

A King in Babylon

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asked Jimmy quietly. "It was intended for me."

We could only stare at him with open mouths—even Davis!

"And I think it is a pretty good likeness all things considered," he added, looking down at it.

Creel got back enough of his self-control to laugh—a pretty hollow laugh it was, but nevertheless it could be recognized as being intended for a sign of amusement.

"They gave you a swell coffin!" he commented.

"Yes," said Jimmy simply, "that I couldn't prevent—any more than I could prevent that magniloquent description of my greatness which they inscribed along the sides. But the sarcophagus—all this," and he waved his hand around at the barren walls, "I myself prepared a year before I died. That was my expiation—a million years in hell! But it wasn't enough, it seems!"

"Expiation for what?" demanded Creel.

"For walling her up alive," said Jimmy, and for an instant inclined a listening ear toward the rear wall of the tomb, as I had seen him do once before. Then, with a faint smile, he turned back to the coffin, and gazed down at it meditatively.

Davis was looking at him with a sort of double-concentrated attention; Creel was staring, a twisted smile still on his lips; as for me—I knew what had happened—I had feared it the night before—Jimmy had gone mad!

"But that's all make-believe!" Creel burst out, at last. "That's just the story we're filming."

"Is it?" asked Jimmy, and brushed his hand before his eyes in a bewildered way. "Perhaps it is—I don't seem to be able to keep them apart any more—the real and the unreal." Then he shook his head sharply. "No—it's true!" he said. "She kept on asking for love—for love! Her arms were always around me like a prison! At last I couldn't stand it any longer—she tried to kill me, one day, because I took another woman; and I walled her up back there, so she couldn't bother me any more," and he nodded toward the rear wall, with its sinister sign of warning. "I was sorry afterwards," he added in a lower tone; "but it was too late. And she *did* bother me—for she never died—just waited on and on . . ."

His voice trailed away, and he looked down again at the coffin, his lips trembling.

We stared at the wall and we stared at Jimmy, and I, at least, was convinced that when that wall was opened, the body of his victim—or what was left of it—would be found there. As for her never dying, that, of course, was nonsense. She would be dead enough, and dried into some such hideous thing as Creel had fabricated . . .

I glanced at Davis, to find him combing his beard thoughtfully, as he looked at Jimmy without any sign of surprise or perturbation. And at last, Jimmy, with a final look at the coffin, turned and walked silently out of the tomb.

"What do you think of him, Professor?" Creel demanded, when the sound of his footsteps had died away down the passage.

"He has been worrying over that picture too much," said Davis. "He said himself that he couldn't separate the imaginary from the real. The heat, no doubt, is what started the trouble. And then he's rather mad about that French-woman, isn't he?"

"You mean his mind is gone?"

"Oh, not so bad as that—just a mild mania. He will be all right again, once he's through with the picture and away from here."

"Then you don't believe . . ."

Creel didn't finish the sentence, but the glance he cast at the rear wall was enough.

"That he really is reincarnation of the mummy in the coffin there?" asked Davis smiling. "No. Did you?"

"I don't know," said Creel, slowly. "I seem to be ready to believe almost anything—it must be in the air! But where did he get that story?"

"There is sometimes a curious clairvoyance about mania," Davis answered, more gravely, "and it may be that Jimmy has guessed the secret of this place. I had made some such guess myself—you'll remember—that the king had caused himself to be buried in this bare, unornamented tomb as a penance or expiation. I should have said that it was probably to expiate some implety

towards the gods; but it may be that the crime for which he wished to atone was the murder of a woman who loved him; yes—and it may be that we shall find her body behind that wall back yonder."

"Alive?" asked Creel, almost in a whisper.

"Rubbish!" said Davis, impatiently. "As dead as that papier-mache fake you brought from New York!"

"I surely hope so!" said Creel, devoutly. "Go ahead."

"That's all, I think," said Davis, "except that there's just a possibility we may find the whole story on a papyrus roll inside the coffin. But if we do, and if the story should turn out to be as Jimmy has guessed it, that wouldn't prove anything—it certainly wouldn't prove that Jimmy Allen is the reincarnation of Sekenyen-Re, and that Mlle. Roland is the reincarnation of the murdered favorite, and that this fantastic story you have made up for a moving-picture is true!"

"You're right, of course," agreed Creel, and made a motion as though he were brushing cobwebs from before his eyes. "Stated like that, it certainly does sound absurd. But for a moment . . ."

"If we steadily refuse to accept a supernatural explanation of anything," said Davis, "we can always find a natural one. Just give your reason a chance!" And, torch in hand, he turned to an examination of the coffin.

It was, as I have said already, shaped roughly like the mummy inside it—though the feet which projected from the lower end were so enormous that, for Sekenyen's sake, I trust they were an exaggeration! At the top, the face of the dead king had been carved life-size in the solid wood, and then painted with a care and cunning which made its life-likeness, seen thus in the shadow, at least, simply startling. And this effect was enormously heightened by the wide-open, staring eyes—made, so Davis said, of mother-of-pearl, with pupils of jet. The way they shimmered in the light was positively uncanny.

The chest and shoulders were covered by a broad, jewelled necklace, quite wonderfully painted, and below it on the breast lay what looked like a snake and a vulture. A pair of closed wings, in full gilt, were folded about the body as though to protect it, and below the wings, down the sides of the coffin as far as I could see, ran an inscription which it was evident Davis was panting to translate.

"What do you make of it?" asked Creel, at last. "Is it really the fellow you thought it was?"

