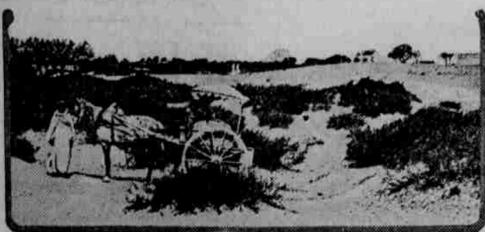


Cyclopean Mystery of Abydos



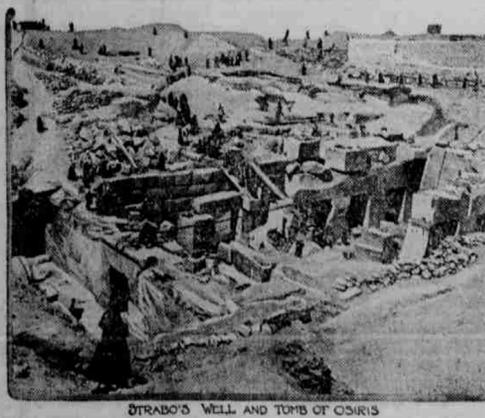
DESERT CART AND MOSQUE

EXCAVATIONS made several years ago at Abydos by the Egypt Exploration Fund led to the discovery of a building which is unique in its kind, and which is probably one of the most ancient constructions preserved in Egypt. It consists of a great pool with porches, called Strabo's well, and the so-called tomb of Osiris. It is situated behind the western wall of the temple built by Set I, which has been the chief attraction of Abydos for travelers. It was entirely subterranean, at a depth of more than thirty feet below the temple, and nothing revealed its existence.

The building, as described by Edouard Naville, director of the excavation, consists of a rectangle, the inside of which is about a hundred feet long and sixty wide. The two long sides are north and south. The inclosure wall is twenty feet thick. It consists of two casings; the outer one is limestone rather roughly worked; the inner one is in beautiful masonry of red quartzite sandstone. The joints are very fine; there is only a very thin stratum of mortar, which is hardly perceptible. Here and there the thick knob has been left which was used for moving the stones. The blocks are very large—a length of fifteen feet is by no means rare; and the whole structure has decidedly the character of the primitive constructions which in Greece are called cyclopean, and an Egyptian example of which is at Ghizeh, the so-called temple of the Sphinx.

This colossal character is still more striking in the inner part. It is divided into three naves or aisles of unequal size—the middle one being wider. These naves are separated by two colonnades of square monolithic pillars in granite about fifteen feet high and eight and one-half feet square. There are five of them in each colonnade. They supported architraves in proportion with them, their height being more than six feet. These architraves and the inclosure wall supported a ceiling, also of granite monoliths, which was not made of slabs but of blocks, like the architraves, more than six feet thick. It has been calculated that one of the few of them remaining weighs more than thirty tons. Unfortunately, in one corner only has the ceiling been preserved. The whole building has been turned into a quarry, especially the inside, which was entirely granite. Pillars, architraves, ceiling, everything has been broken and split with wedges, traces of which are seen everywhere, in order to make millstones of various sizes. Several of them, weighing seven or eight tons, have been left.

Peculiar Design of Pool.
The side aisles only, about ten feet wide, had ceilings. It is doubtful whether the middle nave was roofed. It was, perhaps, only covered at the end over the entrance to the "tomb of Osiris." When the work reached the lower layers of the inclosure wall,



STRABO'S WELL AND TOMB OF OSIRIS

How Many Strads Are There?
Not every eminent violinist can be the recipient of a Stradivarius violin as a gift from his admirers, as has just been the good fortune of Mr. John Saunders. The supply of Strads is limited. A very careful estimate fixes 1,200 as the number of string instruments of all kinds—violins, violas and cellos—made by Antonio Stradivari during the seventy-five years he labored in his workshop in Cremona; and only some 600 are now known to be still in existence. Probably a good proportion of the remainder are scattered over the world in the possession of owners quite ignorant of their value. About twenty years ago quite a number of genuine Strads were discovered in South Africa, in Boer farmsteads, where they had remained in many cases stored away in boxes in the possession of descendants of Huguenots who emigrated to the Cape at the revolution of the Edict of Nantes.—London Chronicle.

