PEASLEY OF IOWA---HIS FINAL SIZEUP OF EGYPT

In Which He Illustrates to Ade and Others the Futility of Haste and Tells the Folks at Home of the Superiority of Iowa to the Land of the Pyramids and Ancient Tombs.

for 'extras,' another to make a final search for razor strops and hot water bags (of which we had left a trail from Chicago to Cairo). Instead of attending to these really important duties we were loping madly about the hotel looking for Mr. Peasley. We asked one another why we had invited him to join the party. We called him all the names we had invented on the trip to fit his unusual personality. One all the names we had invented on the trip to fit his unusual personality. One of these was a "flat-headed fush." I don't know what a "fush" is, but the more you study it and repeat it over to yourself the more horrible becomes the full significance of the word. Also we called him a "swozzie," which means a chump who has gone on and on, exploring the furthermost regions of idiocy, until even his most daring companions are left far behind. We called Mr. Peasley a "wall-eyed spingo," the latter being a mullet that has lost all sense of shame. Ordinary abuse and profanity became weak and ineffective when pitted against words of this scathing nature.

Reader, if you have a lifelong friend and you feel reasonably sure that you never could quarrel with him or be out of patience with him or find fault with any of his small peculiarities, go on a long trip with him in foreign lands. You will be together so much of the time that finally each will begin to hate the sight of the other. There will come off days, fraught with petty annoyances, when each will have a fretful desire to hurl cameras and suitcases at desire to hurl cameras and suitcases at his beloved playmate. Suppose your lifelong friend has some little eccentricity of manner or speech, some slight irregularity of behavior at the table or a perverted and stubborn conviction which reveals itself in every controversy. You may have overlooked this defect for years because you met him only at intervals, but when you begin to camp with him you discover every one of his shining faults. And how they do get on your nerves! Next to matrimony, perhaps, traveling together is the most severe test of compatibility.

patibility.

We liked Mr. Peasley. Looking back over the trip, we can well believe that the expedition would have been rather tame if deprived if his cheering presence. But he was so full of initiative and so given to discovering by tive and so given to discovering by-ways of adventure that he was always breaking in on the program and starting little excursions of his own. He was a very hard man to mobilize. If we had solemnly agreed to get together for luncheon at 1 o'clock, three of us would be waiting at the food garage while Mr. Peasley would be a mile away, trying to buy a \$4 Abyssinian war shield for \$2.75.

+ + + And where do you suppose he was on

brushing away the fles. The barber, a curly Italian, had ceased work when dustions of Mr. Peasley. It would have guessed Wednesday. The warning whistle blow three the salling of the beat, and we were attempting to the beat, and we were attempting to the beat, and we were attempting to different the beat of the beat, and we were attempting to different the beat of the beat, and we were attempting to different the beat of the beat, and we were attempting to different the beat of the beat, and we were attempting to different the beat of the beat of

The big exhibit at Assouan and one of the great engineering achievements of modern times is the dam across the Nile. It is a solid wall of granite, a mile and a quarter long, 100 feet high in places and 88 feet thru at the base, and it looks larger than it sounds. We went across it on a push car after taking a boat ride in the reservoir basin, which is said to contain 234,000,000 gallons of water. This estimate is correct as nearly as we could figure it. The dam is about four miles above the town. We rode up on a dummy train, with cars almost as large as Saratoga trunks, and came back in a small boat. We shot the rapids, just for excitement, and after we had caved in the bottom of the boat and stopped an hour for repairs we decided that we had stored up enough excitement, so after that we The big exhibit at Assouan and one pairs we decided that we had stored up enough excitement, so after that we followed the more placid waters.

The black boatmen had a weird chant, which they repeated over and over, keeping time with the stroke. It was a combination of Egyptian melody and American college yell, and ran as follows:

Hep! Hep! Horay! Hep! Hep! Horay! Hep! Hep! Horay! All right! Thank you!

