



The George Ade PASTURES NEW



Cairo as the Annual Stamping Ground for Americans and Why They Make the Trip.

(Copyright, 1906, by George Ade)

"It's a small world."

This is one of the overworked phrases of the globe-trotter. It is used most frequently by those who follow the beaten paths. In other words, we find it difficult to get away from our acquaintances. Not that we wish to get away from them; on the contrary, when we are stumbling along with a familiar thoroughfare six thousand miles from home and bump into a man with whom we have a nodding acquaintance in Chicago we tap upon his neck and call him brother. It must be very annoying to criminals and celebrities who are trying to hide their identities, but to the ordinary traveller it is always a glad surprise to find a friend coming right out of the ground in a corner of the world supposed to be given over to strangers.

There are certain spots on the earth which may be classed as definite headquarters for wanderers. It is said that in the summer season any person of any nationality who seats himself in front of the Cafe de la Paix in Paris may conveniently find an acquaintance in less than fifteen minutes. Trafalgar Square, in London, is called by the Britishers the actual kernel of civilization. The long corridor of the Waldorf is a stamping ground of folks from almost everywhere. The big "front porch" here at the Sheraton Hotel, in Cairo, will surely have two or three friends waiting for you when you arrive. The Grand Hotel, in Yokohama, has been for many years a sort of clearing house for travellers—eccentric navigators moving aside to let the other crowd of people pass.

There is a Palace, in San Francisco, where the Auditorium, in Chicago—definite rallying points for mortals who move about the world.

It is when we meet our long lost friend in the remote byway that we are induced to throw up our hands and exclaim, "The world is small."

Ever so often, before the German launch-load of new passengers can be launched, we are heading out of the bay and almost under the shadow of Capri I glanced at the man in the adjoining stateroom. He was a young fellow, the banker from Trenton. He was just as much surprised as I was.

About a year ago we parted at San Francisco after a long and pleasant voyage from Shanghai. He was on a leisurely trip around the world. I carry my priceless treasures of Oriental art and shattered letter of credit back to England. We parted there in the usual stateroom of a first class meeting again, but neither of us believed that there was any chance in a million of our paths crossing. It being far cry across the sea, I thought, "Haute. I don't know what a far cry is, but I have come across it in some of my most obscure dissertations, and accordingly I welcome the opportunity to use it."

The man from Trenton had followed in Europe and was now heading straight for China. I had made up my mind to hurry to Egypt to help 10,000 other students in the Nile delta, and have been here, side by side, in the Mediterranean.

A few minutes after colliding with him I had the pleasure of meeting a young woman. She said that she was the sister of Henry Billkamp of Chicago. She asked me if I remembered the circumstances under which I met Henry, and I told her that I couldn't very well forget them.

A few years ago in Chicago I resided in a large establishment which had as an auxiliary feature a fine Turkish bath. Many of our best people would jump into the bath every afternoon, first steaming themselves in the vapor room, then scrubbing themselves, then a shower and after that a plunge—by which most of the coal dust would be removed. Henry Billkamp came to the bath one afternoon and brought with him a suit case containing his evening clothes and accessories. Henry was to be married the next day, and that evening he and the bride elect were to be guests at a large dinner party on the south side. Henry looked at his watch and found that he could loiter around the bath for an hour before jumping into his evening clothes. So he put his suit case over in the corner of a dressing room, and in a few minutes had joined the informal circle, which was commonly known as the "Perspiration Club."

It may be said in passing that Henry was a very estimable young man of first class abilities and that he was built on the general outlines of a flag-pole. He pierced the atmosphere for a considerable distance in an upward direction, but he never blocked the view of any person who happened to be standing behind him.

While Henry Billkamp was in the steam chamber engaged in the vaporous fumes of further reducing himself Bob Grimley came into the bath department carrying a suit case. The suit case habit is very strongly entrenched in busy towns. To go all the way out home and then come back would use up two hours.

