

## The Black-Haired Girl in Red

By LAURA MONTGOMERY

In past years when Irene had finished a picture she had used to rush downstairs and face her family eagerly, but as she grew older she had learned to dread the laughter that sometimes greeted her. Irene loved color. Flaming tints, bizarre arrangements of color combinations that no one else had dared, fascinated her. She had been submitting cover-designs to the magazines for years, but, as her brothers glibly informed her, she had yet to make a single sale. Her paintings were exceedingly costly, for the colors she used were invariably the most expensive.

"If you'd spend your allowance on your clothes instead of paints, you'd look a lot better," observed Fred, staring at the paint-stained frock and untidy hair.

Irene looked from the startling picture in her hand to her brother's face. "Don't you like it a bit?" she inquired, a somewhat beaten expression creeping into her eyes.

Fred's taunting air dropped from him. This was the first time Irene ever looked as though she thought of a probability. "I'll tell you, Irene," he began crisply, "you are too one-sided. No one can slave at one thing the way you do and do the best work. If you devoted even five hours a day to your painting and the rest to recreation, getting fresh viewpoints and becoming rested, you would do a lot better. I think you have talent, but I don't believe you'll ever in this world make good the way you're rushing at it. You have to be a bit all-around to get the best out of life, you know."

"Then you don't think this good?" nervously she pushed back a wisp of curly black hair, and her hand left a smear of violet blue paint near her left eye which failed to improve her appearance.

Annoyed by her unkempt look and trembling mouth, Fred scowled: "No, it looks as though a crazy person had created it. I suppose you are not going to honor us by attending the dance at the Country club?" Irene stared down at her picture and then rushed from the room. "No-body cares," she wept when she had reached her room, that was redolent of ancient paints.

Daisy tapped at the door and then pushed it open. She carried a cup of tea, and the very sight of the frail blue china and the tiny sandwiches refreshed Irene. "Say, Irene," remarked the younger sister sensibly, "drink this and slip into an evening frock and come with us. I believe Fred is right, although he is such a crab; if you go about a bit and eat properly you'd go back to work feeling more fit."

Irene pushed back her hair a second time, and Daisy began to laugh at the scarlet decorated the tired face. "I am too tired to dress—" she began, but her sister interrupted her.

"Drink this tea and take your time in dressing. We're not going until half-past eight o'clock and you'll have plenty of time."

Fred stared as he saw Irene coming down the wide black oak stairway. She certainly looked like a different girl. Her tears had left no traces save a flush on either cheek that was becoming. Her black hair was caught up in a curly knot on the top of her head and she had secured it with an old carved black comb with a high top. Her frock was an old one—Irene wasted little time on shopping—but it was vastly becoming, a vivid red chiffon that brought out the soft black of her velvety eyes. "Gee, sis, you look like somebody now," declared Fred. "You know how to dress yourself if you can't dress your impossible slant-eyed maidens. You," he screwed his eyes up as though inspecting a picture, "lack something, though. Haven't you a black fan?"

Irene, refreshed by the delicious tea, giggled. "Nothing so banal; any one would think of a black fan because my eyes are dark. See!" and she brought her left hand, which had been behind her, out with a flourish.

The huge feather fan of brilliant blue gave a touch of the bizarre to her costume that was exquisite. Fred hated to be effusive, but he really admired his sister at that moment. She looked so tender and feminine, with her cloudy, curly hair about her face. "If you painted a picture of that staircase with a pretty girl coming down in that dress it might not be so bad," he said slowly.

All evening Fred's words lingered in the girl's mind. He seldom praised his sisters, and his words gave her an idea. If she stopped trying so earnestly for something different, if she painted what she knew, she might achieve something. She had been trying to do ideals that no one understood, and no one had paused to try to unravel her meaning in the impossible jumbles she had slaved upon.

"Who is that girl in red?" she overheard a stranger ask.

"She is an artist, and I never knew until tonight that she was a real girl," rejoined Richard Grieg, a man whom Irene had known for years and secretly admired. He was a man who did things in the business world—a success.

Richard danced four times with the black-haired girl in red, and Daisy teased her gaily as they drove home in the moonlight. "Guess I made a mistake coaxing you to go to the dance," she said. "Fancy dancing four

times with that wonderful Richard Grieg."

