

LORD CARNARVON'S OWN STORY.

WONDERS OF LUXOR.

EMOTION AT THE TOMB OF THE KING.

CREAKING DOORS.

CARVING AND GILDING IN GREAT SHRINE.

Lord Carnarvon has written the following article (published by special arrangement) which supplements the account given in the "Daily News" on Saturday of the wonderful results at the opening of the inner chamber of King Tutankhamen's tomb.

SURPRISES OF THE TOMB.

By LORD CARNARVON.

LUXOR, Sunday. I FIND it difficult to describe what I saw and felt when I entered the inner chamber of the tomb of Tutankhamen, for I never dreamed I should gaze upon the amazing sight which met my eyes. What with the heat of the day outside and the electric lamps and the crowding together of so many in such a confined space, the air was insufferably hot. The interest in the proceedings, however, far outweighed any such trifling matters.

The work was begun by Mr. Carter's clipping away the cement at the top of the sealed door, but he had not proceeded far when it was discovered that there was what proved to be a broad lintel at the top of a built up wall. The cement was exceedingly hard, and required a great deal of cutting with the chisel to detach it from the stones forming the back of the wall, and the greatest care had to be exercised because we were anxious to preserve all the sealings as nearly intact as possible.

The First Peep. After a little while a small aperture was made, through which it was possible to peep, and it became evident that there was no empty chamber or passage confronting us, but that we were looking at some large built-up structure.

With the aid of an electric torch we managed to make out that it was the top of what appeared to be a large canopy, carved and gilded. The work proceeded slowly, till suddenly an interruption occurred. On one of the inner stones there lay the remains of a necklace of beads of faience and gold with two ornamental clasps. There it had evidently been dropped, presumably 3,000 years ago, by some one who either did not notice it or did not take the trouble to pick it up because he was already loaded with plunder.

Much more of the construction of the interior object was now visible, and our first conjecture, that it was some kind of canopy or canopy, was confirmed. It was now seen to be an enormous structure of wood, most elaborately carved and gilded and inlaid with blue faience. Altogether it formed one of the most magnificent and remarkable objects ever discovered.

Now, also, we could see that the walls of the interior of this chamber were painted. The painting, however, did not seem to me to be very fine, and it appeared also to have suffered from damp and to be disfigured by stains of iron mould. Still, even from the outside, it was easy to distinguish among the decorations the cartouches of Tutankhamen.

The Tomb of the King. This canopy was so close to the opening, and left so little space, that precautions had to be taken before it was possible to think of getting in. At last, by means of a mattress placed against the canopy, it became possible to risk entry. Mr. Carter went in first, and, after a short while, announced to us waiting outside that there was no doubt that it was the tomb of the King. With the greatest care I followed in, and whatever emotion and excitement

I may have felt when I entered the first chamber were as nothing when I realised that I was going in what undoubtedly was practically the untouched tomb of an Egyptian King. Moving carefully to the right, we found on the east side of the shrine, or canopy, two large doors.

They were closed by means of a bolt, and hung on heavy bronze hinges. With ominous creakings, we managed to open a door, only to find ourselves confronted with a second canopy.

This was entirely gilt, and between the two structures were some of the most marvellous alabaster ornaments it is possible to imagine. One beautiful little painted pot with a lid, on the top of which was a cat with pink tongue, I could scarcely take my eyes off. It was possible to see that the whole interior of the outer wall was carved and gilded.

The second shrine was similar, and had double doors exactly opposite those we had opened, but a very important point was that the inner door was painted with small scale and stripes, and the whole sealing arrangement was intact.

It is, therefore, almost certain that the body of the King is lying somewhere in this second shrine, or in one even further in, untouched.

"Never Before." As far as I know, this has never happened before.

Hitherto we have only found the Royal personages either hidden away in very much plundered. In the case of the tomb of Ramses IV., if I recollect the papyrus rightly, five of these shrines, or canopies, figured as surrounding the King's sarcophagus.

There is room for as many as that in this tomb, but it is imprudent to venture any prophecy on the subject. The space is so restricted between the walls of the chamber and those of the outer shrine that it was impossible to pass along on any side, but that where the entrance doors are situated, but with the help of a lamp I could discern the black paddles or oars for the deceased King's use after death, laid in cross-pattern along one side, and some kind of large statue at the far corner.

