

Cleopatra Not a Vamp; Was Model Housewife

Egyptian women's costumes in the days of King Tut-Ankh-Amen actually resembled "ill-fitting nightgowns" more than anything else, and their famous "vamps" were nothing more than model housewives, Arthur Weigall, formerly inspector general of Egyptian antiquities, told an audience in Minneapolis the other day, says the Minneapolis Journal.

Weigall was with Howard Carter on the expedition which discovered the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen, and told of the discoveries as he saw them.

He verbally painted the early Egyptians as a "fascinating and picturesque people, a young people filled with the joy of living."

"There never was a more mistaken idea than that Cleopatra was a vamp," Weigall said. "She was just a little bit of a soul, and in this day would be considered too domestic. She thought she was married to Julius Caesar, and later on she also thought she was the wife of Mark Antony. But she learned eventually, that she was the wife of neither, and from the most reliable sources we learn she was terribly shocked at the duplicity of these two men."

"I insist she was a model housewife because she had a family of six children and was devoted to them."

"As for the kind of costumes that are called 'King Tut' today, they were unknown at that time. Women's costumes then were positively hideous. Women today would not wear them, and, if they did, would probably land in jail."

Evidence of Prehistoric People Found in Desert

It was last fall that "The Vast Unknown," a region of mystery in Utah, was explored for the first time by an expedition of the National Geographic society in charge of Neil M. Judd of the department of American anthropology of the National museum. Mr. Judd and his assistants spent two months in complete isolation in this unknown section of Utah. During that time they did not see a single wild animal and the only traces of human beings were the remains of prehistoric Indians.

Through signs placed on the rocks thousands of years ago by ancient Indians, Mr. Judd was enabled to find trails over many difficult places. A number of habitations of prehistoric people were found in canyons.

The present Indians have a horror of the locality and tell many strange tales about it. It is a country of rare beauty to those who appreciate desert scenery. Mr. Judd describes the sandstone as varying in color from a light yellow to a blood red, and the shadows in the canyon range from hazy blue to deep purple, with occasional patches of green marking the rare vegetation.

—Detroit News.

Reassuring "Miss Jones"

As they boarded the train they had every look of being a bridal couple. The young man carefully escorted the young woman to a seat, while the interested passengers smiled indulgently.

Then, extending his hand to the supposed bride, he said, in a very loud voice, "Well, Miss Jones, the train is about to pull out, I wish you a very pleasant journey," and, doffing his hat, he hurried off the train.

But the young woman seemed nervous. By and by she called the porter, and in a whisper gave him some mysterious message. He came back in a moment and said in a voice audible to every one: "Yo' all right, ma'am. He's in de smokin' compartment."

Not a Crime, a Miracle

It was very cold, but still the angler sat patiently by the side of the stream, waiting for the bite that did not come.

An aged man approached and took up a strategic position behind him. "Are these private waters, my man?" asked the angler, looking over his shoulder.

The aged man shook his head. "No," he said.

"Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?" pursued the sportsman.

Again the aged man shook his head, till his gray locks fluttered in the breeze.

"No," he said. "It would be a miracle!"

Force of Habit

A minister, as an illustration of extreme embarrassment, tells of a strapping big fellow who brought his demure young fiancée to the church parsonage for matrimonial purposes.

"According to my usual custom," says the minister, "I turned to the bridegroom at a certain point in the ceremony and said, 'John, this is your lawfully wedded wife.'"

"In the excitement of the occasion John turned awkwardly in the direction of his newly acquired life-mate and stammered, 'I'm pleased to meet you.'"

Scientists and the Child

Thomas A. Edison said in a recent interview:

"A scientist's mind is like a child's. It asks all sorts of ridiculous and impossible questions, then answers them."

"The scientist confronts every phenomenon as the little boy confronted the fat man at dinner. Studying the fat man's stomach carefully, he said:

"Is your tum-tum so big because you eat so much, or do you eat so much because your tum-tum is so big?"

