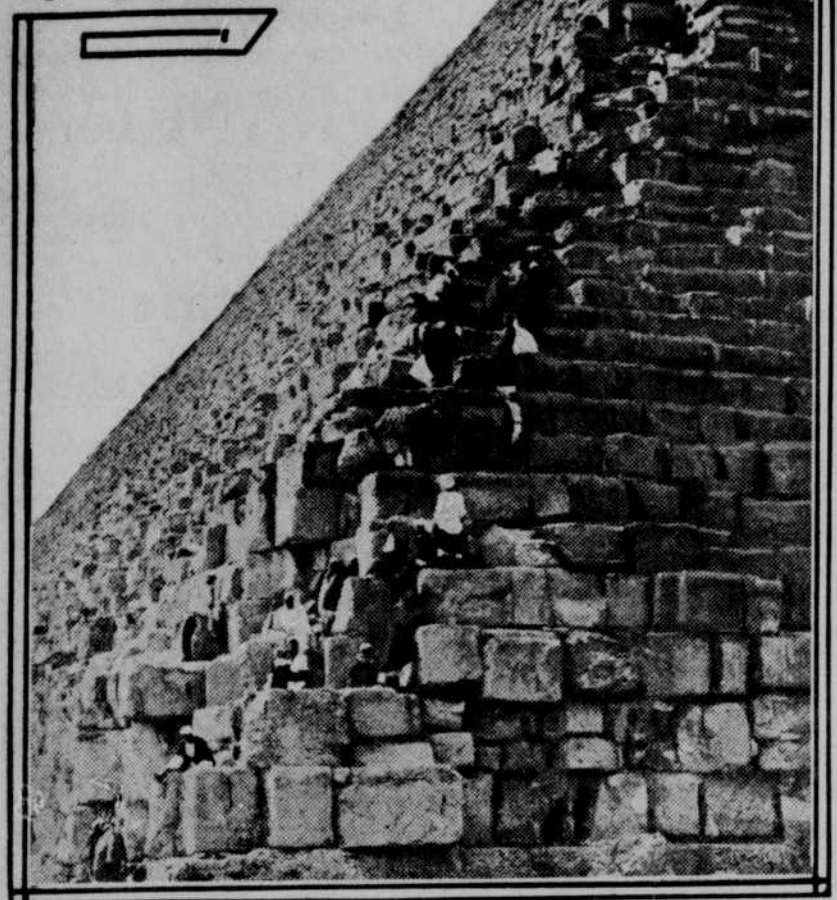


# Out of Egypt's Sand



Near View of the Great Pyramid.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

Stanley journeyed thousands of miles to lay bare the secrets of Africa to the world; but in the northeastern corner of the same continent even more thrilling exploration has been in progress during the past few decades through a relatively few feet of sand. The excavators who with pick and shovel have been bringing to light the details of Egypt's ancient civilization and the everyday life of her people, where before only the barest outline of the nation's history was available, are as truly discoverers of unknown civilizations as far-faring Marco Polo or Pizarro.

For a long time Egypt was to the rest of the world little more than a sea of sand with a few dominant monuments—the pyramids, the Sphinx, the colossus of Memnon—to point to her past greatness. Relics of various dynasties existed side by side, their relations often unknown.

The names of many kings and some of their noblest exploits were known, but there was general ignorance in regard to the less exalted Egyptians, to the activities that made up the life of this mysterious nation beside the Nile four and perhaps five and six or more thousands of years ago. Grave robbers, whose activities extend back into the days long before the Ptolemies, had rifled many tombs and so made much of the early scientific excavations barren of results. And the early excavation of Egyptologists was itself a careless procedure aiming at the big goals and destroying and burying many small objects of incalculable value in the indications they might have given of manners and customs.

Recent exploration in Egypt has been a vastly different matter. Modern efficiency methods have been adapted to the delving for the buried secrets of the ancients, and now every cubic foot of sand about a promising site is combed or actually sifted that no broken fragment of pottery, scrap of papyrus, or jeweled bauble may escape detection. In early days the most common method of disposing of the removed sand and debris was by means of basket brigades which dumped their loads nearby. Now light tramways are used and care is taken to haul the discarded material to a point where it is definitely known that nothing of value will be covered. Where formerly a "find" was a "find" and was assembled with all others, now any object partially uncovered is photographed in place frequently as the sand is removed, so that no possible significance of its position or relation to other objects will be overlooked; and before it is stored it is carefully tagged, numbered and card-indexed.