The change from the paint-laden air to the summer, flower-scented breeze and the recreation of the successful evening did Irene worlds of good. Moreover, her ideas had freshened and she went to work with a steady hand. As she sketched in the outlines for a new cover her lips curved happily. After all, it was a pleasant thing to be a girl and wear pretty clothes.

She worked steadily until noon and then went for a walk before luncheon. At three o'clock she had finished her sketch, which she had done in water-colors to get the first effect.

A week later she was waiting in the hall for Daisy, who was trying the effect of a new hat that Irene had, with her new interest in clothes, designed for her sister, when the postman rang.

Irene sat reading the short note from the art editor, her eyes round with surprise. "He says, Daisy, that this sketch is the first thing that I've sent in that had any promise, and that if I keep on doing everyday sketches I may send him something he can accept."

Daisy giggled: "Art is very nice; you sure designed a peachy hat for me, sis, but if I had a chance at a man like Richard Grieg, who," she had caught a glimpse of a gray overcoat outside the hall door, "is coming up this very minute, I'd never waste a second on art."

"The girl in red showed me a girl I had never known before," teased Richard later when he had read the wonderful letter from the art editor, "and the sketch of the vivid red gown with the daring blue feather fan evidently made a hit. I don't know, however, that I can spare any of my wife's time for art, though," he added with the masterful air that Irene adored.

## NESTING HABITS OF PENGUIN

Both Male and Female Care for Eggs, Hatched in Nest That Is Slipshod Affair.

During nesting time the penguins, on the frozen ice fields of the South pole, live in big colonies, not far from the water. The nest is an untidy affair, consisting of pebbles laid to form a hollow, and is carefully built by both Mr. and Mrs. Penguin. There are two eggs, and both birds care for them.

When Miss Penguin wishes to take a husband, she signifies the fact by sitting on one of last year's nests, and waiting for her admirer to pay her court. This is done by approaching her with an offering of a pebble, the sign of the new home. The pebbles she accepts for her new home all belong to one bird, and this bird is her mate. Often there are bitter discussions as to the right of suitors, and much whirling of flappers and sometimes nasty beak bites.

It is remarkable the part that a pebble plays in the lives of these birds—and no incident could be more interesting than that of the bird which, and a South pole explorer on its beach, and believing he must be some new dweller of the frozen shore, carried a pebble and dropped it at the man's feet evidently as a sign of friendliness.

Equally human is the action of a flock of penguins in endeavoring to stop a fight between two rival birds. The peacemakers do not enter into the quarrel in any way, but push themselves between the fighters and part them.

## Japanese Are Good "Shots."

"The Japanese guns may certainly never shoot, but there is one kind of shooting that won't cease so long as a yen remains in Japanese pockets over here," writes a correspondent at Washington. "I refer to 'crapshooting.'"

"The Japanese learned the game while they were playing another down at the Pan-American building, and they have the average craps maniac beaten before he starts."

"One may watch a handful of the little men from Nippon throwing dollars on the table for all the world like a multimillionaire playing rouge et noir at Monte Carlo."

"They are beautifully consistent and lose their dollars with a smile just as they win them. They clear a British diplomat out of all his money, and then offer to lend him taxi fare back to his hotel."—Detroit News.

## Old-Time Automobiles.

One hundred years ago, or, more exactly, on December 8, 1821, the Journal des Debats published the following item:

"There is now much talk in Milan of an invention from which the author, a certain Cataneo, has just got a license from the emperor of Austria. Several times already they have tried in England and France to make a carriage move without horses, but every time it was observed that the mechanism gave rise to insuperable difficulties. Mr. Cataneo not only dispenses with the team, but by means of his mechanism one single horse keeps up and accelerates the movement to a point at which he does easily the work of four horses."—New York Tribune.

## Behanding a Palm.

The big Brazilian coconut palm in the New York Botanical garden acquired the glass-breaking habit. Although the central dome of range 1 in the conservatories is 90 feet high, the ambitious palm has several times poked its head through the top. Taking into consideration the high cost of glass and labor, this expensive habit had to be checked, and the verdict was decapitation for the tree. It had previously outgrown its quarters in the Central park greenhouses.—Scientific American.

## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### THE REASON WHY

IN EVERYDAY contact with such lems as regularly come up for solution in the home or the office, adopt a process of reasoning them out in your own way.

