

# A Way Out

By VICTOR RADCLIFFE

"You understand what's expected of you, Grimes?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Walworth."

"You are to keep my daughter and this Mr. Adrian Bolton in sight constantly for the next two hours. Don't be obtrusive, but don't for a moment allow them out of your sight. Poor soul," sighed Geoffrey Walworth, "it's hard. I was young myself once, but the madam will have her own way."

"As I understand it," observed Grimes, "they are to have the freedom of the grounds, but, if they try to leave, stop them?"

"Freely."

"I'll do my duty, sir."

"Poor souls!" Mr. Walworth had said, and the words well applied to two tender souls going through a bitter ordeal.

Adrian Bolton, just struggling up from the ranks in a promising legal practice, loved Irene Walworth as he loved his own life. Irene returned his affection. Adrian had received a devastating check to his plans and hopes when he told Mr. and Mrs. Walworth of his desire to marry their daughter.

The father had hemmed and hawed, for Irene was the idol of his heart. Mrs. Walworth, compelling and drastic, soon definitely settled the matter, however.

"Incredible and impossible!" she said in her aggressive and domineering way. "Irene has been promised to the son of my dearest friend, Mrs. Herbert Grey, for the last two years."

"But I do not love Mr. Grey, mamma!" cried the distracted Irene, "and never will!"

"You will obey your parents in this matter or forget all future claim upon us. Sir," added Mrs. Walworth severely to Adrian. "We desire and intend our only child to marry within her station, and this will be final, if you are a gentleman."

That settled it, apparently. Adrian was banished from the house. Practically Irene became a prisoner within. Fair, gentle Irene did not sulk, but she mourned. Her heart nearly broke when she received a letter from Adrian telling her that he had arranged to leave the country forever and wished to bid her goodby.

It had not been easy for Mrs. Walworth to agree that the twain should see each other once more. It was not until her husband had pledged his word that they should be the cynosure of watchful eyes until this last love vigil was over, that Mrs. Walworth consented to "the outrageous and unheard-of proposition!" And now, eagerly awaiting the coming of the only man she could ever love, Irene was seated on the porch, her mother at its other end grimly counting on "the ending of this farce so that Irene could get down to reasonableness" and prepare to entertain Mr. Wilfred Grey and his mother, who were to arrive the next day on a visit.

Irene ran down the steps buoyantly joyful as her lover appeared. Her mother gave the arrival a daggerlike look, but did not address him. Adrian lifted his hat courteously to her and to Mr. Walworth, uneasily smoking his cigar beside her. Then Irene and Adrian strolled into the garden, and Grimes, gliding from bush to bush, took up his salaried surveillance of them.

The lovers were given until ten o'clock to get over their fearful and heroic parting. They had seated themselves in a little summer house quite remote from the porch. Grimes concealed himself in a clump of bushes near by and went to sleep.

Then something occurred that was entirely unexpected and unforeseen. It was the arrival of Mr. Grey. His mother would be along in the morning, he said. He had anticipated her, having a great desire to see Irene. She was in the garden, a gentleman friend about to depart for abroad was with her. Mrs. Walworth explained. Ah, he would find her!—and off booted Grey unceremoniously.

Irene had seen him several times, but he had never seemed particularly interested in her. His urgent actions of the present moment caused Mrs. Walworth to experience a thrill of hopeful pleasure.

"I am glad I made a firm stand," she congratulated herself, "as to this presuming young lawyer. Everything will come out right as soon as he is away from here."



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"I hope the two young men don't collide and have a duel, or anything of that kind," observed Mr. Walworth. Wilfred Grey had been ordained in a church career only recently. He was a mild, sensible man, and not likely to lose his temper nor his dignity over a departing rival. Grimes missed something amid his snoring insensibility that might have surprised him.

For this estimable Mr. Grey approached the lovers with a smiling face. He shook hands with Irene, who shrank from him, and very heartily with Adrian, who seemed glad and eager to meet him.

"Why?" murmured Irene, in a puzzled way, "do you know one another?"

"Oh, yes; we met last week," explained Grey, a peculiar smile on his face. "Perhaps, Mr. Bolton," he proceeded, "we had better enlighten Miss Walworth."

What had happened without the knowledge of Irene was this: Mr. Grey had amazed Adrian by visiting him a few days previous to announce that, feeling that he stood in the way of the happiness of two devoted lovers, he wished to make a suggestion.

