

DAY BY DAY ON THE NILE WITH GEO. ADE

And Something About the Wonderful Hassim.

By George Ade. Copyright, 1906, by George Ade. WHILE we were in London we dined one evening at a gorgeous hotel with a Mr. Brewster of Connecticut. After dinner Mr. Peasley told the waiter to bring some "good cigars."

"How much?" he asked. "Three and six," replied the waiter. Mr. Peasley handed him three and six.

When Mr. Brewster crossed our trail in Egypt and became our fellow passenger on a Nile steamer, Mr. Peasley remembered him and longed for a chance to get even.

"I hardly like the idea of wearing my name on my hat," said the man from Connecticut. "But when you get home and hang the thing up in your den with the Navajoe blankets and swords and other curios, think what a fine souvenir it will be," urged Mr. Peasley.

Mr. Brewster finally consented and Mr. Peasley took the helmet to the head steward, who was a native, and in a few minutes he brought it back magnificently lettered all over the front. It surely did look oriental and decorative and Mr. Brewster was grateful when he saw how beautifully his name and New England address showed up in Arabic.

Assiut is headquarters for a most wretched class of street guides, street peddlers and hold-up men who work in the bazaars. Most of them are Copts and claim to be good Christians, but we did not feel impelled to throw up our hats on that account. When they bore down upon us and started to wrestle with us we could hardly distinguish any difference between them and the ordinary heathen.

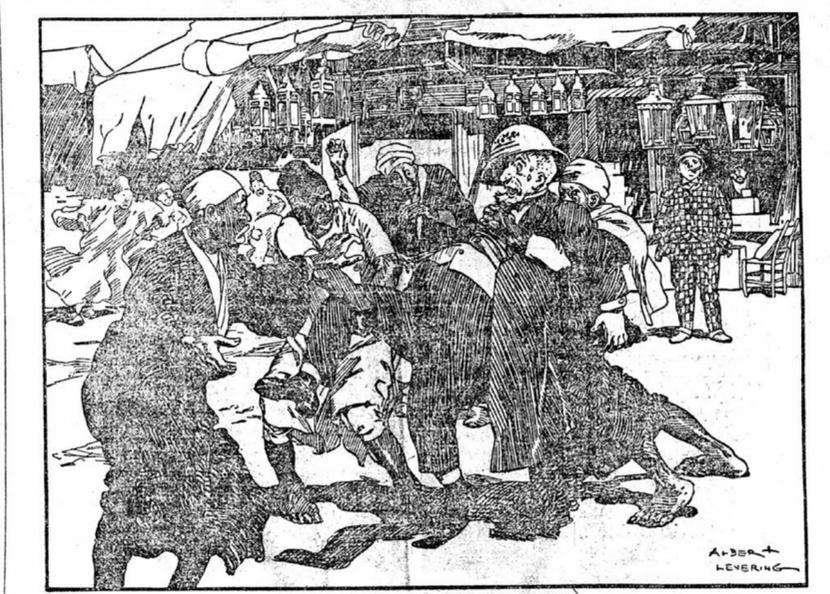
Poor Mr. Brewster! At the present writing he is still wearing that bold label, wandering in and out of shops and around hotels, inviting the attacks of guides, donkey boys, servants and peddlers. It seemed a rather low-down trick, but Mr. Peasley said that probably it would flatter Mr. Brewster to learn that anyone from Connecticut could attract attention in a foreign country. Arabic is surely a weird excuse for a

language. In its written form it looks like the bird track illustrations in one of Thompson Seton Thompson's books, and instead of reading it from left to right you begin at the tail end of a sentence and back up all the way.