Rickshaw Is Substitute for Taxicab in Durban

Durban is a pleasant town, much frequented in summer by pleasure seekers from Johannesburg, says G. B. Mackenzie in the World Traveler Magazine. The principal streets are clean and wide. They were planned when twelve or sixteen oxen were everywhere used for transport and the streets had to be wide enough to allow of the teams turning around.

Now, of course, there are excellent electric cars and private motors may be hired for journeys out of the town, but taxicabs, as we know them, hardly exist. Their place is taken by rickshaws, drawn by Zulus—men of magnificent physique, gayly decorated with feathers, colored cloth, bracelets, beads and horns.

They run barefoot and often have part of their legs whitewashed so that they appear to be wearing stockings. I was told, however, that the lives of these men in the town is often tragically short. They take little care of themselves and after running for miles in the blazing sun will sit down in the shade to cool, when they easily catch a chill that may prove fatal.

Riding in a rickshaw provides a pleasant, wavy sensation, and gives one a satisfying feeling of superiority unknown to the owner of a paltry limousine.

Britain Has Smallest Cathedral in the World

The smallest cathedral in Great Britain, and possibly the smallest in the world, is the cathedral of the diocese of Argyle and the Isles, situated on an island in the Firth of Clyde. It provides accommodation for only 100 worshippers.

St. Asaph cathedral, too, is notably small, but in the commanding beauty of its site it yields to none of the greater cathedrals, except, perhaps, that of Durham.

In the middle of the vale of Clwyd, which stretches from Ruthin to Ddwyll, stands a ridge forming a kind of backbone to the valley, washed on the east by the River Clwyd and on the west by the River Elwy. On this ridge is perched St. Asaph cathedral.—London Tit-Bits.

Light on the Subject

Five electric signs on Broadway in New York make use of nearly 38,000 incandescent lamps, or more electric lamps than were used in the entire United States in 1881, two years after Edison brought out his first incandescent lamp. Three of these five premier signs which help to spread the fame of Broadway are theatrical announcements. The fourth is an automobile tire advertisement. The fifth and largest of all is a chewing gum sign. In the operation of which 19,000 lamps are used. It is abundant testimony to the progress of the electrical industry that the 38,000 lamps in Broadway's five greatest electric signs consume but 800 kilowatts of current, or only one-quarter of that required for the lamps burned in the United States in 1881. Moreover, the volume of light which they give is twice as great.

Wined Out of His Mine

Dick Wick Hall in the Salome (Ariz.) Sun says: Saleratus Bill Withers has just got back from New York where he went to sell his mine. Bill says when they saw his rich ore they wined him and dined him and wined him and signed him up on some dotted lines so fast and artistically that he don't remember yet just what he ate or drank or whether he is married or sold his mine or not, so he's just waiting and wondering who got beat—but he says he don't care much so long as he is back here again with the other burros because New York is a hell of a place for a white man to have to try to live and no wonder most of them is crazy back there.

Three Bulls

William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet who has received the Nobel prize, said a publisher, "is a collector of Irish bulls."

"One of his bulls concerns a politician who warned his audience:

"I warn you, friends, that my remarks will be pointed to the verge of bluntness."

"Another bull concerns a priest who said sadly in a sermon:

"This is a wretched world. We never strew flowers on a man's grave till after he's dead."

"And a third bull concerns a Belfast parson who prayed:

"We thank Thee for this spark of grace; water it, Lord!"

Prepared

An Irishman who was signing articles on board a ship began to write his name with his right hand, then, changing the pen to his left hand, finished it.

"So you can write with either hand, Pat," said the officer.

"Yis, sor," replied Pat. "When I was a boy me father (rist his soul) always said to me: 'Pat, learn to cut yer finger nails wid yer left hand, for some day you might lose your right!'"

A Sad Ending

"I hope that's a nice book for you to read, darling," said a conscientious mother to her engrossed schoolgirl daughter.

"Oh, yes, mummy," said Miss Thirteen. "It's a lovely book, but I don't think you would like it. It's so sad at the end."

