Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim

Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

The Reason

"Why do you buy more shoes at this time? You have eleven pairs in the closet."

"I know, but I need the box for a picnic lunch."—Detroit News.

Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Dressed for It

Mabel—Now that I'm all dressed, where shall we go?

Jack—Let's go swimming.

Russ Ball Blue, I want. Insist, don't accept substitutes. Grocers sell coast to coast.—Adv.

Only weakness asks sympathy.

10,000 Bottles a Day

Every day 10,000 women buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know that there is no better remedy for their troublesome ailments with their accompanying nervousness, backache, headache, "blue" spells, and rundown condition.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

STOP THAT COUGH
the safe easy way before worse troubles follow. Take
HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR
The tried home remedy for breaking up colds, relieving throat troubles, healing and soothing—quick relief for coughing and hoarseness.
50c at all druggists
Use Pike's Toothache Drops.

DON'T BE THE OSTRICH
Deafness HEAD NOISES
RUB IN BACK OF EARS—INSERT IN NOSTRILS—
Leonard EAR OIL
Descriptive folder on request.
A. O. LEONARD, Inc.
70 Fifth Ave., New York City

Ginger Ella

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER I

—1—

"There are two whole columns on the disarmament conference—all figures, and quotations, and simply tremendous big words," said Ginger Ella in a discouraged tone. "Oh, here's a little bit of a column about the Elks' May day fete and beauty pageant." She settled herself to read with a smug little flounce of eagerness.

"You may skip that," said her father. "We know all about the beauty pageant."

His daughter sighed resignedly. "I suppose you want Lloyd George and the Communists, although it does not look very churchy to me."

She read patiently, in a low clear voice, paragraph after paragraph, sitting on the couch beside the reading lamp, little, eager and slim—with eyes that just would wander, despite her best and most daughterly intentions, from the stupid newsprint to the simply fascinating goings-on in the opposite corner of the wide room, where Marjory, the pretty twin, lovelier than any picture, stood on a low stool, like a goddess lifted up, with her bevy of worshipers at her feet, while down on their knees before her were Miriam, the brainy twin, and Helen, who was quite old and engaged to be married, and Miss Jenkins—clipping stray threads here and there, tucking, patting and pulling, in a vain endeavor to add greater charm to her girlish beauty.

But although Ginger's eyes would wander, the memory of her father, sitting still and limp, so patient, in the big chair at her side, his kind eyes closely bandaged, quickly brought her own straying orbs back to the onerous news. By rights, it was Miriam's job to read the papers to her father. But Miriam, being a twin to Marjory, would naturally wish to assist in preparing her to win the Elks' club beauty prize.

"'And this in spite of the frank warning of President Coolidge that the United States will regard any such move with extreme disfavor,'" finished Ginger, with a flourish. "Here's a paragraph on Mussolini and God. In my opinion it would look a lot smarter if you took that lace off the shoulders entirely. Oh, excuse me, father, I'm so sorry. Here's a paragraph on Mellon cutting the tax melon—three hundred billions, no millions—Well, it doesn't interest us either way. Oh, here's a lovely write-up of the buffet supper that is to be served at the Elks' club fete at ten o'clock—bouillon, chicken sandwiches, tomato aspic—"

Reverend Mr. Tolliver smiled indulgently. He might not see, but what father but could feel the wandering eyes and the truant thoughts of a sixteen-year-old daughter on the eve of a beauty pageant.

"Put the paper up now, Ellen. I'm full of news. Suppose you play little bright-eyes for me, instead, and tell me what is going on over there, with all that snipping of scissors, and oh ing and ah-ing."

"Oh, father!" Ginger doubled herself up rapturously, enfolding both her slim knees in her arms. "Oh, father, it is glorious! Marjory—honestly, father, Marjory is so pretty it doesn't seem possible. Miss Jenkins is down on the floor with five pins in her mouth, and her dress pulled up over her knees to keep from soiling it—"

Miss Jenkins, with guilty haste, covered the offending members.

"They weren't her best ones—they had lisle tops. But I saw a silk ruffle, just the same. You're really missing quite a lot, you know," continued Ginger wickedly. "You'd better take those five pins out of your mouth, Jenky dear, if you're going to gasp like that."