As a matter of fact, English carries the tourist everywhere in Egypt. The American Mission school, supported by the Presbyterians, is a proud local institution in each good-sized town. At every landing along the river small boys from the mission schools would come down to the boat to ask for English books. These requests were such a welcome variation from the everlasting howl for "bakshesh" that the over-generous passengers soon gave

that he took Mr. Peasley to be a Russian. This one little experience rather discouraged our traveling companion. He said it was foolish to waste important dialogue on a lot of benighted ignorant who did not know their own language.

cluster of intellectual giantesses from England. Two sailors stand well forward on the lower deck, one on each side, jabbing at the river with poles in order to get the depth of the channel. If the boat runs into water less than six inches deep they become alarmed and start to yell. Occasionally the galley craft strikes a bar and comes to a tired pause, whereupon all the passengers say "Mgh!" and lurch out of their camp stools. Then there is a little welcome excitement and the natives of the crew run around in circles and call upon Allah for temporary assistance. With much grunting, both by the boat and the men at the poles, the good Hassim backs out of the mud and takes a fresh start, zig-zagging thru the shallows until deep water is found—



"RICH AMERICAN—EASY MARK"

the more or less brave had been rounded up very carefully by the Tammany workers. The voters were not familiar with the workings of the Australian ballot system and had to be instructed by the Tammany ward heelers, who said: "All you have to do is to put a cross mark in the circle at the top of the first column."

The Arabic language, when spoken, sounds very much like an agitated person trying to dislodge a fishbone. It is one of the most unmusical tongues in the world and offers no tempting inducements to the students. Yet Mr. Peasley actually bought one of those "Arabic at a Glance" books and started to learn some of the more useful sentences. He said that if he could get Arabic down pat he would pass as a native and be enabled to buy things at about half price. After two days of hard study he attempted a conversation with a military policeman standing on the river bank at Dendera. Mr. Peasley strolled up to him, careless like, and said, "Ana mawez arabiyet kiyassat mit shan srookh el belad."

That was supposed to mean, "I want a first-class carriage for driving in the town." The stalwart soldier gazed at Mr. Peasley with a bewildered look in his jet-black eyes and then began to edge away.

"Hold on," said Mr. Peasley. "How about hal zamna ghafar yerafagan bill tareeg?" Mr. Peasley thought he was asking, "Shall we require a guide or an escort in this town?" The soldier beckoned to us to come over to help him out.

that is, a depth of anywhere from three to four feet. The Nile is just as finical and unreliable as a Missouri or Mississippi, the tortuous channel constantly shifting, and the pilot needs to be an expert with a memory like an encyclopedia. Fortunately there are no snags. Wood is about the most precious commodity in Egypt, and all the snags were fished out and utilized some 2,000 years before we happened along. Altho our voyage lasted five full days we went ashore only three times. As I have already explained, the traveler need not leave the Nile steamer in order to see nearly everything that is happening in Egypt. Leaving Cairo late on Friday afternoon, we made two stops on Saturday to discharge freight and take on natives. Many of the women came aboard closely veiled and were at once secreted in a canvas compartment on the lower deck. These precautions seemed to be needless. Two adjectives will best describe the pride of the harbor—shabby and floppy. Unless you wish to lose all enthusiasm for the Arabian Nights, keep away from Egypt.

Sunday.—Arriving at Beni Hassan at 10 o'clock we went ashore and climbed on midget donkeys and rode away to explore the rock tombs. Beni Hassan has been for several centuries the home of an obstreperous breed of cut-throats. Repeated attempts have been made to exterminate or scatter the tribe, but it is still in existence, altho somewhat subdued. The government keeps a guard of soldiers at the town and when we landed we found ourselves surrounded by the military, while the natives stood back of the lines and gazed at us hungrily. There we began to get close glimpses of the domestic life of the plain people. A mud wall enclosure with a hut at one end. Within this squalid pen, women in bedraggled black gowns, children in

semi-attire and closely attended by swarms of flies, two or three emaciated cats, a few chickens and a somnolent burro. At present the live stock and the Egyptians live on terms of democratic equality, but since the English have introduced the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals it is hoped that the situation will be remedied.