You will find if you steadfastly persist in such a course that you will soon reach a higher stage of thinking, necessary always to a higher state of efficiency.

Accepting some one's say-so without giving serious thought to the answer or inquiring as to the reason why, is an unwise thing to do.

In spite of whatever innate cleverness you may have, if this dependence on some one else is continued, there will never come to you an opportunity to show this ability.

You will form the harmful habit of leaning on others instead of standing alone in your own strength and trusting unreservedly in self.

Those upon whom you rely for advice will keep ahead of you just as long as you court their company and assistance.

By pursuing such a course you admit incompetence and lack of force, which disqualify you for leadership and advertise to your employers that you are a second-grade man or woman, incapable of forming judgment without help from others.

To observe, reflect and apply ought to be the high purpose of every man and woman in the stern battle of life. Observe as a child and keep observing until you find the reason why.

If you will reflect, sift out the chaff from the wheat, you will in a short time be qualified to judge the good from the worthless and pick out the best every time you are called upon to make a decision.

With this newly acquired ability, you will know unerringly how to choose the right course and follow it with strength and assurance.

Instead of being a weak dependent, wavering, uncertain and timid, you will grow steadily into a strong, bold leader capable of shouldering great responsibilities.

Keep your eyes open, use the power given you by the Creator, figure out the value of everything that has a bearing on your work, apply the use of it, and you will encounter no real difficulties in finding the reason why, or in piercing the bull's eye of success with an arrow of your own making.

(Copyright.)

## Mother's Cook

As it fell upon a day  
The merry month of May  
Sitting in the pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtle made  
—Barnes.

### SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

**SKIM MILK** will prove a boon to many housewives who have forgotten that it may be used in nearly all dishes instead of whole milk, and can be bought in many places for very little. In cream soups, adding a little more butter, the skim milk is especially good.

### Nut Wafers.

Take three tablespoonfuls of butter, add five tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. When the sugar and butter are creamy, add three tablespoonfuls of milk, drop by drop, stirring constantly; then add nine tablespoonfuls of flour and a few drops of vanilla. Brush a pan with fat, drop by spoonfuls and sprinkle each with chopped nuts. Dust with cinnamon and bake in a slow oven.

### Spicy Fruit Cake.

Take one-half cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg to taste, one egg beaten well; add one cupful of sour cream, a teaspoonful of soda and three cupfuls of flour. Mix well and add one-half cupful of nuts with raisins, figs and dates chopped and mixed to make one-half cupful. Bake in a loaf in a slow oven.

### Anise Seed Cookies.

Take one-half cupful of shortening, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, four tablespoonfuls of anise seed, five tablespoonfuls of baking powder and three to four cupfuls of flour. Mix and add the seeds. Roll and cut in fancy shapes. Bake in a hot oven.

### Sticky Cinnamon Buns.

Take one quart of raised dough, add one-half cupful of sugar, two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of soft butter, one-half cupful of brown sugar; mix well and roll out. Spread with two tablespoonfuls of soft butter; sprinkle with one-half cupful of brown sugar, mixed with two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half cupful each of currants and seeded raisins. Roll and cut in slices. Brush a deep, heavy sheet-iron pan with fat, sprinkle with brown sugar and set in the buns so that they do not touch. Let rise until light. The buns should be five inches high when baked. Cut the roll in two-and-one-half-inch slices when put to rise. Place an asbestos mat under the pan and be careful not to bake in too hot an oven.

Nellie Maxwell  
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## Egypt of Today Is Little Known

World at Large More Familiar With Civilization of the Days of the Pharaohs.

### PEOPLE ARE MUCH THE SAME

Peasant of Today Might Have Stepped From Ancient Carving—Now Has First King Since the Ptolemaic Regime.

Washington, D. C.—King Fuad succeeds Cleopatra.

"When Great Britain abandoned its protectorate over Egypt, and the Sultan of the Nile country changed his title to king, he became the first king of Egypt since the Ptolemaic regime," says a bulletin issued from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"The old Egypt of millenniums ago is in many ways more familiar to the world at large than the Egypt of today," continues the bulletin. "Pictures of its great pyramids and sphinxes, its columned temples and rock-hewn tombs fill histories and encyclopedias; and inevitably the reader's attention is centered, not on the problems of today, but rather on the evidences of a dead civilization."

