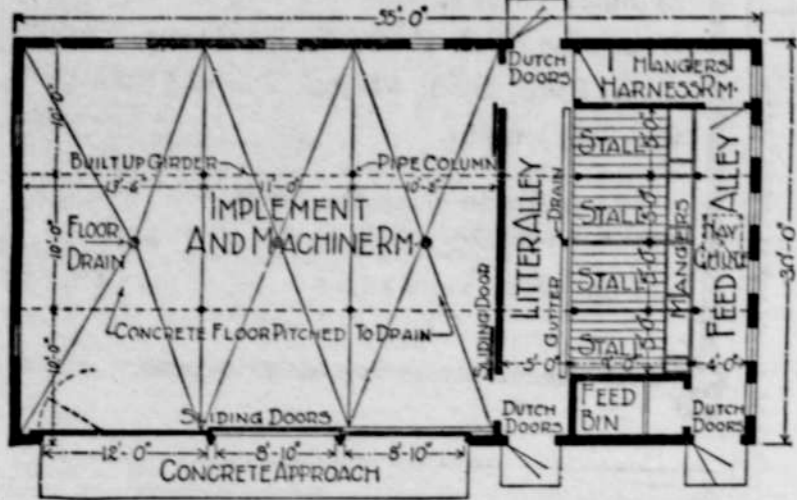
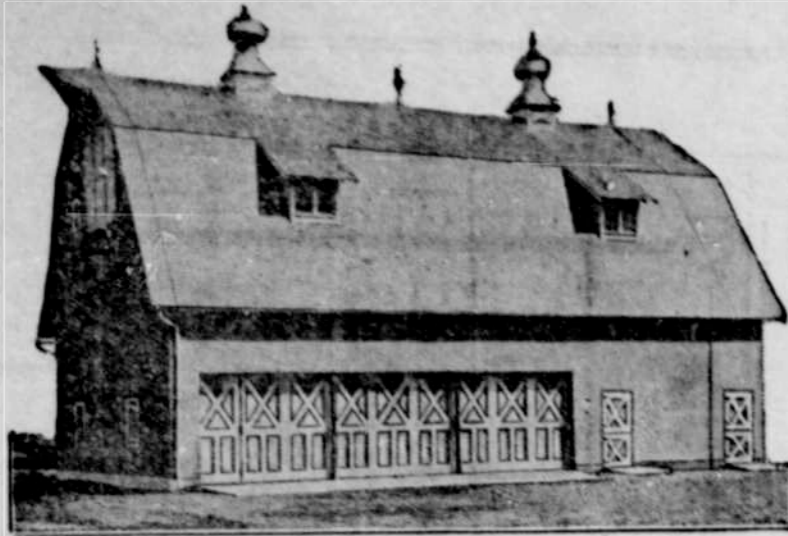


Combination Implement Shed and Horse Barn Profitable Investment

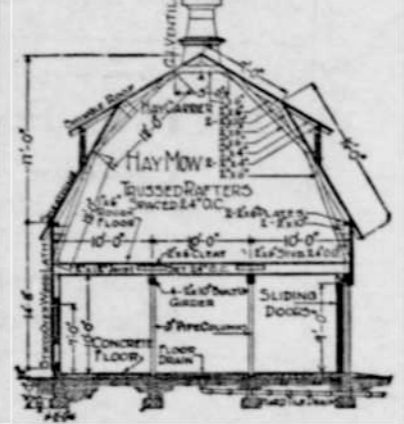


By W. A. RADFORD

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...

Modern farms have two sources of power—the tractor and horses. Tractors and the machinery and implements which they haul cost money and the investment in this equipment on most farms is considerable.

floor of this building are shown on the plans accompanying it. There is a floor plan showing the space for implements and machines, which is approximately 30 feet by 34 feet.



four horses and a harness room. A cross-sectional view of this barn will give those familiar with building, a good idea of how it is constructed and of the types and dimensions of the materials used.

This is a most unusual farm building. However, the idea used by the architect who designed this building will appeal to a great many farmers whose equipment is extensive and who also maintain a few head of horses.

Concrete Floor Will Not Warp or Settle

Although it is subjected to more and harder usage than any other structural part of the house, the first floor usually gets a minimum of attention.