Bob Grimley was a short man, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, and shaped like an olive. He wanted his vapor in a hurry, because he had to grab a train and go away out to Oak Park and then dress in a hurry and have a bite of dinner and play poker. So he made a running splash and jumped through the bath department, came out, hopped into his

garments, picked up Henry Billkamp's case and rushed away to Oak Park.

It was half-past six when Henry Billkamp arose from the plunge and hurried to the dressing room. The dinner was to be at seven. He opened the suit case and began to take out his long shaped garments, and then he chortled for an attendant. Where was his suit case. No one seemed to know. Oh, yes; Mr. Grimley had come out of that room with a suit case and had gone—no one knew whether Henry stood there with a huge article of raiment clutched in each hand and slowly froze with horror as a full understanding of the situation grew upon him. In less than a half hour he must join the bride, relatives, friends, the lights were already up, the flowers on the table, the wine cooling, the carriages beginning to arrive. It was to be the night of his life. Could he appear at this glittering function as a chief attraction in an eight dollar sack suit and make some lame explanation about losing his other things in a Turkish bath? He had an old suit at home, but he was miles from home. The carriage man sent in word that Mr. Grimley and suit case had gone to a railway station. That settled it. Henry decided to jump into the plunge and end it all.

While he was lamenting a friend came in from another dressing room to find out what was the matter. Henry, scantily attired, leaned against the wall and in a voice choked with sobs and sobs words outlined his frightful predicament. The friend, listening, suddenly emitted a glad shout.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "There's only one man in all the world with a figure anything like yours, and he happens to be here in the building. Come! Get a dressing gown and I will have twenty minutes! We can make it!"

A few seconds later two agitated persons, one attired and the other semi-dressed, were in the bath. It was a long story, but would you believe it? The man of evening clothes? Could it be? I was delighted to know that some one in the world wanted to see ever dressed himself in such a way as to dress the hysterical Henry. Even though it fitted him perfectly. Shirt, collar, trousers, waistcoat, swallowtail, everything in its place. Nothing in the outfit had ever fitted me, but when we go through with Henry he was beyond criticism. He actually wept with joy as we ran him out to the carriage and escorted him in and started him southward, with the eleven minutes to spare. He arrived on the dot. For weeks afterward he would sit down every day and write me a letter of thanks and declare that he would never forget me and the service I had done him. Of course, it would have been impossible for me to forget any one who had looked well in my evening clothes. It was a positive pleasure to meet Henry's sister. She said she had long desired to have a look at me. She had not believed it possible that there was another living mortal whose clothes would fit Henry, but now she saw that she had been mistaken.

It is flattering to learn that people we never have met have been interested in us for a long time. Continuing the same line of thought, it is often disappointing to learn that the people who have never met us. For fear of getting mixed up let us return to the boat.

Our principal cargo was honeymoon. We had six newly married couples, who were certifying to all the world the fact of their wedded happiness, and three other couples were under suspicion. The men lounged in the smoking room, as if to give the impression that they were hardened on matrimony, but they peered out through the port holes too often and made many trips to the deck.

One German couple was the most newly married team that any of us had ever seen. Don't think they knew they were in a boat. They may have suspected, but it really didn't make any difference. They were in a trance, riding on a cloud of incense, saturated with bliss. He was middle aged, with red staring whiskers and a nose showing an angular break in the middle. She was short and plump, with shabby oil-finish countenance. Neither had been constructed according to the plans and specifications of Love's Young Dream, and yet the devouring adoration which played back and forth between Romeo and Juliet was almost equal compared with this special brand of Teutonic love. They were seldom more than three inches apart, he gazing intently at her eyes with a yearning that was unutterable (even in German) and she gazing right back at him in blushing rapture and seeming to say to herself: "Just think! He belongs to me, whiskers and all!" It was almost enough to induce me to get married.