Carlyle on Humor.
Carlyle says humor is the finest manifestation of pathetic genius, and

a very extraordinary discovery was made. In this wall, all around the structure, are cells about six feet high and wide, all exactly alike, without any ornament or decoration. They had doors, probably made of wood, with a single leaf; one can see the holes where they turned.

What was still more surprising is that they do not open on to a floor, but on to a narrow ledge which ran on both sides of the nave. There was no floor in those aisles; under the ledge, which is slightly projecting, the beautiful masonry goes on, and at a depth of twelve feet water was reached. It is at the level of the infiltration water in the cultivated land, though the structure is in the desert. Thus the two aisles and the two ends of the middle nave form a continuous rectangular pool, the sides of which are very fine masonry of large blocks.

Tomb of Osiris.
The tomb of Osiris is of a later date than the pool with its cells. It dates from the time of Set I, the grandfather of Menephtah, who probably made it when he built his temple. As for the pool, it is probably one of the most ancient constructions which have been preserved in Egypt. It is exactly in the style of the so-called temple of the Sphinx, which is a work of the Fourteenth dynasty, and one of the characteristic features of which is the total absence of any inscription or ornament. But the pool is even more colossal. In the temple of the Sphinx the pillars are four feet square; here they are eight and one-half. It is impossible, in spite of the havoc made, especially in the southern aisle, not to be struck by the majestic simplicity of the structure, chiefly in the corner where the ceiling has remained. Besides, this construction of a character quite unknown at present raises many questions which further excavations will, perhaps, solve.

The pool in connection with the worship of Osiris? Did the sacred boat of the god float on the water? Since the boats of the gods are always towed with ropes, the ledge on both sides would be a very appropriate path for the priests who did it.

As for the water itself, it must have been stored for some purpose. The enormous ceilings must have been made in order to prevent evaporation. It is to be imagined that the old Egyptians made such an enormous construction merely for infiltration water? There is no doubt that it is what is called Strabo's well, which he describes as being below the temple, and like the Labyrinth at Hawara, but on smaller proportions, and with passages covered by big monoliths. Was there a canal coming from the Nile, as the Greek geographer says? or was the pool filled by the subterranean sheet of water which flows under the desert, the so-called underground Nile which is now being studied closely by the hydraulic engineers of Egypt? These are a few questions which arise from this discovery.

Thackeray calls it a combination of love and of wit. The magic sisters, Philosophy and Science, analyze life into several elemental colors of the spectrum. Their humane brother, Humor, mixes and mingles and synthesizes these seven elemental tints into the glorious effluence of life's sunshine and into the rollicking sunbeams of pleasure and of joy from the unassorted relations of life that muddle and befuddle the intellect. Humor distills the pure joy of living and extracts the essence of the truth that "the things that are" are better than "the things that are not," and that "the things that might be" could not be half as good as the "things that are."

Sawed-Off Sermon.
After blowing in a quarter for three cigars no man has a right to give his wife the laugh for buying a nickel's worth of chewing gum.—Indianapolis Star.

Russia's population will be 600,000,000 by the end of this century if it maintains its present rate of increase,

THE LION HUNTER

By LOUISE OLIVER.

"Dear Hermione: The minute you are free you must come to us. We have all sorts of wonderful things planned for the summer; besides, Dick's cousin is coming for a month or so—you know, the one I've told you about—the traveler who has been everything from a Japanese consul to a Peruvian treasure hunter, to say nothing of big game everywhere you can think of. Naturally he has money, so here's your chance, my poor, big, dependent sister. Get your little rich charges off for the seashore, if you must, but don't lose another second. And mind you don't call me names when you read this, for both Dick and I are concerned about your future and are determined to see you comfortably settled. We know what is better for you than you do yourself. Your loving sister, ANNE."