Recent experience on the part of progressive home builders has shown that the principle of the concrete floor, as used in commercial buildings such as hotels, hospitals and skyscrapers, can be applied with great success and economy to the small house.

Such floors perform all the functions of the perfect floor. They are structurally strong, thereby eliminating costly warping and sagging—not to mention squeaking. The upper surface may be finished in any desired fashion.

Conventional wood flooring may be placed over them snugly and without danger of distortion. Tile or linoleum has been used repeatedly. In some cases the upper surface of the concrete itself has been stained and polished to produce a truly beautiful color.

And the concrete is fire safe, a distinct asset from every point of view. But, however the modern first floor is built, it should be considerably more important than a mere surface for walking or one from which the rugs may be rolled when there's music and somebody waiting to dance.

Store Heat in Water; Try to Cut Fuel Cost

By storing up heat in water, engineers of a Milwaukee company hope to provide a way without great expense for warming homes.

Their plan is to heat the water by electricity in highly insulated tanks at night and keep the temperature at a useful height during the day by a small amount of current. The hot water would be made to circulate through the house in much the same way that it does in an ordinary furnace-heating system.

The value of electricity as a heating agent is recognized, but in daytime, when current consumption is great and capacity is taxed at peak hours, sufficient electricity for heating purposes could not be delivered without the expense of erecting additional plants.

It is hoped that by the water-storage plan, no extra generators will be needed and the equipment used at night will be available for service during the day. The idea is to be tested out in competition with an ordinary furnace.

No Season in Building Game in These Years

Builders used to be like bears and groundhogs—they hibernated in the winter.

But now they realize that winter construction means they can continue their work without a gap straight through the year and spread overhead expense over 12 months instead of 8, as formerly.

Especially in concrete work, which makes up a large part of construction, winter construction has proved not only practical and economical, but really desirable. Only a few simple precautions are necessary to keep the concrete from freezing while hardening, and while this adds slightly to the cost of construction, the difference is more than made up in several ways.

Steel Clamps Steel clamps for builders' use need be well made as they are subject to hard usage.

Pepper Popular Black pepper is the most widely used of all spices. There was a queer medieval belief that black pepper came from a forest that had been burned over. When means of transportation were not well developed, and when the monotony of a smaller choice of foods made spices even more desirable than they are now, there must have been a tremendous interest in the caravans from the East that made spices one of their chief commodities.

Pepper em. He indicated the golden Marjory with a light wave of his ukulele. "They freckle on the nose, and peel on the neck, and go dark in streaks—their hair does. I'm a blonde myself. I know all about em."

"I'm going to turn you all out now," called Marjory, with a smile that took the sting from her light dismissal. "I want to go upstairs and see my father, and all my sisters have to come along. You've been perfectly marvelous to me—Eddy, you're an angel!"

"I know it," he agreed, briskly. "With much laughter, many light sallies, a hundred gay words, the happy group dispersed slowly.

CHAPTER II—Continued In her arms were roses, heaps of roses, soft-petaled and fragrant. Marjory's face was flushed, her eyes were twin stars, her red lips tremulous with sheer delight.

"It was—unanimous," she stammered, with shy pride. The two evildoers above, rapt, speechless and spellbound, had forgotten their mischief as they crept to the stairs, noiseless, without breathing, bearing every word—sharing every heartbeat, softly, softly, down the top step, the next and the next, nearer and nearer, irresistibly drawn by the currents of joy that surged through the shabby paragonage.

Helen kissed her sister rapturously, and Horace Langley, flinging pedagogical dignity to the winds, clasped her in a bolsterous embrace. "This is my sister Helen—and Professor Langley, Helen, this is—everybody," Marjory introduced, almost incoherently. "Where are the girls? Where's father?"

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright, by Bobba Merrill Co. WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

In the usually quiet home of Rev. Mr. Tolliver of Red Thrush, Iowa, his motherless daughters, Helen, Miriam and Ella—'Ginger Ella'—are busy 'grooming' their sister Marjory for participation in the anticipated triumph. Overwork has affected Mr. Tolliver's eyes to the point of threatened blindness. Ginger has tried in many ways to add to the family's slender income, but she is not discouraged.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"It was—unanimous," she stammered, with shy pride. The two evildoers above, rapt, speechless and spellbound, had forgotten their mischief as they crept to the stairs, noiseless, without breathing, bearing every word—sharing every heartbeat, softly, softly, down the top step, the next and the next, nearer and nearer, irresistibly drawn by the currents of joy that surged through the shabby paragonage.

