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THE GIRL ON THE WALL

By R. RAY BAKER

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From her place on the office wall the girl watched Oliver Randall's every move. The deep, dark eyes followed him about the room; the ruby lips smiled at him continuously.

Oliver was in love with the girl. He had always admired dark-eyed, dark-haired girls, and this one satisfied his requirements as to an ideal. He knew he would marry her if he could.

Oliver was rising rapidly in the real estate business, and in a year or two would be in more than comfortable financial circumstances. He needed a wife for an incentive, and, besides, he was lonely; for in the big city he had few companions aside from business associates.

"If I could find the right girl I'd marry her—if she'd let me," Oliver had often said, but the right one never seemed to come along. Moreover, he was one of the backward kind when it came to young women, and he doubted his ability to bring himself to the point of proposing. Women frightened him; they made him self-conscious.

Oliver Randall never had a girl—except back in the old home town of Plainwell, where he used to aspire to the hand of Irene Earle. Now Oliver, away from the old home for a year and a half, laughed at Irene, with her red hair and freckles.

But the girl on the wall—Oliver loved her deeply; at least he thought he loved her, and thought has a lot to do with it. He had never talked with her, had not even seen her outside the office. She had been presented to him by the mail carrier, and she came rolled in a cardboard tube. She was a picture on a calendar, advertising insurance.

Surveyed Her Critically.

It was not yet time for the girl on the wall to assume her duties of keeping Oliver posted regarding the dates. It was two weeks before the calendar went into effect, but Oliver could not bear to keep the girl rolled in the tube or shut in the darkness of a desk drawer.

So she was put to work fourteen days ahead of time, so that Oliver could feast his eyes on her while he worked. She inspired him.

"I must find that girl," he decided, and he conferred with an acquaintance who had something to do with the printing business, in order to ascertain whether it was physically possible to satisfy his desires. If the girl was only the child of an artist's brain his chances would be slim.

The friend's verdict was encouraging.

"She's a real girl all right," he said. "This is a half-tone engraving made from an actual photograph."

Then Oliver got to scrutinizing feminine faces that passed him on the streets and looking through cafe windows, and scanning the countenances of store clerks and movie theater audiences and elevator girls.

Of course, the quest was hopeless, but it furnished diversion for a young man who had nothing to do when he was not at the office. The only real way to learn the whereabouts of the original of the girl on the wall was to correspond with the makers of the calendar, and he could not quite bring himself to display so much inquisitiveness.

Press of business kept Oliver in the city during the Christmas holidays, but he made arrangements for spending December 31 and January 1 in the old home town. It would be his first visit since leaving the place, and while it held few attractions as a town, due to the fact that he had outgrown it, he wanted to see his parents, who had always lived there and who no doubt would complete their lives there.

He arrived on the morning of the 31st and was met by his parents in a modest automobile, in which he was conveyed to the house where he was born and grew up.

It seemed rather good to look into the little room that used to be his and still was his, in fact, for his mother kept the bed ready for his occupancy and had never touched any of his belongings except to clean them—not even a pile of read-from-cover-to-cover, out-of-date magazines.

In the afternoon Oliver went out for a walk, desirous of renewing acquaintanceships. He thought he knew everybody that lived in Plainwell, and consequently was surprised at the number of new faces. However, the town itself seemed to have undergone few changes.

"Hello, Oliver," he heard a voice behind him call as he walked along the main street. "Don't you recognize your friends?"

He turned and saw two girls standing on the walk behind him. For a moment he surveyed them, or rather one of them, who had wreaths of rich red hair flowing down over a set of black furs. From behind a black muff the face peered, and it was a rather roguish face, albeit covered with frankness and freckles.

"Irene!" he exclaimed, going to her and grasping a dainty little hand. "Irene, you certainly are looking fine." She was one girl he was not afraid of.

He talked with her several minutes, and somehow the girl on the wall seemed forgotten. It certainly did seem good to see and converse with Irene again. He had forgotten about her, but he was sure she had not been so attractive in the days when he used to live in Plainwell and call her his girl. He so far forgot the calendar girl that he asked Irene if he could call on her that evening, and she agreed with alacrity.

While walking home after meeting her on the street, Oliver suddenly came to, as it were. He realized how he had forsaken the calendar girl in his thoughts. His first act, therefore, on reaching his room was to take her from his suitcase and hang her on a nail over the bed. Still he was not quite so enthusiastic as he had been about her.

The evening passed quickly—too quickly. Irene made fudge and played the piano, and those were Oliver's two weaknesses—fudge and piano music. And how Irene could stir up sweet-tasting things with a spoon, and how she could stir up sweet-sounding things with the ivory keys.

It was a good old-fashioned evening, at least it seemed old-fashioned to Oliver, fresh from the city, and he enjoyed every minute. He fell beneath the spell of his "old girl" in the old town, and he liked it. Before either of them realized it they were speaking of things that were tinged with the sentimental, and yet they did not seem sentimental, because the two had talked of them before and made them sound matter of fact by their repetition. Of course that was a year and a half ago.

