

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 27, 1914.

Vast Underground Edifice, Described in Earliest Writings Extant, Revealed Through Explorations Made by Scientist.

Professor Naville has just discovered what he believes to be the most ancient building extant in Egypt. The professor believes that he has discovered the place mentioned by Strabo, who calls it the well, or fountain, of Abydos. "Below the Memnonium," says that ancient writer, "is a spring reached by passages with low vaults consisting of a single stone and distinguished for their extent and mode of construction. This spring is connected with the Nile by a canal which flows through a grove of Egyptian thornacacias, sacred to Apollo."

The vast underground edifice, to which the excavators first penetrated on February 13, is termed by its discoverer a reservoir, remarks the Indianapolis News. It is some ninety feet long by sixty feet wide and surrounded by a wall eighteen feet thick. The construction of the building is of the cyclopean order, blocks of stone of enormous size being piled one on top of the other. A canal runs right around the building under a roof supported by enormous pillars of granite, with a narrow stone towing path along the sides. The center of the construction seems to have been a sort of island, reached possibly by a wooden bridge from the pathway.

The professor states: "We have still no certain indication of the date of its construction; but the style, the size of the materials used and the complete absence of any ornamentation all indicate a very great antiquity. Up to now the temple of the Sphinx at Gizeh has always been considered the most ancient edifice in Egypt. It is contemporary with the pyramid of Chefren. The reservoir of Abydos, of a wholly analogous construction, but built of very much vaster material, has a character still more archaic. I should not be surprised if it were the most ancient piece of architectural work extant in Egypt. The pyramids are possibly of the same age, but a pyramid is only a mass of stones, and would not require so complicated a plan as the reservoir."

"If we have before us the most ancient Egyptian building which has been preserved, it is curious that it is neither temple nor tomb, but a reservoir, a great hydraulic piece of work. That shows us that these ancient peoples knew very well the movement of subterranean waters and the laws which govern their rise and fall. It is quite probable that this reservoir played some part in the cult of Osiris. The cells along its sides are possibly those that appear in the Book of the Dead; it is also possible that the waters were held to have curative qualities and that they were used by sick persons who came thither to seek a cure. It may be that sometimes the boat of Osiris floated on the waters of the reservoir, hauled by priests on the path that runs along the side; for the bark of the sun, as one sees it depicted in the tombs of kings, journeys always at the end of a towline. Who would have thought a few months ago that thirty feet below the earth one would be able to see a building such as this, which surpasses in grandeur the most colossal of cyclopean edifices?"

Why Not?

Questioned as to her domestic activities, on the trial of her suit for divorce, Mme. Schumann-Heink replied that she "cooked and scrubbed and washed," and when the lawyer expressed surprise, she added: "Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? The mothers of most Americans who are remembered cooked and scrubbed and washed. We know that George Washington's mother did all of these things. To the mother of Abraham Lincoln they were but incidents in the day's work. Thousands of our people living in luxury at this minute had mothers or grandmothers who cooked and scrubbed and washed. Why not? Most men toil today as they always have done. If there is an idea that work is ignoble, it does not proceed from them; it has not been handed down by the mothers of the great and it has no approval in the veritable annals of our wholesome politics or our good society. Wherever such an impression prevails, it is false, foolish and probably only fashionable."—New York World.

Building Dams on the Ice.

The government engineers on the upper Mississippi have found that by constructing the dam on the ice in the winter they can often build them in shallow places and across sand bars which are inaccessible to the barges and steamers in the summer months, the Scientific American states. The work also can be done much more cheaply.

The willows and rock are hauled upon the ice by teams and unloaded at the place where the dam is to be constructed. The building crews follow the same method as is used in the summer months. A mattress of willows is made, loaded with rock, a second willow mat laid on top and so on until a lam of proper height is constructed.

When it is finished, the ice is cut away and the structure sinks to the river bed of its own weight. The work on the ice has been progressing for three years all along the upper half of the river.

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IRELAND'S MANY FLAGS

COUNTRY HAS HAD NUMEROUS EMBLEMS OF SOVEREIGNTY.