"But aside from the fact that mummy hunting was for many years one of the leading private industries of the country; and that now convicts, instead of building roads, excavate tombs and temples for the government, the old monuments are merely a background for a life hard enough to center local thoughts mostly on daily bread-winning."

"Superficially Egypt seems a large country. The eye sees its color spread over a considerable part of the north-eastern quarter of the map of Africa, and statistics credit it with an area of more than 350,000 square miles. But the real Egypt—the habitable part—is like a cord with a frayed end: the narrow valley and flaring delta of the Nile. Except a few scattered oases, most of the rest of the nominal Egypt is parched desert sand, gravel and rocky hills. Of its more than a third of a million square miles of territory, about 12,000 are estimated to be capable of cultivation, and considerable part of this has not yet been tilled."

"In comparing the Egypt of today with that of the dawn of history one is divided between wonder at the marked changes on the surface and the lack of change in some fundamentals. The Egyptian of today does not speak his old tongue, but instead, Arabic; his old gods are forgotten, and he has—with the exception of a small minority—adopted the religion of Mohammed. But in spite of numerous invasions, the blood of the great majority of the population 'has been altered hardly at all. Practically the fellahs, or peasants, might be stepped from the ancient carvings; they are but a fresh generation of the men who dragged the great blocks of stone into place to build the artificial mountains of the Pharaohs."

"Egypt's resources are almost wholly agricultural, and in the agricultural scheme the millions of fellahs are the ultimate units. They work long hours scratching the soil with crude implements, or tediously raising water in skin buckets attached to pivoted poles that the thin stream may save their plants from parching. Taxes are heavy, and it is the lowly fellah who keeps the treasury supplied."

"There is little cause to marvel at Egypt's checkered history. A simple reason is that she began early. Here

is one of the earliest places in which man lived an ordered life and left records of his activities.

"After the long reign of the Pharaohs Egypt had its Grecian and Roman regimes which brought but few changes. Then in 641 A. D. came the invasion of the Saracens, from which time began Egypt's Mohammedan history. For a time the country was a province of the Arabian Caliphs; later it was independent, though still Mohammedan, under the Mamulukes; and finally, in 1516, it became a province of Turkey, which controlled it first through a governor and later through a sort of hereditary viceroys or khedives.

**Khedive-Sultan-King.**

"For the third time Europe took a hand in the affairs of Egypt in 1798 when Napoleon won his battle of the Pyramids. The British drove the French out in 1801 and turned the country back to Turkey. In 1839 came the building of the Suez canal by De Lesseps, which has given Europe an ever-growing interest in Egyptian affairs. To protect European bondholders France and Great Britain made a joint intervention in 1879 and for a while controlled finances. The uprising of 1882 against the khedive was suppressed by the British alone, and after that they controlled finances without assistance. The government was in effect Egyptian with British assistance and with the nominal suzerainty of Turkey acknowledged."

"When the World War began Great Britain established a protectorate, abolished Turkey's suzerainty, deposed the Germanophile khedive, and appointed another prince of the family to be sultan. The British protectorate is now being withdrawn, but instead of the former Turkish interest being restored, Egypt is set up as an independent kingdom."

## America Leads in Air Traffic

Ahead of France and Most Other European Countries in Commercial Aviation.

### DEVELOP PRACTICAL FLYING

United States on Top in Mileage and Carried 1,275,000 More Pounds in 1921 Than Did France—Forced Stop Mastered.

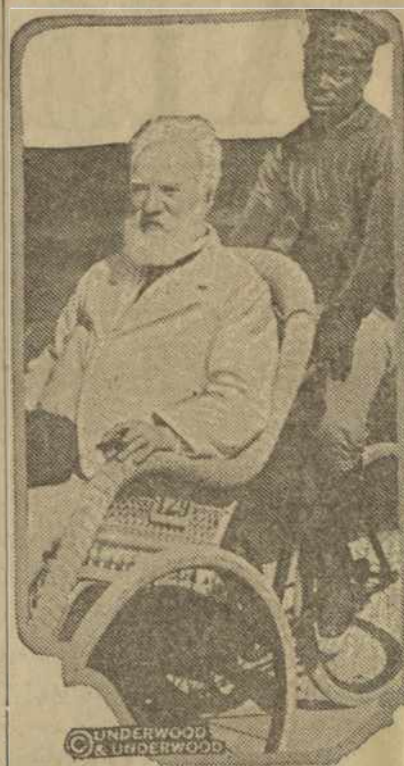
Washington.—The United States is leading France and most other European countries in the practice of commercial aviation, it is shown in reports to the Commerce department throughout America.