A Wondrous Object. This part of the tomb will take months to examine.

On the same east side there is a large opening in the outer wall of the chamber which has never been closed, beyond which is another room revealing one of the most imposing and wonderful pictures possible to imagine. Any description I can give of this new and marvellous find is the result of only a very superficial survey.

The first thing that struck the gaze was one of the most wondrous objects that had ever been unearthed either in Egypt or elsewhere.

It is probably the shrine containing the canopic jars of the King, that is to

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A "stop" exercise practised by students at the remarkable New Life colony in the Forest of Fontainebleau described by the "Daily News" Special Correspondent. At a signal all stop instantly, the exercises being designed to arrest movement in unaccustomed positions.

FIREARMS BY POST.

POLICE DETAIN AN EX-SOLDIER.

Scotland Yard announced last night that the police had found and detained John Stantall, the man they suspected of being the sender of boxes containing loaded weapons to persons in France (Tele and Clerkenwell). It is understood that Stantall was discovered last night in the Limehouse area, and that he is now detained at the Limehouse Police Station.

In an official statement issued on Thursday Stantall was described as a native of Clerkenwell. He is said to be suffering from gunshot wounds in both feet. He enlisted in the 19th County of London Regiment in 1915, and was discharged in November, 1917. Stantall lived with his mother, Mrs. Stantall, in Little Northampton-street from October, 1917, until July, 1922, when he left without stating his whereabouts.

BLAZING ASYLUM HORRORS.

22 Inmates Burned to Death.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sunday. Twenty-two lunatics and several nurses are reported to have lost their lives in a terrible fire which broke out to-day at the Manhattan State Asylum.

The outbreak occurred in bitterly cold weather at five this morning, and made such rapid progress that rescue measures were rendered impossible.

Fifteen of the most violently insane, whose screams and shrieks could be heard outside the building, were entrapped in the padded cells, and died an awful death.

There were altogether 700 patients in the building, and the scenes that followed the alarm were heartrending.

ARMS and SECURITY.

By MAJ.-GEN. SIR F. MAURICE

The second of an important series of articles on disarmament appears on PAGE FOUR.

The firemen and other rescuers worked with great heroism, rushing back into the burning building to rescue other patients as soon as one batch had been got to safety.

A defective electric wire is given as the cause of the outbreak.

The Cosmopolitan moving picture studio and the International News studios in New York were also destroyed by fire to-day. Marion Davies is said to have lost thousands of dollars in costumes.

FRENCH RAILWAY SMASH.

Heavy Death Toll Feared in Express Collision.

A railway accident occurred at 6.40 last night to the Paris to Strasbourg express on the Eastern Railway, says a Paris Exchange message.

The train, which left Paris at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, crashed into a goods train in the station at Port-au-Blanc.

At the time the express was travelling at 60 miles an hour.

Details are not yet to hand, but fifteen people are reported killed and thirty injured. It is feared, however, that the numbers will be greatly in excess of these figures.

There was an abnormal glut of vegetables and fruit at Covent Garden on Saturday, and much of it was unsold. Sixteen of thirty were walking round collecting old tins for the poor.

FOREST PHILOSOPHERS.

Gurdjieff the Master and His Quest at Fontainebleau.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF LOVE.

From Our Special Correspondent, E. C. BOWYER.

FONTAINEBLEAU, Sunday.

IF I tried to picture to myself the effect produced on the mind of the reader by my description of this remarkable colony at Fontainebleau, brought together by a common desire to realise an ideal of perfect consciousness and living, I should judge that he would be saying that it is all picturesque and interesting to a point, but that not enough has been told him of the teaching of the Prophet who may be called the Spring of Inspiration.

In the very early hours of this Sunday morning, after his work with his pupils in the Study House was over, he invited me to his room at the Priory, and talked to me at length.

WHY DISSATISFIED?

Even so, I cannot report an interview, for Mr. Gurdjieff insisted that what I might write should be the outcome of my conversations with two members of his immediate surroundings to whom he later recommended me.

