

Unearthing Buried History

Ancient Art Revealed by Finds at Taxila, an Indian City Taken by Alexander the Great.



A Combination of Indian and Hellenistic Features—The Base of a Parthian Shrine in the Courtyard of a Building in Sir Kap, the Middle City of Taxila.

BY GARRETT F. SERVISS.

AMONG the most interesting of recent discoveries by archaeologists (students of human antiquities) are the remains of the very ancient city of Taxila, in the Punjab, India.

This city existed long before the time of the Macedonian conqueror, Alexander the Great, and was one of the towns taken by him during his expedition to and beyond the river Indus.

Photographs of some of the things unearthed at Taxila by Dr. J. H. Marshall are here reproduced. They include a specimen from the 2nd or 3rd century found in a "topa" on the site of the most ancient quarter of Taxila. These objects were made at least three, and perhaps four, centuries before the birth of Christ, and it is interesting to see so impressive an evidence of the love of art and of skill in the production of works of art which prevailed at that early time in the Indian peninsula.

A "topa" is a form of Buddhist monument found in various places in India and southeastern Asia, and it had two distinct purposes. The first was to

A Relic Casket of Steatite, Containing a Miniature Gold Box Inclosing a Fragment of Bone, Pearls, Carved Carnelians and Other Stones.

serve as a place of safe deposit for sacred relics and the second to commemorate some important event.

In the former case the "topa" was called a "stupa" and in the latter case a "stupa." But whatever the purpose of the topa, its external form was always that of a circular dome, surmounting a broader base, which may be either cylindrical, square, or many-sided. Sometimes these bases rise in successively narrowing terraces, with the dome, or "topa," in the center of the top, where relics were deposited.

There was a curious mingling at Taxila of Greek and Indian art ideas, and this may have been a result of the visit of Alexander and his army. But an abundance of things remain at Taxila which antedate Alexander. The great Greek conqueror was not a destroyer of anything but the armies and fortifications of his enemies. On the other hand, it was a principle the other followers of Buddha never to destroy a monument, or any other meritorious work of human genius.

It is both remarkable and creditable to the conquerors of ancient times that although Taxila was under the dominion of five successive empires, within a period of only 800 years, beginning with the invasion of Alexander, many of its most ancient structures with their contents remain intact, or at least as nearly intact as the great lapse of time would permit.

In the course of many centuries different nations held possession of Taxila and developed there their own forms of art, but they respected the work of their predecessors and so left, in the remains of the city, a series of relics in which the history of the place may be read.

In one of the relic caskets discovered by Dr. Marshall was enclosed a box of gold containing a fragment of bone (probably ascribed to Buddha), together with pearls and carved carnelians and other precious stones.

It is discoveries of this kind that are gradually disclosing the ancient history of mankind in forms more authentic than tradition, or even, in many cases, than written records, and it often happens that the materials thus brought to light constitute the only evidence that we have of the character and destiny, and even of the existence, of peoples and places which played a considerable part in their time, in the evolution of humanity.

Original, Smart, Graceful

Are These Creations by a Famous Parisian Designer; Note the Newest Coat, Which is So Wide as to Be Almost a Cape.



How to Make Coat Shown on Left

SOME of the newest coats are almost as wide as the long capes. One of these of the type which has appeared recently has been sketched by a leading Parisian couturier for the princess Elisabeth. The small coat is of straw-colored crepe de chine, very short at the front. It makes a basque with wide stitched plaits caught under a stitched band, fastened by a button of the material. The long sleeves are finished by high revers of white linen, hemstitched at the collar. The blouse is of white tulle. The skirt, of white crepon, straw-colored, is a plain and round model and hemmed with a straw-colored silk band. The opening, at the middle front, is outlined by a row of small crochet buttons.—OLIVETTE.

HOW TO MAKE THE OTHER ONE

SOME years ago the lingerie frock was made of mesaline de communisme. This year it is of organza, as shown by this model. The bodice of this afternoon frock is a loose blouse, continued at back by a small court mantle bordered by a ruffling of same material. The elbow sleeves are of embroidered net, finished by a ruffling. A Bayadere girdle encircles the hips in a catenary line at front and catches up a long tunic, bordered at the bottom by a ruffling. The underskirt, which makes the "base," is of white taffeta and totally plaited.—OLIVETTE.



An Intensely Human Narrative Their Married Life

Helen Has a Fur Problem and Thinks She Can Solve It Economically.

(Copyright, 1914, International News Service.)

HELEN took the suit with its hanger, out of the closet and hung it on the chandelier to examine it critically. After all, she might have bought something more to her liking if she hadn't been forced to shop in such a hurry. She thought resentfully of the hurried trip to Carrie's that Warren had insisted upon her taking and the consequent hurried shopping for whatever she and Winifred had needed for the cooler weather. If she had waited for the later models she might have bought something with fur collar and cuffs.