Only Ellen dared to call the sedate spinster "Jenky," and even she did it only in her more irrepressible moments, when she was most thoroughly a Ginger Ella. It was sixteen years ago, at the birth of this same Ellen, that Miss Jenkins had first come into intimate contact with the parsonage household, then in another pastorate. And upon their later transference to other charges, she had arranged her small matters and followed after them, living her own life, keeping her own small home, teaching in the primary schools for a livelihood, but keeping in close and helpful touch with the Tolliver family, to which, in its entirety, she had given all the stored-up love of her lonely heart. With Helen and with the twins, she remained to the end firm and unyielding. But she was from the beginning surprisingly pliable in the hands of the wheedlesome Ellen.

"Well," Ginger went on, "she is wearing Helen's engagement ring, and Miss Jenkins' old gold chain. Eddy's mother gave her a perfectly spiffy lace handkerchief, and she has on my silk-to-the-top stockings that Mrs Morris gave me."

For five days, the modest Tolliver household had simply fermented with excitement over the Elks' May day fete and beauty pageant. The Tolliverس, without exception, knew that Marjory was absolutely the prettiest thing in the Middle West. Many other residents of Red Thrush, Iowa, realized it also. But just prettiness was not enough to win this beauty prize. One required an admission ticket. The Elks' club was staging the event for the benefit of its various charities, and the admission was two dollars and a half—including favors for the ladies, an elaborate buffet supper at ten o'clock, and participation in the beauty pageant. In spite of their confidence in Marjory's outstanding beauty, two dollars and a half for admission to a May day fete did not fall within the scope of a parsonage budget.

But the good fairy who watches over youthful beauty did not fail them.

On the twenty-fifth day of April Eddy Jackson walked up the narrow flagstone path to the parsonage. Marjory was lying in the hammock, fast asleep, her magazine fallen to the floor at her side. Eddy Jackson, coming thus upon beauty unaware, was stricken momentarily dumb in its presence, and stared at her in such rapt awe that Marjory awakened in some confusion.

"Gee, Margie, but you're easy to look at," he said admiringly. "Why don't you go after the Elks' prize? It's fifty dollars in gold. And there's

"Oh, Father, It Is Glorious! Marjory—Honestly, Father, Marjory Is So Pretty It Doesn't Seem Possible."

not a girl in Iowa can walk in the same block with you. Why, if I was a judge, I wouldn't let anybody else enter the same contest with you. Go on, try it, bet you a dollar on it, and you can pay me out of the beauty prize."

"Heavens, Eddy, what would the members say if father sailed down to the Elks' club to enter his daughter in the beauty pageant?"

Eddy squared his shoulders. "All right, I'll do it myself. You and I'll go. I'll get the tickets right now." And he turned himself about and marched straight down the flagstone path, entirely forgetting that he had come with a message from his mother.

In a household whose financial limits were as circumscribed as those of the parsonage, the Elks' club beauty pageant was an event of no mean import. The prize itself was fifty dollars in gold, and there were additional trophies.

Even Mr. Tolliver, despite his seeming indifference, warmed slightly to the charm of fifty dollars in gold.

Marjory slowly revolved for final approval.

"There—it is perfect—another touch would be too much."

Reverend Mr. Tolliver stood up, and put out his hand. "Come here, Margie. Let me see if my pretty twin is as pretty as I think."

She crossed to him quickly, a little pain rising in the white throat with the thought of his helplessness, quick mist clouding the lovely eyes. His hand gently followed the gold lace at her shoulder, fondled the soft curve of her hair, fingered the slender chain.

"It is not just prettiness, my child," he said affectionately. "You are fragrant, and wholesome, and sweet. That is your beauty. You don't need artificial adorning. Your loveliness is like a flower's—unaffected, unassumed, just born there."

Marjory, freed from his hand, moved sinuously about before the mirrors, preening herself pleasantly to their flattering reflections, and to the more flattering eyes of her sisters.

Ginger giggled. "Father, you ought to see her. Really you ought. She is so unaffected right now—just like a flower turning to the sun."

The low siren of a motor sounded outside. A flash of light leaped to Marjory's eyes, a quick flush to her cheeks.

"It's Eddy," she whispered. "Sit down everybody, and look natural. Don't stand about—gaping—"

Suiting action to her words, Marjory dropped gracefully into a chair and toyed with the golden chain with an air of utmost indifference. The others, quickly, with more or less of grace, draped themselves about the room, Ginger turning her back to them all and to the door, burying herself in the details of the buffet supper.

"You see, father," she hissed scornfully. "You see? The whole family is man-mad, simply man-mad. Except you and me. Disgusting, that's what it is, simply disgusting. Natural as a flower—humph! You don't see the flowers flying off their stalks when a boy-friend bumble bee breezes in."

