

Ginger Ella

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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STORY FROM THE START

In the usually quiet home of Rev. Mr. Tolliver of Red Thrush, Iowa, his motherless daughters, Helen, Miriam and Eddy—Ginger Ella—are busy "grooming" their sister Marjory for participation in the beauty pageant that evening. With Eddy Jackson, prosperous young farmer, her escort, Marjory leaves for the anticipated triumph. Over-work 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. Marjory wins the beauty prize. Eddy gives the money to her father as part of the expense necessary for the treatment of his eyes by Chicago specialists.

CHAPTER III—Continued

This one small section of the house from the very beginning of their residence, was Ginger's own. It was difficult of approach, for there were no stairs leading to it, and she admitted by means of a wobbly old ladder of six rounds, which carefully balanced against the wall at the end of the upper hall, led to the trapdoor which opened upward into the attic. Ginger loved the attic most of all for its inaccessibility. The trapdoor, which swung on a hinged lock and had to be pushed upward with one hand, was no obstacle, but an added charm in her eyes. On the attic side of the door, she had, with her own hands, driven a big staple, added another hook, and when she went thither on matters of any special moment she locked it furtively behind her.



Ginger Wrote, Corrected, and Copied Then She Read It, Distastefully "It's a Dumb Thing."

The studio was her sacred retreat, and on this particular Sunday afternoon she had a definite motive in retirement, for she sought the guidance of the Muses. Ginger had made a find. Eddy Jackson had brought to the parsonage, as a Saturday gift from his mother, a jar of preserved peaches wrapped in an old page of the New York World. Helen had crumpled it lightly into the waste basket, where the sharp eye of Ginger Ella had espied it, whence her greedy fingers had rescued it. And from it she learned, to her delight, that the New York World would pay five dollars each for the Bright Sayings of Child Gen.

One of Ginger's great grievances in life was the tendency of her sisters to recall, and repeat, smart sayings of her own none-too-remote childhood. Such repetition reduced her to abject and helpless fury. But she noted that the auditors always laughed, ample proof of the presence of humor. She cast about in her memory for the most amusing of these pseudo laugh producers, and unable to discover merit by her own judgment, she hit upon the one that had produced the greatest gasp of merriment. Merely changing names and relationships from her own and Helen's to that of a mother and daughter, she wrote:

"Mrs. Ingraham spent an entire afternoon assisting a neighbor to cut out and fit a gown, and when the garment was entirely finished, she wished to make payment for the time consumed. Oh, no, said Mrs. Ingraham pleasantly, 'I shall not take a cent for it. I did it entirely out of friendship.' The neighbor was insistent, but Mrs. Ingraham remained firm, and would not take the money. At last she turned to Alice, Mrs. Ingraham's small daughter, standing near, and said, 'Alice, tell me, how can I make your mother take this five dollars which she has fully earned? Alice considered a moment, and then announced gravely, 'You might give it to me, and she will borrow it.'"

Ginger wrote, corrected, and copied. Then she read it, distastefully. "It's a dumb thing," she thought frowningly. But the memory of unfurling laughter encouraged her, and she folded it neatly, tucked it into an envelope, and addressed it in a firm large hand.

At six o'clock, the girls came together in the kitchen where they hurriedly set out a light supper. In order to be at church again at seven for the meeting of the Epworth league, Mr. Tolliver did not attend this, as it was a service especially calculated to encourage and train the younger members of the congregation in active participation, and he inclined to the belief that they took part with more freedom in his absence.

On Monday afternoon, at one o'clock, the anxious little family gathered in the living room to say good-by to Mr. Tolliver and Miriam, starting for Chicago. Such remonstrances were involved in this small journey. Perhaps he would return without the hated glasses, perhaps the dear tired eyes would see once more the love that shone in theirs. Perhaps the dreaded operation would be declared inevitable. Perhaps things would just drag on and on, month after month, as they had dragged in the past.

They went out to the veranda. Miriam leading the way with the right bag. Her father reached for it, struggled with her playfully for possession of it. She tucked her hand into his arm, looking back. The girls smiled at her, she smiled in return. Their smiles were sad, their father could not see the smiles. Their young eyes yearned with pain. Their father could not see the yearning. He waved a hand at them in brittle farewell.

"Be good girls. Ellen don't let any body else go man-mad while I am away." "You must mean Miss Jenkins. She is the only one left." "Light words they were, and gay voices, for their father heard." But Miss Jenkins, unaccountably without a word, detached herself from the cluster of girls and ran up to him. She threw both arms about his shoulders, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Oh, Helen, brave, dear, afflicted soul," went Miss Jenkins. "Going away like that—with just that helpless young girl to look after him! I shouldn't have permitted it. I should have gone myself."

"Oh, Miriam is very capable. She has always gone before. She will take care of him."

But Miss Jenkins, still weeping, without a word, pulled away from her

mean dress suit. I'll put on Helen's Alice-blue organdie. It just fits me."