On Monday at 9 o'clock we landed at Assiut, after passing thru the locks of the first big barrage or dam built under British direction and intended to regulate the waterlevel of the lower Nile delta during the dry season. Assiut is a big town with some showy buildings, an attractive bazaar and a guide who represents the thirty-third degree of sordidness. His name is Hassim. If you should visit Assiut and wish to become acquainted with the very pink and flower of villainy, hunt up Hassim. Perhaps it will be unnecessary to hunt him up. He will be waiting on you just as he was waiting for us. When we went ashore we were attacked by a flying wedge of donkey boys and carriage drivers, all shrieking like demons and kicking up such clouds of dust as can be found only in a country where the showers are a century apart. By striking out right and left we held off our assailants and succeeded in making a rickety victoria. When we escaped from the clamor and the clouds of dust and took our bearings Hassim was on the box alongside of the driver. He had a shrewd look about him and a certain invitation and we are glad that he did so, for he proved to be a rasal of such inventive fancy and such unusual methods of attack that our normal respect for him was fairly lost in admiration. He was tall and lean, with a stern and military countenance and one eye set at an angle. His manner was imperious and from the moment when he fastened himself upon us he was in absolute charge of the expedition.

"Fear not," he said, holding up his hand impressively, "I shall protect you. You shall see the rock tombs and the great bazaar of Assiut and no one shall do you harm, for I am Hassim, son of Abdalla."

This had a most assuring sound, so we made no resistance. For several hours he marched ahead of us, proclaiming our social importance and ordering people out of the way, and every ten minutes he led us into some carefully concealed trap and tried to separate us from our piasters. All the time he went thru the motions of defending our interests and fighting back those who would defraud us. For instance, in the bazaar. In a thoughtful moment I had said that I wished to purchase an ebony walking stick. He led us to a dealer in walking sticks, and here the following drama was played for our benefit:

Hassim (to dealer)—The distinguished gentleman wishes to buy an ebony walking stick. Show him your best goods and let the price be fair or never more shall I bring customers to your vile shop. (To the crowd jostling in upon us)—Stand back! Do not crowd upon the honorable gentleman from America.

Dealer (showing an ebony stick with a badly carved handle of bone, supposed to be ivory)—Ah, see! Yea! Verra good stick! Is it not? Yea! Verra cheap. I looking at it coldly and shaking my head as if in disapproval.—How much? Dealer—Verra cheap—only 20 shillings. Hassim—Wha-a! (He rushes upon the dealer, smites him on the chest with his open hand and then tries to choke him.) Oh, useless animal! Twenty shilling! (To us) Come! Let us go away. He is bad man. Come!



"EACH SAID THE WAITER"

Dealer (entreatingly)—You make me offer. How much you give? Hassim—Oh, child of darkness! Oh, crawling crocodile! You are trying to cheat the high-born visitors. Dealer (cringing)—How much you give? Hassim (to me)—Come. I will speak with you alone. (He leads me away from the crowd and talks to me in a husky whisper.) This man is bad man. Do not pay him twenty bob. No one is looking. You slip the money to me and I will buy it for fifteen.

Now, 15 shillings is \$3.75 in real money, and the stick is worth a dollar as the most extravagant valuation, so I say to Hassim, "Are you in on this?" He does not understand, but he looks at me as if he were a fool. Then he says, "I try to get it for ten. Wait here."

Then I catch him by the slack of the blue gown and say that I will not give ten for a walking stick. He offers piasters—75 cents. He says it will be useless to offer such a small sum, as the ivory comes from the elephant and hunters must search many days to find the elephant and then carry the trunk 47,000 miles across the burning desert to sell it to the dealer in Assiut. So I tell him to stand back and will negotiate in my own behalf. So Hassim breaks thru the crowd and offers 8 shillings. Derisive laughter by the dealer, the crowd assisting. I offer 4 shillings. The dealer says, "I am a ruined man, but no matter—take it along with me." Then Hassim elbows his way back to the scene of trouble and helps to complicate matters. He curses the dealer in Arabic and says to me in a side whisper that he has succeeded in buying the stick for 7 shillings. I offer five. To make a long story short, after using up \$8 worth of time and \$53 worth of vocal energy, I buy the stick for 6 shillings, and when I return to the boat the head steward exhibits one just like it which he bought for 2. This farcical "grand-stand" play was repeated every time we stopped to purchase something of trifling importance. One of the best performances of the afternoon involved a mysterious trip up a narrow alley and into a tumble-down house, where Hassim exhibited to us four squalling infants, polka-dotted with flies and richly encrusted with the soil of their native land. Altho all four of the children seemed to be of about the same age, he assured us that they belonged to him, and we, being unfamiliar with the customs of Egypt, were not prepared to contradict him. He said it was customary for visitors to give a small present to each of the children, or better still, we could give the money to him and he would hand it to them later.