There was no resisting the Fates, and presently the conversation developed into a discussion of furniture and bungalows, not a limpid, gushing discussion, but sane and practical.

The situation did not develop into an out-and-out proposal of marriage. That would be a trifle too sudden for either of them, after this year and a half of separation; but when Oliver left Irene's home he was treading the skies, and the moon was shining as it had never shone before, and the stars were exchanging mysterious winks.

Oliver entered his room and switched on the light. The black eyes of the girl on the wall popped at him, somewhat accusingly it seemed, and her ruby lips smiled.

He stood at the foot of the bed and surveyed her critically with his eyes.

"You're a nice-looking girl," he observed, "but you can't make fudge, and you can't play the piano, and—well, really you're not of any use, except to tell me the day of the week, and the date of the month, and the month of the year; and I can keep track of them without you."

He took her from the wall.

Boom! Downstairs the old clock got into action. The boom was repeated eleven times.

With care Oliver tore the girl from the calendar. The date part he returned to his suitcase while the girl was put to repose in the waste basket.

"Red hair beats black hair all to pieces," Oliver observed as he crawled into bed ten minutes later.

Vigilance Committees.

The first vigilance committee of prominence was organized in San Francisco in June, 1851, when the crimes of desperadoes who had immigrated to the gold fields were rapidly increasing in numbers. Similar committees were common in other parts of California and in the mining districts of Idaho and Montana. Committees or societies of somewhat the same nature were formed in the Southern states during the reconstruction period, from 1865 to 1872, to protect white families from negroes and "carpetbaggers," and besides these there were the Ku-Klux Klan and its branches, the Knights of the White Camelia, the Pale Faces and the Invisible Empire of the South, the principal object of which was to control the negroes by striking them with terror.

Prize for New York Museum.

A specimen of the giant panda, believed to be the only one ever brought to this country, has been placed on exhibition in the New York Museum of Natural History. The skin was obtained from a missionary in western China and mounted by Frederick Blaschke. The animal, although resembling somewhat a black bear, is really a distant relative of the raccoon. It has a striking black and white pelt and a short muzzle. Almost nothing is known of its habits.

"BLOND ESKIMO" ORIGIN TRACED TO EXPLORERS

Not More Than Dozen of Them in Victoria Land, Says J. R. Crawford.

Atavism explains the discovery of "blond Eskimos" in Victoria Land in the arctic, reported by Vilhjalmar Stefansson, in the opinion of James R. Crawford, a member of the second Stefansson expedition, who has come out of the north for the first time in 15 years.

The blond natives are "throw-backs" of early white explorers, Crawford believes. He expressed surprise that the existence of an entire tribe of blonds was generally believed. He was with Stefansson when the blonds were discovered.

"In Victoria Land," Crawford said, "there are probably three tribes or villages, comprising several hundred natives, in which these light Eskimos are found. But there are fewer than a dozen of the blonds, so far as we were able to learn, in the entire land. They had gray eyes, light eyebrows, reddish brown hair, and their skins are slightly lighter than that of their brothers, although not noticeably so.

"The natives made it known that they had never seen white men before, and probably they had not," Crawford said. "But their ancestors did see white men, probably looking for a new land, who never lived to get back to civilization.

"There was one little girl who possessed the most pronounced markings of blondness, the daughter of two dusky natives whose hair was black and who had black, beady eyes. The parents knew of no reason for the reddish hair and gray eyes of their offspring."

Crawford, who was married shortly after he had returned to civilization on the steam whaler Herman, which had picked him up on a floe near Victoria Land, intends to take his bride north with him when the ice breaks in the spring.

BOY IS GREAT HUNTER

Fifteen-Year-Old Oregon Youth Holds Record of State.

Blenn A. Brooks, fifteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Brooks of Swiss Home, in the Siuslaw country, in Oregon, claims to be champion bear hunter for his age in that part of the country. His record so far has, perhaps, not been equaled in any part of the state by any lad as young as he.

On August 12 of this year Blenn killed a big bear with one shot, bringing it out of a tree where it was feeding on berries, and on September 12 he killed another in a neighbor's orchard, bringing it down out of a fruit tree with two shots. But the most exciting encounter he has yet had was on November 26, when he and his two older brothers were out hunting in the mountains not far from home. While going through a big patch of fern the boy saw tracks of a bear leading to a hollow tree. When he and his dog neared the tree Bruin came out and with one slap of its paw sent the dog whirling into the air and then climbed a tree.

The boy hunter knocked it out with one shot, whereupon the bear showed fight. Blenn coolly pumped two more doses of lead into the advancing beast and finished it.

BUYS SAFE FOR SUGAR

Pennsylvania Man Takes Drastic Steps to Save Supply.

At last the inevitable has happened. Sugar has become so valuable that thieves would rather have it than diamonds, and Dickerson Run, Pa., is resorting to drastic means to retain it.

