

The Day of All Saints

Solemn Ceremonies Mark Its Observance in European Countries—Prayers For the Dead and Decoration of Graves.

(Special Correspondence.)



THROUGHOUT Europe the first and second days of November are great church holidays. Nov. 1—All Saints' day—the Roman Catholics and Lutherans observe in honor of the sacred group of martyrs and saints.

The following day—All Souls'—they decorate to the memory of "the souls of all those who have died in the communion of the body and blood of our Lord." Chancing last November to be in Munich—the heart of German Roman Catholicism—I had the opportunity in participating in some of the interesting old-world observances of these festivals.

During the last week of October the city underwent a transformation. Long lines of scaffolding sprang up along the street curbs and quickly their bases were hidden under wreaths of lilies and immortelles and masses of chrysanthemums. The business thoroughfares were deserted, while women and men flocked to the cemeteries, working like bees among the serried graves. By the close of Oct. 31 every grave had its floral decoration and Munich's whole population was prepared to divide the time during the two holidays between the churches and the burial places.

On the morning of All Saints', not knowing what places would be the most interesting, I decided just to follow the largest crowds. The stream flowed into St. Boniface, an immense church copied after the early Italian basilica. Counting their beads the people hurried down the long aisles and descended stairways under the choir. I found myself in the vault beneath the church, where monastic orders bury their dead.

must hire watchers to guard them by night. Fashionable people vie with each other in getting up striking floral designs. I saw a large winged angel of white roses on one handsome monument. Among other artistic designs were doves of white lilies and crowns of yellow chrysanthemums.

On many of the graves were photographs of the decedents. On some were evergreens decorated with burn-



Madonna of the Grotto.

(Carl Muller.)

ing candles, like a Christmas tree. There was no grave so humble that it had not some kind of festal dress. As in Germany whole families often use one grave and one monument, being buried one above another, the expense of decorating for All Souls' is greatly lessened.

The festival of All Saints had its



Twelve-Year-Old Jesus on His Way to Jerusalem.

The arrangement of this subterranean burial place was like that of the staterooms of a ship. Compartments six feet through divided the sides and centers of the vault. On either side of these partitions were narrow aisles which lead into the center aisles. Vines and flowers festooned the white walls, making the heavy air of the vault more oppressive with their odors. The multitude paused to pray in the aisles and to sprinkle holy water on the flowers. I peered around to find the graves. A big German pointed a finger toward the wall. A funeral wreath encircled an inscription cut



Head of Infant Christ. (Muller.)

into the calcimine: "Hier liegt Bruder Johannes." Nothing more. Sealed up in the wall, "Brother Johannes" lay with only this meager inscription to mark his narrow resting place.

It was a relief to come from these tombs into the light and air of the streets. The people were wending now into old St. Michael's, where during the feasts the royal vaults are thrown open. Soldiers stood in the aisles and marshaled the crowd into single file. While the head of this line in the rear end of the church was going down into the crypt, the people were stepping into place out on the street.

The Southern cemetery of Munich, which contains the finest monuments in Germany, is one large flower garden for All Souls'. So costly are the decorations of the rich that they often

Open Long-Sealed Graves

Explorers Find Remains of Great Egyptian King Buried Forty-five Hundred Years Ago—Splendid Paintings and Sculpture.

(Special Correspondence.)



N ALL the history of excavation no such intensely human story has been dug out of the forgotten past as has been brought to the light of day by the recent work of the German Orient society of Berlin at the Pyramid of Abusir.

The report of almost a year of exploration has just been made. It is couched in scientific, matter-of-fact language. But in it is the whole drama of life—a tremendous sermon preached by fallen stones and royal corpses and the sands of the desert, with mighty, all-conquering Death for their text.

The German professors found a great king. So great was he that the great gods, Setemhet, the Lion-headed; Anubis, the Jackal-headed, and the Nile gods are shown bowing before him. Upper and Lower Egypt were his. When he died men began to build a vast temple of the dead for him.

Four thousand five hundred years ago they buried Ne-woser-re, the king. And the centuries passed and his temple, unfinished, disappeared below the drifting sands. He and his family, his royal favorite and his high priests, became hidden deep below the dwellings of succeeding kings and priests, and their tombs were piled over all. Then they, too, sank away and were forgotten. Others built and died—Egyptian, Greek and Christian in their turns. The great clock of History still wanted a thousand years to the time of the coming of Christ, and Ne-woser-re, the king, was so utterly lost and forgotten that the poorest of the poor were buried on top of the mounds that hid his imperial tomb—that tomb which had been set by its mighty builders to defy eternity itself.

