

Geo. Ade in Pastures New

In and Around Luxor, With a Side Light on Ramesses the Great.

BY GEORGE ADE.

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Until we arrived at Luxor we did not know the true meaning of the word "old." The ruins which are the stock in trade of this ancient City of Thebes, date so far back into the dimness of Nowhere that all the other antiquities of earth seem so fresh and recent as a morning newspaper.

"Old" is merely a relative term, after all. I remember in my native town we small boys used to gaze in reverent awe at a court house that was actually built before the civil war. We would look up at that weather-beaten frame structure, two stories high, with square bird cage on top of it, and to us it had all the historic interest of a medieval castle. Later in Chicago when the special writer on the newspaper ran short of topics he would dish up an illustrated story on the oldest building in town. It was constructed away back in 1848.

When a man from the West goes East for the first time and sees Independence Hall in Philadelphia he takes of his hat and tries to grasp the overwhelming fact that the building stood there even in the far distant

or crawl into any second story. The detective, having followed the suspect all day, approaches him at nightfall and says: "Look here; you have put me to a lot of trouble. I have been on my feet all day watching you for fear that you were going to commit a burglary, and I think it is only right that you should pay me something."
Every time we visited an antiquity these guards tapped at our heels, watching us like hawks, and invariably they tried to hold us up for a piece of silver before we departed. There is a Masonic understanding among the natives that the tourist is to be fleeced. For instance, although the copper coins are in common use among the natives, and in the cheaper shops the prices are usually reckoned in millimes, it is almost impossible for a traveler to get any of these copper coins because the natives want him to bestow his gratuities in piastres. A millime is worth one-half cent, and then the millime is further subdivided into fractional coins, some of which are about the size of the mustard seed, and worth about as much as a share of

leading north to Karnak and thence west to the valley in the desert, where the kings were buried, and this boulevard was guarded on either side, for the entire distance, by huge recumbent sphinxes carved out of granite. Can you imagine a double row of gigantic figures crouched on each side of the street and about twenty feet apart all the way up Broadway to Central Park and then through the park to Riverside Drive and up the drive to the distant suburbs? If so, you will understand to what an extent these old rulers "went in" for sphinxes. Labor cost nothing and time did not count for anything and if a king wished to build an avenue of sphinxes leading to his private temple or tomb all he had to do was to give the word.

As soon as a king mounted the throne he began making his funeral preparations, and ordered the entire staff of stone cutters to chisel out hieroglyphs explaining that he was great and good and just, and that he never took off his hat to any one except the gods, and then not ordinary piety gods, but only those of the very first magnitude. According to the hieroglyphs, every king that ruled in Egypt was as wise as Solomon, as brilliant in military strategy as Napoleon, and as hard on the evildoer as our own beloved T. R.

This unanimous outpouring of eulogy is largely explained by the fact that every memorial in honor of a ruler was erected and supervised by

THE ORIGINAL POPYRUS



look down at him mournfully, with their hats in their hands, as if they had lost him this spring. Instead of 2,164 years ago this spring. They say: "Well, he certainly was a grand character and it's too bad we haven't got some rulers of his calibre nowadays."

It is not my desire to attack Ramesses, but I feel it my duty to submit to students of history and archaeologists a very interesting papyrus which came into my possession at Luxor. If this document is accepted as authentic and the statements are believed, then it would appear that Ramesses was the champion advertiser of ancient times. If Ramesses were alive to-day he would own all the billboards in America. He would take a full page in every Sunday paper and have his picture on free calendars. He would give Lawson cards and spades.