And now he had come to carry it out. Grimes, half-awaking, caught the low hum of three voices engaged in conversation in the little summer house. There were quite forceful intonations, which marked decidedly brotherly advice given by Grey. There were fluttering, hesitating accents, proceeding from the sweet lips of Irene. There was the earnest pleading voice of Adrian.

Then there was a lull and then solemn, vibrating tones, and Grimes sat up startled, and wondered if he was dreaming, for he had made a fearful discovery! Neglected of his pledged guardianship, he rushed for the house. He fairly danced on both feet as he confronted the startled Mr. and Mrs. Walworth.

"They're married!" he fairly yelled.

"They—who—what?" gasped paternalist.

"Married?" echoed Mrs. Walworth in a shrill shriek.

"Yes'm. That man—he was to cut in—the minister, Grey. I saw 'em. I heard him. 'Man and his wife' were his very words."

"A plot—we are tricked!" screamed Mrs. Walworth, and her bulky form described an ungraceful dash across the garden, her husband following, half-guessing that a climax was culminating. Half-way to the summer house they were confronted, calm and smiling, by Grey. He paraded in advance of two happy creatures, hand in hand, confident of manner and beaming of face.

Mr. Grey put up his hand in true paternalist manner to halt father and mother.

"A new son-in-law," he observed, most pleasantly—"my first marriage function. Now, dear people, be reasonable—they are so very happy."

"See here—" stormed Walworth.

"You mean—" faltered his wife.

"That I have married those two, as per agreement with Mr. Bolton a few days since."

"But you who were to marry Irene—" began Mrs. Walworth.

"Sorry, for she is charming, but I have been secretly married for a year. There will be another explosion when my mother arrives, I suppose, for she does not as yet know of it."

The guilty pair looked so innocent and helpless, that Mr. Walworth grinned and gave up opposition. His wife railed some, fumed, threatened, had hysterics, was supported in the arms of the new son-in-law, who kissed her meekly as she recovered, and all was forgiven.

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# FROCK FOR CHILD

FLUFFY SKIRT OF BLUE SILK MULL EASY TO MAKE.

Home Dressmaker Will Find It No Hard Task to Design and Make Ready the Garment Described Below.

Like a flower of spring is this fluffy skirt of blue silk mull trimmed with bias folds of blue taffeta.

Every woman who can sew at all knows that a ruffled skirt is the easiest to make. A plain foundation is gathered to a waist band and measured to the length on the child; then ruffles are stitched around the skirt, the upper ruffle forming the line for those that follow.

It will be well to fit the skirt lining and then rip the busting at the belt, because ruffles are more easily stitched on the lining when it is smooth.

In this instance the ruffles must have the bias folds stitched on the right side, then turned over and hemmed down on the under side. By applying the folds in this manner the stitching will not show.

A mother, perhaps, is unwilling to take the trouble involved in applying these folds on scallops. The work, of course, is somewhat tedious. In such case it is a simple matter to hem the ruffles or make them of embroidery.

For ordinary wear, the wise mother will make this dress of wash materials which may be frequently laundered.

It is to be remembered that little girls may wear china silk and sport silk as well as silk mull, but chiffons and taffetas are for the "grown-ups." The only variation from this rule is in the matter of taffeta coats, which

of real old lace can be used up, for the finest scrap will form a motif if carefully cut out and arranged in one corner of the square. Any shape will do as long as a motif is formed, such as a circle of leaves filled in with net, a flower, etc., and other designs likely to be found in old lace.

Sew these motifs on quite flat and very securely, then the lawn underneath them can be cut away; all edges must be gone over with over-and-over stitch so that all is kept neat; press well down with a moderate iron when done.

Initials are always suitable for handkerchiefs, though they should not be too large; they look very nice worked with satin stitch and surrounded with tiny French knots.

A collection of a dozen handkerchiefs is thus soon made; it is interesting work for spare moments and well repays the worker for the little trouble spent.



Pretty Frock for Girl.

sometimes are permissible for summer use by children.

Sashes, too, are not the same for children and adults. The former may wear a soft girde of satin or crushable silk, or ribbon sashes of the kind manufactured especially for children, but it is not good taste to put on a child a grosgrain sash or any of the brocaded varieties that women wear.

