

Ancient Egyptians Had Mummies at Their Revels

It was not unusual in the ancient days of Egypt's splendor for the tombs of the kings to be re-entered after burial and the body carried out to have a part in some significant ritual.

Death was a foremost thought in the Egyptian's mind, and his daily life was a continual preparation for the life hereafter.

He held great feasts where death was perhaps furthest from his mind of all subjects. But suddenly the music ceased, dancers slunk away to darkened corners, feasters sat back half-sobered while wine goblets remained untouched.

From the far end of the hall came a somber procession; two or three slaves strained at heavy ropes which were attached to a cumbersome sled-like affair.

Slowly the procession entered, passed on and disappeared while the guests looked on with staring eyes.

Suspension Bridge Is Moved in One Piece

When the suspension bridge which spans the Avon gorge was removed from its old job of spanning the Thames, it was taken to pieces and transported to Bristol bit by bit.

The new bridge at Harwich, in connection with the train-ferry service to Zeebrugge, was transported from its original position at Southampton in one piece, London Tit-Bits says.

It was a bigger job than the transporting of Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to the Thames embankment.

The simple plan was to lash two big barges together, float them under the bridge, and then lower it onto their decks.

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Tries Out Cars on Roof

An automobile factory at Lingotto, Italy, has upon its roof, more than 100 feet above the ground, a testing track which is 3,810 feet, or nearly three-fourths mile around.

Supplies of gasoline and oil are always at hand, and are pumped from underground tanks.—Compressed Air Magazine.

Credit for Intention

The old farmer had dropped a two-shilling piece in the kirk plate instead of a penny, and, noticing his mistake, tackled the elder at the end of the service.

"It wud be sacreeledge, Sandy, tas tutt it oot noo," he said.

"Weel, I'll git credit for it in heaven," replied the farmer.

"Na, na; ye'll only get credit for a penny, for that was a' ye intendit tae pit in."

Fair Enough

Judge—He says you drew a knife and started to carve him up.

"Well, he blacked my eye, so I thought it was no more'n fair for him to furnish the raw meat to put on it!"

—Judge.

How to Get There

She—How shall I go to work to become a star?

He—Get the reviewers to praise you to the skies.—Boston Transcript.

THE MAPLE LEAF DOES GOOD WORK

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

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A red leaf, pure flame-scarlet, circled softly down upon Elspeth's bare head, making an enchanting harmony of color against her cloud of wavy golden-chestnut hair—her greatest charm. Otherwise she was no more than wholesomely pretty.

Leigh Granville was Beauty's vowed knight, withal rich, well-born, dowered with eerie charm.

"I want you, Elspeth! Come! Quick!" Valetta called imperiously from an upper window.

"I see! You've got a crazy fit!" Elspeth flung back at him. "I'm just the same as yesterday."

"Shame on you for a fibber!" Leigh admonished. "Let me show you—confound you to your face with your face."

"Why, how nice!" Elspeth retorted. "Anything for a quiet life—"

"Elspeth! I called you!" Valetta shrieked high above them.

"Unless she comes I can't go with you to the Bromley dance tonight."

"Be seen without it—and put out all eyes," Leigh commented. "That is, unless Elspeth will wear red leaves—and nothing else."

"Stop such disgraceful talk, young man! I aim to keep respectable company, or none," Granny Sidney chuckled from the side porch.

It turned out both needed adjustment. Valetta was even more jealous than her Spanish coloring warranted—she had called Elspeth first out of sheer impertinence, but to find that thus she had thrown her in Leigh's way was intolerable, especially since she had seen and heard what passed.

Hate hot and fluid as lava filled her heart. She wanted to fly at Elspeth's throat as she sat stitching deftly at the misfit frock.

She lay face down for hours, racking her brain, her lava-wrath the while hardening into desperate purpose.

Hate hot and fluid as lava filled her heart. She wanted to fly at Elspeth's throat as she sat stitching deftly at the misfit frock.

It was too mad to fall—she meant to make Leigh drink the drugged liquor till he was quite as mad, else unconscious, then she would take the wheel and drive like the wind—anywhere away from all her world.

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For ten minutes time trotted hard withal for her, then out in front came a throaty shout, throatier laughter, bellowed greetings, and resounding back-slapping.

"Run right down—unless you want me to come fetch you," he roared up the stairway. Valetta went, like something hypnotized.

"You surely can," Leigh said heartily. "Here am I, aching to do my darndest. Matrimony is, I hear, contagious. I want to start a wave that will sweep the country."

And that was that—and all of it.

How We Get That Way! Show Wrong Interes.

Sister had been up late the night before, and when the alarm clock rang at six-forty-five she snuggled down for those ten extra minutes that would in the end mean hurry—hurry—hurry.

"Oh, I'm so ashamed to disturb you at this hour!" came a piercing whisper. "Come in," said Sister, as cordially as if her hair were not still up in tight kids.

"No," hissed the other, standing just so that the door could not be closed and a chilly draft played around Sister's ankles; "no, thank you; I can't possibly come in. I only wanted to ask you if your heat was on."

"What time is it, do you think?—ah, I mustn't keep you," was the lady's next move. "Five minutes past seven, you say? That can't be right, do you think? I feel as if it must be later. But would you mind seeing if the other radiators are warm? Ours are stone cold. I suspect the janitor of being lazy!"

How do we get that way? By being so much more interested in what ought to be than in what is, that we are almost glad when it isn't!

Turning Back Ventilated sandals, the kind worn universally at the dawn of civilization, are recommended by a Woodward avenue shoe dealer as a solution of prevailing foot ailments.

No Heat From Firefly A scientist who has experimented with problems of light production informs us that the firefly gives off no heat which can be detected.

Chamois Skin Demand There has been an increase in the production of chamois skins in the Niort district of France.

Read the "Personals" Andy McClure, a cook in a lumber camp at Astoria, Ore., let his eyes fall on the "personal" column of a metropolitan newspaper the other day and read a few words asking for the whereabouts of McClure himself.

No Babies Wanted The small girl met the doctor near her home.

Beef for 5,000 People Roasted by Electricity

A new and unusual application of electric heating was made recently when electrically barbecued beef was served to five thousand people at the annual round up and celebration at Ephrata, Washington.

The meat was first roasted at a temperature of 550 degrees for two hours. The heat was then reduced to 350 degrees and maintained at this point for four hours.

Albumen From the Lupin Seed Makes Good Food Not only in the Mediterranean region, but also along the western coast of America there grow freely tall, handsome spikes of blue-white or yellow flowers that form entrancing bits of color in the landscape during the season for blossoming.

What She Was After Mrs. Skiffington, during the course of an afternoon call on Mrs. Biffington, sought the latter's advice as to applying for divorce.

Competent Guide A group of motorists from Washington got lost in Druid Hill park in Baltimore. They were trying to make the Pimlico racetrack, which is situated just on the edge of the Maryland metropolis.

Ingenious Diving Suit Improvising a diving apparatus from an old household hot-water tank, fifteen years of rubber tubing, a length of heavy chain and a discarded beer pump, Walter Merwin of Perth "Amboy, N. J., has become a successful commercial diver.

She Had Heard Comments At a private entertainment a guest had just risen from the piano.

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