And the German professors dug out

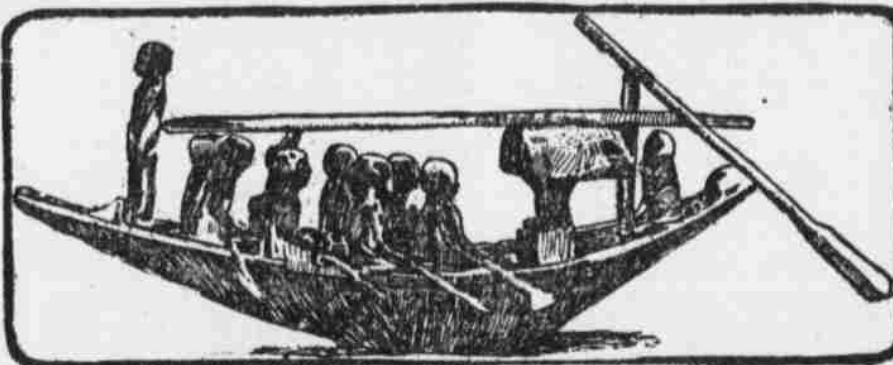
In a smaller relief Ne-woser-re is pictured with raised club slaying a group of men whom he holds by their hair.

In digging out the chamber of statues, the explorers unexpectedly came upon a splendid painting. It was intended to show a door set into the solid wall. The colors laid on by hands and brushes of which there has been no vestige left on earth for 4,000 years were bright and glowing, shining out of their long-kept darkness into the light of to-day as if they were still wet. But scarcely had the sun streamed in before they began to fade. Fortunately the expedition num-



bered a skillful painter among its members, and he succeeded in making a true copy in full size of the ancient work of art.

Then the diggers reached the tomb of the high priest Jen-em-Jachwet. After breaking out the first stone the Europeans peered in and for the first time in forty-five centuries human eyes looked upon the coffins of the priests of Ne-woser-re. The tomb had been too small for the last coffins and the handles had been sawed from the ends before the stones were set in place and sealed. Those cuts of the saw were clear and sharp, just as



SHIP OF THE DEAD FOUND IN TOMBS.

a song, too. It was deemed to be immortal when written. So grand did it seem 2,400 years ago that a singer in Egypt had it put into his tomb with him. It is a great roll of papyrus—a poem by Timotheos glorifying the victorious fight of Marathon and almost certainly the very oldest Greek book ever found. The poem that made such a vast stir once has lain under the Egyptian sands for more than 2,000 years and songs of Marathon have piled on songs and been forgotten as the dead piled on the dead over the tomb of the Egyptian singer.

Profs. Borchardt, Voeltz and Decker conducted the work of excavation. Their first discovery was the forecourt of the Temple of the Dead. It had been left unfinished and most of the beautiful columns that had been completed had fallen. But two magnificent pillars were left. In that courtyard was found the partly broken figure of a lion, grandly proportioned and far beyond life-size. Its sculpture is so fine that the scientists agree that it was the work of a sculptor of extraordinary talent. The head was perfectly preserved.

The next discovery was that of reliefs depicting some of the most famous Egyptians of that time, whose names and deeds are mentioned in many inscriptions found in various parts of Egypt. There are also de-



COFFIN IN WHICH THE TIMOTHOS POEM WAS FOUND.

scriptions of sacrifice. One wall painting shows the slaughtering of animals before the tombs of the great dead. Another portrays tall, beautiful peasant women who bear offerings.

The great temple relief of all was found between the hall of columns and the holy of holiest. It shows the king himself with apron and lion's tail as insignia of his high rank. He wears a headdress of feathers and horns, the mark of a god. The jackal-headed god Anubis steps toward him bringing him the sign of life.

Salt Lake Is Drying Up

Utah's Great Natural Curiosity Threatened With Total Destruction—Business Men of the City Are Much Alarmed.

(Special Correspondence.)



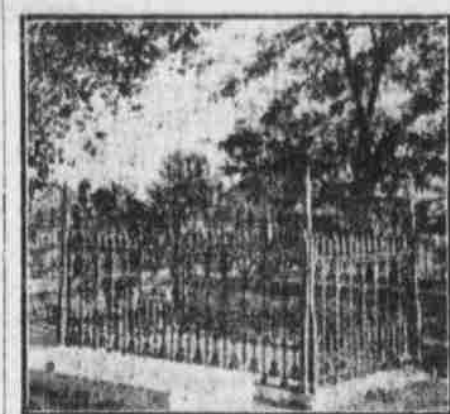
HE irrigation ditch and the salt evaporating plants of Utah are rapidly drying up the Great Salt Lake. The decline of its waters has at last alarmed the business men of Salt Lake City to such an extent that they have

petitioned the Department of the Interior to prevent, if possible, the continuance of such phenomena. They say that the subsidence of these waters will be a shrinkage of their prosperity as well. With the Great Salt Lake a mere brackish pool, or, should their worst expectations come true, a barren field of salt, the thousands of visitors who now go thither and spend their money in the hotels, the sanatoriums and the bathing pavilions will go somewhere else. On the other hand, the farmer asserts that it is more important to reclaim the thousands of miles of desert land in this region than to preserve a great sea of stagnant water.