# Hails Return of Shawls.

The news from the fashion world is that shawls will come back, especially the old paisley shawls that our grandmothers wore and looked so well in, in the sixties and before. It will be a refreshing sight to see the women wear shawls again. We'll bet it will make them handsomer, if it could be so, than the loose and disjointed coats they have been wearing. Why, some of these coats have been frights; and if it were not for the women themselves, they would have scared off the populace. We hope the shawl will return. But we have been wondering if the fashion will include the men in its sway. Many of our readers will remember when men wore shawls. They were indeed a luxury—so handy and warm. They were generally of a light gray color, but many men affected stripes and seemed very proud of their appearance. Our recollection is that the fashion didn't last long. The men got fidgety and returned to coats. But we hanker for our old shawl again.—Ohio State Journal.

# Easy to Trim Handkerchief.

Everyone likes to use dainty and good-looking handkerchiefs, but they cannot be bought cheaply, and often are beyond the purse. Cheaply trimmed handkerchiefs are in very bad taste, and it is far better to use simple ones than resort to them.

However, with little trouble every girl could make herself a collection of nice handkerchiefs at about half the cost of buying them.

White sales should be watched for, then good linen handkerchiefs can be had cheaply; these usually have a lit-

# New Skirts of Interest.

Platted skirts showing panels of plaits at front and back or at the sides accomplish the required flare without ungainly bulk. This type of skirt promises well, especially the box-platted variety, which will be in vogue this fall. Now there is a new skirt which interests rather than pleases. It is barrel-shaped and encircles with many bands, which gives it the resemblance which occasions the name.

This is slightly different from the skirt with a flare at the bottom and the wired hip. Another trimmed skirt is called the lampshade. It consists of alternate layers of taffeta puffs thinly wired and wider puffs of net or chiffon. The whole resembles most accurately the silk lampshade of days before the arts and crafts era. In the same line of pretty summer frocks are costumes made of cotton voile or organdy, trimmed with lovely girde of silk and ribbon. Wide ribbons swathe the waistline and are sometimes used to make panners. Sometimes two colors are twisted to form the girde and

# CLOCK TO BE DEPENDED ON

Cleveland Claims the Record of Having the Most Accurate of World's Timekeepers.

In the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland there is a clock that holds the world's record for accurate timekeeping. Over a period of several months it showed a variation of only eight-thousandths of a second a day, which, in a year's time, would be less than three seconds.

Ship chronometers, which are the most accurate time measuring instruments in general use, cannot keep true time within less than three to five seconds a month. Marine observations are absolutely dependent on accurate timepieces, but ship's officers have to be satisfied if they can adjust their chronometers so that they will either gain or lose a certain amount each day. Then they add or subtract and get absolutely correct time.

This Case clock, says the Youth's Companion, stands on a stone pier, independent of the building, that extends sixteen feet to a natural shale foundation. It is in a small room surrounded by two other rooms, all built with brick walls. Gas stoves heat the outer rooms, and electric contact thermometers regulate the temperature. The gas stove flame automatically rises or falls with the variation in the outside air temperature. Thus on warm days in August the flame in the gas stove is very low, while in below-zero January it burns at its brightest. In the clock room itself the temperature is adjusted by an ordinary sixteen-candle power incandescent lamp that is flashed on and off by another electric contact thermometer. The school strictly enforces the rule that there must be more than two persons in this inner room at one time.

The clock, which stands five feet high, has three separate dials that register the hours, minutes and seconds. It is inclosed in an airtight glass jar, inside of which are delicate instruments for measuring temperature, atmospheric pressure and moisture. A small amount of chloride of lime, which is an efficient desiccating material, is kept always in the jar to absorb the moisture.

By the aid of a set of dry batteries the clock automatically winds itself every seven minutes. The movement is adjusted slow or fast by pumping air in or out of the glass container. Observations are made from the outside through double glass windows through the separating walls and by means of a small electric lamp placed over the dials.

Not only can this wonderful piece of clock mechanism be adjusted to show less than a three second annual variation, but it is also possible to make electric connections with other similar clocks elsewhere. With this as a master clock the others can be made to keep the same accurate time.



Dainty Handkerchief.

of real old lace can be used up, for the finest scrap will form a motif if carefully cut out and arranged in one corner of the square. Any shape will do as long as a motif is formed, such as a circle of leaves filled in with net, a flower, etc., and other designs likely to be found in old lace.

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# Loose Change in Safety.