Getting Real Picture of Ancient Life. These painstaking methods have fully justified themselves. Instead of having a confused mass of facts, many of them most interesting in themselves, but often perplexing, we are getting by degrees a complete, intelligible picture of Egyptian life over a period of thousands of years. Seemingly unimportant things help greatly to fill in the picture. One would hardly make the mistake of picturing the old Egyptians scratching matches to light the kitchen fire, but there was for long no true picture to take the place of fancy. None of the discovered hieroglyphics showed the making of fire, and it appeared to be entirely without religious significance. In recent years, however, one of the new school of excavators sifted from the sand a well-preserved fire-bow and drill and even a board with burnt holes, and the problem was solved.

Temporary towns besides the sites of great engineering projects are no new thing in the world. Cities for laborers were constructed for use while some of the pyramids were under construction. One such town has been completely uncovered and gives a cross-section of life under such conditions more than 4,900 years ago. The town was congested and had sections like the slums of today with the crowded dwellings opening on narrow alleys. There were some separate dwellings and some barrack-like structures presumably for unmarried workers. But even in the most humble houses evidences were found that their occupants lived on a higher plane than might have been supposed. Various manuscripts were found, including a medical treatise and several wills. And in the separate dwellings were found such toys as tops and dolls and tiny boats to show that the pastimes of children of that remote time were not vastly different from those of today.

At the very border line between the pre-historic and the historic in Egypt, civilization, it has been found, had reached a considerable degree of development. The tombs of the first Egyptian kings, who lived anywhere from 5,000 to 7,000 years ago, are such as no barbarians could have erected—a fact which pushes the beginning of Egyptian civilization into a very dim past indeed. This was before the days of pyramid building when the tombs were underground structures.

Preserved in the Tombs. The furniture of this distant period was by no means crude as one might assume it would have been. There were ebony chests skillfully inlaid with ivory, stools with ivory legs carved like the legs of bulls, vessels cut from alabaster and ewers of copper wrought with the cunning that only highly skilled craftsmen could have possessed. Delicately fashioned bracelets on the withered arms of the mummy of Egypt's first known queen add further to the record of the progress in the arts which Egypt had attained when we catch our first glimpse of it down the ages.

And there is a pretty little picture of the family relations of this ancient society. Besides the tomb of the first Egyptian king at Abydos is that of his daughter, and carved on her tomb came the picture of which her father knew her—"Sweetheart."

Even at that early date the court was socially highly organized. Womanhood was sincerely respected in ancient Egypt and especially was this true of the mothers. What might be called Egypt's substitute for the fifth commandment ignored the father. It was an injunction: "Never forget what thy mother hath done for thee. She bare thee and nourished thee in all manner of ways. If thou forgettest her, she might blame thee; she might lift up her hands to God, and He would hear her complaint." In many families it was the custom for titles and property to pass not to the eldest son but to the son of the eldest daughter. There was no "mother-in-law joke" in Egypt. To the mind of the Egyptian it was the natural thing that his wife's relations should take a deeper interest in his affairs than his blood relations.

Much of the ability of those who live today to look into the past of Egypt, to see something of its flesh-and-blood life, and to understand somewhat of the joys and sorrows of its people, must be ascribed to the preserving powers of the desert air over that sandy land. The perfect condition of some of the objects recovered from tombs is marvelous. One of the best examples of this was the tomb of the noble parents of the great Queen Tyl. The discoverer of the large airy chamber that was provided as a home for these important personages declared that it seemed the room might have been shut up only a few weeks before. Beautifully carved and inlaid armchairs stood about, on them down-stuffed cushions that could have been sat upon without injury. In another part of the room were "twin beds" perfectly preserved. The most amazing discovery of all was that of a jar of honey, 3,300 years old, still a fluid and still having its recognizable odor.

## OLD CAPTAIN

By SIGNE H. ANDERSON

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate  
"Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
The boys are marching."

These words drifted to the ears of the gray-headed old soldier sitting by the open window lost in thought. Many long years had gone by since he had first heard those words sung. He could see "the boys" seated before the camp fire in '65, reading letters from home or singing to keep up a semblance of cheerfulness; or tramping over miles of rutty roads, and singing to keep their spirits up.

For many years, now, he had been living with his oldest daughter and her family. Yes, Susie had always been kind and daughterly to him, but, just the same, he didn't want to be constantly reminded that he was getting old and feeble. It was "Father, don't do this," and "Father, don't do that; you are too old," or "you are not strong enough."

Every year previous to this one he had marched with "the boys" on Memorial day, and each year had found the number smaller and smaller, until this year there would be but five. As "Old Captain," as he was fondly called by the children of the neighborhood, sat there lost in thought, he was rudely brought back to the present by the voices of his daughter and her husband.

"Father is really too old to try to march this Memorial day. We must persuade him that it would be better for him to sit on the piazza and watch the parade," Susie was saying.

Persuade him! Indeed! Perhaps this would be the last chance for him; no one knew what might happen before another year rolled by. A bit of the old fighting spirit was awakened in the aged soldier. He'd show them a thing or two! He had quite made up his mind to march, and march he would.