More than 1,713,000 miles were flown in the United States in 1921 by air mail planes, which rank as commercial planes. Mail carried totaled 1,160,000 pounds. The record for France, just received by the Commerce department, is as follows: Miles flown, slightly more than 1,300,000; mail carried, 21,000 pounds.

In mileage the American planes lead France by nearly 25 per cent. In the mail record American planes carried 55 times as much weight.

It is customary for aviation enthusiasts to berate the development of commercial aviation in the United States in comparison with the use of

### BARS OWN INVENTION



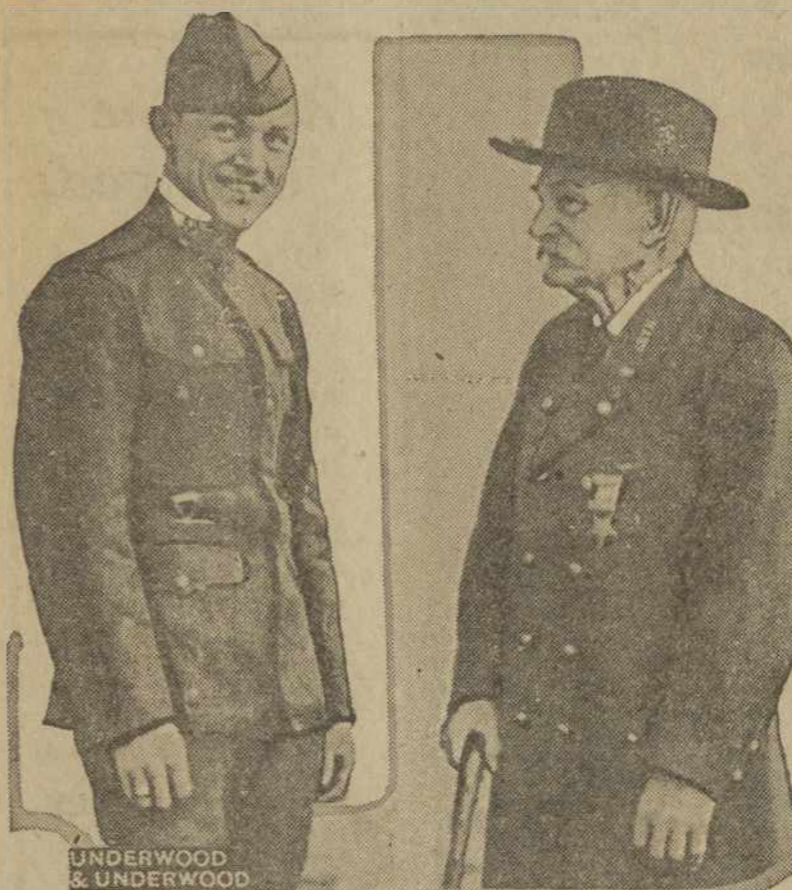
Photograph of Alexander Graham Bell, taken at Miami, Fla., where he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday recently at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. David Fairchild of Coconut Grove. Mrs. Fairchild recently said in a public address that the famous inventor never would have a telephone near his study and hence there is no telephone in the Fairchild home.

### Bellboys' Tips Bought Farm.

Joplin, Mo.—Bert B. Cox, bellboy at a hotel here, purchased with the tips he has saved in the last eleven years a farm lying in a fertile valley south of Joplin, paying \$8,000 for it. He intends to grow fruit and berries and raise chickens on it.

"Hard to save the money?" said Cox. "Why, no; it was a comparatively easy matter. Of course, you have to get the saving habit. Once that is done, your pile will grow."

## Youngest and Oldest Veteran



Meeting in front of the State House in Boston—Terry McCloskey, who enlisted at the age of fourteen in the One Hundred and First Infantry, Twenty-sixth division, for the World War, and Edwin F. Weyer of Woburn, Mass., ninety years old, the oldest G. A. R. member in the Bay state and probably the oldest war veteran in the state.