When J. F. Black opened his general store he discovered that his last five pounds of the precious saccharine was missing. Flour worth $200 was also taken, but Mr. Black is not worrying so much about that. He straightway hied himself to the hardware store, where he purchased a safe. He says he is expecting a small consignment of sugar soon and wants to make sure that when he opens up it will still be where he put it.

MUSTACHE A MENACE?

Barbers Are Quick to Agree With London Doctors.

Are mustaches dangerous?

London doctors say so. Philadelphia physicians are skeptical, but barbers are quick to agree that mustaches are perilous.

Warfare against them began when a patient in a London hospital was found to have twenty-five hairs, said to have come from his mustache, in a clump in his appendix.

Dr. Howard S. Anders chuckled when he read the report from London.

"I've worn a mustache since I went to Penn," he said, "and when I had my appendix removed I do not remember that any part of my mustache was found in it."

"Rainbow" Sugar Wholesome Product.

"Rainbow" sugar is harmless and not inferior to other brands, and the practice of the refiners does not violate the law so long as no attempt at concealment is attempted, according to a report of the department of agriculture. The colored product, used primarily in confections only, has been put on the retail market as a result of the sugar shortage.

[illegible]

Finest Collection [illegible] Adornments Ever [illegible] Out of Egypt.

Jewelry worn by an Egyptian princess of the twelfth dynasty [illegible] years before the Christian era is displayed at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is declared [illegible] collection of personal [illegible] brought out of Egypt.

When marauders [illegible] of Princess Sathathoriunet [illegible] odd moment in the [illegible] they took away her [illegible] the elaborate funeral [illegible] overlooked a niche containing [illegible] derfully wrought ornaments [illegible] when attending the [illegible] for a first night at the opera.

Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie [illegible] of an English archeological [illegible] dug the collection out in 1914. [illegible] day it looks as bright as if [illegible] just come from the makers. It consists of a gold necklace inlaid with carnelian, a lapis lazuli and feldspar and another pectoral [illegible] ly made for King Senusret II, [illegible] of the princess; a gold collar [illegible] ble lion heads, a girdle of [illegible] rhombic-jeweled heads, a [illegible] amethyst with gold lion-claw [illegible] ants, armlets and bracelets [illegible] bars and beads of gold, carnelian, turquoise, and parts of the [illegible] jewel box made of ebony [illegible] and carved ivory panels.

The jewels are identified [illegible] ing to the princess by her [illegible] the name of her father in [illegible] on the larger pieces.

According to custom the Egyptian museum retained the choice [illegible] lection, a diadem. Since [illegible] by the museum the collection [illegible] in a vault in London, stipulating been made that it should [illegible] there until six months after [illegible] closed.

COAT CUT FROM [illegible]

London Woman Is Victim [illegible] Thief.

One of the oddest burglaries [illegible] stealing rugs, [illegible] practiced recently [illegible] London, where in broad [illegible] back of a woman's [illegible] at $5,000, was cut [illegible] was looking into a [illegible]

The woman had [illegible] crushed in a crowd [illegible] ing pass. She felt [illegible] but the crowd [illegible] reaching some [illegible] the whole back [illegible] down and been [illegible] very sharp for [illegible]

Another woman [illegible] look into a [illegible] slit in an [illegible] back, but she felt [illegible] uncomfortably [illegible] the shop window [illegible] than he had expected [illegible] garment from being [illegible]

ADOPTED BY [illegible]

American Captain [illegible] ter of Tribe.

Capt. Henry Adams, [illegible] descendant of John [illegible] John Adams, president [illegible] States, has been adopted [illegible] the Kuban tribe of [illegible]

Capt. Adams is [illegible] American Red Cross [illegible] ban state. He is [illegible] civil hospitals, [illegible] and in stimulating [illegible] clothing for [illegible] left by the Bolsheviki [illegible] territory.

By adoption into the [illegible] Capt. Adams receives [illegible] wear the Cossack [illegible] of a high-necked [illegible] coat, skirted to the [illegible] kimono sleeves, and a [illegible] the belt buckle.

ZION REPUBLIC [illegible]

Lord Rothschild Says [illegible] Nearing [illegible]

Two years ago the [illegible] ment issued a declaration [illegible] favor of the establishment [illegible] national home. In [illegible] Zionist meeting has [illegible] celebrate the anniversary [illegible] schild presided and [illegible] Lord Curzon, the [illegible] ing assurance that there [illegible] change in the government [illegible]

Lord Rothschild said [illegible] much nearer their goal [illegible] and he felt sure that they [illegible] see the establishment of [illegible] home, because [illegible] overwhelming [illegible] brethren and [illegible] rest of the world.

'AZZ CURES [illegible]

Pennsylvanian [illegible] Recovery in [illegible]

Paralyzed as a result [illegible] received in an auto [illegible] weeks ago, Moses [illegible] ville, Pa., has [illegible] ability to walk. [illegible] covery is [illegible] lying in [illegible] structure [illegible] of [illegible]