We shall remember Hassim. He surrounded his cheap trinkeries with such a glamor of oriental ceremony and played his part with such a terrific show of earnestness that he made the afternoon for visitors to give a small present to each of the children, or better still, we could give the money to him and he would hand it to them later.

The driver is a child of evil, he said he. "I tremble with rage! He is demanding 50 piasters. Do not pay him 50. Give the money to me and I will say to you, 'be a whole man.'" The driver's legal fare was 20 piasters. Finally we paid him 25. Every body was satisfied. Then we paid Hassim for his services and sent presents to him for his simultaneous children. The last we saw of him he was making a bee line for the bazaar to collect his commissions.



GENERAL VIEW OF EGYPT

ITALY NO LONGER A MERE "OFFICE BOY"

Now Feels Itself a Power Among Commercial Countries, but it is Likely that the People Would Be Happier Left to Their Traditions and Their Ruins.

By ROLLIN E. SMITH.

MILAN, ITALY, April 27.—Tomorrow the gates of the international exposition, which in this city will be officially opened. Every European country is well represented and the exposition promises to be a success. It is held to celebrate the completion of the great Simplon tunnel, thru the Simplon mountains, which lie between Italy and France. Yet the exposition does not celebrate this event alone, for it marks an epoch in the history of the country—the commercial and industrial history of Italy.

so the result is really a saving of twenty-four hours. The railways are already arranging to send solid trains from Rome thru Paris to the coast of France.

By reason of the tunnel, much new business will come to Genoa, as central Europe will now have access to this port as well as to Marseille. Yet, as already stated, the tunnel is but one indication of the new commercial life that has developed in northern Italy. With Milan as the center, the cities are moving forward in a way that is causing Italy to be regarded seriously as a competitor by other countries, in the world's markets. Manufactures are prospering. The last few years, factories have been enlarged, and money is plentiful. This northern country is also rich agriculturally, and labor is plentiful and cheap.

Another indication of the change that is taking place in Italy, of the departing from old traditions, is the attitude of the country regarding the triple alliance. The country is as good as out about that well-remembered pact, and the standing army will be reduced, and with it the heavy tax on the people to keep it up.

Change Everywhere Apparent. One who studies conditions here in the north can almost feel the change that is going on—the forces that will gradually make a commercial country out of a picturesque ruin with a pedigree. Yet the masses do not, cannot, realize what is going on nor what their position is. They are still in the old ways, and it is only seen more work to be had at somewhat better wages. And right here is where there will be a large-sized stumbling block, over which the progressive element is bound to take a tumble. While labor is plentiful and wages very low, the cost of living in the cities is gradually increasing, excepting rents, which are cheap. Fuel is high. Every pound of coal is imported. The daily wages paid in the factories of Milan and Lombardy are surprisingly low, as also, is the large number of young girls employed. The percentage of girls under 15 years of age is from 25 to 30, or over one-fourth of

the total number of employees. These girls receive from 11 to 14 cents a day. This is in the large factories. The cotton mills pay better wages than the manufacturing industry.