Helen kissed her sister rapturously, and Horace Langley, flinging pedagogical dignity to the winds, clasped her in a bolsterous embrace. "This is my sister Helen—and Professor Langley, Helen, this is—everybody," Marjory introduced, almost incoherently. "Where are the girls? Where's father?"

"Angels," cried Eddy Jackson, gazing suddenly up to the curve of the circular staircase. "Or are the goddesses coming down from Olympus to gaze upon, and envy, Beauty?" He pointed dramatically to the stairs where Ginger Ella, with Miriam fast on her heels, crouched in quivering excitement, the wedding gown forgotten, forgotten, too, the veiling curtain, the canvas gloves, the flappy mules.

"Ginger—run!" cried Miriam, in sickening realization. But Ginger, trapped, was not one to fly before confusion. She proceeded calmly down the stairs, even strutting a little.

"I didn't hurt it a bit, Helen," she reassured her sister. "It's—oh, just a—rehearsal."

"Why, it's little Cinderella—just got a fall from her pumpkin," chortled Eddy Jackson, and a ukulele caught its cue and whined into the wedding march.

But Ginger turned away from them, scornfully, a bit too scornfully, for one of the flapping mules, too large for her, slid from her slender foot. Ginger, as she felt it slipping, in sudden consternation, hesitated for the barest fraction of a second. It was too long. Eddy Jackson saw and seized it, and ran to kneel mockingly at her unslipped foot.

"Cinderella, the prince returns your glass slipper." In the midst of their merry laughter, the ukulele's sudden hush silenced them.

"See here, somebody ought to introduce me," protested the player, plaintively. "You forget I'm a stranger—I wasn't even invited." His eyes were dazed to the bottom step of the circular staircase where Miriam sat just as she had dropped in that first shocking moment, stiff, rapt and breathless.

"Oh, I forgot," apologized Eddy Jackson. "Everybody's supposed to know everybody in Red Thrush. This is our old friend Tub Andrews. He is now he's come back to help run the First National bank. Janitor, aren't you, Tub?"

"Assistant janitor," said Tub Andrews pleasantly. "But next week they are going to promote me to stamp-licker. Pleased to meet you." He dropped down on the step beside Miriam. "Why didn't you go into the beauty paragon and give your sister a run for her complexion?"

"I?" Miriam was shocked with amazement. "She?"

"Sure. I was one of the judges. Your sister had it easy, the way it was. But if you had been against her—well—me—I'm one gentleman who don't."

"Don't what?" Miriam followed the jovial young banker with some difficulty, but with interest.

"Prefer em." He indicated the golden Marjory with a light wave of his ukulele. "They freckle on the nose, and peel on the neck, and go dark in streaks—their hair does. I'm a blonde myself. I know all about em."

"I'm going to turn you all out now," called Marjory, with a smile that took the sting from her light dismissal. "I want to go upstairs and see my father, and all my sisters have to come along. You've been perfectly marvelous to me—Eddy, you're an angel!"

"I know it," he agreed, briskly. "With much laughter, many light sallies, a hundred gay words, the happy group dispersed slowly.

"I'll come and take you for a ride tomorrow," said Tub Andrews to Miriam. "If you have not objection to drivers."

"I haven't. I like them." "I don't. I only drive them. About eight, then."

And then, breathlessly, with Ginger still in the forbidden gown and the ridiculous curtain, the four girls ran upstairs into their father's room and flung themselves upon his bed where he sat erect, waiting, knowing they would come to him. Marjory dropped on her knees beside the bed, and buried her bright face in his shoulders, laughing, with tears in the laughter.

"Father—I got it. It was unanimous."

"I had a sort of a vague idea maybe you got it," he said, teasingly, but with tender warmth, transferring her from his shoulder to the curve of his arm, where he held her closely. "It just seemed to me there couldn't possibly be such a racket without some prize to show for it."

"Father, give me your hand." Into the outstretched palm she pressed five small round pieces, gold, fifty dollars in all, and curried his fingers lightly upon the treasure.