Harp, Decried by Most People as Typically Irish, Was Really Imposed Upon the Country by an English King.

What flag shall Ireland fly? This is a question that is again being discussed, writes a London correspondent of the New York Sun.

Probably no country has had more national flags than Ireland, so that of old-time flags range of choice is by no means restricted. The most ancient, without doubt, is the "Spear and Serpent," said to commemorate the curing by Moses of an ancestor of Mile-sius who had been bitten by a snake. Then there is the golden sunburst upon a blue ground, emblem of Fionn MacCumhall's Fenian (militia). Blue was always Ireland's national color until 1798, when the United Irishmen, to signify the blending of north and south evolved a national color of the blue formed by the amalgamation of blue and orange—namely, green.

Another flag is that which Cromwell's soldiers are reputed to have seen when fighting the Kernes, a red cross upon a golden ground. Opinions as to whether such was ever a national emblem or not are divided, many people believing it to have been the arms of an insurgent commander.

The three golden crowns upon a blue ground is another emblem which has not been overlooked. The design appears today in the arms of Munster, and the three crowns are said to typify the triple kingdoms of Desmond, Thomond and Ormond. Any-way, this flag was the emblem of Ireland from 1170 to 1547, when Henry VIII of England substituted the harp for the three crowns, the reason being that Henry was anxious that the three crowns should not be confused with the triple tiara of the pope, with whom, at this juncture, Henry was not on the best of terms.

Thus it comes about that the harp, which is deemed as typically Irish, was imposed upon Ireland by an English king; but had not the United Irishmen, although they decried the harp in 1798, adopted it as their emblem, and Grattan's parliament recognized the harp, although they did not like the green ground, it is hardly likely that the average Irishman today would regard it as other than an upstart burgeoise.

Still another national device to be considered is the "Lamh Dearg Eirinn," the Red Hand of Ireland, which, upon a white ground, was borne by Shane and Hugh O'Neill's armies that defeated Queen Elizabeth's generals.

The early hours of the nineteenth century saw Ireland afflicted with the St. Patrick's Cross, a red satiric upon a white ground. What St. Patrick had to do with it nobody can say, but some emblem or the other had got to be incorporated in the British flag upon the passing of the act of union, and so the heralds did the rest. Wherever they got the red satiric from it is not known, but there is reason to believe that it was borrowed from the arms of Trinity college, Dublin, which had in turn borrowed it from the Fitzgerald family. In all probability Ireland will adopt the sunburst upon a blue ground, the chief reason being its antiquity, its distinctly Irish origin, and its symbolism of Ireland rising to take her proper place among the nations.

But come what may, the ground of the new flag is going to be blue. The Sinn Feiners are resolved upon that, and that the flag's material shall not be silk or cotton, but good Irish linen.

Whimsical Prisoner.

A prisoner's remarkable flow of words caused great amusement at Dublin sessions recently. A laborer was charged with stealing a pair of boots.

"By what stretch of imagination or by what insane processes of reasoning can you assume that I stole the boots?" he asked.

Addressing the court later, he said: "I have always testified with the utmost ardor and fervor of my soul my high admiration for the courage, discipline, and exalted integrity and inspiring honesty of the Dublin police. I had some pious and artistic pictures when arrested, and offered them to the police-sergeant for his edification. I would serve 40,000 years in jail rather than knuckle down to the whimsical and fantastic charge."

Smart Reply.

The captain of a certain troopship conveying a British cavalry regiment to the cape was noted for his wit, and at every opportunity that offered he loosed his shafts of humor, to the chagrin and embarrassment of their targets. Sooner or later the stinger gets stung, however, and this chronic pun-artist was no exception to the rule.

On one occasion, when about two days out from port, he approached a group of soldiers who were swabbing the forward deck, and, singling out a big, raw-boned Irish recruit who was experiencing his first taste of sailor's life, he gravely asked:

"Can you steer the mainmast down the fore-castle stairs?"

Quick as a flash came the reply: "Yes, sor, I can, if you will stand below and coil it up."

BRAVING AERIAL ICINESS.