Hermione smiled indulgently. "Dear little Anne! As though her big sister wasn't perfectly well able to look after herself! I can't see why people insist upon pitying me just because I happen to be the only surviving member of the family and earn my own living, and because, too, I have resisted matrimony until I'm the only one of the old set that's left. All right, little sister! I'll hurry to your little cottage by the sea just because I love it and you, but I don't want to have a lion hunter and 'settle' myself in life, as you put it."

"No!" she said. "Hello! Is that you, Peter? Doing? Reading a letter from my little sister in Sedgwick. She says she has something for me and she wants me to hurry and get it. You'd never guess what it is!"

"A dog!" Peter ventured.

"No!"

"Jewelry?"

"Wrong!"

"Some good advice! Sisters are usually long on that."

"No—yes! Anyway, it's advice of a kind. She's found me a husband."

"I'll kill him!" jealously.

An amused ripple was his answer. "How funny you are, Peter! I never knew the quiet, mysterious lion was a geyser, or, rather, to be keeping with your name, I never suspected that the great, solid, dependable rock was a volcano. Don't be so bloodthirsty, Peter! I have just been thinking that a nice, rich, famous, jewel-conferring husband might be quite a comfort," teasingly.

"I tell you I'll shoot him!" savagely.

"Peter! Then, 'You are coming tonight, aren't you? I have everything done.'"

"Yes, I wouldn't miss going for a thousand worlds. So I'll reserve my threats till then. Good-by, dear girl!"

Hermione turned away with a troubled look. It had been one of the foundation stones of their friendship—in fact, the very ground itself—that everything between them be frank, homely and purely platonic. No sentiment of any kind allowed. It was so comfortable to have Peter to depend upon. He took her to concerts, lectures, anywhere she wanted to go, kept her up on the evolution of Yuan Shih-kai and the Chinese empire, and discussed both sides of the possible embargo on war supplies. He read her "The Gods of the Mountain" or something of the kind while she darned his socks and sewed on missing buttons. She had insisted in this "Peter," she had said, "don't throw away your socks if they show a hole or two. Let me mend them. I must do something for you." She hadn't dared to tell him the real reason—that the best diet she knew for anti-sentimentality was plenty of darning. The tone just now had worried her.

Peter arrived at eight with a box of candy and a torn shirt wrapped in a paper, with a suspiciously neat-looking hole between the shoulders.

Hermione seized it with delight. "Peter, whatever will become of you if you keep on wearing out your clothes? I don't see how you wear a hole away up there. It looks almost like a cut!"

"I've been wondering what would become of me if it were not for you, Hermione. I'd be a regular Rip Van Winkle for rags."

She flushed appreciatively. Then a serious look came into her eyes, and when Peter had spread out a new magazine and she had slipped on her thimble, she ventured, "I'm going to ask you something tonight—something serious, yet I don't want you to take it seriously."

He looked amused. He was accustomed to her odd prefaces, however. But he was petrifed for an instant before he replied when she went on hurriedly: "I want to be engaged to you for awhile. Don't think I am taking advantage of long years' kind friendship by this time; at least if you haven't your should have had. But if you aren't promised I wish you would take me. It will only last over the summer until I come back from Sedgwick. Don't you see how it is? If I'm engaged to anyone, they'll let me alone about Dick's lion-hunting cousin."

"Yes, he hunted lions or something in Peru—I mean Africa—and did something else in Japan, and he's very rich, and Anne writes that he'll be there when I am and they will keep him collared and chained so I can get him for my very own so I'll be fixed for life. He's the husband I told you about over the telephone. If I just announce that I'm engaged to somebody else they'll let me alone, and the lion tamer won't think I'm throwing myself at his head either. It will make everything so comfortable, and I'll probably have a good rest and a decent time. Otherwise—well, I just won't go, that's all. So you'd better let me be engaged to you, Peter. Think it over."

Hermione stopped for breath. Peter did not reply immediately. He seemed to be undecided about something, but Hermione, bent over her sewing, did not see the struggle in his face.