In all accepted records discovered up to this time Ramesses has received nothing but praise. Why? Because all the records were doctored by Ramesses himself. He was the great builder of Egypt and all over the walls of every building that he erected he had his picture and tales of his mighty achievements blazoned in bright colors. He owned all the banners in front of a side show. Wherever in Egypt he could find a large smooth faced rock he would engage a mason to carve upon it a scene to sculpt something about Ramesses, and he would always stand and look over the sculptor's shoulder to make sure that the king didn't get the wrong end of the stick. If the army of Ramesses suffered a defeat at the hands of the Hittites, did any mention of the fact find its way into the inscription? Most assuredly not. Ramesses had a masterly manoeuvre in order to develop the strength of the enemy and then retired to a new and more strategic position. We cannot cover from the old inscriptions that any Egyptian army ever suffered defeat, and yet it has been learned from other sources that now and then an invading army had the whole native population running foot races up and down the Nile. However, it was not considered good form for historians to mention these painful incidents. The rate of mortality among those who criticized the administration was exactly 100 per cent. It is because all of the familiar records are known to have been doctored that the papyrus discovered by me at Luxor possesses a most startling interest.

As a cold matter of fact, I discovered the manuscript by proxy. That is, I bought it from the man who said he had found it concealed in the funeral vestments of a mummy uprooted near Thebes in the month of February. I cannot give the name of this Egyptian for the reason that all valuable antiquities discovered in Egypt are supposed to belong to the government and any one concealing an art treasure or some document of rare value may be severely punished. I can say this much, however—the native from whom I bought the papyrus assured me that he was an honorable and truthful guide, and he gave me his personal guarantee that he had removed the document from the mummy's undergarment with his own hands and had been waiting for an opportunity to offer it to a traveler who was really a con-

noisseur of antiquities and a reverent student of ancient languages. All this he told me while we were out on the desert together, and after looking apprehensively in all directions to make sure that no human being was within three miles of us he pulled a tin cylinder from under his robe and carefully removed from it the time stained but still intact roll of papyrus. I must say that I never saw a more convincing document in all my life. The hieroglyphs looked as Egyptian as anything could be, and as soon as I saw them I had a burning curiosity to know what message to the world beyond this poor mummy had been juggling in his bosom through all these centuries. I asked regarding the mummy on which the papyrus had been found and learned that the inscription on his outer coffin indicated that he had been an officer assigned to the royal palace of Ramesses II, the type of courtier who must bend the supple knee and wear the smiling face, at all times concealing his real opinion of things in general.

The guarantee which accompanied the papyrus was so heartfelt and altogether emphatic that I made the purchase. The price was large, but I felt justified in paying it, for the native assured me that could sell it to the British Museum at any time for twice as much. I promised faithfully that I would never mention his name in connection with the deal, and this promise was easily kept, because he had a name that no one could have remembered for two minutes.

For obvious reasons I did not show the document to my traveling companions. I knew that if people heard of my discovery and got talking about it I might not be permitted to take it

Let the translation speak for itself. I must confess that when it was handed me I was overwhelmed. Not only had a flood of light been let in upon a most important epoch, but there were also surprising revelations as to the origin of valued words and phrases. Here is the translation:
"Ramesses Second is a Smooth Citizen. His Foxy Scheme is to bunko Posterity. His Soldiers go out and put up a Hard Scrap and do up the enemy and he hires a Stonecutter to give an Account of it on a Granite Rock and hand all the Bouquets to Ramesses. He is building many Temples. The Architects draw the Plans. The Laborers do the Work. The Public foots the Bill. Ramesses and the Local Ditties are the only ones who butt into the inscriptions. He has the future doped out as follows: Three thousand years from now, when Cook's Tourists see my Pictures all over the Shops, they will conclude that I must have been the Real Worker and they will call me Ramesses the Great."

The revelation in regard to the self-advertising proclivities of the great monarch, coming, as it did, from one who had been intimately associated with him, was so vastly important that Mr. Blanchard thought it better to verify the translation. He took a copy of the document to several eminent Egyptologists, and they agreed with him on every point. They said there was no getting away from "scrap" and "butt in" and "dope out" and other characters which seemed to me to have somewhat of a modern flavor. After a man has been universally respected for nearly three thousand two hundred years it does seem a low down trick to show him up, possibly, the only person who was prejudiced because he had failed to secure an appointment. Did the papyrus really come from the bosom of the mummy? We know not. It is the duty of the traveler to record facts as they come under his observation and not to draw hasty conclusions.