"Oh, my dear—" he began protesting.

"Father, don't say a word. Why Providence put on that beauty paragon—to give us the money for you to go to Chicago again. Oh, father, we knew you were just putting it off because you couldn't afford it! And now you can. For your eyes, darling."

The silence that followed was so slight as to be barely noticeable, and



She Proceeded Calmly Down the Stairs, Even Strutting a Little.

his voice was only slightly husky as he said: "You're a nice girl, Marjory. And you are quite right—the eyes need care, and I hadn't the money. It is a joy to take it from you—one of my girls. You're more than good looking, Marjory, you're just plain ole. You're all nice. I wish they'd offer four prizes the next time—the proceeds would run the paragonage for a year."

CHAPTER III "Ginger, do run up and change your dress. Mr. Andrews is coming to take me for a ride, and the very sight of you would disgrace the paragonage. He is in the bank, you know."

"Mister who?" demanded Ginger. "Mr. Andrews. You know—the young man who came with the crowd last night."

"To take you out driving?" "No. At least, he didn't mention anybody else."

Ginger squared about in her chair, drew the rumpled smock carefully about her, crossed one knee over the other, planting a deliberate elbow on the topmost one and dropped an amazed gaze in her palm, staring at her sister.

"You don't mean—Miriam, you certainly do not mean—I must absolutely have misunderstood you—you could not possibly intend to intimate that—that Andrews creature, called Tub, as I remember, who twanged that godless ukulele for three hours without stopping—is coming to take you

on. The grave has never been discovered, though Alaric died 1,500 years ago. Legend has it that the grave is near the confluences of the Crati and the Busento rivers at Cosenza. When I saw this spot it was mostly a dry gravel bed with a narrow stream at which the village women washed their clothes. During the rainy season it is a large river. Its secret holds the same fascination for Calabria that the Nemi galleys hold for Romans

Insulted Again The two artists met each other at the vanishing day exhibition. They discussed art together and were unanimous in blaming the judges for not having selected their immortal works to be hung on the walls.

"Well, I can't grumble. I'm not doing so badly," remarked one of the pair at last.

"How's that?" asked the other. "Got a commission?"

"Yes, from a millionaire. He wants his children painted badly."

"Oh," remarked his companion, "then I should say that you're the very man for the job."

Really Drunken Animals It is now an established fact that a good deal of drunkenness exists in the animal world, among the chief offenders being the bees. Lombroso has asserted that intoxicants were the cause of crime among many animals, and has cited instances of the sheep and goats of Abyssinia, which go out on regular sprees, eating (to them) the intoxicating beans of the coffee plant, and thoroughly enjoying the condition they find themselves in!

out-alone—in a car—for—sentimental purposes? Tub Andrews? Father, you will enjoy him. He comes versus to the agent of a ukulele. Disgusting, father, simply disgusting."

"They used to live here, father, and then moved to Detroit. He went through college, and now he has a position in the First National bank. The president, Mr. Mills, is his uncle."

"Simply disgusting," reiterated Ginger.

In his heart, Mr. Tolliver was inclined to agree with her. He had found life very pleasant in the old days, with the interest of every daughter centered exclusively in the paragonage confines, the five of them as one mind and spirit. But now, what with Helen and Horace, Marjory and a tawful of admirers, and now Miriam and this new young man with the ukulele, his sigh rivaled Ginger's own.

There was still the strained, high tension in his bandaged eyes, still the vague sensation of a firm hand circling his brow. It seemed a shameful thing to him, in his gentle orthodoxy, that he should chafe at the temporary restriction upon him. He had so much, was denied so little. Even Paul had suffered his thorn in the flesh. His great yearning for restoration was almost unchristian, certainly unscriptural. He had said that to Ginger a few weeks before.

"Yes," she had agreed pleasantly, "but awfully human."

Particularly, he desired recovery before the formal dedication of the new church. It was a great accomplishment for Red Thrush. He wanted to look into the glad faces of his members on that day, he wanted them to see the grateful joy in his face, his eyes reading their eyes, and all reflecting their gratitude for the realization of their hopes.