So each day, while Susie was busy in the kitchen, "Old Captain" crept softly upstairs to the spare room closet, tucked a bit of his blue uniform under his jacket, as softly crept down again, and sat, apparently lost in thought, in his favorite chair by the window. By and by Susie would come in to tell him that she was going upstairs to straighten up the bedrooms and to call her if he wanted anything. Of course, he wasn't able to do anything for himself! Perhaps she wouldn't be surprised! As soon as he thought she was safely out of hearing, he went to the shed back of the house, and carefully hid that part of his uniform. Each day he did this until every part of his uniform was carefully hidden away.

Memorial day arrived, but nothing had been said to "Old Captain" about not taking part in the parade. However, the time had come.

"Father, I don't believe you had better march this year. You are not strong enough, and I'm sure it would be too much for you. You can sit on the piazza and watch the parade as it goes by. Of course, you will agree with me and see that I mean it for your own good," Susie paused. "I will point out the different people as they near the house, and it will be just as if you were there yourself. There, I knew you'd understand."

It was just as he had thought. He wasn't even given a chance to remonstrate; it was all settled without his "yes" or "no."

"All right, Susie, I'm going for a short walk about the farm," and he pushed back his chair and walked slowly from the room.

"I didn't think he'd take it so easy," Susie remarked to her husband, after her father had left the room.

"He didn't have much to say about it, I must say," was the answer. Meanwhile "Old Captain" made straight for the woodshed and with hands trembling with excitement donned his uniform, then made his way "cross lots" to the meeting place on the common.

The morning crept on and the time came for the parade to pass the house. "Where can father be?" asked Susie of her husband. "He would feel pretty bad to miss the parade. I've looked everywhere around the house and have called for him several times."

Just then the sound of music could be heard.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
The boys are marching—"

"Susie, Susie, come quick. See who is in the parade!"

And there was "Old Captain," with head up and eyes sparkling, marching with the rest.

Historic Church Rededicated  
Historic Old Stone church at Staunton, Va., was rededicated recently, a new addition having been completed. Old Stone, located at Ft. Defiance, is the oldest Presbyterian church in Virginia, January 22 was the anniversary of its original dedication, which was in 1749.

The building was started in 1738, and sand had to be carried on horseback from the river, several miles away, and men and women of the settlement remaining together and accompanying the trains for safety, the men going armed for protection against the Indians, who were still numerous in the valley.

Fuel From Sugar Cane.  
Because of the high cost of gasoline in South Africa, motor fuels are manufactured from sugar cane, corn and certain classes of cactus, all of which provide a plentiful supply of alcohol.

## MARRIAGE MADE A BUSINESS

Practice in France That Can Hardly Be Said to Savor Much of Romance.

Anyone can marry—anyone, everyone—if they have a business manager who knows the business.

Since the war, in France, weddings have doubled, births increased and deaths declined in the most astonishing manner.

Now, as all know, marriage does not necessitate a business manager—the old heter-skelter way of falling in love by hazard will undoubtedly continue very much in vogue; but if anyone imagines that marriage is not moving with the times and yielding to business organization, they know little of what is happening in France today!

Never before have girls done such marrying in France—with available bridegrooms so reduced in number! What is more, this organized promotion of marriage gives every girl a chance—despite handicaps of unacquaintance, social disadvantage, plain looks, lack of money, lack of family, lack of pushing friends to aid the match.

Your business manager's your pushing friend!

Helps girls to marry?  
Helps men, also.  
Perhaps even, more so. . . .  
You will object.  
And romance?

"But the quality, monsieur, think of the quality!" said madame. "Durable, solid, the best mark in France! Before the young folks are allowed to meet, both had been investigated, weighed, compared and balanced by social experts and the pairing-off O. K.'d in final conference! Now, there's a marriage that will last. It's got good wear in it!"

## PARROT FISH ODD CREATURE

Must Have Been Devised When Mother Nature Was in Unusually Freakish Mood.

If some one asked you, "What is that which has a beak like that of a parrot and cheek pouches like those of a monkey, lives in the sea and chews the cud like a cow?" you might imagine it was some kind of catch riddle. Yet there is a creature which answers this description perfectly. It is called the parrot fish.

The upper and lower jaws have become hardened into a sharp, curved beak, which is just the tool required for popping off hunks of tough wood. Each piece slipped off by the beak is passed into one of the two curious pouches which adorn the cheeks, and there it remains until the parrot fish feels that he has collected enough to make a good meal.

He then lies on the bottom and chews the cud by means of the splendid set of teeth which nature has placed, not in his mouth, but in his throat.—Exchange.