Stockings, originally designed to keep the nether limbs from freezing, have been since their very inception used for other purposes. Witness the original First National bank. However, stockings, have always been stockings, for there have never been any improvements made since the original ones were made sometime back in the days when man was beginning to come out of the "stone age," excepting, of course, that they are being made of a finer and more expensive texture. In the days of old, no doubt potato bags (if such things there were) were wrapped about the limbs and pinned together or held in place with the twig of a tree or tough grass. Now there are stockings of finest gossamer, and here is Miss Violet Bristow showing

An interesting case that came before the federal employment agency of the United States was that of a cripple who applied at the New York office for a position as baraman on a dairy farm. The government's labor agent sent him to a dairy farmer who had applied for help. When the cripple arrived at the dairy farm, the farmer, greatly incensed at the man's infirmity, refused to let him go to work, and immediately communicated to the agent his indignation at being supplied with "a poor excuse for a man." The agent insisted that the farmer give the cripple a chance to show his ability. Also, he made the proposition that instead of the \$25 a month named as wages in the former agreement, the cripple should be allowed to work at the rate of a dollar a cow per month, he to milk all the cows he could handle. The farmer took the agent up on this offer, with the result that the cripple has been getting \$30 a month for his work.—World's Work.



ing the very latest anti-pickpocket, burglar-proof stocking. The pocket sewed onto the stockings is just large enough for a handkerchief and for the accommodation of the mysterious appliances usually carried by the gentler sex in vanity cases. It may also be used for holding loose change or jewelry.

# Milk as a Hair Lotion.

Although milk is one of the most unpleasant lotions that can be placed on the head it is a hair nutrient. Warm milk used frequently as a wash will increase growth, and lessen falling. The one essential is that the treatment be accompanied by washing with soap and water at short intervals.

# Smart Frocks of Serge.

All during the summer smart one-piece frocks of serge have been worn by modish women. Usually such frocks were fashioned from serge and chiffon, serge and taffeta or serge and Georgette crepe.

One of the smartest of the new fall serge frocks is a navy blue combined with soiree silk in a beautiful shade of purple. The purple silk trims the bodice and cuffs and forms a band at the lower part of the skirt, which is edged with fittings of the serge.

This model shows a curve at the waist line, but hangs uncompromisingly straight as many of the new frocks do. Then there is the other extreme—frocks with honed and seamed round waists, which are likely to be too radical for all save the daring few. And in evidence also are radical bodices without seams and bones, but shaped to show the curves of the figure and fitting quite snugly at the waist line, if not definitely pinched in.

# ON THE SHORES OF LAKE VAN

Cleveland Claims the Record of Having the Most Accurate of World's Timekeepers.

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When news came a year or more ago that the Russians, having captured the South Armenian city of Mush, had pushed on rapidly and won a victory at Akhlat on the shore of Lake Van, there were probably not half a dozen people in the British islands who received a thrill at sight of that last name. But those half-dozen, if there were so many, had instantly summoned up to their mind's eye one of the most perfect little buildings in the world, in its way, which was standing recently—let us hope is still standing—by the waters of the romantic lake, writes Sir Martin Conway, in Country Life. Van and Titicaca are perhaps the two most romantic lakes in the world. They lie far remote from the ways of most people, even of most travelers, both on high plateaus near great mountains; both the sites of great ancient civilizations; both destined to be the scene of no little future prosperity; and both, in these days, rather sorrowful and fallen. One is the Jewel of the Armenian highlands. The other lies far away between the two great ranges of the Cordillera of the Andes.

Always a Fortress.

The importance of ancient Van is proved by the triumphant cuneiform inscriptions left upon its rocks by proud Assyrian conquerors. The rock of Van has been a fortress since ever fortresses were. It has passed down the ages from conqueror to conqueror, yet when the Russians captured it its lapse from Ottoman control passed almost unnoticed. It was none the less a considerable event. When the fortress of Van changes hands the clock of history strikes the passing of an age.

It is not, however, of Van that we must here treat, nor even of Akhthamar, the island close to the south shore of the lake, which has been for centuries a kind of Holy Island to the Armenians cherishing its old church, still fairly well preserved and in use before this war burst upon even that most secluded retreat. Akhlat alone will suffice us today, and that not for its Christian, but its Mussulman associations.

Tombs Are Called Kumbets.

Half a mile inland from the port on slightly rising ground was the site chosen for the mausolea of the princes of Akhlat. It was the pleasing fashion of the Moslems to erect their tombs amid gardens and to take their pleasure beside the remains of their beloved. Hence, for instance, the beautiful garden round the Taj at Agra. I have heard Mrs. Grundy's of sorts criticizing visitors for making merry in that garden, but that was exactly what it was made for. There are no gardens left at Akhlat, only a fertile patch in the midst of a dry and dusty region, where gardens once were. Some of the mausolea still stand, and one of them is a thing of great beauty.