The suit was a pretty one in the popular shade of brown that was dispensed so much in the store windows. The coat had a velvet collar and wide velvet cuffs in the same shade, but Helen, who had secretly longed all last winter for a coat with fur collar and cuffs, looked at it now with a dissatisfied air. She should have waited for the idea had struck her. Perhaps she could utilize her furs for the purpose.

Warren had given Helen a handsome new hat two winters ago. The neck piece was large and could be used for the cuffs as well as the collar. Helen jumped up with the excitement of the thought.

She slipped the collar piece over the brown, it looked lovely, but perhaps after all the black might be a little more becoming. The woman wore a brown hat with a touch of burnt orange, and Helen was smart. Already Helen was beginning to think better of her idea to cut her lynx fur.

In the elevator Helen noticed a woman with a suit on much the shade of brown. There was a cuff and collar set of golden brown fur which made the suit look several shades lighter, and was most becoming. The woman wore a brown hat with a touch of burnt orange, and Helen was smart.

The elevator stopped at the third floor and Helen stepped out and walked leisurely to the fur department. Again she was undecided as to what to do. If she did not use her lynx, there was no probability of her having the much desired collar and cuffs, for the simple reason that she couldn't afford to buy more fur. She began to wish that

she had stayed at home. The woman in the brown suit had made her disappointed. "Something in furs" said a brisk little woman, coming up to Helen and noting her perplexed expression. "Perhaps I can help you decide, madam."

"I should like to know if you think lynx would look well on a dark brown suit for cuffs and collar." "We have something here that could be used for the purpose; the widest fur we have which could be used without cutting. You wanted something by the yard, didn't you? That would be the most practical thing, I should think."

The Daily Novelette THE MYSTERIOUS KNOCKING.

The house was still. With the stillness of death, it wasn't Bill Jones, and it wasn't MacBeth.

SUDDENLY, out of that intense quiet, there came an imperious knocking at the door. "Open!" cried a loud voice. "Open or I'll break in the door!"

From inside there came no answer—no sound save now and then a faint ruffling.

The knocks grew louder, more insistent. They developed into bangs. "Open, I say! Open immediately or I swear I'll break the lock!"

And the banging continued ceaselessly, intently. "What dastardly crime can the poor wretch inside have committed?"

Ah, a voice from within! "I'll let you in," it says. "Give me just two minutes and I'll let you in."

"Two minutes! Ha-ha! That's good. Bah, for your two minutes!" And the mighty fist kept up its ceaseless thunder on the panels.

At last the door opened, and Rugglesby Sprowl, in his bathrobe, passed out with his towel over his arm. Incomprehensible, also in his bathrobe, pushed roughly past him into the bathroom.

"A pretty notion!" he growled. "This is the third morning this week you've made me late at the office by hogging the bathroom for three quarters of an hour!"

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Advertisement for New York Theatres by Emory B. Calvert. Includes photos of actors and scenes from plays like 'Mamu' and 'The Phantom Rival'.

A Lesson to Playwrights and Novelist in New Play, "Evidence," Running

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—There is a lesson for playwright and novelist alike in the new play, "Evidence," now being presented by C. Aubrey Smith's English company in the Lyric theatre. Here is the simplest sort of old-fashioned plot. A jealous husband puts away his wife, and his friends make efforts to reunite them, at last succeeding by the aid of the estranged couple's beautiful child and by the production of a confession by the villain that he had done nothing of which the wife could be ashamed.

A hackneyed plot, you say? Of course. But it has long been understood that naught except remarkably good things ever stand a chance to be hackneyed. This situation gives a chance for the play of the simplest of human emotions, old emotions, feelings

George Bernard Shaw, declaring that London critics were so unjustly harsh with his plays that they never got across the channel, insisted that "Pygmalion" be produced first in Vienna and then in Berlin. It captivated the Teutonic capitals and later was a success in London, proving the good sense of what was at first thought a Shavian caprice.

So it comes about that German playgoers have had a chance to see "Pygmalion" at the Irving Place theatre before it came to an uptown house. The English version opened in the Park theatre Monday night with part of the London company and was as well liked here as it had been abroad.

Shaw believes—at least he says—that only a difference in speech lies between the women of the highest and of the lowest classes. This is the theme of "Pygmalion." A flower girl out of the London gutters attracts a professor of phonetics by the supple character of her conversation. She overbears his boast that he could make her talk like a duchess and so seeks him out, her object being to refine her taste so she will be eligible as a salesgirl in a florist's shop. He teaches

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