Ever since the Great Salt Lake became known to the white man it has been seen to be slowly evaporating, for investigation showed that the present surface of 2,000 or more square miles is only a little remnant of the sea of former times. Up to recent years, however, the decrease of water has resulted simply from slow evaporation in the sun's rays. Changes in the annual rainfalls may have affected the depth of the waters slightly from year to year, but the decline of the waters was extremely slow.

The question of preserving the Great Salt Lake, therefore, can sim-

a little city in itself, with a central dome shaped building, a roof much like the egg shaped covering of the Mormon tabernacle, towers and balconies of Moorish architecture, and long stretches of bathing rooms, which extend on each side like the wings of a bird. The whole length of the structure is nearly a quarter of a mile, supported on piles, which had to be driven through a bed of salt, where holes were made by means of



Brigham Young's Grave.

hot steam. The total cost of the pavilion was \$300,000.

The enterprise, however, has proved a prosperous one. The peculiar qualities of the water, in which the human body floats as lightly as a champagne cork in fresh water, bring 160,000 visitors hither annually. Next to the Dead Sea, these waters are the briniest in the world. They hold so much solid in solution that the moment the body which has been moistened by a dip is exposed to the air it is covered with glittering scales of



Assembly Hall.

ply be pinned down to a fight between the farmer and the city man. The farmer has learned that by irrigation he is able to transform the arid, burning, alkaline soil of the western country into fields of luxuriant alfalfa and orchards of peach and plum. Accordingly, thousands of pioneers have peopled what was once a wilderness, and vast areas in the desert have been reclaimed.

The farmer has taken his water from the streams which had hitherto flowed into the Great Salt Lake, the final drain of all watercourses within the great confines of what is known as the Great Basin, including an area of about 210,000 square miles, and comprising the western half of Utah, the greater part of Nevada and portions of Eastern California, South-eastern Oregon, Southeastern Idaho and Southwestern Wyoming. It was



Salt Palace. (Salt Lake City.)

not long, therefore, before this diversion of water resulted in the rapid decrease of the volume of the lake, and in the last fifteen years the surface has fallen ten feet.

One evidence of the great commercial value of this lake to the people of the metropolis of Utah is to be seen in the vast amount of money expended in a single bathing pavilion, known as Saltair Beach. Here a railroad was built out on a trestle four thousand feet into the lake. The waters are so shallow that even at this distance from the shore they are only waist deep. The pavilion is like

salt. If a bather does not take a fresh water shower bath afterward, he will get some idea of the meaning of Milton's expression, "cased in alabaster."

It is difficult to swim these waters, as the feet fly out of the water. It is a struggle even to keep the hands under, and a splash of the brine in the eye or on the mucous membrane of the nose or mouth causes sharp pain. The easier method of propulsion is simply to sit in the water as one would in an easy chair, dipping the hands in a few inches for an occasional shove. The boats that one finds there have also to accommodate themselves to the stubborn water. They are built almost perfectly flat. An ordinary craft in this heavy liquid would prove too heavy. Salt glistens on the piles of the wharf, and on the shore the little wave of a foot in height crashes on the beach with the roar of a ponderous ocean billow. Another bathing resort is at Garfield Beach, which has an attendance of 84,000 visitors annually, on the Oregon Short Line railroad, which runs from Salt Lake City to Portland, Ore.

Although at present nearly the size of the State of Delaware, the lake was once 300 miles long and 180 miles wide, and as large as Vermont and New Hampshire, with Rhode Island thrown in. It is only necessary to look at the wall-like mountains that surround the present lake to see the ripple marks of centuries ago. On the slope of one ridge thirteen successive benches, or beach marks, can be found, which marked the varying shores of the lake. It is thus estimated that the original depth of this body of water was six hundred feet. Its greatest depth now is less than forty feet.

Suffer from Mississippi Trip.

Nearly every man who went with President Roosevelt to shoot bear in Mississippi came back with malarial or "break-bone" fever. Secret service men and others are having chills and fevers. They were knocked completely out by the miasmatic conditions of the swamps. The President's secretaries and stenographers did not escape, but apparently the trip had no ill effects upon the President.

To know temptation does not dishonor.