A tomb of this kind is called a kumbet. It is a polygonal or circular building of stone, standing on a solid base and surmounted by a pointed stone roof like an extinguisher. Evidently enough the type was borrowed from the earlier Christian tomb-churches of the tenth and perhaps preceding centuries, whereof ruined examples may be seen at Ani and elsewhere. There are, or were, three kumbets at Erzerum near or attached to the Chiftah Minareh. The older kumbet at Erzerum is still like a dome crowning part of a church, though the building has shrunk together beneath it and is represented

only by a ring of pedimented facades. In the next stage these facades further shrink into a mere arcading, and then finally these buildings contain two chambers one above another. The lower is the tomb-chamber; the upper is accessible by one or four doors, which it requires a ladder to reach.

About a mile away, and nearer the shore, a far more beautiful kumbet exists, the finest example of Armenian art as modified by Mussulman builders. Once there were two near together here, also, but one of them collapsed about twenty years ago. "Tradition," says Lynch, "relates that these companion tombs are the burial places of two brothers, and the work of a single architect. For the elder brother was designed the structure which has now fallen, and is said to have been greatly inferior to that which stands. This individual lived to see the more finished monument erected, and to brood over the invidious contrast between his own and his brother's tomb. His anger was visited upon the daring architect, who was condemned to lose his right hand." The fallen tomb was made for "the great and noble emir, Shadi Agha," who died in 1273. The standing Kumbet is nameless. It is not large; each side of its base measures only 30 feet. None of the great monuments of the world are large. Great size usually connotes poverty of design in monumental architecture or sculpture. But this nameless tomb by the shores of Van is of very perfect quality—admirable in proportions, fine in finish, and its restricted ornament very beautiful and very elaborate.

One wonders how such buildings come to fall. They are formed solidly of stone and the masonry seems of good quality. The domed area inside is small and the walls thick enough to carry the weight and bear the thrust, one would suppose, forever. Probably the mortar is poor, and then there are earthquakes which shiver them from time to time. All my photographs of kumbets show suggestive cracks, and those taken of the same building after a few years' interval indicate that the cracks are widening and multiplying.

Built of Pink Stone.

The Akhlat monuments owe something to the pink volcanic stone of which they are built. Seen against a clear blue sky on a day of sunshine with the calm waters of the lake spreading away beyond them to far distant hills, their solitary stateroom commands the attention and retains it. A glance shows the perfection of the best of them. Like all fine Mussulman buildings it produces its full effect at a Gothic cathedral, to realize its excellence. You do not even need to walk round it. It is the same from every point of view—always satisfying, always complete, always faultless.

One other kumbet deserves to be mentioned. It is situated close to the south shore of the lake, a day's ride from the city of Van. The gardens of Vostan stretch up behind it over the lower slopes of the Ardos hills and far far away is that holy island of Akhthamar mentioned before. The date of this also is recorded (1332), showing it to be half a century later than the isolated tomb at Akhlat. It is obviously imitated from that, with changes which are not improvements. The circle has gone back to a polygon. The characteristic Armenian niches are multiplied and set in small panels.

Friendship, to be valuable, must be really gold. Every grain of alloy pulls the assay down. If your friend is but moderately your friend, and not altogether your friend; if his eyes look into yours with any lack of frankness or confidence; if he commits himself to you guardedly and stands for you only part of the time; if he can listen unpretendingly when others speak slightly of you, his alleged friendship is of no real avail.—Richard Wightman.

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A Kumbet of Chiftah Minareh.

When news came a year or more ago that the Russians, having captured the South Armenian city of Mush, had pushed on rapidly and won a victory at Akhlat on the shore of Lake Van, there were probably not half a dozen people in the British islands who received a thrill at sight of that last name. But those half-dozen, if there were so many, had instantly summoned up to their mind's eye one of the most perfect little buildings in the world, in its way, which was standing recently—let us hope is still standing—by the waters of the romantic lake, writes Sir Martin Conway, in Country Life. Van and Titicaca are perhaps the two most romantic lakes in the world. They lie far remote from the ways of most people, even of most travelers, both on high plateaus near great mountains; both the sites of great ancient civilizations; both destined to be the scene of no little future prosperity; and both, in these days, rather sorrowful and fallen. One is the Jewel of the Armenian highlands. The other lies far away between the two great ranges of the Cordillera of the Andes.