The documentary evidence is submitted herewith—first a copy of the original papyrus and then the translation, word by word and phrase by phrase. The testimony should convince any who are disposed to be sceptical. My only hope is that it will not entirely blot the reputation of Ramesses.

Wealthy Western Couple to Cut a Spurge in St. Louis

The entire parlor floor of the Planters' Hotel has been leased to accommodate the guests at the wedding of Miss Jean Bertig of Paragould, Ark., and Daniel Webster Kempner, of Galveston, Texas, Wednesday evening, June 6.

The marriage banquet hall, reception rooms and adjoining parlors on the second floor are included in the apartments, which have been reserved by Ad Bertig, father of the prospective bride, who spent several days in the caravansary recently with his wife and daughter, making arrangements for the ceremonies.

Several local florists, decorators and expert interior artisans have been engaged and will this week begin beautifying the second floor of the hotel. Several thousands of dollars worth of flowers have been contracted for and it is stated that the wedding will be one of the most elaborate at a St. Louis hotel in recent years.

Manager Cochran, of the Planters' is making preparations to care for several hundred guests at the reception and dinner to follow the ceremony. The finest silver and china-ware of the hotel are to be used. The wedding of Miss Bertig and

BREAD LINE CUT DOWN.

Work of Feeding Refugees in Prison on the Wane.

San Francisco Chronicle.
Eleven thousand less were fed at yesterday's food distribution than received rations on the former day's issue. The official count of the distribution is 60,113, and it is thought to more nearly represent the number who are destitute. On Tuesday 71,113 received the free rations which are given out by the army and the Red Cross. This reduction of 11,000 indicates the number who have returned to a condition of normal self-support in the two days.

At the same time 16 food-issue stations have been closed, and there are now only 60 in operation, and further reductions have been ordered. The number fed at the soup kitchens has not materially increased. It was 4,376 on Thursday. There has been some misunderstanding as to the places where the meal tickets were to be issued by the Red Cross. The plan was to have them given out at the kitchens, but in many localities the people were compelled to go to the supply station to find the Red Cross representative who was giving out the tickets.

The dual management of the captives in charge of districts and the Red Cross superintendents has led to more or less confusion. When the army withdraws from the work it is up to the Red Cross, but in the meantime the position of the civilian institution of relief is somewhat anomalous and a cause of confusion. This is particularly the case, as a plan is in operation to make the transfer gradually.

The registration of refugees has been the means of cutting out some of the grafting. A possible illusion of this is at Ingleside, where it is reported that 1,200 rations were issued before the registration, and where now only 53 are being fed in that manner.

The work of relief has now settled down into a question of administration and detail.

Dr. Judah Leon Magnes, rabbi of Temple Israel, Brooklyn, N. Y. has been selected the successor of Rabbi Gotthel, of Temple Emanuel, the largest synagogue of the reformed Jews of New York city. He is not yet thirty years old.

Birds Cross No Deep Seas.

New York World.

Frank Chapman, of the New York Museum of Natural History, has been writing about the birds of England, which he finds more numerous but of fewer species, than those of this country. Curiously enough, only one of hundreds of varieties is common to both countries.

A writer in the London Outlook points out the no birds cross deep, even if narrow, seas. The narrow Madagascar straits are impassable to birds through the North seas are a highway for them. Godwit's passes from the Nile to the shores of Norfolk, through the neighboring islands in an archipelago may show no common stock.

All birds with the possible exception of the sparrow, are stirred to movement by different causes—wind, weather, food, the bullying of parent and other birds. Birds of prey drive off their young. Martins love familiar eaves; successive ravens have built on the same ledge for a century. The long passages are only made over shallow seas that once was based and when once a journey is made the memory is strong enough to urge a repetition. The change of home then becomes not a fashion, but an inherited habit.

Colonial period. When he travels to London and walks through St. Paul's or stands in the Henry VIII Chapel at Westminster he begins to get a new line on the meaning of "old." Later he sees the Forum at Rome and declares to himself: "At last I have found something really ancient."