"'Lo everybody," called Eddy's pleasant voice from the piazza. "Door's open—I'm coming in. Oh, good evening, Mr. Tolliver, how are you? Good evening, Miss Jenkins. Gee, Marge, I pity the judges. I only hope they live to deliver the prize."

"Why, Eddy, how nice you look," said Helen warmly.

"Yes, thanks, I suppose I do. The white carnation was mother's idea, and I feel just like a banker. She says it is not often a mere hay rube farmer has a chance to step out with a Blue Ribbon, so she dolled me up. Hello, Ginger."

Ginger had not so much as lifted her eyes from the paper.

"Oh, hello, Eddy," she said coldly. But this coldness on her part was merely assumed on principle, to show her disgust for the man-madness with which her sisters were afflicted. In her heart, she was fond of Eddy Jackson.

"Oh, you're all right, are you? That's a relief. I thought you'd been suddenly struck deaf, dumb and—er uh—" He floundered awkwardly away from the tender subject of blindness.

"It must be time to start," said Helen, her eyes on the clock. She had told Professor Langley not to come until eight-thirty—a late hour for callers in Red Thrush, but she was determined to do her sisterly duty to Marjory before abandoning herself to personal pleasure.

"Yes, I think it is," agreed Eddy. "It seems they check the beauties at the door, at eight, I think. I should have brought a truck to carry home the prizes, but—"

"Oh, nonsense," laughed Marjory. "You know I haven't a chance in the world, against all those lovely girls, and all those lovely gowns—"

"Huh," sniffed Ginger scornfully, under her breath. "You'd never think we'd spent that fifty dollars—in our minds—five days ago."

The girls followed them to the door as they went out, smiling admiration at Marjory—admiration, encouragement and hope.

"Shall I bring you a sandwich in my pocket, Ginger? Or would you rather have an aspic?" Eddy called to her.

Ginger ignored him.

The three girls stood together in the doorway until, with a last farewell of the siren, the car disappeared down the quiet shady street.

"A nice boy," said Helen quietly.

But with a full view of the living room before her, her quietness vanished. "This place is a sight," she said briskly. "Ginger, get the broom, and dust up that rug. Miriam, put away the thread and things."

"But what difference—this time of night—" protested Ginger.

"Horace will be here in ten minutes. Now straighten up for me, won't you, while I run up and straighten myself?"

"Most disgusting thing I ever saw. Man-mad. Simply man-mad. The whole gang of them. She doesn't care if you sit in a dusty chair, father—she doesn't care if Miss Jenkins has to look at a messy table and an untidy rug—she doesn't care if Miriam and I have to associate with her when her nose is shiny, but a man. Oh, no!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

House of the Future, as Architect Sees It

The house of the future may be seen as a building designed without windows except perhaps a few small ones for the purpose of observing the visitor at the door or determining the state of the weather.

The large wall space will be utilized by the architect as a means of expressing a new type of architectural beauty. Within, we shall have all the comforts we now possess plus others undreamed of.

There will be illumination containing a healthful percentage of ultraviolet light, and there will be a ventilating system supplying fresh, warmed or cooled air to all parts of the home. Quiet will prevail, no matter how noisy the street may be.

The smoky atmosphere of our cities does immense damage to textiles, furniture and all the trimmings and trappings of the home. The air circulated by the ventilating system can just as easily and readily be made free from dust and corrosion and properly humidified at the same time. The home will become free of the accidental variations of the weather.—Albert Parsons Sachs.

President's Wives Smoked

Mrs. Zachary Taylor, wife of the twelfth President, was a pipe smoker. She was known to smoke a pipe occasionally in private while she was mistress of the White House. Mrs. Andrew Jackson, wife of the seventh President, also was a pipe smoker, but she died soon after her husband's election and consequently never presided over the executive mansion. James Parton, Jackson's biographer, says it was not uncommon for Jackson and his wife to sit for hours smoking their pipes before their fire in the Hermitage, near Nashville.—Kansas City Times.