"Sure!" he said finally, much as he would have granted a request for a

match. "Sure thing, if it will help any. May I ask what may be in the charter of this new corporation?"

"What do you mean?"

"What happens if either party breaks his contract and gets engaged to someone else?"

"Speak only for yourself, Peter. I'll be true to my bargain."

"But you may fall in love with this man from Japan."

"Never!"

"Well, if you do, go ahead and take him, Hermione. That's my advice. I'll never take it to court," emphatically.

She looked up quickly. "After all, Peter, you are letting go easily. I believe you'd rather like to join in this conspiracy and marry me off to that other man."

"To be candid," returned Peter frankly, "nothing would suit me better."

"Here Peter," she said rising. "The shirt's done and I don't think we'd better read tonight. I—I've a headache and I think I'll go to bed." She held out her hand. "Good night."

"Good night," he answered gravely, looking searchingly into the brown eyes. "Being engaged doesn't entitle me to a—"

"No, it doesn't," declared Hermione, drawing back a step indignantly. Peter's anxiety to marry her off was still stinging.

Hermione arrived at Sedgwick in another week and luxuriated in the comfortable cottage on the sea bluff. Dick's cousin had not come to her relief, but every day brought nearer the time of his arrival.

Finally the night came that was to be the end of her peace of mind. The others had motored to the station to meet their guest, but Hermione preferred to walk on the sand and watch the moon come up.

A mile up the beach and a mile back took most of an hour. Coming back she met a man. The moon shone full on his face. "Peter!" she exclaimed, joyfully reaching out both hands.

But Peter's image only lifted his hat courteously. "I beg pardon, but you mistake my identity. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dick's cousin, the lion hunter, the Peruvian wonder, the man from Japan. Behold!"

Hermione laughed. "Don't make fun of me, Peter!"

"I'm not. It's gospel truth."

"And you're the one they all want me to—"

"Marry! And I want it, too, dear. And may I remind you that we are engaged—at least for the summer—and, being engaged, I think I'm entitled to—"

"But that is quite another story. (Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)"

War Hits Burnt Cork.

Black face comedians of the American stage have found their labors greatly increased because of the war.

There is scarcely a minstrel man—or woman—in the country who is not hard hit, for before the war there was available a carbon burnt cork which made blacking up a job of two or three minutes.

All that was necessary was to rub cold cream on the face, and then rub on the face blacking. After the show the black could be rubbed off just as quickly as it was put on—a smear of cold cream, a towel, then soap and water, and the minstrel's face was its regular color.

Now, however, the importation of this cork has stopped, and the minstrels have to make their own blacking. The carbon burnt cork was better for its purpose than any known substitute, and in its absence the black face actors have to seek numerous corks in kerosene. These are then charred to a powder.

Potatoes in Corfu.

The French soldiers now occupying the Greek island of Corfu are perhaps not aware that the potatoes which are furnished them at every meal are of French origin. This precious tuber was unknown at Corfu until after the occupation by French troops of the "Seven Isles" in 1807 after general Demozolot, says Le Cri de Paris, "commanding the army of occupation, had much difficulty in feeding his troops. He wrote to France and in 1810 a frigate came from Toulon loaded with potatoes. A liberal quantity of these was planted in the island by the soldiers of the garrison. The general offered samples of his first harvest to the inhabitants. They were unanimous in declaring that these unknown tubers had a disagreeable taste and that it was impossible to eat them. Four years later when our troops evacuated Corfu, the same natives bought the gardens and potato fields that had been cultivated by the soldiers. The natives had changed their minds."

Orange Blossom Trade Hit.

A minor trade which has been hit badly by the war is the orange blossom industry, the London Chronicle remarks. Weddings are simple affairs nowadays and there is not much demand for the fragrant white flowers. Practically all the orange blossom that reaches London is grown in the south of France, a few miles back from the coast line, in the sheltered valleys of the Alpes Maritimes.

There is, in ordinary times, a constant demand for the blooms, for the perfume manufacturers are ready buyers if the other market should fail. Orange plantations are handed on from one generation to another in the same family, and there would be small encouragement for rival planters, as the trees do not yield much in the way of a floral crop until they are a fair age.

