.

VOL. 29.
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