Not Really Chinese Dish

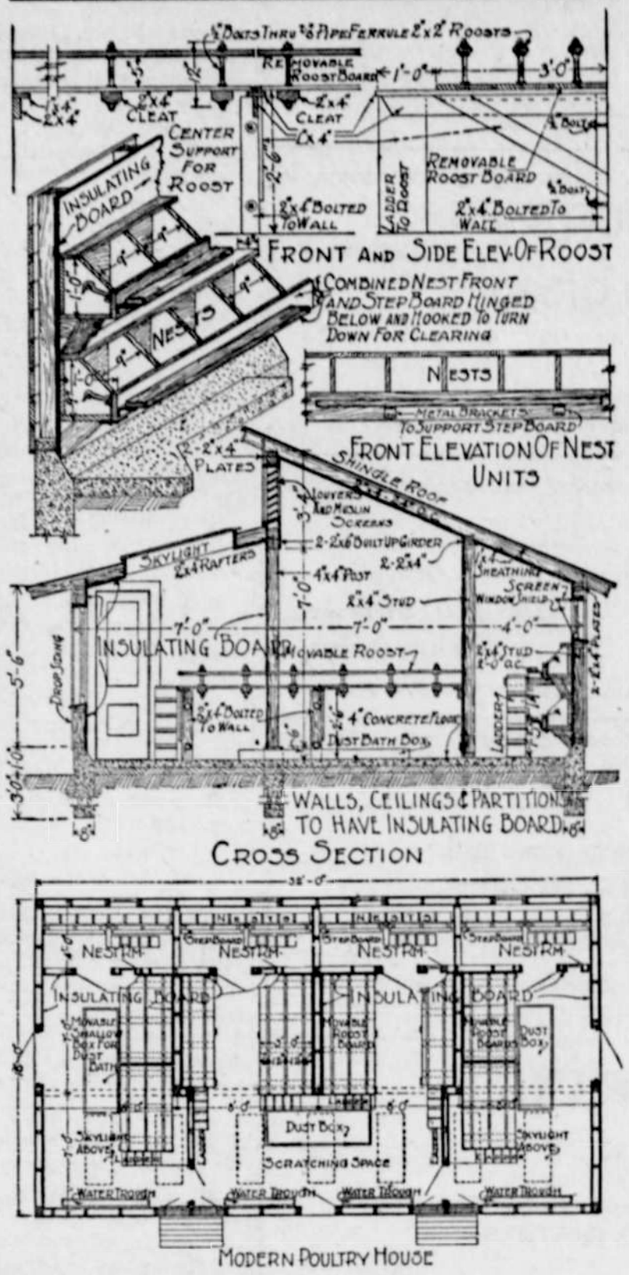
The truth seems to be that there is no such dish as chop suey known in China, although it is commonly served as Chinese throughout the United States. This has come about in a curious way. It originated at a dinner that Prince Li Hung Chang gave in New York when he made his trip around the world. Prince Li carried his own chef with him, and the menu was strictly Chinese. One of the dishes especially delighted the wife of the guest of honor, and she asked Li what it was. Prince Li called in his chef, and the chef replied in Chinese, "It is a creation of my own—a chop suey." The words "chop suey" mean a mixture or hash. Prince Li said in English, "It is a chop suey." The American woman spread the news of the chop suey, the wonderful dish. The name was taken up by the Chinese restaurants in America, and today chop suey is the chief concoction that they serve.

"Chocolate" as Brain Food

Chocolate, which contains a high percentage of lime, is advocated by some doctors as a valuable brain food, and in cases of certain ailments, including obesity, heart trouble and gout.

Any first-class watchmaker can deliver selections from his own works.

Maximum Egg Production Insured With Comfortable Poultry House



By W. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all problems pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on the subject. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 407 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The goal of every flock owner is to produce eggs in late fall and winter when prices are high. This can be done if the chicks are hatched early enough so that they will develop into pullets that will begin laying in the fall.

No matter how good the pullets are unless they are housed in a building which will provide them with warm quarters and at the same time give them plenty of fresh air the maximum production cannot be secured. Shown in the accompanying illustration is a modern saw-tooth roof poultry house. This building is 32 feet long and 18 feet wide, which provides space for 100 layers. The building is set on a concrete foundation with a concrete floor and should be placed on a site so that it extends east and west and faces the south to get the benefit of all the sunshine available during the shortest days of the year and the early winter.

Probably no building will waste more money for the flock owner than the poorly built laying house. Every poultry owner who has watched egg production drop when a cold snap comes on can testify to this. The same flock, same feed, the same degree of health bring a heavy egg yield in the properly constructed house, whereas in a house where there are drafts and low temperatures egg production will be cut materially, for the food the hens consume in a cold house goes to sustain body heat rather than to produce eggs.

To combat this condition farmers are paying more and more attention to the construction of poultry houses and to the materials used in them. Not only are the walls of the building constructed so as to be weatherproof but are insulated against cold. This insulation also makes the house cooler in summer and a great many owners use them for brooder houses in the early spring.