Marjory considered. The mere joy of dressing was a point in favor.

"Well, I don't know. I dare say it would be all right. Lots of folks do dress for dinner."

"Oh, darling, how good of you. I'll do all the work. We'll be having after-dinner coffee by the door lamp."

"But we haven't the right cups—"

"We're going to borrow the gold set out of Helen's hope chest. The set the Gleaners gave her for Christmas."

"If we break one of those gold cups—"

"We won't. And if that dumb-bell of an Eddy Jackson gives us away—I'll—I'll—starry, darling, and put on the dress. I'll fix things downstairs."

Ginger sped away to don her sister's organdie before she carefully removed the frail golden dishes from among the wedding treasures in her sister's chest, and carried them gingerly down the stairs.

When, some sixty minutes later, Eddy Jackson appeared in the open doorway with his customary blithe "Hello, everybody," a ravishing vision presented itself. Marjory, lovely laughing, sat among the cushions in the wide couch by the floor lamp, with a delicate cup poised between her white fingers. At her side, with the shining array of the golden coffee set on a small table close at her hand, was Ginger in blue organdie.

"Come in," she called brightly. "We are having our coffee slowly, so you can join us."

"Coffee? Oh, indeed, I see. Eddy's was so elegant, but, rallying with a visible effort, he proceeded to introduce his friend, Alexander Murdoch, a genuinely romantic figure, although entirely garbed in conventional dress suit nor shining coat of mail. He was very tall, with a great ease of manner and complete self-possession, with sleek dark hair and dark bright eyes, and a thin brown face Ginger could have danced with joy."

She poured the coffee with fingers that trembled just a little, casting discreet proprietary glances at Marjory to make sure that she remained vividly alert and interested, and frowning terribly at Eddy Jackson on the side. Eddy studied the delicate lines of his small cup with a significant fascination, balanced the small saucer precariously on his large hand, and emptied the cup in two large draughts, requesting more, and again more.

Alexander Murdoch, on the other hand, as became a genuinely romantic figure, handled his with an ease, a finish, but a long and steady custom. Ginger flashed triumph at her sister.

"You see," her expression proclaimed, "just as I told you! Am I so dumb?"

"Marjory and I have not been abroad yet, Mr. Murdoch," she said, in a tone which implied that their departure was a mere matter of days. "It must be very fascinating."

"Father went on a tour of the Holy land," volunteered Marjory, "before we were born."

"For myself," continued Ginger, pausing for a light touch of her lips to the rim of the golden cup, for she abhorred black coffee. "I should not care so much to do the Holy land. I want to go to Paris and see Montmartre, and the boulevards, and the Folies, they don't have things like that in the Holy land. How long are you to be in Red Thrush, Mr. Murdoch?"

"Oh, some weeks, I fancy." He said "fancy" in the Middle West, "I think" as "I dare say" are quite common, while "I guess" and "I reckon" are not altogether unknown. "I fancy" is an affectation in any but a romantic figure.

"Do let me fill your cup," she cooed.

"You see," continued the low, slow voice, "I took on a job today, and shall go to work tomorrow."

Ginger tensed forward. She did not breathe. Oh, if he could but be president of the bank where the Tubby individual aspired to liking stamps.

"What—a what profession?"

"The D and R. You know, the little Orange and Black chain grocery store on the corner of Main and Broadway."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ancient Property Laws Protected the Weaker

The oldest Greek statute now extant, governing the disposition of "real" property, comes from the island of Crete. This is the law of the city of Gortyna, dating from perhaps B. C. 468. This inscription, the largest existing fragment of any Greek law, came to light less than fifty years ago; for the stones on which it was inscribed had been buried for 2,000 years or more and its discovery made a sensation in the learned world. It was about thirty feet long in its original form; the broken pieces are now scattered in several museums.

power over her property, but he can not sell it or mortgage it unless the children consent, when they come of age. Moreover, if the father marries another woman after the first wife's death, the children of the first wife shall have power over their mother's property. Penalties are provided for the violation of any of these provisions.

Virtue and Vice

Dr. Will Durant says, "Every vice was once a virtue and may become respectable again, just as hatred becomes respect in wartime." How true is that? A mental search for examples should give you an interesting half hour. And if you examine your own "virtues" and "vices" in this light, as closely as you can, you may find it profitable. The border cases, those habits which seem to be neither vices nor virtues, or to be both, are especially interesting.—New Orleans Item-Tribune.

One Thing Man Can't Make

Doctors in a Nova Scotia city removed the heart from a cat. In its place they put a rubber heart, electrically operated. The artificial heart kept up the blood circulation for several hours, during which time the cat remained alive. Of course, the doctors could make a rubber heart work for a time. But a natural heart, of cat or man, is an engine that human genius can never duplicate or approximate.—Capper's Weekly.