This effort represented their sum total of English, and they were very proud of it, and we liked it, too—that is, the first million times. After that the charm of novelty was largely dissi-

Many people visit Assouan on ac-count of the kiln-dried atmosphere, which is supposed to have a discourag-ing effect on rheumatism and other ailments that flourish in a damp climate. Assouin is as dry as Pittsburg on Sun-Assonin is as dry as Pittsburg on Sunday. It is surrounded by desert, and the sun always seems to be working overtime. The traveler who does much rambling out of doors gradually assumes the brown and papery complexion of a royal mummy, his lips become parched and flaky, and he feels like a grocery store herring, which, it is believed, is about the dryest thing on record.

record.
We did love Assouan. Coming back from a camel ride, with a choppy sea on, gazing thru the heat waves at the tufted palms and the shimmering white walls, we would know that there was ice only a mile ahead of us, and then our love for Assouan would become too deep for words.

+ + + Burton Holmes, the eminent lecturer and travelogue specialist, was lying up at Assouan, having a tiresome argument with the germ that invented malaria. He had come up the Nile in a deep-draught boat and had succeeded in find-We rebuked him for saying it, but somehow or other these rebukes never seemed to have any permanent restrainting effect.

Graught locat and had succeeded in indiging many sandbars that other voyagers had overlooked. Just below Assouan the boat wedged itself into the mud and could not be floated until thirty

natives, summoned from the surrounding country, had waded underneath and "boosted" all afternoon. When it came time to pay the men the captain of the boat said to Mr. Holmes: "What do you think? They demand 8 shillings."

"It is an outrage," said Mr. Holmes. "Eight shillings is \$2. Even in America I can get union labor for \$2 a day. There are thirty of them. Couldn't we compromise for a lump sum of \$50?"

"You do not understand." said the

we compromise for a lump sum of \$50??'

"You do not understand," said the captain. "We are asked to pay 8 shillings for the whole crowd. I think that 6 would be enough."

Whereupon Mr. Holmes gave them 10 shillings, or 8 1-8 cents each, and as he sailed away the grateful assemblage gave three rousing cheers for Mr. Rockefeller.

When we left Assouan we scooted by rail direct to Cairo, and in a few days were headed for home, by way of Italy. France and England, all of them seeming painfully modern after our sojourn in Egypt.

It is customary in winding up a series of letters to draw certain profound conclusions and to give hints to travelers who may hope to follow the same beaten path. Fortunately, Mr. Peasley has done this for us. He promised a real estate agent in Fairfield, Iowa, that he would let him know about Egypt. One night in Assouan he read to us the letter to his friend, and we borrowed it:

Assouan, Some time in April.

Delos M. Gifford,
Fairfield, Iowa, U. S. C.

My Dear Giff:-I have gone as far up the Nile as my time and the letter of credit will permit. At 8 g.m. tomorrow I turn my face toward the only country on earth where a man can get a steak that hasn't got goo poured all over it. Meet

hasn't got goo poured all over it. Meet me at the station with a pie. Tell mother I am coming home to eat:

Do I like Egypt? Yes—because now I will be satisfied with Iowa. Only I'm afraid that when I go back and see 160 acres of corn in one field I won't believe it. Egypt is a wonderful country, but very small for its age. It is about as wide as the courthouse square, but it seemed to me at least 10,000 miles long, as we have been two weeks getting up to the first cataract. Most of the natives

and family vaults that I am ashamed to look an undertaker in the face. For three weeks I have tried to let on to pretend to make a bluff at being deeply interested in these open graves. Other people gushed about them and I was afraid that if I didn't trail along and show some sentimental interest they might suspect that I was from Iowa and was shy on soulfulness. I'll say this much, however—I'm mighty glad I've seen them, because now I'll never have to look at them again.

Egypt is something like the old set-

Egypt is something like the old settler—you'd like to roast him and call him down, but you hate to jump on anything so venerable and weak. Egypt is so old that you get the headache trying to think back. Egypt had gone thru forty changes of administration and was on the down synda before learn. was on the down grade before Iowa was

The principal products of this country are insects, dust, guides and fake curios.