The insulated laying house is a profit maker in another sense. It keeps the flock in better physical condition than is possible with a drafty cold house. The insulated house is not only warm but it is dry and where an efficient system of ventilation is installed the air is kept fresh. Therefore, the vitality of the flock is kept at a high peak. If disease does appear in one or two birds, it does not spread rapidly. It has been observed, that rupe will run through a flock kept in a wet cold house before the birds first infected really warn the owner of the presense of the disease. The laying flock is a big investment on any farm and must be kept warm and dry.

Accompanying the exterior view of this poultry house are the floor plan showing the equipment required to handle the flock with the least amount of labor; an architect's cross section of the building and some of the construction details. It will be noted that the cross section shows the dimensions of the lumber to be used in building the house and the height of the walls and the run of the rafters. A study of the plan and of the cross section and details will assist the builder materially in getting a house that will keep his flock productive.

Three Important Things When Building of Brick

A beautiful brick may be chosen for the walls of a house and then have its beauty completely obscured by having it set in the wrong mortar joint. Three things must be considered in its selection—color, texture, and size and kind. Chosen according to these specifications, and providing of course, that the brick chosen is right to start with, the mortar joint will bring out the fine shades and tones of the brick in such a way as to enhance very greatly its natural beauty.

Texture in the mortar joint is produced either by finishing it rough or smoothing it with the trowel or a tool made for that purpose. Overdone, it is apt to give each brick the appearance of being framed. Done artistically, it provides shadows which make a tapestry pattern on the wall.

The size and kind of mortar joint have a distinct bearing on the whole effect, both as to color and pattern. The choice might range from a thin "buttered" joint up to one an inch in width. As to the kind, it may be cut flush, raked out or tooled in various shapes. Consider these things as carefully as you do your choice of brick, for they are important elements that go to make up the beautiful fabric of the brick wall.

Use of Varnish Stains, Enamel Interior Finish

Varnish stains color the wood and let the grain show through. Enamels give a solid coat of color that is rich and satiny in its texture. The range of colors is wide and manufacturers give explicit directions for securing any tint or shade desired. Of course, the most satisfactory finishes are absolutely waterproof and can be washed without injury to gloss or color.

Good Policy to Remodel

More people are becoming aware of the satisfaction to be had by improving the livability and beauty of their homes and are proceeding to remodel the well-built house on a desirable site.

For Best Results In Home Dyeing

You can always give richer, deeper, more brilliant colors to faded or out-of-style dresses, hose, coats, draperies, etc., with Diamond Dyes. And the colors stay in through wear and washing!

Here's the reason. Diamond Dyes contain the highest quality anilines money can buy. And it's the anilines that count! They are the very life of dyes.

Plenty of pure anilines make Diamond Dyes easy to use. They go on evenly without spotting or streaking. Try them next time and see why authorities recommend them; why millions of women will use no other dyes.

You get Diamond Dyes for the same price as ordinary dyes; 15c, at any drug store.

The Brute

"What does he like for his breakfast?" "Anything I haven't got in the house!"

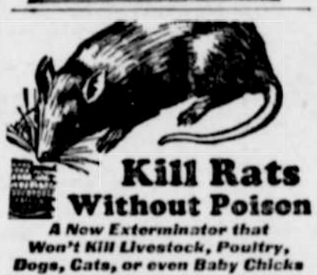
Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA
A BABY REMEDY APPROVED BY DOCTORS
FOR COLIC, CONSTIPATION, DIARRHEA

A Blank

Percy—Yes, I spoke my mind.

Mazie—How sweet of you to have kept still.

Levi's The TWO HORSE Brand
A new Pair FREE if they Rip
Levi Strauss Overalls



Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains **no deadly poison.** K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, 75c. Largesize (four times as much) $2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

K-R-O KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Cuts, Burns, Bruises
Try Hanford's
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

A kiss, scientifically speaking, is but an exchange of microbes.

Russ Ball Blue goes farther, makes clothes whiter than liquid Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Man's loose actions often get him into tight places.

A FAMILY DOCTOR'S LAXATIVE IS BEST

Your health is too important! You cannot afford to experiment with your delicate bowels when coated tongue, bad breath, headache, gas, nausea, feverishness, lack of appetite, no energy, etc., warn of constipation. This applies not only to grown people, but more particularly to children. That's why a family doctor's laxative is always the safe choice.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is prepared today under strict laboratory supervision from fresh laxative herbs and other pure ingredients, and exactly according to Dr. Caldwell's original prescription.

Today, millions of families rely on Dr. Caldwell's judgment in the selection of their laxative. For Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in bottles ready for use, sold in all drugstores, is now the largest selling laxative in the world!