Since I had been coming here the question had been forcing itself upon me as to what it was in the experience of all these people which had made them dissatisfied with normal life and the normal type, of which they themselves presumably had been examples. I remember that I once put the question to Mr. Orage, and this is what he replied:

"There are men in London who are already as 'clever' as it is possible for men to be under ordinary conditions, and who are asking themselves whether this is the ultimate truth—whether they have reached the final limits of their evolution."

"We believe that there is something more, and serve us here."

I repeated my question now. What is it that is wrong in ordinary life, and what is it that Mr. Gurdjieff desires to correct?

"First of all," came the reply, "it is necessary to distinguish between 'essence' due to heredity and 'personality' which accrues as the result of environment, education, and such causes."

UNDEVELOPED "ESSENCE."

"Every man is aware of the deficiencies in his undeveloped 'essence,' but because he cannot realise that every body else is in like case he shows a bold front to the world, and leaves behind his 'personality,' which is not himself at all."

"At the present time the West does not sufficiently discern the difference between these two characteristics of men, and makes no efforts at all to educate the 'essence.' Hence, in the adult 'personality' is fully grown, while the 'essence' remains infantile, and it is this disproportion that we think is the first step to correct."

"For example?" I asked.

"Love springs from 'essence' and not 'personality.' It may be that a child will not love its parents while showing affection for other people."

"That we can correct, not with force or in any artificial way, but really so that the child will love them in the deepest meaning of the word."

"Indeed, we educate children on new methods, so as to develop the two principles side by side, but from the earliest forming a complete individual."

The adult 'essence' is educated and brought up to the level arrived at already by the 'personality.' When this is achieved the two can work together, and it is then that actual progress towards the attainment of wisdom commences, and the harmoniously developed man takes the place of a one-sided, distorted entity."

The Institute claims very high powers for members who have become so 'harmonised,' and I was assured that among its present instructors are men who are proficient at any and every trade and handicraft, starting from the simplest and proceeding to the highest

type of "work"—sculpture, painting, philosophy, and the sciences.

"Has the ideal of such harmony ever been attained?" I asked.

"Yes, many times," was the answer, "but not many times in Europe. The men who have realised it belong almost entirely to the East, and it is still true that the West has an entirely erroneous conception of progress in Eastern lands."

"This is the result of using only mechanical and material standards. It is only by deliberate self-training that harmony is attained."

NOT ALL IMMORTAL.

"Immortality," he added, "is not necessarily a blessing bestowed on everybody."

"If a man has a soul, then he lives for ever but not every man is born with a soul. He may acquire one during his life on earth, if he so desires, and will submit to the necessary training."

"But it is quite possible to live happily and to die without possessing a soul. Relatively few men and women enjoy that luxury."

NOT A SECT.

Enlarging the Faculty of Knowledge.

Ouspensky, a middle-aged, much-travelled and learned Russian who lives at West Kensington, is the chief instructor for Gurdjieff's strange academy which has been described in the "Daily News."

Among well-known people deeply interested in the school are Mr. Agar, Mr. A. H. Orage, Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan, Mr. Middleton Murry, Dr. Maurice Nichol and Lady Rothermere.

By his lectures and books Mr. Ouspensky hopes to attract a number of other distinguished students, but a present he is only attempting to appeal to a very limited circle.

"I don't like to see the word 'cult' applied to the movement," he told a "Daily News" interviewer yesterday, "because that is apt to give an entirely wrong impression. We are not trying to found a church or a sect, but simply to promote a method of education and study."

"Man, we say, is a much more complicated machine than is generally supposed. Therefore man must learn to know himself a little better."

"Little by little he must rediscover these faculties and forces that lie buried in the depths of his nature; and so, by understanding himself, he will at last understand the universe."

Gurdjieff and I have reached our present stage of knowledge by long and hard work in many lands. It has been much like what is going on at the present moment in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor.

PETRIIFIED KNOWLEDGE.

"Long ages ago there existed great civilisations and profound knowledge, traditions of which still exist. What remains of the knowledge has often become petrified, so that it is now mere superstition embodied in apparently unmeaning ritual."

"As at the tomb of Tutankhamen, mountains of rubbish have to be cleared away before the treasure is revealed; but we know now that the treasure is there."

"As a first step it is necessary to realise that man's mind has become dulled. You must improve your instrument. The human Faculty of Knowledge must be enlarged."