## Time's Changes in England.

The poacher, the trespasser, the man who by accident lets his pigs or helters out upon the public road, the urinator who robs an orchard, and many minor rural "malefactors" are, it is generally claimed, being more personally dealt with by modern country magistrates. In England, the abolition of the old-time benches of squires and landowners, whose right to be made justices of the peace was almost regarded as hereditary, and their substitution by men of integrity in every walk of life, and now by women, has wrought a change in rural police court justice which the country mind understands and appreciates to the full. On a country bench recently, a prominent landowner, his agent, one of his laborers were all adjudicating together.

A notice was braving the Dartmouth ski-jump. He shot down the incline, lurched weakly at the take-off, landed face downward below and finished the slide, nose first, plowing into the snow smother.

"You jumped too late, Joe!" yelled an enthusiast.

"Naw"—from the smother below—"I jumped too soon. Should have learned more about the game first."—Everybody's Magazine.

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## VESSELS BUILT IN SECTIONS

Ships Intended for Operation on Lakes Far Inland Are Now Transported Piecemeal.

A well-known shipbuilding firm in the north of England is at the present time building a vessel which will be carried to Africa in portions. It will be re-assembled at its ultimate destination.

Every year ships are built in Great Britain for use on lakes and inland waters in all parts of the world. Usually these are built and bolted together in the shipyard before being taken to pieces and sent to distant parts in separate packages.

A large mission steamer built some years ago for use on Lake Nyassa, in Africa, was erected in England as if for launching. But no rivets were used; bolts and nuts held the steel framework together. The sides, port and starboard, were painted in different colors, and every bar, plate, and piece of steelwork bore a different number and letter.

Thus the builders in Africa could tell at a glance whether a plate belonged to one side or the other; the exact position it was intended to occupy was denoted by the reference number and letter.

In order to facilitate transport, this steamer was divided into over three thousand packages, each of which weighed from half a hundredweight to five hundredweights.

The greatest difficulty encountered in sending these ships abroad is with the boilers and masts. The boilers weigh many tons, and the masts are difficult to handle on account of their length.

## BELONGED TO FAMOUS MAN

Chair Once Used by Primate Bramhall Restored to Place in Cathedral at Armagh.

An ancient chair which was dedicated recently at Armagh (Ireland) cathedral by the primate was a great find, being the oak chair belonging to Primate Bramhall, who came into office shortly after Cromwell's time. For many years efforts have been made to trace the chair, but it was only a few weeks ago that it was discovered to be in the hands of a well-known London expert. The chair was submitted to a famous antiquarian who at once identified it, with the result that it has returned to its original home—the cathedral. At the top of the chair is carved a large eye—the all-seeing eye; beneath it a crown after a mitre; and under that the arms of the See of Armagh. Under this is the true cross, and below it again 1911—the date on which Archbishop Bramhall was enthroned. On the last panel are the capital letters, "M.R.I.L." standing for Armagh.

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**Afraid of the Classics.**  
A farce comedy recently opened in New York with the title "The Merchant of Venus." The critics praised it and it was apparently destined for a long run, but despite the fact it was in the smallest theater in town very small audiences came. The manager discovered that people thought it was a burlesque of a Shakespearean play. He changed the name to "Because of Helen" and the theater was filled every night thereafter.—Atlanta Constitution.

**Owls in Old University City.**  
Owls, as is proper in the case of birds of such renowned solemnity and secluded habit, have always exhibited a particular liking for Oxford university. Recently they have established a new colony in the ivy-covered walls of the Bodleian library and the Tower of the Five Orders, in the Old Schools quadrangle. Members of the library staff now occasionally find relaxation from their duties by rescuing the young birds which find their way down to the pavement of the quadrangle and are unable to fly up to their nests.

To dream of hanging is said to signify that a serious illness threatens someone you love, or it may be great danger is lying in wait for them.

**Talent Served Him Well.**  
A story is told that in the time of Frederick the Great there was a soldier who played the fiddle so well that his fame spread. When on guard duty he was asked by Frederick to go to the palace to play for him, the soldier refusing as he would be punished if he left his post. However, when he at last played at the palace the king was so pleased that he gave the soldier honorable discharge from military service.

**An Art Few People Master.**  
Next to saying the right thing at the right time comes the art of keeping one's mouth shut when there is nothing to say.—Toledo Blade.

**Mandolin Supplanted Lute.**  
An aristocratic musical instrument, still found, but very popular in the middle ages was the lute. At the present day its direct descendant—the mandolin—has all but entirely supplanted it. The lute is the "ud of the Moors, even in its very name—el'ud which means merely "the wood." It was introduced by the Saracens at the time of the invasion. From Spain it gradually spread over Europe, as also did its contemporaries the "gittern" and "rebec." All three were favorite instruments in medieval Europe.

**Change Your Key.**  
The fellow who is always harping on one string soon gets out of tune with the world.—Boston Transcript.

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