They were drifting so far above the earth that they forgot to be seasick. The other honeymooners took to their cabins. There were only two couples left. Mr. Emerson, a beautiful, well-preserved, handsome man, of a penetrating gaze, and a woman of a penetrating gaze. They were both of them in the very first of their honeymoon. They were both of them in the very first of their honeymoon. They were both of them in the very first of their honeymoon.

to remember where we had packed the summer clothes at the bottom of the trunk. During the first night out we passed between Soylea and Charybdis. They sound like a team of acrobats, but really they are the promontories guarding the narrow Strait of Messina. It was pitch dark when we passed, and then the lights came on, and there they were in Baedeker next morning and we had been gratified to know that we had been so near them. Not that we can describe them, but hereafter we can refer to them as the "Baedeker Mountains."

After we rounded the south coast of Italy and pointed for Alexandria we ran into a mess of weather that had lost its bearings and wandered down from the north Atlantic. The wind blew in gusts, but we went drifting on our heaviest wraps. The good ship pitched and pitched, and then pitched some more. And this was the Mediterranean. We had promised ourselves to be as busy as State and Madison, or Broadway and the Waldorf, and our descriptions cried out against the prospect. We had expected to see the whole surface of the Mediterranean almost as busy as State and Madison, or Broadway and the Waldorf, and our descriptions cried out against the prospect. We had expected to see the whole surface of the Mediterranean almost as busy as State and Madison, or Broadway and the Waldorf, and our descriptions cried out against the prospect.

The better half of one of the honeymoon combinations that came with us from Naples told a plaintive story. She had been travelling for three weeks in weather that was wretched beyond description. All the way across the Atlantic she had been desperately ill in her cabin. In London they found her in Paris it rained, and now they were fighting their way through a storm in the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding all this she was trying to be cheerful, for she believed that she would like Egypt.

The tediousness of travel is that when the sun comes from behind the cloud and a new city begins to arise from the sea we forget all the gloomy days on board ship, all the cramped rides in the street, and all the compartments, all the overcharges and vexations and hardships and get ready to tear ashore and explore a new wonderland.

Who can forget the first hour of the first railway ride through rural England? The story book pictures that you have seen all your life come true at last.

Or the first hour in London? That tall thing looming right in front of you is really the Nelson monument and not a papier mache deception put up for the entertainment of tourists.

In the first hour of rickshaw riding in Japan I saw so much that the course is so clear that had I wanted to pay a coolie for a ride instead of an hour.

And how about the first hour up the Grand Canal in Venice? Or the first hour in the tangled bedlam of Canton? Or the first hour in front of Shepherds' Hotel, here in Cairo, when it really seems that wonderful pageant of the Jewish population of this city, in which he issued the future historian of Russia would devote some of his most thrilling pages to the Jews. He said that they "had evinced superhuman courage in the Russian struggle for liberty, and that there was little anti-semitic sentiment in Russia. All that existed had been spared and encouraged by the government itself."

TIEN TSIN, April 12.—Three hundred Russian troops arrived from Pekin this morning and 1,100 Japanese troops are expected April 16. The remainder of the German troops will embark today.

GORKY SAYS FATHER GAPON IS A FAKIR.

He Lives to Betray the Peoples' Cause

And Has Accepted Government Bribes—Movement of Japanese and Russian Troops in China

NEW YORK, April 12.—Father Gapon, the Russian priest who made an effort to organize the workmen into revolutionists, was declared yesterday by Gorky, the Russian novelist and radical, to be a fakir. He said: "Gapon if he had been killed on the day of the massacre in Moscow might have died a hero. Unfortunately he was not killed. He was not a hero, but a traitor to the cause of Russian liberty. The Social-Democratic band after he fled from Russia, made an investigation of his conduct and found that he had accepted a reconstruction in the Intercolonial office of the Russian government, and that he had received a secret service officer of the government one hundred thousand roubles, from Witte, himself, sixty thousand more, and from other sources fifty-nine thousand more."

Gorky issued yesterday an address to the Jewish population of this city, in which he said the future historian of Russia would devote some of his most thrilling pages to the Jews. He said that they "had evinced superhuman courage in the Russian struggle for liberty, and that there was little anti-semitic sentiment in Russia. All that existed had been spared and encouraged by the government itself."

