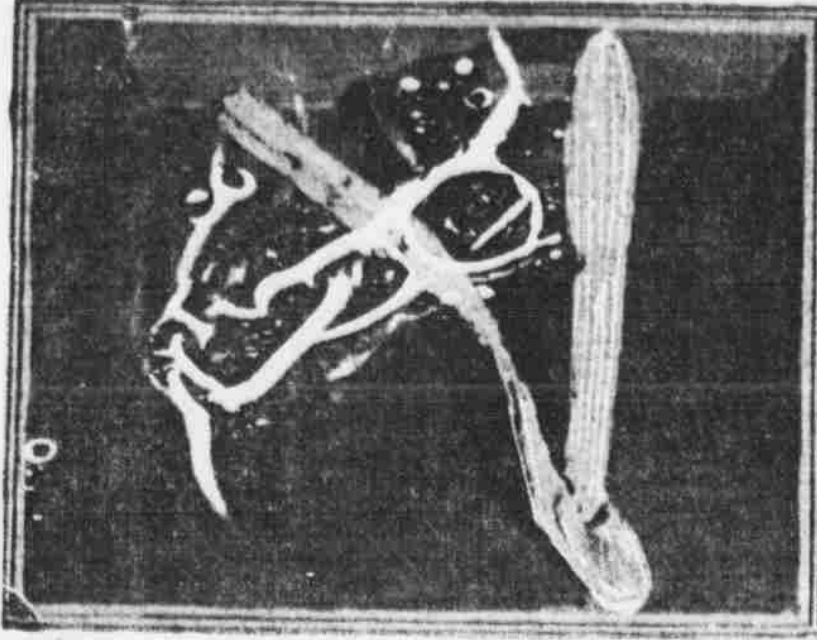


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

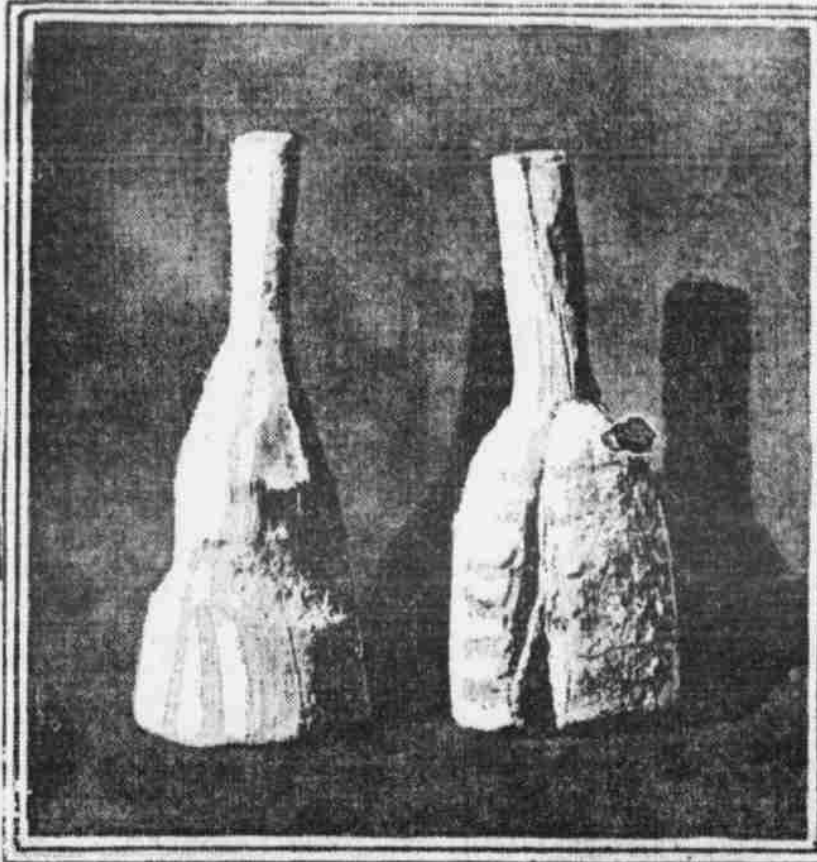
* Workmen's Tools of 5,000 Years Ago *



A Wooden Hoe



Rollers for Moving Stones.



Mason's Mallets of Pyramid Builders, Same as Now.



Limestone Lamps of Pyramid Builders.