I got my share of each. I am glad I came, and I may want to return some day, but not until I have worked the sand out of my ears and taken in two or three county fairs. I have been walking down the main aisle with my hat in my hand so long that now I am ready for some-thing lively.

Americans are popular in Egypt, during business hours. Have not been showered with social attentions, but I am always comforted by the thought that the exclusive foreign set cannot say anything about me that I haven't already said about it. Of course, we could retaliate in proper fashion if we could retaliate in proper fashion if we could lure the foreigners out to Iowa, but that seems out of the question. They think Iowa is in South America.

I shall mail this letter and then chase



ME WAS NOT FEATED

services in the dining saloon, and Mr.
Peasley, who was reaching into the
'bone yard,'' suddenly paused with
his hand up and exclaimed: "Sanctified catfish! Boys, it's Sunday!''
It was. We had been sitting there
among those nice people thruout the
calm Sabbath afternoon playing a
wicked game of "draughts," After
two weeks among the Mohammedans
and other heathen, with every day a

services in the dining saloon, and Mr.
Peasley
said an irreverent thing about these
way to Egypt to look at the ruins?"
We rebuked him for saying it, but
somehow or other these rebukes never
seemed to have any permanent restraining effect. And where do you suppose he was on the morning we were making our frentied departure from Luxor? We found him in the barber shop, having his hair cut! A native stood alongside of him,

"We have just held a meeting and by unanimous vote we have decided that you are an irresponsible fush, a night-blooming swozzie and a vitrified spingo," I said.
"Thanks," he replied. "I'll do as much for you some time."
"Are you aware of the fact that the boat departs in twenty minutes," asked No. 2.
"The boat will not leave its mooring until Peasley, of Iowa, is safely aboard," he replied. "Why is it that you fellows begin to throw duck fits every time we have to catch a boat or train? Kindly send my luggage aboard, and as soon as Signor Mosquito has concluded his amputations I shall join you."

"Twen we have decided that you are an irresponsible fush, a night-blooming swozzie and a vitrified glances. Some of them actually glared at us. We began to wonder if dominoes was regarded as an immoral practice in Egypt.
"These people keep on looking at us as if we were a happy band of burglation has preceded us."

Then we heard one old lady ask another if there would be any evening services in the dining saloon, and Mr. Peasley, who was reaching into the "bone yard," suddenly paused with his hand up and exclaimed: "Sanctified catfish! Boys, it's Sunday!"

It was. We had been sitting there amonther?"

"Why do these people come all the way to Egypt to look at the ruins?" he may don't they stay at home and look at one another?"

STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P

the police. Dr. James, Judge Lindsey's physician, discovered the plot and the probation officer confessed and implicated about everyone who was close enough to Judge Lindsey to be of use to his enemies. Perhaps the greatest injury to his work is done by the stories circulated to discredit it.

Judge Lindsey has sent 193 boys to the reform school during his six years as juvenile judge. Every boy went to the reform school without an officer: each boy carried his own carfare and his own commitment papers. One boy went to Buena Vista, a whole day's journey from Denver, and delivered himself to the warden at the reformatory, as he was too old to go to Golden

that are injurious to the health or mor-als of the child. Such places include more than she imports and that the im-all sweatshops, the laundries and the mines. It takes the small boys out of the messenger services all over the country, where the most lucrative branch of the work takes the boys into places that are immoral. The young boys must be replaced by older boys at high-

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Holds Court at Night.

Another story that is diligently circulated is that Judge Lindsey is very delicate physically. The fact is that court docket than are tried by all of the work takes the boys into places that are immoral. The young boys must be replaced by older boys at high er wages.

In the glass factories the price of the business, is fixed with the cheap labor of children are forbidden to do this work because it kills them off quickly, and their cheap labor must be replaced by more expensive and his offense was too serious. The records prove this to be the fact, yet the story is circulated everywhere that it is untrue.

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Judge Lindsey has sent 193 boys to the appropriation for factory inspectors cut so low that practically there are no factory inspectors cut so low that practically there are no factory inspectors from the continent and also more wardened by and of the countries where no duty is levied and not to Paris. In conclusion the deal-must be replaced by older boys at high er wages.