But when he arrives at Luxor and rambles among the elephants and sits in the deep cool shade of temples that had been standing a good many centuries before any one thought of laying out the Forum in Rome he will begin to understand how everything else in the world is comparatively hot from the griddle. One day we were in the shop of Mohammed Moushab, at Luxor, and the old antiquarian reached under the counter and lugged out a mummy. The body was well preserved, and the embalming was in such a state that it was wrapped and cross-wrapped still retained a definite texture.

This mummy dates back beyond any of the dynasties of which we have a record, and the dealer said: "There were no inscriptions on the mummy case, because when this gentleman lived it was not the custom to inscribe the coffin. You will observe, however, that he was buried in a sitting posture, and we know that this manner of burial was discontinued about the time of the pharaohs." As we stood there gazing into the calm features of the unidentified has been realized that he had been sitting in that easy attitude for eight thousand years waiting for us to come along and be presented to him, we began to get a faint inkling of what the word "old" really means.

Goodness knows, we are not going to attempt any detailed description of the stupendous ruins which make Luxor the most interesting spot in Egypt. Any one who is going to describe Luxor needs a new box of adjectives every few minutes, and, besides, to repeat over and over again that the columns and cavernous sanctuaries at Karnak are "gigantic" and "colossal" and "huge" and so on cannot bring the reader to any actual conception of the barbaric massiveness of these ancient structures.

The rulers who built the main temple of Karnak, a section at a time, thought they were not doing themselves credit unless they piled up columns about the size of the redwood trees in California and guarded each entrance with statues as big as the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor, and when they made a wall to enclose a courtyard they put up something to resemble a mountain range. The ordinary 150 pound mortal edging his way through the corridors and under the vast shadow of these over-whelming uplifts of masonry feels about as large and as important as a flea.

Everywhere about these temples there are watch guards whose duty it is to protect the remains against the vandal and the relic hunter. The guard follows a few feet behind you as you roam through the acres of toppling ruin. He is afraid that you will steal something. Inasmuch as the smallest fragment of one of these huge statues, or obelisks, would weigh probably six hundred pounds, we felt that he was not justified in suspecting us. But he followed us along and then, when we were leaving, he called us aside and indicated that he was ready to take a money insult. This move on his part was most characteristic of the Egyptian attitude toward visitors in general. Every native expects to get something out of a traveler for the simple reason that he needs the money. Suppose that a suspicious character should arrive in an American city and the chief of police sent out a detective to shadow him and see that he did not blow open any safes

mining stock.

Egyptian money is very easily understood by Americans. The piaster is the same as our five-cent piece of nickel. The silver five piaster piece resembles our quarter and has the same value. The ten piaster piece is the same as ours. The 100 piaster bill is worth five dollars. Inasmuch as many of the prices sound large and important when quoted in piasters, the dealers have learned to demand English pounds sterling or American dollars. That is, they name their first prices in sovereigns and dollars and then gradually work down to piasters. I saw a man trying to sell a scarab to a tourist. His first price was 17, equivalent to \$35. After a half hour of haggling he had cut it to 7 piasters, or 35 cents, and the deal was consummated.

The old city of Thebes was a huge and bustling metropolis, surrounded by a high wall of a hundred gates, with countless regiments of soldiers marching out to conquer far lands and bring back slaves in little batches of 50,000 or so. This was along about 2800 B. C. The city began to lose some of its importance a few centuries before the Christian era and divided in size until twenty years ago it was a mere village of huts nesting in the shade of the great temples. The magnificent temple of Luxor is in the very heart of the new city. The rambling temple of Karnak is a short donkey ride to the north and across the river, some three miles to the west; there are more temples and shattered statues and the wonderful tombs of the kings. In olden days there was a broad avenue

that ruler himself. It's a fact! Of all the countless temples and obelisks and godlike granite figures and festal tombs chambers remaining in Egypt to testify to the majesty and splendor of the ancient dynasties, every one was built under the personal supervision of the man who gets all the glory out of the inscriptions. The succeeding generation never got up subscription lists to build monuments to statesmen or military commanders. The dutiful and loving son never ordered a memorial in honor of his illustrious father. He was too busy carving his own biography on the sandstone and depicting himself as purging the enemy or taking afternoon tea with hangry three-headed gods.