Women receive 29 to 35 cents a day in the cotton mills, and work, on an average, 265 days a year. In the tobacco factories of northern Italy, the women work 300 days a year, at 35 cents a day. The following averages applying to Lombardy, may be of interest: Of women workers, 12.2 per cent earn 15 cents; 30.4 per cent earn from 15 to 20 cents; 43.7 per cent earn 20 to 30 cents; 10.5 per cent earn 30 to 40 cents. Only 3.2 per cent earn over 40 cents. Good domestic servants receive \$3 to \$5 a month. While men receive higher wages, they are just as surprisingly low. For example, the manager of a large and prosperous automobile factory recently complained that he had to pay very high wages. For expert mechanics, he said, he was compelled to pay (equal to 70 cents a day. Less skilled men received down to 40 cents.

Now regarding the stumbling block referred to in the foregoing. This will be the matter of wages. It will be the old story, seen so often that its marks are unmistakable. At present the manufacturers are prosperous, largely because cheap labor has enabled them to compete successfully; yet not altogether, for their work is good. The manufacturers are increasing their plants and new ones are being built. To do this, large amounts of money are being borrowed. It is easy for them to borrow, for they are prosperous and their money is plentiful. Now the first backset to this new industrial growth is bound to come when the laborers begin to demand higher wages. Strikes will follow, factories will shut down and borrowed money cannot be paid. Some old story—hard times, followed by a reorganization and a fresh start. When a country gets into the commercial swim it cannot escape the consequences. The people, perhaps, would be happier left to their traditions and their ruins.



Don't take scoop coffee when you want Arbuckle's ARIOSA Coffee, which is sold only in sealed packages and never loose out of a "scoop." A grocer may recommend a loose coffee at so much a pound. He is all right. He means well. If he handled the coffee himself from the tree to you, you might well trust him implicitly. But he does not! He may know something about coffee. He may think he does, but let that pass. He buys it loose! From whom? You don't know—if you did it would not mean anything. He trusts the man he buys it from—maybe a salesman, maybe a wholesaler, maybe a little local roaster. It does not matter. What do they know about coffee? More than the grocer? Perhaps. Where do they get their coffee? Where does it come from? Whose hands touched it last? Where had they been? They can't tell! Java from Brazilian by the looks after it is roasted, and it takes a man, expert by years of practical experience, to select sound, sweet green coffee of high cup merit; and another man with the knowledge and experience to proportion and blend for uniform results in the cup. First they must have the supply to preserve uniform quality. Arbuckle's buy more coffee than any four other concerns in the world combined, and their coffee is the most uniform. Then the roasting. "The Brazilian Ambassador tells me that coffee-roasting is an art," was the court testimony of a world famous chemist. Where are artists more likely to find employment—manipulating a little roaster or in the Arbuckle mills, where the yearly roasts amounts to the hundred million pounds? Don't take scoop coffee, but buy a package of Arbuckle's ARIOSA. Take it home and keep the bean intact until ready to use. We hermetically seal each bean after roasting with a coating of fresh eggs and granulated sugar to close the pores and preserve the flavor. A little warming makes it easy to grind and develops the flavor. Coffee deteriorates if exposed to the air—it also collects dust and absorbs impurities. That is why you should "BEWARE OF THE SCOOP." If your grocer will not sell you the genuine Arbuckle's ARIOSA Coffee it will be greatly to your advantage to buy from us direct. Send us \$1.50, postal or express money order, and we will send 10 pounds of Arbuckle's ARIOSA in a strong wooden box, transportation paid to your freight station. Price fluctuates and cannot be guaranteed for any period. You cannot buy as good coffee for the money under any other name or loose by the pound. More—the coffee will come in the original packages bearing the signature of Arbuckle Bros., which entitles you to free presents—10 pounds—to signatories. New book with colored pictures of 97 beautiful useful presents will be sent free if you write. You can write first and see the book before you order the coffee. The present department is an old institution with us to add a little sentiment to the business. PRICE IS NO EVIDENCE OF QUALITY! ARIOSA is just as likely to suit your taste as coffee that costs 25 or 35 cents a pound. It aids digestion and increases the power and ambition to work. Address our nearest office Box, Dept. ARBUCKLE BROTHERS, 71 Water Street, New York City, 100 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., Liberty Avenue and Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., 421 South Seventh Street, St. Louis, Mo.