"How is it sad, darling?"

"Well, she dies, and he has to go back to his wife."

Wife Regretted Giving Old Letter to Spouse

The man's mother had given the man's wife a love letter which she found hidden away in a mass of old papers. It had been written to the man when he was a boy and the writer was his sweetheart, aged fifteen years.

The man's mother laughed when she handed it to the man's wife, and the man's wife laughed when she handed it to the man.

"But the man did not laugh.

"Aha," said the wife in her merry way, "see how the past rises up against you."

The man took the letter and slowly unfolded it and softly read it aloud: "Dearest boy," he read, "I'm afraid you are mad at me because I walked with Johnnie Nicholson yesterday to school, but it wasn't my fault at all. You know I love you, dearest boy. A thousand million times more than I could love Johnnie, and when you look cross at me it breaks my heart. Ain't you going to take me to the school picnic Saturday—'cause if you don't I can't go. I cried when I wrote this—that's why it's spotted. Don't make me cry any more, dearest boy."

The man looked at the letter for some time. His gaze softened and he sighed.

"That was the real thing," he murmured, and he carefully folded the letter and turned away.

And then the man's wife was sorry she had given the letter to the man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cartoon in Punch Aided Wilkie Collins to Fame

Wilkie Collins was the son of William Collins, a successful landscape painter, and was brought up in comfort. After school at Highbury the family went to Italy for three years, a useful part of the experience of a future novelist. On return to England Wilkie was articled to the tea trade, and later graduated in law, being called to the bar in 1849, but he soon abandoned this for letters.

A life of his father was more noted for its anecdote than for its literary finish. Other books followed, and his great success came in 1850, with "The Woman in White." There were feeble imitations on all sides, with women of all the colors of the rainbow rushing into Punch.

Punch paid the book an inimitable tribute in which an absorbed stout man turned, startled at the question from a woman in night attire: "And pray, Mr. Tompkins, how much longer are you going to sit up with that 'Woman in White'?"

Collins was henceforth hailed a master in his own craft, highly paid and the idol of thousands of readers. His skill in titles was no mean asset, as in "No Name," "The Frozen Deep," "The Moonstone," "Blind Love," and "The Dead Secret."—Toronto Globe.

Memorial Stamps for 1926

Uncle Sam will travel to Philadelphia for designs for a series of memorial postage stamps. They will be issued in 1926 to commemorate 150 years of independence.

It is surmised that there will be at least three new designs—a 1-cent, a 2-cent and a 5-cent stamp.

One of these postage stamps, which will be sold by millions that year, will show independence hall. Another will have upon it the Liberty bell.

For the third a replica of the painting showing the signers of the Declaration has been suggested.

If left for Philadelphia to choose this city could name something better than that picture, which on a postage stamp would be too small.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

From the Bottom Up

A young man just back from college was dispensing his newly acquired wisdom to a crowd of his townsmen, most of whom were older than himself.

"We all have to begin at the bottom and go up," he observed, sagely.

"Yes," agreed Bob Markham, a droll, illiterate fellow, standing at the outer edge of the crowd. "We begin at the bottom of everything 'cept one."

"What's that, Bob?" demanded the collegian.

"Diggin' a well."—Everybody's.

Mixed Titles

A high school boy asked a librarian for a copy of "Veins and Adenoids." A search through books on physiology failed to reveal any such title. He was asked if he knew the author, and replied, "Why, Shakespeare, I guess." It was discovered he wanted "Venus and Adonis." This is comparable to the woman who wanted "She Sat in the Wood Box"—which was found to be "The Satchel Box."

A Speed Artist

Mike was engaged to do a job of painting for Mr. Smith. After a while he came in, saying the job was completed, and asked for his money.

"But, Mike, I wanted two coats on that building. I'll pay you after the second coat," said Smith.

"You've got it," said Mike. "I mixed the first coat with the paint for the second and put on both coats at the same time. Speed is my motto."