In old Egypt every king was his own press agent. These rulers could have written some dandy "personal recollections" for the magazines, because they remembered all the incidents that brought them to the centre of the stage with the calcium turned on, and wisely forgot all details calculated to injure their standing with posterity.

You take Ramesses the Great. He is regarded as perhaps the king pin of all the rulers during Egypt's long period of national splendor. Have you ever heard any one say a word in criticism of Ramesses' fiscal policy, his treatment of the rebate system, management of the senate, his social relations with the dark emissaries that came up from Egypt? No! Every one has a good word for Ramesses. The writer of ancient history extol him, and the guide books print his name in big black letters, and the travelers to Egypt gather about his glass-covered coffin in the Gish Museum at Cairo and try to trace noble lineaments in the shrunken features. They sigh over his departure and



THEY LOOK DOWN AT HIM MOURNFULLY.

RAMESES SECOND IS A SMOOTH CITIZEN HIS FOXY SCHEME IS TO BUNKO POSTERITY.

HIS SOLDIERS GO OUT AND PUT UP A HARD SCRAP AND DO UP THE ENEMY.

AND HE HIRES A STONE CUTTER TO GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF IT

ON A GRANITE ROCK AND HAND ALL THE BOUQUETS TO RAMESES. HE IS

BUILDING MANY TEMPLES. THE ARCHITECTS DRAW THE PLANS. THE LABORERS

DO THE WORK. THE PUBLIC FOOTS THE BILL. RAMESES AND THE LOCAL DITTIES

ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO BUTT INTO THE INSCRIPTIONS. HE HAS

THE FUTURE DOPED OUT AS FOLLOWS: THREE THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW

WHEN COOK'S TOURISTS SEE MY PICTURES ALL OVER THE SHOPS, THEY WILL

CONCLUDE THAT I MUST HAVE BEEN THE REAL WORKER AND

THEY WILL CALL ME RAMESES THE GREAT.

TRANSLATION OF THE RAMESES POPYRUS

out of the country.
When we arrived at Cairo I went to Mr. Ralph Blanchard, an American who is noted as an antiquarian, Egyptologist and mummy collector, and after a few cautious preliminaries told him that I had a document in hieroglyphics of which I desired a translation. I begged him not to inquire where or how I had obtained the papyrus. All I wanted him to do was to tell me what the blatted thing meant.

Blanchard was startled as soon as he looked at the document. I could see that. He said he had deciphered a good many acres of hieroglyphics, but this record was unique and the most interesting that he ever came under his observation. He spent two days on the translation, so as to be absolutely accurate regarding every fine point and get not only the cold words but also Hierary style and the real spirit of the original communication.

Mr. Kempner will unite the families of millionaires of Texas and Arkansas. The father of the bride to-be is reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in Arkansas, and Mr. Kempner is a member of a very wealthy family.

Mr. Kempner is one of the heirs of the H. Kempner estate, which is estimated at several million dollars. His father was one of the largest bankers and cotton factors in the Southern States. He died a few years ago. Daniel W. Kempner is president of a large manufacturing concern in Galveston, and is heavily interested in various banking institutions and other enterprises.

Miss Bertig's trousseau was purchased in Paris and is said to be magnificent. It is stated that she received a handsome automobile from her fiancé as a betrothal gift.

Every man knows what is right—but he is apt to get left just the same.

THE SHADOW DANCE.

Louise Chandler Moulton.
She sees her image in the glass—
How fair a thing, the glass upon
The fingers while the moment runs,
With happy thoughts that come and pass.

Like, winds across the meadow grass
When the young June is just begun;
She sees her image in the glass—
How fair a thing to look upon!

What wealth of gold the skies amass!
How glad are all things'neath the sun!
She sees her image in the glass—
How true the love she has won!

George Washington has been described by Arthur Warren, in Success, as "a hundred thousand horsepower man." The men who are near him are that his capacity for work is greater than that of any man who has ever lived, and he has 25,000 men working in his industries.