In addition to treasures found in a recess near a princess' sarcophagus in the plundered enclosure of the pyramid of Senusert II, there were discovered, in the course of the explorations, numerous articles of great interest. Among workmen's tools left behind by the pyramid builder were wooden rollers, on which the stones were moved from place to place; many mason's mallets of the type still in use, and a wooden hoe. Again, "the first lamps that can be

proved to be such by their wicks, were found in the pyramid; they are of limestone, with pierced discs of pottery in the central cup to hold up the wick. Around the cup is a trough to hold water, in order to keep the stone damp so that the oil should not soak away. There were brought to light also two groups of ducks—the one lying dead on an altar with the eyes closed, the other being carried and all alert.

The "Self" Talking Girl

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Celeste is such a sweet girl, and yet she is not popular with the young folks," said Celeste's married sister to me. "Can you see why?"
It was very easy to see why. Celeste is always talking and thinking about herself. Celeste cannot pass a mirror or even a glass-doored bookcase without peering in to admire her big blue eyes and her rippling brown hair. Celeste cannot be persuaded to show any interest in anything that does not center about her own pretty self.
Her sister went on with the catalogue of her troubles.
"Even if she is my sister I can see that Celeste is unusually pretty, for every one speaks of it. And she is bright and jolly and dresses well. Everyone seems so taken by her at first, but they tire of her. She never keeps a girl friend long and she can't hold a man's interest. All the best men I know have been over to call since she came to spend the summer with me. Several have seemed attracted and have invited her out at once. But after a week they drop her. Please tell me why."
And what I told Celeste's sister I shall tell you, all you pretty, well-educated girls who wonder why you don't "wear well" in friendships and why the people you attract soon tire of you.
Self-consciousness is fatal to charm.

White for Midsummer

Here are Effective Creations Evolved With the Highest Degree of French Taste and Attention to Harmonious Detail.



This fascinating model for midsummer wear made its debut at the Auteuil races, a masterpiece of French events from a sartorial point of view. Chalk-colored sabartine was used to fashion it. The little jacket has a V-neck edged with a band of bayadere satin above which stands a shell collar of polka-dotted batiste. Both over and under skirts have panels of accordion plaiting—which, rumor has it, will be featured in winter suits. Both skirts have plain fronts, and the overkirt has a hip yoke that fits round and smooth and extended. —OLIVETTE.

The girl whose self-consciousness takes the form of bashfulness or of wondering how she can hope that any one will care for such an unattractive person as herself soon becomes awkward and unattractive through thinking herself so.
But the people who know her well care for her in spite of her over-moderate. She, however, does not attract new acquaintances and is not generally popular at dances or gatherings, where the girl of Celeste's type makes a good impression. Celeste attracts, but cannot hold, for the conceitedly self-conscious girl is a tiresome and unlovable creature. She tells of her conquests and her accomplishments, she boasts of her admirers and her talents and she estranges the people who might have appreciated her very genuine talents if they had been allowed to discover them unaided.
A bore was once defined as "a person who talks about himself when I want to talk about myself." The girl who is always talking about herself offends this principle of human nature, and soon is set down as a bore by people who share her fault in a lesser degree.
It antagonizes people to have a girl given to self-praise. It rouses the contrary spirit in folks when a girl seems so well pleased and satisfied with herself as fairly to dare their criticism.
Sweetness and modesty enhance a girl's prettiness three-fold, and when a girl is always peering at herself in mirrors and contentedly patting the waves in her hair she invites a spirit of criticism.
People avoid a girl who is always harping on herself. She seems too self-centered and selfish; to have any admiration or sympathy to give them. In fact, she seems to have no interest to spare from that vast store she is lavishing on herself. And the world is full of diversified interests.
A good listener is always popular. The girl who has the habit of talking about herself is too busy discussing every phase of her own affairs to listen to other people's interests, or to stop to consider that what is absorbingly interesting to her is probably not at all important to her wearied listener.
Celeste attracts by her prettiness and jolly nature. She bores and tires people by harping on her own good points.
You all know how deadly it is to have to listen to one note reiterated again and again on a musical instrument. That is exactly the blunder made by the girl who talks about herself. She might get harmony from her nature, but she harps and harps on her own self until a worn-out and nervous listener longs for any means to choke off her flow of contented words.
Don't talk about yourselves, girls. If you do you will be consigned to the unprofitable and lonely role of talking to yourselves!