"Possibly"

"Then I'm to tell the firm," the bill collector said, making a memorandum in his book, "that you'll probably settle the account next week?"

"Well, I'd hardly put it like that," answered the other, hesitatingly.

"Probably" is a pretty strong word. Better make it "possibly."

It Takes More Than Cleverness to Succeed

Success is not easy to define. It may mean the utmost development of one's talents and capacities. It may mean the attainment of specific ends and the achievement of specific tasks. Not uncommonly it means simply acquisition—the collection of property and the gathering of riches or the gaining of some other prominence.

Frequently when we speak of success we have in mind the success of a man of business who has climbed to a position of eminence and responsibility and who has as a consequence come into the possession of some measure of wealth.

Pluck is an element of success which may be possessed to a remarkable degree by one whose responses to a lot of puzzling questions might even put him in the moron class. The same is true of the element of perseverance which explains why a good many plodding workers finally get ahead in the world. Perseverance implies patience and patience is not much of an asset when it comes to making instantaneous replies to a stop-watch questionnaire. In the same category of qualities that are helpful in pushing to the front is tact, and tact has no quotient in the unintelligent intelligent tests. About all that these tests reveal is the relative degree of one's cleverness, and it takes a whole lot besides cleverness to succeed.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Oldest Bird Drawings Found in Spanish Cities

The oldest known figures of birds were discovered a few years ago on the walls of some of the limestone caverns in southern Spain, the work of men of the Stone age who lived in these shelters some 25,000 years ago. There are, among the drawings some obvious flamingos and others that may be geese or ducks. In the new world the ancient Mayas of Central America had a very highly developed civilization when the white men arrived and had reached a high pitch of skill in drawing and carving in wood or stone. Some of their figures of the great horned owl are remarkably skillful and lifelike.

The Egyptians, in their hieroglyphic writing, used many figures of birds that were familiar to them. These figures were, of course, much conventionalized, but many can be identified. Some of these are the vulture, swallow, sparrow, sparrow hawk, pintail duck, ibis—all familiar species in the Nile delta to this day.—Detroit News.

Submarine Thawing

The use of electricity for thawing frozen water pipes in city houses is no longer uncommon, but an unusual undertaking in this relation was the application not so long ago of the process to a six-inch submarine main, 1,700 feet in length, connecting North Brother Island with New York city. When an ordinary water pipe is to be thawed both ends are cut and the passage of a comparatively small electric current through the resistant pipe metal generates sufficient heat to melt the ice in the pipe. Although the same general plan was followed with the frozen submarine main, all the conditions were so difficult that it took five days of applying powerful electric currents and of a constant pumping with a pressure of eighty pounds to do the work.

She Was an Expert

"Julia, do you know what love is?" The lovesick man put the question in an intense voice.

"Yes," replied the fair maid, firmly.

"But do you really know?" he asked again. "Have you ever been the object of a love undying as the sun, as all-pervading as the air, as wonderful and sparkling as the stars? Have you ever loved and been loved like that, Julia?"

In an agony of suspense he waited for her reply.

"Have I?" she presently murmured, staring thoughtfully into the glowing fire. "If you will come up into our box-room I can show you a trunk full of letters and three albums full of photographs, and in my jewel case are several engagement rings."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Big Supply of Admirals

Much prestige attaches to high positions in France and there is much comment on a peculiar situation that has developed under the reduction of naval armament, France having seven first-class battleships, but eighty-six admirals and rear admirals on the active list for duty. The only situation like it is in Mexico, says the Ohio State Journal, where in the present rebellion six generals were assigned to a command of seven hundred soldiers, a reserve force that was moving toward the battle ground, but France hopes to work her way out of her situation with no loss of dignity.

Furriner, Probably

A traveler in the Northwest eyed his seatmate for a while and then asked where he was from.

"Saskatchewan."

"What's that, podner?"

"Saskatchewan."

The interlocutor pondered over this for a while and then suggested:

"You no spik Inglis?"

Might Help Some

"You are the sixth girl," a widower complained, "to whom I have proposed without avail."