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Makes Child's Play of Wash Day

Read the Directions on the Wrapper

SURPRISE SOAP.

A PURE HARD SOAP.

An April Adoration.

(By Charles G. D. Roberts.)

Sing the sunrise on an amber morn—
"Earth be glad! An April day is born.

"Winter's robe, and April's in the skies,
Earth, look up with laughter in your eyes!"

Putting off her dumb dismay of snow,
Earth bade all her unseen children grove.

Then the sound of growing in the air
Rose up to God in liturgy of prayer;

And the thronged succession of the days
Uttered up to God a psalm of praise.

Laughed the running sap in every vein,
Laughed the tumbling furies of warm rain,

Laughed the life in every wandering root,
Laughed the tingling cells of bud and shoot.

God is all the concord of their earth
Heard the adoration song of Mirth.

FEW CHANGES IN THE STAFF OF THE I. C. R.

There Will be No General Reorganization.

Liquor Dealers in Hot Water—Six Chinese for St. John

MONCTON, N. B., April 14.—Statement in the morning papers that an order had been received from Ottawa, ordering large dismissals from the Intercolonial general offices is without the slightest foundation. No such order has been received. There is to be a reconstruction in the Intercolonial general offices under consideration is an open secret. Some two or three minor departments may be abolished and their operating expenses saved and greater portions of their clerks absorbed elsewhere. There may be a few reductions on account of extreme old age, etc., but no large number. Some time ago, when the chief superintendent died, his department was abolished, and ten thousand dollars annually saved. The clerks were all absorbed by other departments, and in a very few months matters adjusted themselves. There is always an annual reduction of ten per cent. in the staff of the I. C. R. through death, resignation, and dismissal for cause.

Six Chinamen in bond from China went through here this morning. They will locate in St. John.

Inspector McLean is finishing matters against the liquor dealers here at present. Thursday the Gilmour Hotel paid a fine of fifty dollars and costs. This afternoon Eustache LaBlanc and Blair LaBlanc have appeared before Stipendiary Kay and Thomas Bourdreaux, in charges about two weeks, has been served with papers to appear Tuesday morning.

A meeting of the board of directors of the Maritime Deaf Mute Association was held yesterday afternoon. President MacKenzie in the chair. After a lively discussion the board decided on Halifax as the next place for the convention instead of Truro, on account of this year being the first anniversary of the first Canadian deaf mute school at Halifax, and fixed the date of the next convention on September 24 and 25, during the first days of the Dominion exhibition.

GERMANY BLAMED FOR EVERYTHING

Report That She is Supporting Turkey in Tabah Affair Denied.

LONDON, April 14.—The statements published here to the effect that Germany is supporting Turkey in maintaining the occupation of Tabah are not credited at the foreign office. An official pointed out today that Great Britain was careful to secure Germany's acquiescence to the French agreement in respect to Egypt and thus avoided the troubles which France encountered in connection with Morocco. The foreign office official added that it is inconceivable in view of this fact that Germany would interfere in any way with the British administration of Egypt. "It seems to be the fashion to blame Germany for everything nowadays," continued the foreign office official. "She is accused of urging Russia to insist on the Hague peace conference being held before the Pan-American and Geneva meetings, whereas the opposite is the case. Last week it was said that she was the whole Egyptian cause referred to the Hague, and now she is alleged to be supporting Turkey's occupation of what is plainly Egyptian territory. The fact is that the foreign office considers the settlement of these disputes by Turkey to be so simple that it has left it in the hands of Lord Cromer, the British agent."

It is not too much to expect that there were two men, a sneering, vengeful brigand, who dealt a charming, soft-spoken, courteous and of an unaffected quality one quality which happened to be upper was a most terrible. Know no fear of the world, his on one occasion he has ever known an imagination that knits to the heart of this faculty of placing position of his foes that enabled him to be made against his libel.

But of this particular Q's character Don thought not at all as in a long chair and glorious bliss. In a country which only an sun shines. An ultimate morning arrived from place that if Don Q. had of offaced within a sed or dignified the governorship would be more capable hands.