In many ways, his misfortune had come at a critical time for the minister. The building of a new church, designing of a new paragonage, disposal of the old property, all entailed a great deal of careful figuring. It was hard to figure finances through the eyes of committees, and boards, and daughters. Approximately two thousand dollars was still unpledged on the church debt. It had been his dream that on the Sabbath of the dedication, his people, of their own free will, should make up that amount, calling the church a free church, consecrated to the service of Red Thrush without encumbrance. He sighed a little.

The day of rest, in a paragonage, affords scant leisure for sisterly recriminations, and Ginger was forced to forego her plan to subject Miriam to a bitter grilling on the subject of sentiment in general. By nine-thirty, the girls were on hand for Sunday school, leaving their father the entire house for a half-hour of silent meditation and prayer. In the interval while the classes were reassembling for dismissal Miriam ran across to walk with him the short distance to the church, where he usually conducted a brief review of the lesson. Sunday school was followed by the formal morning worship, where, as there was no pew system in Red Thrush, the girls sat where they liked with their special friends. From a corner far back on the right side, Ginger's heart went out tenderly, as it did every Sunday morning, to her father. She used to say the pulpit was becoming to him. Against the dark wood, he seemed very tall, very pale, almost radiant. His voice seemed gentler, yet somehow more incisively penetrating, since his blindness.

"Poor dear," she thought compassionately, for she followed the sermon but intermittently, and usually concentrated the hour to her own thoughts. "I dare say if the heathens are right, and we really do reincarnate in this world, I was father's mother the last time. I feel like a mother to him now, he's such a lamb."

Sunday afternoon in the paragonage was given up to quiet recreation. Helen went out with Horace. Marjory, too, went out, with anyone who asked her, strolling, driving, or calling, sometimes with Miriam in the party, sometimes not. Ginger usually retired to her attic studio.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Gothic Leader Interred Under Calabrian River

Most regions have their buried treasures. Cosenza, chief city of Calabria, has one of the oldest and best, according to a writer in the Washington Star. It is at Cosenza that Alaric, first Gothic leader to conquer imperial Rome, was buried along with priceless treasures captured in Rome.

Laden with the riches of the dying empire, Alaric and his barbarian hosts marched south to conquer Africa and the grain which abounded there. In Calabria Alaric died of the fever. His followers buried his treasury with him in the fashion of the day, but they made sure that the dead chieftain's repose would not be disturbed, either by avenging enemies or covetous treasure hunters. They diverted the course of the River Busento and buried Alaric far below the river bed. Then they restored the river to its channel. For security's sake they put to death every one of the prisoners who had helped bury Alaric, and marched

on. The grave has never been discovered, though Alaric died 1,500 years ago. Legend has it that the grave is near the confluences of the Crati and the Busento rivers at Cosenza. When I saw this spot it was mostly a dry gravel bed with a narrow stream at which the village women washed their clothes. During the rainy season it is a large river. Its secret holds the same fascination for Calabria that the Nemi galleys hold for Romans

Insulted Again The two artists met each other at the vanishing day exhibition. They discussed art together and were unanimous in blaming the judges for not having selected their immortal works to be hung on the walls.

"Well, I can't grumble. I'm not doing so badly," remarked one of the pair at last.

"How's that?" asked the other. "Got a commission?"

"Yes, from a millionaire. He wants his children painted badly."

"Oh," remarked his companion, "then I should say that you're the very man for the job."

Really Drunken Animals It is now an established fact that a good deal of drunkenness exists in the animal world, among the chief offenders being the bees. Lombroso has asserted that intoxicants were the cause of crime among many animals, and has cited instances of the sheep and goats of Abyssinia, which go out on regular sprees, eating (to them) the intoxicating beans of the coffee plant, and thoroughly enjoying the condition they find themselves in!

Mothers find it magic for scuffs. One touch of the duaber and scuffs disappear. Smooth, uniform color comes back to faded shoes. More than 20 marvelous shades—10 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others. BARTON'S DYANSHINE SHOE POLISH

Love and Humanity. Love is but another name for that inscrutable presence by which the soul is connected with humanity.—Stimms. A Wedding Bells. Blinks—She's been quite a belle in her day. Married four times. Jinks—Had four men ring her, eh!