Attractive Home That Provides Ample Room for Average Family



Here we have a story-and-a-half home made larger by a dormer projection. The porch and the living room will appeal to those who want comfort, light and ventilation. The home is 24 feet wide and 28 feet deep and contains six rooms.

By W. A. RADFORD
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to practical home building, 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 all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 407 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

When the Dutch settled on Manhattan island and in the adjacent territory more than three hundred years ago, they brought with them some unusual ideas in home building, and the first homes built in New York have left their impress on the architecture of the whole United States. The Dutch colonial home is very popular and houses following the original Dutch design with many minor changes are being built today everywhere.

The feature which identifies the Dutch colonial is a wide dormer set into a steep pitched roof. Such dormers allow rooms of full height on the second floor of what otherwise would be a story-and-a-half house. They also break up the severe roof lines and tend to make the exterior of the house more attractive.

An unusual use of the Dutch colonial dormer idea has been made in the home building design shown in the accompanying illustration. Here an open porch has been set onto one corner of the house. From the outside of the porch roof a steep pitch has been run into the ridge and in this roof is a dormer which provides space for two extra bedrooms on the second floor.



floor. The exposed roof rafters also help to break the severity of the lines of this house. The building itself is 28 feet long by 24 feet deep. The entrance at one side of the front leads directly into a living room, 14 feet by 19 feet. A cased opening connects the living room with the dining room the walls of which extend out part way of the width of the open porch. At the rear on the corner is the kitchen.

Stairs run out of the dining room to the second floor where there are three bedrooms, each a corner room, and a bathroom. For prospective home builders who want a rather unusual design for their homes, this plan will appeal. The house is not high in cost but is attractive and provides ample room for a medium-sized family. It is of frame construction and has a basement of the same dimension and lines as the foundation walls.

Group Harmony Gives Satisfactory Results

The value of harmony in design in groups of houses and other structures is becoming more appreciated, as is evidenced by several housing schemes followed in certain other developments.

The American, when he builds for himself, has a strong desire for individuality of expression. This is shown in most any suburb where you will see a neighborhood of homes in which many styles of architecture, materials, color schemes, etc., are represented. The lines and shapes have no relation to each other, so that as you look at the group there is a spirit of unrest and clashing in many respects. The whole group lacks repose and the homelike feeling is interfered with, even although each individual house might be good enough in itself.

Possibly this result is a reaction from the individuals having previously lived in city rows of a stereotyped plan. Having been previously suppressed, when the opportunity offers they go to an extreme of expression, or possibly it might in some cases be due to the architect's desire to have the individuality of the house stand out or the wealth of materials and knowledge of styles which we have at our disposal may also tend to this variety in treatment. In any case the result is not entirely satisfactory and could be improved.

Variety and individuality sufficient for any reasonable nature may be obtained even when the buildings are designed with relation to each other, and harmonize in line, shape, materials, color, etc.

When this principle can be applied to residence subdivision a much more artistic result will be produced.

Large Variety of Wall Paper for Builder's Pick

There is no way to bring originality into your scheme of home decoration more easily than by using a delightful wall paper.

There are myriads of good wall paper designs, lovely in color and charming in pattern, that are both beautiful and original. Their use immediately sets your room apart from the rest, for the large space walls covered with a well-chosen paper, dominate the scheme and strike a note of unusual interest that is not duplicated by a plain wall. There are so many wall paper patterns that there is no reason why any kind of effect cannot be achieved by their use.

Wall paper is made to simulate many other materials, marble, chintz, linen, velvet, ribbon, tile, wood and others, and the art of printing has reached such a state of proficiency that sometimes it is difficult after the paper is hung to tell the copy from the original.

These papers give many attractive opportunities to the home decorator to make her home different from the general run, and they are adequate expressions of her own good taste and sense of what makes charm.



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Sailor—Man overboard Water—Paradise me—a gentleman. My husband is a first-class passenger.—Pearson's.

Fortunate are they who are run down only by elevator men.

Man's emancipation brought more burdens; so does woman's.

Deadly Evils
Famine and gluttony alike drive nature away from the heart of man.—Theodore Parker.

Daughter was married in mother's wedding gown—that is she made hers out of one of the sleeves.

It is far better to end the day with a laugh than to begin it with one.

Read what Will Rogers writes about LEVI STRAUSS OVERALLS

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Bad Year for City Slickers, Says Rogers

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Say, our champion New York university team looked like Mata o' War till that bunch of Oregon apple knockers got a hold of 'em this afternoon. It was no place for a raccoon coat either. Up against an old bunch of west slickers whose college emblem is a pair of Levi's overalls.

These salmon slickers from the mouth of the Columbia had the city slickers shiver from head to foot. With Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and Al Smith going down in succession, it just looks like it's the old country boys' year.

Yours, WILL ROGERS

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The really important personage never seems to be nearly so happy as the chap who only feels important.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

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"A war," said H. H., the sage of Chinatown, "may illustrate how an ambitious man may desire something without knowing how to manage it if he gets it."—Washington Star.

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