"Ah, most beautiful Feliza aloud, life has been a long and hard one but it is only when the an that one tastes deep an a little faster. She some and defiant, this deep-bomed Andrus, significant sulky eyes."

"Have you no words to say again, with me?"

"What shall I say?" her heavy eyelids. "I should despair if I were upon 17?"

continued Don Felipe, count of this carbon pipe that I shall be thrice placed that I am on the best officials of the state days—caramba—I shall "Without money, pot it," concluded Rosita. "I have in my grip"—"Seven days!" Don Felipe Don Q.

"Don Q., mark you, abominable brigand with a grudge against me for I became governor for decades."

Rosita's lip curled, a pretty teeth.

"Some men would not feast so easily," she remarked, "but you would handed into the sierra."

"I? Single-handed into the sierra?"

"But think," she urged, "how life will pass without money, position dit. Is it not worth the effort to capture the man?"

"Ah, my most beautiful, not understand!" he replied. "You are far from being a governor. I was well served for my husband. Furness was formerly a lieutenant of the Western Union Telegraph Company. I this city. Of late he is said to have been engaged in the piano business in New Brunswick."

FOUND HIS TWO SONS AFTER A LONG SEARCH

Fred Barnes of St. John Located His Boys in Boston—Had Separated From His Wife.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 12.—After searching several years for his two sons—Enos, aged twelve, and Willie, aged eleven—Frederick Barnes, who lived in St. John, N. B., succeeded in locating them in Boston, according to a message from Boston, the father lost the elder lad in that city today.

Mrs. Barnes, who lives in this city, received information tonight, however, that the boy had been taken to police headquarters in Boston and had been restored to his father. It is understood that the lad strayed away and went to the Portland steamship wharf instead of the St. John pier.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes have been separated for several years, but when the father found where the children were, Mrs. Barnes willingly gave them to her husband. Barnes was formerly a lieutenant of the Western Union Telegraph Company. I this city. Of late he is said to have been engaged in the piano business in New Brunswick.

MARITIME DEAF MUTE ASSOCIATION.

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GOOD FRIDAY QUIET IN MONCTON

MONCTON, N. B., April 13.—Only sixteen of the men laid off from the I. C. R. on account of the policy of staff reduction, now remain without employment. During the past few days several have been taken back in the various departments of the machine shops, so that only sixteen are still laid off.

Good Friday passed quietly in Moncton, there being no special attractions. Services were held in several of the churches, the most interesting of which were the choral services in St. George's Episcopal church, where George's hymn of praise and Parker's Hymn of Redemption were rendered by a large choir composed of the city's best musical talent both afternoon and evening. A. H. Lindsay, formerly of St. John, had a number of leading solo parts in the Crucifixion, which were given with splendid effect.

Mr. Geo. C. Davidson, organist of the First Baptist church, has resigned. It is understood that Roscoe Steeves, who lately resigned as organist of St. John's Presbyterian church, will temporarily fill the position.

OTTAWA, April 15.—Owing to the illness of one of the commissioners the insurance commission will not meet on Tuesday as was intended. The date of the next meeting will be announced later.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and other eruptions. It is made from the finest ingredients and is applied to the affected part. It is sold in bottles of 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. at 25c and 50c respectively. Dr. Chase's Ointment is sold in all drug stores.

A WELL-KNOWN BANDA MAN SPEAKS

NEW YORK, April 12.—An Athens despatch to the Times says that it is now ascertained that King Edward and Queen Alexandra will be present at the opening of the Olympic games.

The number of foreign competitors is estimated at 1,500. The Scandinavians, 60 British and 42 Americans.

Six Cretan and 14 Danish women have been entered for the gymnastic competitions.

BRATISLAVA, April 12.—The steamer Barbarossa, from New York, having completed her voyage, will arrive at Athens, Greece, arrived here today. All the members of the team are in good condition.

KING AND QUEEN WILL ATTEND OLYMPIC GAMES.

Women Have Entered in Different Events—American Athletes Reach Gibraltar

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TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

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