

Proved by
Its Headdress
to Have
Been a Male
of 4,600
Years Ago,
Its Location
Further
Identifies It
with the Great
Pharaoh
Chephren

THE Sphinx is no longer a riddle, as it has been for about 4,000 years.

It has been identified by Professor G. A. Reisner, of Harvard University, as the head of the great Pharaoh Chephren, son of the still more famous Cheops, who built the first Pyramid at Gizeh.

This is an astonishing change from the views of earlier archaeologists, who declare that the Sphinx is older than the Pyramids and a representation of the sun-god Horus. Still less informed poets have for ages anathematized the Sphinx as a woman.

The identification of the Sphinx was accomplished partly through an identification of the headdress. In clear photographs of the Sphinx it will be seen that the peculiar headdress bears on each side clearly graven lines horizontal at the bottom, but acquiring a slant towards the top, the outer ends being the higher.

This style of headdress belonged to a man and was peculiar to the age when Chephren reigned. The headdress may be studied most easily in a great head of Mycerinus, a Pharaoh of the same dynasty and probably grandson of Chephren, which was discovered by Professor Reisner.

The sex and period being proved, the location of the Sphinx with regard to Chephren's tomb leaves little doubt that it is his portrait. The Pharaohs, it is humorously noted, were not in the habit of erecting colossal statues of other persons than themselves.

There is a long and interesting story of the various discoveries which led up to the identification of the Sphinx in Professor Reisner's report, published in the Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin of Harvard University.

The Pyramids, he first points out, were merely the tombs of the kings, greater and more splendid than any which their fathers had ever built.

Now every Egyptian grave serves two purposes and consists of two essential parts. In a chamber underground lies the body walled up and secured against decay and spoliation. Above ground a mound of



This is the Head of the Great Egyptian Sphinx at Gizeh, the Hitherto Unanswered Riddle of the Ages. Which Poets Have Apostrophized as the Elemental Enigmatical Woman While Archaeologists Have Called It a Mysterious Monument of Incalculable Antiquity Antedating Probably the Sun-God.

This is the Head of the Pharaoh Mycerinus, the Similarity of Whose Headdress to That of the Sphinx Now Proves the Mysterious Monument to Represent a Male and a Pharaoh of the Fourth Dynasty (About 2,600 B. C.) While Its Proximity to the Pyramid of Chephren (Grandfather of Mycerinus) Shows That It is Chephren's Portrait



How the Great Alabaster Head of the Pharaoh Mycerinus Was Discovered.

brick or masonry marks the grave and presents a place where the living may meet the dead with offerings and magic words, which will secure to the spirit of the dead its daily bread and protection from all evil. For it must be remembered that an essential part of Egyptian religion was the belief in another life after death.

In some unseen way the personality of the dead man continued after death as a spirit, but with the same necessities, the same fear of the frightful evil demons, the same work and the same pleasures as on earth.

The kings and great men established endowments to provide for their necessities after death. Farms and estates were granted to certain men who thus became funerary priests and were enjoined to bring offerings of food and drink to the graves of the founder every day and every feast day.

Thus it is that each Pyramid contains, not only the burial place of a king, but also on the side nearest the valley a chapel for the presentation of offerings of food, and the performance of the necessary rites. In 1853 Mariette found a wonderful

granite temple beside the Sphinx, which he called the Temple of the

Sphinx. It is near the second Pyramid built by Chephren. The close

association of the Sphinx with Chephren is now seen.

Excavating in the territory allotted to him Professor Reisner found vast Pyramid and that all pyramids of this period probably had valley temples.

Among the important discoveries in a mud-brick temple connected with the Third Pyramid was a beautiful triad statue group representing the local goddess, the goddess Hathor and the Pharaoh Mycerinus.

In this building they found room after room filled with priceless antiquities. In the portico of the offering room there were the bases of four life-size alabaster statues still in place, and scattered on the floor, as they had been smashed by ancient vandals, lay hundreds of fragments of the bodies of these statues.

Among them were the body and head of a statue, the beautiful head of Prince Shepseskaf and another large alabaster head. In other rooms were unfinished statues, copper implements and weapons, magic wands of flint and a multitude of vessels of alabaster, porphyry, diorite, crystal, slate, basalt and other stones.