Superstition Works Harm.

In northern New Mexico the fact that wolves and coyotes are becoming a serious menace to cattle and sheep is attributed to the superstition of Navajo Indians, the tribe holding both boasts sacred and refusing to treat them other than with the greatest of respect.

Costly Meas of Fish.

The largest fish ever collected in Washington county under the Vermont law which makes six inches the minimum length of trout was \$230, paid by Harry Dudley, for having 45 short ones in his possession.

GREATEST in the WORLD



IN THE PAINTED DESERT

THE GREATEST thing in the world. That is a large phrase and an overworked one, and hardened travelers do not take it lightly upon the tongue. Noticeably it is most glibly in use with those who but lately, and for the first time, have wandered beyond their native state or county.

Yet in every sort there is, of course, somewhere "the best thing in the world" of its kind.

There is and can be no dispute that the term applies literally to several things in the immediate region of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. As has more than once been said, probably no other equal area on earth contains so many supreme marvels of so many kinds—so many astounding sights, so many masterpieces of nature's handiwork, so vast and conclusive an encyclopaedia of the world-building processes, so impressive monuments of prehistoric man, so many triumphs of man still in the tribal relation—as does what has been called the "Southwestern Wonderland." This includes a large part of New Mexico and Arizona, the area which geographically and ethnographically may be counted as the Grand Canyon region. A few wonders are:

The largest and by far the most beautiful of all petrified forests, with several hundred square miles whose surface is carpeted with agate chips

and dotted with agate trunks two to four feet in diameter; and just across one valley a buried "forest" whose huge silicified—not agatized—logs show their ends under fifty feet of sandstone.

The largest natural bridge in the world, 200 feet high, over 500 feet span and over 600 feet wide, up and down stream, and with an orchard on its top and miles of stalactite caves under its abutments.

The largest variety and display of geologically recent volcanic action in North America, with 60-mile lava flows, 1,500-foot blankets of creamy tuffa cut by scores of canyons; hundreds of craters and thousands of square miles of lava beds, basalt and cinders, and so much "volcanic glass" (obsidian) that it was the chief tool of the prehistoric population.

Cave and Cliff Dwellings.

The largest and the most impressive villages of cave-dwellings in the world, most of them already abandoned when the "world-seeking Genoese" sailed.

The 25 strange communal town republics of the descendants of the "cliff dwellers," the modern Pueblos; some in fertile valleys, some (like Acama and Hopi) perched on barren and dizzy cliff tops. The strange dances, rites, dress and customs of these ancient peoples who have solved the problem of irrigation, six-story house building and clean self-government, and even women's rights—long before Columbus was born.

Some of the most notable tribes of savage nomads, like the Navajos, whose blankets and silver work are pre-eminent, and the Apaches, who man for man, have been probably the most successful warriors in history.

Greatest Chasm in the World.

At the head of the list stands the Grand Canyon of Arizona; whether it is the "greatest wonder of the world"

or not, it is certainly one of the most magnificent and awe-inspiring sights in the world.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is not only the largest, but the most varied and instructive example on earth of one of the chief factors of earth-building erosion. It is the mesa country—the land of tables. Nowhere else on the footstool is there such an example of deep-gnawing water or of water high carving. The sandstone mesas of the Southwest, the terracing of canyon walls, the castellation, butting and cliff-making, the cutting down of a whole landscape except its precipitous islands of flat-topped rock, the thin lava tablecloths on tables 100 feet high—these are a few of the things which make the Southwest wonderful alike to the scientist and the sightseer.

Personal Question.

A party of strangers were visiting at the college. It was in the late fall, and the air was crisp and cold. One of the members of the party, a charming young woman, was escorted through the grounds by a learned but absent-minded professor. Suddenly two members of the track team, accoutred for their sport, passed. "It's dreadfully cold," remarked the young woman, with a dainty shiver, as she gazed after the runners, "to be without stockings." The professor's mind, deep in contemplation of the fourth dimension, was attracted by the sound of the girl's voice. "Then why," he asked absently, "did you leave them off?"—Youth's Companion.