"That is why ordinary science and art have reached a point at which they can go no further. Progress into the regions beyond involves a perfect harmony of mind and body such as can only be secured by careful training under the right conditions. Hence the Institute in the Forest of Fontainebleau, where each action of the body is brought into relation with some desired activity of the mind."

In this connection Mr. Ouspensky was particularly anxious to make it clear that the hard manual labour described in the articles by "Daily News"

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GHOST THAT MOVES FURNITURE.

NOT AFRAID OF THE POLICEMAN.

OVERTIME.

£150 DAMAGE ON DAY AND NIGHT SHIFTS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WISBECH, Sunday.

A MISCHIEVOUS ghost is disturbing the even tenor of life at a house at Gorefield, four miles from here.

It is a prosaic-looking house, occupied by an ordinary, inoffensive family.

But this is no ordinary ghost; and his pranks are proving rather expensive.

Most ghosts are content to flit about and show themselves occasionally to scared mortals who are up when a respectable folk should be in bed.

AN ORIGINAL GHOST.

Not so the Gorefield ghost. His methods are original, if somewhat iconoclastic. Apart from shifting pianos and things, showing that probably he was a furniture remover in the old days, he works by day as well as night, and takes a peculiar delight in the sound of crashing crockery. His taste in this direction has already cost the householder about £150.

He has some other funny little ways. For instance, this is how he started off. Mr. Joseph Scrimshaw, who occupies the house with his mother, 82 years of age, and his daughter, aged 16, was called at midnight to his mother's room, because her bed had been lying about the room. It was a singularly thoughtless joke at that time of night, but the ghost is evidently no respecter of age. Nor apparently was he fearful of discovery, for there was a fire in the room and the lamp was alight.

THE FAVOURITE TRIP.

While Mr. Scrimshaw was in the room a crash was heard—the ghost had started his favourite capers: a wash stand in the next bedroom had crashed to the ground.

Neighbours were called in, and as the audience grew, so the program developed in liveliness. While they stood near the kitchen door, first a table in the hall fell over, then a heavy filter in the larder jumped off its stand, and a number of plates in the pantry went crashing to the floor. A barometer in another room and some lamp globe followed suit.

Police-constable Hudson was called in, but even this failed to awe the ghostly mischief-maker, who promptly moved a piano from its place against the wall.

OUPOURD TRIPS UP.

The district nurse looked in, and cupboard started coming towards her—but tripped, and fell over before it got near.

So the performances have continued daily, with a inevitable crash-smashing at each "house." The result is that the place is in disorder. Articles restored to their proper niches are quickly upset again, so that the family have taken up the attitude that it is useless to put things back, as it only tempts the ghost to further frolics.

THE PLUCK IT IS.

How do the occupants view the lively visitation? They are singularly undisturbed.

Although offered other accommodation, the old lady strenuously refused to leave the house. "It can't go on for ever," is Mr. Scrimshaw's philosophical view.

Every effort has been made to find a compromise—reason for the occurrence, but there is no trace of subsidence of the house—which was built in 1590 and stands 40 yards from the main road—and no vibration has been felt by those indoors at the time of activity.

The whole district has been stirred by the affair, and crowds visiting the house in the hope of seeing for themselves have had to be refused admission.

Another account says that the ghost moved a gramophone from a table at one end to another table in the centre of the room, and that part of a wash-stand has been seen flying over a bed.

IRISH MEMBERS' HOUSE MINED.

At half-past seven o'clock last night the residence of Mr. Alexander Macrae, in Oakley-road, Rathfriland, Dublin, was blown up by a land mine. The front portion of the house was completely wrecked, but no one was injured.

Mr. Macrae is a member of the Irish Free State Parliament, his constituency being West Mayo and Sligo.

Other Irish News on Page Three.

WRECK OF ITALIAN STEAMER.

MADRID, Saturday.—The steamer Giulio Cesare which has been wrecked off Cape Trafalgar, as an Italian cargo boat, registered at Genoa. She was bound from England for Genoa with a cargo of coal. Thirty survivors in five of her boats were rescued by a Spanish fishing vessel and brought to Cadiz. The Giulio Cesare ran on a rock in very thick weather. Scuter

ON OTHER PAGES.

The Wider World. By M. Witten

Paris. By M. Witten

Happy News or Sorrow? By M. Witten

England's Power. By M. Witten