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I was reading out loud last night to Sister Mayme from a book of travel," said the Manicure Lady. "It was written by a lady that has went almost everywhere in the world that it was possible or safe for a lady to go, and I couldn't help feeling that I was a awful mutt to stick around this city until I get old. Just think, George, I ain't ever been over a hundred miles outside of New York since I was a little kid."
"The lady was telling about some of her travels in Egypt and she told what a strange feeling came over her when she climbed up onto one of them pyramids. She said that she seemed to see the fair face of Cleopatra returned to Mr. Mark Anthony of Rome, and seemed to hear that queen's voice singing along the River Nile. Gee! You would feel all to the merriness if I could make a few of them stands and have them grand, romantic feelings. The only places I ever travel are right around here, like to West Point or Coney Island, and goodness knows you could stand

A True Story About a Lawyer

By ADA PATTERSON.

It is common to take liberties with the pronunciation of the word lawyer, conveying by that purposely incorrect pronunciation some doubt about the lawyer's reliability. But this is a true story told by and about a lawyer. I have heard him tell it, and I have had means of knowing its absolute truth.
Recently it was announced in New York that James C. Cleary was a candidate on the democratic ticket for member of congress from the Seventeenth congressional district. This might have been a common place announcement to all save the man himself, do not we know the district and the man. The district is the upper west side, one of the most fashionable, prosperous and exclusive in New York, so fashionable, so prosperous and so exclusive that it is known as "The Silk Stocking District." And the man is a lean-faced, honest-eyed, indefatigable worker at the bar, who because he works so assiduously and has hair of a brownish drab shade is called "The Silver Beaver."
No college groomed candidate is James C. Cleary. If ever there was a man who rose because he wouldn't stay down it is the 34-year-old who may represent at the Washington the velvet wrapped, perfume, limousine continent of Riverside drive. I am writing his story because I want the boy who thinks he has no chance to understand that the chance is in him, not outside of him.
His mother was one of the four beautiful Doyle girls, of an up-the-state, respected, but not wealthy family. She married a young sailor who forsook the sea for her, but who was restless on land, so restless that his business of small grocer never thrived. Lately he was ailing and the business dwindled. He left a wife, four children, many debts and a small life insurance. Of principles so high was this widow that she paid the every dollar of the insurance for debts.
"The oldest child, the boy, tried selling papers. His voice wasn't loud enough, or there weren't enough newspaper readers. At any rate the newspaper selling was not a brilliant success. He would work in a general store. "The happiest hours I have ever known were the Saturday nights when I brought home those 25 to my mother; he has told his intimates."
But stories of some upon us unaware. So absorbed was the 3-year-old in carrying the bundles from the grocery store to the home of the purchaser and in looking forward to Saturday evening's amuse-

ments that he had noticed nothing wrong with himself. She had always managed to smile at him and he had not noticed that her face was haggard and her eyes unsteady. One night when he went home to supper he found strangers in the house, strangers who looked pitying at him and at last he learned that his mother had that day been taken to an asylum for the insane. "Worry about how to take care of the family did it," a neighbor told him. One of his sisters had been taken to a "home." Two had gone to relatives in distant cities. The little lean faced lad stood alone.
He joined a gang of section hands. For three years he remained with them, receiving the severest sort of education, but one that has since stood him in good stead. Three years of travel about the country on a handcar, of hard sleeping, hunger-compelling work and he was stronger that the messenger of the store, stronger of body and purpose. He determined to do something for his family.
He went back to the upstate town. His mother had that week been discharged from the asylum as cured. He took his sister from the home. The other sisters came back. The little family was complete and the boy began again. This time there was no break in the circle.
The boy learned stenography and entered a lawyer's office. The small town cramped his ambitions. He resolved to "try New York." Three times he dejected upon the metropolis. Twice he had to go back before he "could get a job," because he had not money enough to stay. The third time he had 25 with him and on that he lived for two months. He dropped a nickel in the ticket chopper's box and rode out on an elevated train into the semi-country to the end of the line. Thus he secured sleep if only in cat naps and the two or three riles were cheaper than a night's lodging. And on pleasant nights there was the park.
When funds grew lower, the end of the 22 in sight, he bought 3-cent tickets and nodded and dozed in ferry houses. Food was negligible and only eaten when it seemed he would fall on the street corners as he went from one lawyer's office to another in search of the job. On the morning that he went back to see a lawyer who had shown a slight interest in him and thought "maybe there would be something," he fortified himself by breakfast. He got the job, but he ate nothing more for imperative reasons until the evening of the following day, when he had done his first day's work in the New York office.
He made himself necessary in the office. He became acquainted with men of large affairs, practiced making briefs and had them ready when the lawyer's clerk was ill or busy. Finally he rented a desk room in an office and went about and asked the men of large affairs for their business. He secured the business of one of these and through him of others