Sunday lament to Protest by an Archblehop Against Deservation of the Day.

Special Cable to The Journal.

London, June 23.—For generations the bays into places.

London, June 23.—For generations the price of cheap glass bottles that has been fixed so must be replaced by more expensive and their cheap labor must be replaced by more expensive and

other cities take up the work and make a national movement of it, and he has at last succeeded. The meeting which was held in Chicago on June 9, at which Miss Jane Addams of Hull House and

French Dealers In Arms Against Proposed Import Duty.

New York Harald Special Cable Service. Copyright, 1906, by the New York Harald.

Paris, June 23.—The members of the Association of Paris Art and Curiosity

Paris Art and Curiosity

Paris Art and Curiosity New York Herald Special Cable Service. Copyright, 1906, by the New York Herald.

Moreover the leading dealers have branch establishments abroad, conse quently they would send new purchases to the countries where no duty is levied

Archdeacon Sinclair, the famous London preacher, has just come out with a tirade to the effect that there is no more was held in Chicago on Miss Jane Addams of Hull House and others assisted, was an entire success, and from the National Juvenile Improvement league, which was inaugurated at that time, Judge Lindsev expects great benefits to the children everywhere.

British Sunday is now a national scandal. He blames the rich more than the poor. He declares that the thousands of Sunday excursions disturb the quiet of the peaceful villages near by; that the river Thames is as crowded with pleasure seekers as a fair; that the servants work harder on account of the luncheons and harder on account of the luncheons and dinners given by way of entertainment; that the railways work overtime; that there are in London sixty-seven theaters

Association of Paris Art and Curiosity Dealers are rising up against the new tax which the French government is reported to be considering. It is proposed to levy on objects of art imported into France a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem, and it is said the treasury would benefit to the extent of about \$3,400,000 a year.

The art dealers declare France has so of the old-style Sabbath. The archdeacon has so frightened the public by his movement that an organized opposition movement has been started called the "Anti-Puritan league." Its membership is increased mightly, and its committees of management number some of the most distinguished and influential people in England.

TRUSTS PLOT AGAINST FRIEND OF CHILDREN

Judge Lindsey, Father of Juvenile Improvement League. Constantly Menaced by Interests That Profit by Their Grip on Lives of the Little People.

ENVER, June 22—80 much in the disparaging his work, both in portions of the count of the count in the cotton mills, not improved the property of the count of the count of the count of the colliders in the cotton mills, not interest that some idea of the power of the children in the cotton mills, not interest that some idea of the power of the children in the cotton mills, not interest that some idea of the power of the children in the cotton mills, not interest that some idea of the power of the children in the cotton mills, not interest that some idea of the power of the children in the cotton mills, not interest that some idea of the power of the children in the cotton mills, not interest that some idea of the power of the children in the cotton mills, not interest that some idea of the power of the children in the cotton mills, not interest the power of the children in the cotton mills, not interest the count of the children in the cotton mills, not interest the count of the children in the cotton mills, not interest the count of the children of the children of the count of the count of the count of the children of the count of the count of the count of the count of the children of the count of t By Helen Grey. spondence of The Journal.

he is doing. The efforts of the trusts are directed to injuring his reputation and to disparaging his work, both in

The first day Judge Lindsey was sure his new juvenile laws would hold he sent a long list of old offenders to the police asking for arrests. Scarcely a name on the list was not of a man or woman who was "taken care of." Such a tempest as set in! The police refused to make many of the arrests. Lindsey sent out the newly created of-ficers of the juvenile court who have power to arrest anyone contributing to

power to arrest anyone contributing to the delinquency of children.

John Jerome, owner of the cotton mill, was one of the men brought into court. He came with a smile at the joke. No one had ever so much as spoken openly against the conditions at the mill. He was a man at the head of every subscription list, a man reputed to be very charitable; his family one of the most prominent socially. He was known in every city as a genial clubman with plenty of money that he spent freely. He did not like being brought in with saloonkeepers and women of the lower world. He asked to see Judge Lindsey privately in his