They reached the interesting conclusion that the mud-brick building was the unfinished Pyramid of Shepseskaf, the son of Mycerinus. He was apparently the last king of his dynasty and was probably killed by one of his rivals, perhaps by User-Kaf, first king of the fifth dynasty.

Prof. Reisner thus sums up the evidence that has convinced him that the Sphinx is really a portrait of the Pharaoh Chephren:

"The care with which the temples of Mycerinus were excavated enabled us to unravel the history of the construction and the decay of the different buildings on the site. The positive proof was given that our statues were of the fourth dynasty, and that in the fourth dynasty pyramids had valley temples. Thus the final proof was de-

livered that the Granite or Sphinx Temple was the valley temple of the Second Pyramid, the tomb of Chephren. At the same time the dispute about the date of the great diorite statue of Chephren and of the Sphinx itself was finally laid to rest. Exactly those characteristics of the Chephren statue and of the Sphinx which were supposed to be of later date were found in our statues, and these arguments fell to the ground. It was therefore necessary to return to the a priori probable view that these monuments are of the time of Chephren himself.

"Now the Sphinx in Egypt is nothing but the body of a lion with the head of the reigning king. In this guise the king is represented as a guardian, trampling his enemies and warding them off his territory. The motive occurs often. The Great Sphinx is the guardian of the sacred precincts of the Second Pyramid placed beside the causeway leading to the Pyramid. The body is the body of a lion. The head is a portrait of Chephren, the king who built the Second Pyramid and carved the guardian Sphinx out of a knob of natural rock."

That Boy Again

HE had not been an office boy long. But a few short weeks ago he had been a happy scholar, basking in the smiles of his worthy tutor at the local council academy.

Now business claimed him, and he had to leave a pleasant teacher.

"Boy," said the boss, as he entered the gloomy den described as the "outer office," "did you tell that chap I had come to Australia?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I did. I told him you had started this very morning."

"So far, so good. But the office boy was not off the carpet by any means."

"Good!" remarked the boss, rubbing his hands. "And what did he say?"

"He said the boy's reply, spoken from a heart filled with honest endeavor, 'He wanted to know when you'd be back, sir, and I told him after lunch.'"

"Quite well off, and have more money than I know what to do with. Have you your return from England, ever heard of Hilda Denison?"

"What?" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that you are—"

"Hilda Denison? Most certainly I do! You see, Denison is my family name, and I only called myself Langley in those early days when I wasn't quite sure if I was going to succeed or make a mess of things. Well, I struck oil, as they say in the States. I made a big hit in 'Madge' and after that everything was easy."

"But what are you doing in these rags?"

"Simply stumping, my dear innocent boy, so that I may get some local color for the part I am going to play in the place which Vaughan has written for me. You see, I am a conscientious artist, and I believe in studying from the life. Hence behold me in rags and latens on the Thames Embankment hobnobbing with tramps and incidentally rescuing a very clever young actor from a most uncomfortable situation."

"He took her hand and she did not attempt to draw it away."

"God bless you!" he said, hoarsely. She smiled, and in the light of the lamp he saw that her eyes were wet.

"You see," she said, softly, "I never forget. I remember a certain morning in Bedford street—a rehearsal—a girl who was very, very miserable. And I remember a man who was good to her—who tried to make her hope. I remember and I am glad to remember."

"What remains to tell? Do not all romances end in one fashion, and why should this romance of the 'juvenile man' differ from the rest? Vane was still within the Embankment to a girl which any actor might have secured—the position of leading man at the theatre controlled by Hilda Denison."

And in the fullness of time he came to mean more than a play leading man had ever meant, and the contract into which the two of them entered was a certain morning at a famous champagne party."

"You see, in the first place, I'm not broke, as was a contract for a life engagement."

"ONE GOOD TURN"

By P. Beaufoy

"GO BACK!" commanded Mr. Diffy, the stage manager. "Go back, Miss Langley!" and then added under his breath: "I wish all these infernal beginners were at the bottom of the sea!"

Hilda Langley was having the ordeal of her life. She had never before rehearsed for the "business," although she had played many times in rather feeble amateur crowds. That she was possessed of undoubted talent would have been obvious to any man but an ignorant tyrant like Diffy, who mistook inexperience for stupidity and nervousness for incompetence. It was true that Hilda Langley was ignorant of the "tricks of the trade," but she atoned for her ignorance by a really beautiful voice and a command of emotion which many experienced people would have given a year's salary to possess.