Waist Overalls for Men and Youths. The TWO HORSE Brand. Levi's Levi Strauss Overalls. Bib Overalls for Men and Boys. Ineffective "Cussing". Cussing is a silly waste of effort. Note how little effect it has on the weather.—Lansing State Journal. Apparently. "Henry, these fruit juices of yours don't seem to ferment." "Then I was making jelly after all!"

Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. The Mark of Genuine Aspirin.. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monachweil, Germany.

When BABIES are upset. Baby ill and ailments seem twice as serious at night. A sudden cry may mean colic. Or a sudden attack of diarrhea—a condition it is always important to check quickly. How would you meet this emergency—tonight? Have you a bottle of Castoria ready? There is nothing that can take the place of this harmless but effective remedy for children; nothing that acts quite the same, or has quite the same comforting effect on them. For the protection of your wee one—for your own peace of mind—keep this old, reliable preparation always on hand. But don't keep it just for emergencies; let it be an everyday aid. Its gentle influence will ease and soothe the infant who cannot sleep. Its mild regulation will help an older child whose tongue is coated because of sluggish bowels. All druggists have Castoria; the genuine bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.

When a White Collar Man "Goes Army". Perhaps he doesn't learn a few things! DON'T envy a man who "only has to work a typewriter." So we were told by Mr. Solon S. Bloom of 3503 Woodbrook Avenue, Baltimore, Md., whose health began to give way because his work gave him no bodily exercise. "I decided to get away to a military training camp," says Mr. Bloom, "thinking the rough and tumble with the army would do me good for a month. I asked the doctor what to do about my condition. 'I've seen men, I've known men,' he said. 'I know what they eat, drink, and how they live. I know cathartics, physics, and all the ways men try to keep themselves regular—and the only two that go together well are men and Nujol. Nujol soothes and heals the membranes and expels bodily poisons normally, naturally, easily, so that you are regular as clock-work.'" That was what Mr. Bloom learned when he left his typewriter and went

When a White Collar Man "Goes Army". Perhaps he doesn't learn a few things! DON'T envy a man who "only has to work a typewriter." So we were told by Mr. Solon S. Bloom of 3503 Woodbrook Avenue, Baltimore, Md., whose health began to give way because his work gave him no bodily exercise. "I decided to get away to a military training camp," says Mr. Bloom, "thinking the rough and tumble with the army would do me good for a month. I asked the doctor what to do about my condition. 'I've seen men, I've known men,' he said. 'I know what they eat, drink, and how they live. I know cathartics, physics, and all the ways men try to keep themselves regular—and the only two that go together well are men and Nujol. Nujol soothes and heals the membranes and expels bodily poisons normally, naturally, easily, so that you are regular as clock-work.'" That was what Mr. Bloom learned when he left his typewriter and went

When a White Collar Man "Goes Army". Perhaps he doesn't learn a few things! DON'T envy a man who "only has to work a typewriter." So we were told by Mr. Solon S. Bloom of 3503 Woodbrook Avenue, Baltimore, Md., whose health began to give way because his work gave him no bodily exercise. "I decided to get away to a military training camp," says Mr. Bloom, "thinking the rough and tumble with the army would do me good for a month. I asked the doctor what to do about my condition. 'I've seen men, I've known men,' he said. 'I know what they eat, drink, and how they live. I know cathartics, physics, and all the ways men try to keep themselves regular—and the only two that go together well are men and Nujol. Nujol soothes and heals the membranes and expels bodily poisons normally, naturally, easily, so that you are regular as clock-work.'" That was what Mr. Bloom learned when he left his typewriter and went

When a White Collar Man "Goes Army". Perhaps he doesn't learn a few things! DON'T envy a man who "only has to work a typewriter." So we were told by Mr. Solon S. Bloom of 3503 Woodbrook Avenue, Baltimore, Md., whose health began to give way because his work gave him no bodily exercise. "I decided to get away to a military training camp," says Mr. Bloom, "thinking the rough and tumble with the army would do me good for a month. I asked the doctor what to do about my condition. 'I've seen men, I've known men,' he said. 'I know what they eat, drink, and how they live. I know cathartics, physics, and all the ways men try to keep themselves regular—and the only two that go together well are men and Nujol. Nujol soothes and heals the membranes and expels bodily poisons normally, naturally, easily, so that you are regular as clock-work.'" That was what Mr. Bloom learned when he left his typewriter and went