"Well," the girl answered, "maybe if you wear one when making your seventh you'll have better luck."

Noted Pirate Besieged Cities of West Indies

Henry Morgan, one of the most famous of buccaneers, when a young boy was kidnaped in the streets of Bristol—it is claimed that he came of a good English family—and was sold as an indentured servant to some colonists in Barbados. When his time had expired he made his way to Jamaica and soon fell in with the buccaneers who infested that island. Before very long he became the captain of a ship.

At first he seems to have had but moderate fortune. He took part in several raids, but did not rise to prominence until he joined forces with Mansfield—the first of the buccaneers who succeeded in rallying enough pirates under one command to make himself formidable to fortified coast towns. Morgan became his principal lieutenant and when his chief died he became the acknowledged leader of the buccaneers.

In June, 1668, when he was thirty-three years old, Morgan collected a fleet of nine or ten small ships and perhaps 400 men. With them he attacked Puerto Bello and wrote his name alongside that of Sir Francis Drake in the records of Englishmen whom the Spaniards feared and hated.—Detroit News.

Prehistoric Canals Found in Meade County, Kansas

Digging away with gouges and paddles, probably made of buffalo bones, prehistoric men, who lived in Meade and Clark counties, Kansas, skillfully constructed great artificial embankments which diverted the waters of Four Mile creek through an ancient canal.

That's the conclusion of a field party that spent several days in the late spring of 1920 examining one of the ancient channels. The builders of these ancient artificial waterways evidently possessed engineering skill of no mean order, as some of their cuts, fills and meanders on sloping ground abundantly prove.

When running along the face of a declivity at right angles to the slope they invariably piled the excavated dirt on the lower side. The earth doubtless was transported by means of wicker baskets or in sacks made of rawhide. The ruins antedate the coming of the Spaniards by hundreds of years, possibly a thousand or more.

Those canal builders probably lived in low, one-story pueblos. Moundlike ruins still are visible in Beaver county, Oklahoma, just across the state line, and in the vicinity of the canals in Kansas.—Detroit News.

Aerial Forest Patrol

Many persons will remember when the pilot and passenger on an airplane were obliged to sit on the edge of a wing with their feet hanging in space. The newest form of cabin is very luxurious, both in the machines used for passenger travel and those flown for scientific work. The entire forward end of the cabin is enclosed in glass, with broad windows reaching to the floor, so that the pilot and others can look out in all directions while seated in comfortable chairs. This form of airplane is used by the government in forest patrol work and for aerial photography. The camera or instruments used are mounted in this bay window, so that they can command an uninterrupted sweep of the horizon. From any seat in the cabin of such an airplane a marvelous view of the landscape may be enjoyed.

A Bad Case

Major Pelham St. George Bissell, told a new-rich story at a dinner of the Society of Colonial Wars in New York.

"A new-rich," he said, "went to a manicure, spread his terrible paws out on her table and asked:

"Can you do anything with these here, lady?"

"The young girl turned the new-rich's hands this way and that disdainfully with an orange-stick, and then she said:

"Yes, I think I can, but first you must go to a doctor and get these cracks stitched up. Surgery isn't in my line."

Timely Warning

"He dances beautifully," sighed the impressionable girl.

"Take my advice," answered Miss Cayenne, "and don't deprive society of his accomplishments. It would be a shame for him to get married and have to stay home nights."

Give Her Time

Rastus—Ah wants a divorce. Dat woman jes' talk, talk, talk, night an' day. Ah can't get no rest and dat talk am drivin' me crazy.

Young Lawyer—What does she talk about?

Rastus—She doan' say.—Life.

Can He Keep Her There?

Gentleman wishes room and board with garage space for wife in refined private home; meals for himself when in town. Specify terms and location in reply. References, P 43.—Wait Ad in the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Symptoms

"Pardon me, professor, but last night your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage. I have called this morning to ask if there is any insanity in your family."

"There must be."—Yale Record.