"She went back," as directed, and repeated the lines afresh.

"Not a bit like it," spluttered Diffy, angrily. "But I can't waste my own time and the time of the other ladies and gentlemen, giving instructions to novices. This isn't a school, you know."

The girl flushed, and tried hard to keep back the tears which were rising to her eyes. She was very young and very pretty, and every man in that rehearsal room except "Bully Diffy," as he was very properly called in the profession, felt sorry for her.

The girl's right enough if only Diffy would let her alone," murmured the comedian to one of his chums. "To be bullied and badgered like that is enough to put anybody off."

The "juvenile man," Geoffrey Vane, a tall, good-looking young fellow, nodded.

"You're right, Dixon," he murmured, "and I'd give something to punch Diffy's thick head."

"So would I," replied the other. "But I can't afford to wrangle that girl much more, I'm going to interfere," said Vane. "Don't be a fool! You can't risk getting your notice, even to oblige a lady!"

Vane smiled.

"Notice be hanged!" he replied. "Do you know what I received this morning's post?"

"No—what?"

Vane tapped his pocket. "An offer for Australia," he made answer—"to join Kempster & Holland, quite good, and a long shop."

The comedian whistled. "Good man!" he said. "Glad to hear Diffy reading it, though if I had known how he was going to behave, hanged if I'd have troubled."

At that moment Diffy interposed. "How can I give instructions to novices if all this chattering is going on?"

Hilda's self-control gave way. Wrought up to fever point, she could endure no more. She broke off in the middle of a speech and, running to a corner of the room, sat down and cried.

The company stared at her, wondering what was going to happen next. Vane clenched his fists.

A pause ensued, at the end of which Diffy said roughly:

"Well, Miss Langley, how long are you going to keep us here?"

Slung by his words, and still more by his brutal manner she started up, dried her eyes, and cried passionately:

"How dare you bully me? If Mr. Howard thought me good enough for the part, what right have you to treat me so? But I won't stay here another moment. I'll go—yes, I'll go!"

She turned toward the door, but Vane stopped her.

"One moment, Miss Langley," he said. "Before you go, I want you and the rest of the ladies and gentlemen to hear what I have to say to Mr. Diffy."

Then, approaching the stage manager very calmly, he said in a deliberate voice:

"Diffy, you are a brute, a bully and an incompetent ass! You have nearly broken the hearts of many people in this business, and it is time that somebody conveyed to you what the whole profession thinks of you. If there

were no ladies present this morning, I should probably tell you some more."

"Confound you!" roared Diffy. "I'll teach you to insult me, you!"

But the word which trembled on his lips never left his tongue, for Vane's long, muscular arm shot out, and the brute went down like a sack of flour.

He rose after a moment, trembling with rage.

"I'll pay you out for this, Vane!" he shouted. "You'll leave the company this instant!"

"With pleasure. But I had anticipated this dismissal, and had already informed Mr. Howard that I was leaving. Good morning, Mr. Diffy. Next time you insult a girl who is trying to earn her living I hope somebody will give you the thrashing which you very nearly received just now. Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, and forgive me for interrupting the rehearsal."

He took up his hat and stick and went down the stairs. As he reached the landing, a light hand was placed on his arm. He looked up and saw Hilda Langley.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said softly.

"But—how about you? What will you do?"

He laughed. "Don't worry," he replied. "I have a fine engagement to go to, and I can afford to snap my fingers at this tinpot crowd. I'm leaving for Australia in a week's time."

Then in a few words he told her of his luck, and she listened with downcast eyes. For that little scene upstairs had awakened in her heart an emotion which never had troubled it before, and she realized that she had found a friend only to lose him in the great world which lay beyond the city's lights.

"So you are going away?" she faltered.

"Yes; but we shall meet again, of course, some day. You'll get on in the business, I know, and you'll be at the top of the tree by-and-by."

It doesn't seem like it just now," she murmured, trying to smile.

"Perhaps not, but you must remember

that you have to gain experience and confidence. You'll do all that after a couple of tours or so, and then you'll show what you're made of. And meantime, as I suppose you won't be going upstairs again, I'll just take you round to a chum of mine who wants a small—"

part lady. He's a decent chap, quite different from Diffy, and if you settle with him you'll be working for a gentleman."