Easier For the Balloonist Than For the Man in an Aeroplane.

I am often asked why the aeroplane, which has reached at its very highest a little over 18,000 feet, brings back its aviator even from a much lower point, often almost exhausted with cold, when the balloonist floating for hours at a height of over four miles is not overcome by low temperature and hardly inconvenienced. The answer is simple. The aviator rushes upward from the earth, cutting his way in ascending spirals ever against the wind of his own swift flight and the roaring blast of his propeller.

He is the epitome of action. He is man's supreme defiance of nature's precedents. The nervous strain is something fearful as the machine claws up the side of nothingness toward a mark in the heavens, invisible yet all compelling, the mark another man has set—the altitude record. Out of sight of the waiting crowds, no longer even a dot in the sky, he may meet opposing air currents, blinding cloud banks that muffle him so that he cannot see the tips of his own wings. He may be forced to buck against adverse conditions so that he keeps circling round and round with the barograph lashed to the side of the machine scarcely moving, and then he thinks about the last man's mark and sets his teeth—and sets the mark higher in the heavens.

He may come back so stiff with cold that he cannot stir from the seat, but a good deal of it will be due to the intense nervous strain, for no one so audaciously affronts gravitation and gets away with it entirely unscathed. Meanwhile the balloonist has been "rafted to the skies," if not "on flowery beds of ease," at least on an air mattress, with a gas bag going up in docile agreement with laws governing the expansion of gas. The carburetor freezes at a lower temperature than the balloonist's water bottles, because vaporizing liquid in itself produces cold.

But I have had water bottles freeze in a balloon often enough, and the temperature has been around zero. The ballast freezes, and, instead of sending it over the side from the scoop in a fine cloud, you have to break up the stony mass with a hammer lest a chunk fall on somebody's head below. One day when we were shivering in the thickest of ulsters and drinking hot soup with a relish, we could have looked over the edge of the basket and seen the farmers in Iowa having sunstrokes in the hayfields—that is, if we had recognized either sunstrokes or farmers, for at that height a man who is always hiding under his hat—looks like a period on this page.—Augustus Post in American Magazine.

Told of Mrs. Huxley.

In a memoir of Mrs. Huxley the London Times recalls that in the "Life of Huxley" it is told how, before their marriage, Huxley took his wife, who was very ill, to one of the most famous doctors of the day, as if merely a patient he was interested in. Then,

Medical.

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as one member of the profession to another, he asked him privately his opinion of the case. "I give her six months to live," said Aesculapian. "Well, six months or not," replied Huxley, "she is going to be my wife." Huxley died in 1895 and his wife in 1914.

The Busy Man.

Peals of laughter came from the president's room as the secretary stepped out.

"Mr. Green is too busy to see you at present," said the secretary politely.

"I'm sorry," said the man who called on business. "Will you go back and tell Mr. Green that I've got two stories just as good as the one he's heard if he'll let me in to tell them?"—Detroit Free Press.

The British Museum.

In the early days of the British museum, a century or more ago, the place was open for only six hours daily on five days a week during the summer and four hours daily during the rest of the year. Nobody could remain in the building for more than two consecutive hours, and the number admissible at one time was strictly limited to fifteen. Each batch of visitors was shepherded by an attendant.

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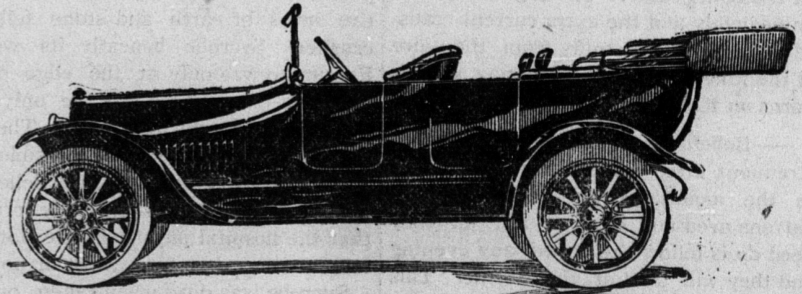
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