Bits About Holland.

The Dutch people occupy a country which contains 12,530 square miles—little more than one-tenth of the size of Great Britain and Ireland, the population being just over 6,000,000. Holland is not only flat, it is hollow. Hence its name—"Hollowland." Along the canals the meadows are ten feet or twelve feet, sometimes more, be-

neath the water line. By the sea, at high tide, there may be a difference in the level of the soil and of the ocean of quite twenty feet or more. Gin is distilled at Schiedam, Delft, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam. The distilleries of gin ("Hollands") form an important branch of Dutch industry. The liquor factories are of national importance. Something like ninety per cent of all the margarine sent to England comes from Holland. Every Dutch citizen is liable to personal service in the army (or navy) from the age of nineteen to forty. Actual service in the ranks is determined by lot, but substitution is not permitted.

Just the Man.

Merchant (to applicant)—What we need is a correspondence clerk who is a rapid writer. By the way, what have you been working at?

Applicant—I've been a movie actor, sir.

Merchant—You have? Well, say, if you can write letters for us with half the speed you movie actors do in those picture scenes, you're just the man we want.

HAVE DARK HAIR AND LOOK YOUNG

Nobody can Tell when you Darken Gray, Faded Hair with Sage Tea.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and attractive with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, all ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and beautiful. This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

A Joke With An Afterthought.

A newspaper humorist quotes this from a letter received by one of the Georgia congressmen:

"My youngest son has run away and enlisted in the regular army. I can't get him out. Won't you help me? He is a good boy and I was raising him for my own use."

In one sense this is a joke—a joke upon the father, who was bringing up the boy to get as much work out of him as possible—and the young soldier probably has chuckled over it more than anybody else. But the story is more serious than humorous. This boy ran away to escape three or four years of hard labor for his father's profit. Unfortunately a good many children cannot escape from their slavery to parents and cotton-mill owners. Georgia has 2,813 child laborers under thirteen years of age, North Carolina 6,359, and South Carolina 4,154, and it is up to the State or Federal legislature to give them their heritage of sunshine, play, and schooling.—Collier's.

Affected By Business.

"The girl in the photograph place we patronize is just full of affection."

"But you must consider that it is her business to put on airs."—Washington Star.

Always Thus.

"I understand they want to turn distilleries into munition factories."

"It might help, if they do. But it's the old story of the ultimate consumer getting the worst of it."—Washington Star.

Have Healthy, Strong, Beautiful Eyes.

Cure and Physicians used Murine Eye Remedy many years before it was offered as a Domestic Eye Medicine. Murine is Still Compounded by O. P. Frazer and guaranteed by them as a Reliable Relief for Eyes that Need Care. Try it in your eyes and in Baby's eyes—No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Buy Murine of your Druggist—accept no substitute, and if interested write for Book of the Eye Free. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Two Deluded Souls.

Bix—I wonder if Dr. Cook really thought he discovered the north pole?

Dix—Possibly! We should make mistakes. Why, when I married my wife I thought I had discovered Paradise.—Boston Transcript.

Loans Seem to Weaken It.

A (to man he has touched)—Thanks, old chap. But what is this little pamphlet you handed me?

B—Oh, I always hand one of those out with a loan. It tells how to strengthen the memory.—Boston Transcript.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrown toenails, and all foot ailments. It sells for 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Sense of Responsibility.

"Is Blaggins patriotic?"

"Thoroughly."

"Would he fight for his country?"

"I don't know about that. But he hasn't the slightest doubt that in an emergency somebody ought to."—Washington Star.

Times Change.

"What? You need new clothes again? When I was a boy I wasn't ashamed to wear garments that were patched."

"Yes, dad, but you know you didn't associate with such refined people as I do."

Salts Fine For Aching Kidneys.

We eat too much meat which Clogs Kidneys, then the Back hurts.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine.

This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.