Always a Fortress.

The importance of ancient Van is proved by the triumphant cuneiform inscriptions left upon its rocks by proud Assyrian conquerors. The rock of Van has been a fortress since ever fortresses were. It has passed down the ages from conqueror to conqueror, yet when the Russians captured it its lapse from Ottoman control passed almost unnoticed. It was none the less a considerable event. When the fortress of Van changes hands the clock of history strikes the passing of an age.

It is not, however, of Van that we must here treat, nor even of Akhthamar, the island close to the south shore of the lake, which has been for centuries a kind of Holy Island to the Armenians cherishing its old church, still fairly well preserved and in use before this war burst upon even that most secluded retreat. Akhlat alone will suffice us today, and that not for its Christian, but its Mussulman associations.

Tombs Are Called Kumbets.

Half a mile inland from the port on slightly rising ground was the site chosen for the mausolea of the princes of Akhlat. It was the pleasing fashion of the Moslems to erect their tombs amid gardens and to take their pleasure beside the remains of their beloved. Hence, for instance, the beautiful garden round the Taj at Agra. I have heard Mrs. Grundy's of sorts criticizing visitors for making merry in that garden, but that was exactly what it was made for. There are no gardens left at Akhlat, only a fertile patch in the midst of a dry and dusty region, where gardens once were. Some of the mausolea still stand, and one of them is a thing of great beauty.

A tomb of this kind is called a kumbet. It is a polygonal or circular building of stone, standing on a solid base and surmounted by a pointed stone roof like an extinguisher. Evidently enough the type was borrowed from the earlier Christian tomb-churches of the tenth and perhaps preceding centuries, whereof ruined examples may be seen at Ani and elsewhere. There are, or were, three kumbets at Erzerum near or attached to the Chiftah Minareh. The older kumbet at Erzerum is still like a dome crowning part of a church, though the building has shrunk together beneath it and is represented

only by a ring of pedimented facades. In the next stage these facades further shrink into a mere arcading, and then finally these buildings contain two chambers one above another. The lower is the tomb-chamber; the upper is accessible by one or four doors, which it requires a ladder to reach.

About a mile away, and nearer the shore, a far more beautiful kumbet exists, the finest example of Armenian art as modified by Mussulman builders. Once there were two near together here, also, but one of them collapsed about twenty years ago. "Tradition," says Lynch, "relates that these companion tombs are the burial places of two brothers, and the work of a single architect. For the elder brother was designed the structure which has now fallen, and is said to have been greatly inferior to that which stands. This individual lived to see the more finished monument erected, and to brood over the invidious contrast between his own and his brother's tomb. His anger was visited upon the daring architect, who was condemned to lose his right hand." The fallen tomb was made for "the great and noble emir, Shadi Agha," who died in 1273. The standing Kumbet is nameless. It is not large; each side of its base measures only 30 feet. None of the great monuments of the world are large. Great size usually connotes poverty of design in monumental architecture or sculpture. But this nameless tomb by the shores of Van is of very perfect quality—admirable in proportions, fine in finish, and its restricted ornament very beautiful and very elaborate.

One wonders how such buildings come to fall. They are formed solidly of stone and the masonry seems of good quality. The domed area inside is small and the walls thick enough to carry the weight and bear the thrust, one would suppose, forever. Probably the mortar is poor, and then there are earthquakes which shiver them from time to time. All my photographs of kumbets show suggestive cracks, and those taken of the same building after a few years' interval indicate that the cracks are widening and multiplying.

Built of Pink Stone.

The Akhlat monuments owe something to the pink volcanic stone of which they are built. Seen against a clear blue sky on a day of sunshine with the calm waters of the lake spreading away beyond them to far distant hills, their solitary stateroom commands the attention and retains it. A glance shows the perfection of the best of them. Like all fine Mussulman buildings it produces its full effect at a Gothic cathedral, to realize its excellence. You do not even need to walk round it. It is the same from every point of view—always satisfying, always complete, always faultless.

One other kumbet deserves to be mentioned. It is situated close to the south shore of the lake, a day's ride from the city of Van. The gardens of Vostan stretch up behind it over the lower slopes of the Ardos hills and far far away is that holy island of Akhthamar mentioned before. The date of this also is recorded (1332), showing