"How good you are to me!" she said, as they set out together. "I wonder why?"

"Perhaps some day," he murmured, half to her and half to himself—"some day I may tell you."

Five years passed. During these years many things happened to Geoffrey Vane. His first engagement in Australia proved successful, but at the end of it he was struck down by a serious illness and lay in the hospital at Melbourne for weary weeks. His place in the company was, of course, filled when he was able to resume work, and he had great difficulty in obtaining it. At length he joined a "fit-up" crowd and drifted from town to town, working hard for a small pittance.

His luck, which had seemed so fair in the beginning, now deserted him. The company "dried up," and for the next year or two he drifted from pillar to post. Already gray hairs were coming to the "juvenile man," though he was little past thirty. But gray hairs are the dust from the road of life, and in these five years the road had been very dusty indeed.

Then there grew into his soul a gravely. For that little scene upstairs had awakened in her heart an emotion which never had troubled it before, and she realized that she had found a friend only to lose him in the great world which lay beyond the city's lights.

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and day after day the agents met his inquiries with the routine formula, "Nothing doing." His money dwindled, and reached vanishing point.

So, with every cent gone, his clothes shabby, hunger in his eyes and despair in his heart, this man came at length to that quiet highway, which lies in the shadow of Cleopatra's Needle—the highway which has witnessed the last earthly journey of countless world-weary mortals. Either he came late at night, when other homeless vagrants were sleeping in archways and doorways, or on the benches which studded the embankment.

"I suppose it's the only way out," he reflected, wearily. "It can't go on like this forever. It will be better to end it all now. I can't face the eternal stoning on people, the everlasting kicks—the whole wretched, sordid business. It had better be good-night and good-bye."

He stood rigid, watching the lights that quivered on the surface of the water, and thinking that the old, old thoughts—the thoughts which Shakespeare has crystallized forever in the play of "Hamlet"—the thoughts surely which must come to every thinking man who contemplates self-destruction. Vane wondered dimly what would be the sequel—whether from out of those deep waters the better part of him would float to a better place, or whether, when that last plunge had been taken, it would be for him eternal night, darkness, and the Nirvana of oblivion.

He wondered.

The measured tread of an oncoming policeman caused him to start violently. He believed in the feverishness of his mood that the man would guess his purpose, and seek to detain him. But the man passed him stolidly, and he was alone again.

Now!

He took one last look at the skies and the stars, and then was about to leap over the parapet when a hand was placed on his arm, and a woman's voice quivered:

"What—are you going to do?"

He faced round suddenly, and then started back with a low cry.

"You?" he gasped. "My God!"

For the woman who had spoken—the woman clothed in rags and tatters—was Hilda Langley. And thus did those two mortals meet again after those long years of separation.

"Yes, it's I," she said softly. "Thank Heaven I was in time. You were going to—"

He nodded, and laughed bitterly. "Yes, I was going to try the old remedy," he replied. "There's no other way. Strange that we should meet like this—and both of us apparently in the same boat."

"I have often thought about you," said the girl, "often wondered how you were succeeding. I never could have believed that you would have come to this."

"Why not?" He laughed again, but the laugh had the ring of a sob. "Why not? You see now what the theatrical business means. You yourself do not seem to have prospered."

"You must not judge by appearances," she said, "and as a matter of fact I have a surplus for you. But you are worn out, and—and you look as if you needed food. Come home with me to supper."

She stared at her as though he believed she had lost her reason.

"Home—supper?" he echoed. "I—I don't understand."

"You'll understand later."

A hansom crawled along the Embankment. She hailed it, whispered something to the man, and a moment later the strangely met couple were bowing towards home.

"It's all very unconventional, of course," she said gayly; "but as regards propriety, my dear old housekeeper, Mrs. Smythe, will be our champion. There is a spare room at my flat, where you can sleep to-night."

But Vane could not understand.

"Miss Langley—Hilda!" he said hoarsely. "What—what does it all mean? I see you in rags—you appear as broke as myself—but you talk of flats and you invite me to supper?"

"Not in a hundred years," she asked.

"Till explain," she said, gayly. "You see, in the first place, I'm not broke, as was a contract for a life engagement."