Planning for the Stork's Arrival



Among those things which all women should know of, and many of them do, is a splendid external application sold in most drug stores under the name of "Mother's Friend." It is a penetrating liquid and many a mother tells how it so wonderfully aided them through the period of expectancy. Its chief purpose is to render the tendons, ligaments and muscles so pliant that nature's expansion may be accomplished without the intense strain so often characteristic of the period of expectancy.
Whatever induces to the ease and comfort of the mother should leave its impress upon the nervous system of the baby. At any rate it is reasonable to believe that since "Mother's Friend" has been a companion to motherhood for more than half a century it must be a remedy that women have learned the great value of.
Ask at any drug store for "Mother's Friend," a penetrating, external liquid of great heat and value. And write to Broadfield Regulator Co., 402 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their book of useful and timely information.

around Coney Island long enough without dreaming of any old Egyptian queen. There ain't nothing soft about the music of one of them merry-go-rounds, and there ain't no romance about eating hot dogs and drinking soda."
"I often had a notion to go across the pond, too," said the Head Barber, "but I don't see no class to standing on a pyramid and dreaming that you are giving some dead queen the eye. What I would like to do if I went traveling would be to play the wheel at Monte Carlo. I've got a system all worked out to beat the roulette game as they run it there, and the only thing that ever kept me from going over there and breaking the bank was that I didn't have the price to take me there in any kind of style and leave me any kind of a bank roll to play with."
"You might just as well stay right here in the city if that is your only idea of traveling," said the Manicure Lady. "You can play roulette right here without going abroad. There ain't much sentiment to your nature, George, if you could go clear across the ocean to where all them grand old ruins is, and spend all your time while you are there trying to win money gambling. I don't suppose you would even go to London and see the Tower where King Richard had his two little nephews croaked. You wouldn't even be able to get away from your old gambling long enough to see that tower, would you?"
"I wouldn't care none to see anything like that," said the Head Barber. "My going there wouldn't bring them little nephews back to life, and it would only make me sad. That ain't what a person should go traveling for to feel sad."
"But unless you can uplift your intellect, this traveler says in he book I was reading, there ain't any use in traveling at all," said the Manicure Lady.
"I guess my intellect don't need no uplifting for the business I am in," said the Head Barber. "Even if I knew a lot about history and them old historic places, I couldn't give a customer a better face massage."
"No, George," said the Manicure Lady, "but you would be a whole lot more interesting gent to which to talk to."
Drowned Out.
Here is an incident connected with the law in the Royal Navy. "No smoking during working hours."
Old hands start a smoke as often as possible. Their favorite hiding-place aboard the old battleship Sitowasp was an upper deck compartment on the port side.
One day the commander noticed volumes of smoke coming out of the skylight of this place. He sniffed, then quickly gave orders for officials to stand by for five quarters. Then he yelled, close to "sound off compartment."
"Sound off fire stations!"
The bugle rang out, the bells clanged, and the whistles piped. Everything ready, the O. yelled.
"Fire in the port!" Pass hose down the skylight.
After ten minutes of this the bugle sounded the "stand by" and the culprits were released. The drowned rat

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and in love with a young man the same age. We have been keeping company for six months, but he has not been to see me for several weeks.
I was going to have company, and invited him over, and he refused to come, the excuse being that his mother expected company and he had promised to stay home. Shall I ask him to call again or wait for him? I have several other young men friends who call occasionally, but care for them only as friends.
RUTH C.
You must make no further advances to this young man. Try to cultivate an interest in some one else, and don't permit your affections to dwell on a boy who may wish to drop you. Act as if you were indifferent toward him and you will soon come to feel no interest in one who could easily see you if he chose.
Change Your Tactics.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have corresponded with a fine young man for the

last three years. We are on very good terms. He is a busy business man and does not write to me as often as I do to him.
Have I reason to feel disappointed?
HAPPY.
Under the circumstances you have no reason for feeling disappointed, but he would write oftener if receiving a letter from you depended on such effort. Don't write except in reply to him.
Snapp—Well, all the fools are not dead yet.
Mrs. Snapp—I'm glad of it. I never did look well in black.

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