Plants Grow Toward Light Unless Blinded

A house plant grows toward the light, and if the pots are turned about so that the leaves face away from the window, it takes only a day or two for them to screw themselves around once more into nearly their old positions.

If now one looks carefully for the joints where this bending is done, he sees at once that nearly all stalks have two. At the bottom of each leaf stalk, where it joins the twig, there is a spot of soft, bright green tissue, which is one joint. Then, at the other end of the stalk, where it joins the leaf, there is likely to be still another. One sees this easily in the bean. The leaf, as a whole, has one of these joints between leaf stalk and stem. Then each of the three leaflets has one of its own, between itself and the common leaf stalk. So, too, the three leaflets of the clover move, each by itself, by means of such a joint.

Curiously, however, as has been discovered only lately, these bright green spots are not simply the joints of the leaf; they are also its eyes. It has been found that if the spots are covered with black paper, the plant becomes blind, so that it no longer turns its leaves toward the light. But, if the rest of the leaf and its stalk are covered, and only the joints left exposed, then the leaves turn as usual. Moreover, not only light, but also pinpricks, acids, electric shocks and heat, applied at these joints, will cause the leaf to move.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Carthaginians Taught Romans to Build Roads

The Roman empire was intersected by roads constructed principally between the Second and Fourth centuries after Christ. These highways varied in width from 8 to 15 feet, and were almost universally built in straight lines without regard to grade, probably because the use of beasts of burden as the chief means of transport made the preservation of the level an affair of minor importance. Soldiers, slaves and criminals were employed in the construction of these highways, the durability of which is shown by the fact that, in some cases, they have sustained the traffic of 2,000 years without material injury.

The Roman forum is said to have been the point of convergence of 24 roads, which, with branches, had a total length of 52,804 Roman miles. The Romans are said to have learned the art of road building from the Carthaginians.—Adventure Magazine.

"Grads" Feed Students

A college town in western New York, where nearly everybody goes to the institution, presents some startling incongruities. About a third of the restaurants, and it is a common thing to see an ad in the papers like, "Eat at Bugs Burgess' restaurant, A. C. Burgess, '16, manager."

On one street is an ice cream parlor whose proprietor has just received his degree of doctor of philosophy. Professors come in and discuss the winter habits of the Bantidspore, while the proprietor stands by in white apron.

Of course no customer can interrupt such a discussion, but must wait until the Ph. D. is through before he orders his nut sundae.—New York Sun and Globe.

Rare Sea Shell

In a specially provided case in the foyer of the American Museum of Natural History, there was exhibited recently for the first time one of the most highly prized cone shaped shells ever found in the world. According to scientific authorities, it is properly called "The Glory of the Sea."

It is about five inches in length, peculiarly slender appearance, graceful proportions, and has a tapering spire. It suggests an unfolding rosebud. The ground color is pale ivory, overlaid with a mosaic of thousands of triangular figures ranging from an eighth of an inch to almost microscopic size. These triangles are outlined in chrome yellow or deep chestnut brown.

A Sure Sign

An old dandy who made his living, as he said, "by takin' in white-washin', floor cleanin' and peticular jobs," met one of his white customers shortly after the first of the year.

"How are you this morning, Uncle Dave?" asked the white man.

"Well, sah, I'm des dat good dat I'm gwine to live for anuder year," was the reply.

"How can you be certain of that?" "Hits dis 'er way, I allurs notices dat when I lives tuel New Year's I allurs lives anuder year," was the triumphant response.—Judge.

Innocent and Guilty

"Did you tell the sheriff he might shoot at a fleeing robber?"

"Yep," replied Cactus Joe. "The city council decided that he could shoot so's to scare him, bel'n' careful at the same time not to hit him."

"But it ain't workin' out. In a crowded street the robber's the only one that's perfectly safe."—Washington Evening Star.

Not Working for Fun

A small boy was scrubbing the front porch of his home when a visitor called.

"Is your mother in?" asked the visitor.

"Do you think I'd be scrubbing the porch if she wasn't?" replied the boy.