"It is Sekenyen-Re beyond doubt," answered Davis quickly. "See—here is his cartouche—he is wearing the double crown of upper and lower Egypt—the uraeus and the vulture are the sacred symbols of sovereignty over the two lands. These figures beneath his feet are his guardian gods—Amon-Re, Ka and Osiris. I have never seen a more beautiful case. We must lift it out, so that I can get to work on that inscription."

"For heaven's sake, man," Creel protested, "don't start anything like that to-night! You'll kill yourself! Besides, it's long past dinner-time."

I could tell by the way Davis looked at the coffin that he would willingly forego dinner and sleep and everything else for the opportunity to study it; but again reason triumphed over impulse.

"You're right," he said. "I'll get it over to the tent to-morrow. Then I can work at it in the evenings," and, with the help of the natives, he slid the heavy covering-slab back into place, and nodded to them that they might go.

"I don't suppose it was really necessary to put that cover back," said Davis; "but I like to be on the safe side. It is just possible that one of the natives might be tempted to break into the coffin and steal whatever's inside it. He couldn't get away with it, of course, but he might do a lot of damage. Now it's safe," and with a last look around, he picked up his torch and led the way along the passage.

"You will have to tear this wall down before you can get that coffin out," said Creel, as we came to the narrow entrance.

"Yes; I'll set some men at it first thing in the morning," and Davis flashed his light over the wall and across the slatted ceiling.

"Won't there be danger of the roof coming down?"

"I don't think so. The wall was put

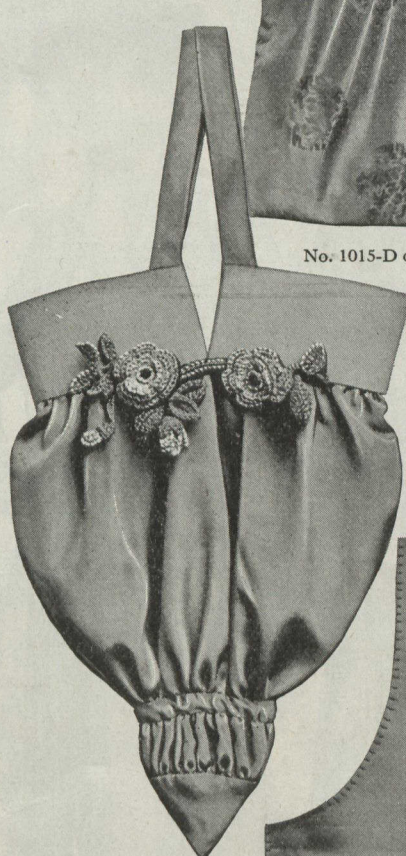
New Crocheted Trimmings for the Knitting-Bag

THE knitting-bag is now an important feature of every woman's possessions and is one which allows of a display of individuality. For the woman who likes to make these dainty articles a number of attractive bags in widely differing styles are shown here. The artistic ornaments are crocheted in wool and form a pleasing contrast to the richer materials of which the bags are made. In the two sets of directions, No. 1015 and No. 1016, are attractive motifs which may be used on hats, cushions, and bags of varied styles.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1015-D. The very realistic cherries on this knitting-bag are among the nine designs of crocheted motifs in No. 1015. Directions for making these woolen ornaments will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. The cherries are made of red and pink worsted with the leaves of green and the large stem a reddish brown. The bag is made from Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7693 (20 cents), and is of black figured silk lined with old gold. This pattern also gives two other bags.



No. 1015-D on Bag No. 7693



No. 1016-B on Bag No. 7632



No. 1015-C on Bag No. 7632

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1016-B. An attractive spray of crocheted roses decorates this very handsome bag. The flowers are in two shades of old rose and are made like the rose in Irish crochet. A soft shade of green is used for the leaves and stems. Full working directions for the nine motifs in No. 1016 will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7632 (20 cents), which was used for this bag, is also shown on the opposite side of the page, and at the bottom of the page as well. There are four different styles of bags included in the pattern.

No. 1016-D on Bag No. 7693

Initial "L" selected from No. 11997

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1016-D. The quaint ball-tassel shown on this bag is made of black yarn and old gold silk. The ball is about 2½ inches high and is joined to the bag with a chain made from three strands of wool. This chain is twisted into loops and bound into place as illustrated with old gold silk. The silk is also bound round the ball, dividing it into six sections. The initial is a crocheted chain of old gold silk twisted into the form of an L. For the initial Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11997, blue, 15 cents, was used. The bag made from pattern No. 7693 (20 cents) is of a dark shade of reseda green silk lined with tan. A lighter shade of green is used for the blanket stitch which outlines the bag. Blanket stitch is the simplest form of buttonhole stitch. On this bag the stitches are the same length and at equal distances apart but in many cases they are of different lengths.



No. 1015-J on Bag 7632

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1015-J. Quite unusual are these dainty dahlias made in two shades of rose and two shades of violet with leaves of hunters' green. The flowers are made in a long knotted stitch which is quickly worked and is very effective. A spray of these flowers and leaves trims one side of the bag while a solitary blossom is placed on the other side. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7632, 20 cents, was used to make this handsome bag. It is made of soft silver-gray satin lined with Delft-blue China silk and has silver cords to hold it by. The cherries and the roses shown on two of the bags at the top of the page would also be very effective on this bag. A cluster of three cherries and two leaves might be placed at one side instead of the single flower. The bags illustrated are suitable for utility service as well as for knitting. For working directions No. 1015 send 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop to the Embroidery Department, Pictorial Review.

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