

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

They did not try to plan for the future, they simply contented themselves with the knowledge that whatever came to them must be good. They did not look ahead to the winter—without a church, without a parsonage, with a meager twenty-five dollars a month to provide food and clothes and a roof over their heads. They merely accepted the present that was given them, and smiled at each other, and strove in every way possible to impress upon themselves the sublimity of their faith, the boundlessness of their possibilities in divine love.

As they went out to the car answering the call of Eddy Jackson's siren, they met the postman coming in.

Ginger ran ahead of the others, and took the mail from his hand. "Three for father, one for Marjory—mine, mine—the rest is for me."

Ginger's watchfulness over Marjory and Hiram Buckworth increased. She intercepted every glance, endured the soft smiles with a glowering grimace, answered every light sally as though it were intended for her ears alone.

One evening, soon after dinner, Hiram Buckworth decided that he must withdraw to his room to prepare his sermon for the following Sunday, and Marjory thought she would go upstairs and manœuvre her calls. But Ginger was not to be distracted by mere plans for the future. She saw them both upstairs, saw the door of her father's room closed behind Hiram Buckworth's rigid back, saw Hiram ensconced on the foot of her bed with files, orangewood sticks and buffers.

Then she went to the studio with a sigh of relief. There she settled down to a complete balancing of her accounts. She counted the dimes in the doll's trunk. She made careful entries in her huge ledger.

Her waste basket she found full to overflowing of discarded letters, little white angels, which had accompanied the contributions to the home. Ginger was systematic and orderly. These angels were to be burned. So with waste basket in one hand, lantern in the other, she made her way carefully over the narrow beams, and down the wobbly ladder.

She noted, comfortably, that the two doors remained closed as she had left them, and a pleasantly soothing stillness pervaded the house. So softly, happily, with waste basket and lantern, she slipped around the curve of the circular staircase and stopped. She stopped aghast, electrified, spell-bound. For beneath her, before her very eyes, there lay revealed a scene whose unutterable disgustingness was beyond her power of description.

The wide living room was lighted, dimly lighted, by one small corner reading lamp, and in the shadowy, semi-darkness, Ginger saw two figures—her sister, Marjory, and Hiram Buckworth—whom she had left behind their separate closed doors not twenty minutes previous. By what strange intuition each had discovered, behind those barring doors, that the other was descending to the common meeting ground of the living room below, Ginger never knew—nor even which had made the initial move. But one fact was evident—there they were.

One of Hiram's arms was about her sister's shoulders, and his free hand was fondling very gently, very caressingly, the soft gold of her hair. Marjory herself, plainly not to be out-distanced in madness, was raising her soft white fingers to his cheek, his lips, his eyes. Ginger's irrepressible gasp startled them. They looked up at her, gravely. They did not move.

"Excuse me," Ginger's voice was cold and subdued, very small. "I thought you were in different places—doing other things."

She turned short around upon the stairs, and went up to the attic. In the studio she sat herself down, heavily, and fell to deep consideration. She saw clearly that the situation was critical. Marjory was hopeless. She had begged the grocery clerk. She had almost held hands with Tab Andrews and the skivvies. She even practiced her blarney on Eddy Jackson, who had the fortitude to withstand her wiles. And now she was flagrantly seeking the young minister. Ginger writhed in helpless fury. The minister! Even a grocery clerk may aspire to ownership, a bank janitor may progress slowly upward. But once a preacher, always a preacher.

Plainly, then, responsibility rested upon none other than Ginger, and Ginger squared her shoulders to receive it. Marjory was lacking in strength of character—so much was evident. But Hiram Buckworth, now he was a minister, he must have some right principle within—an appeal to him, perhaps—Ginger regretted that she could not entirely abandon Marjory to her own misguided ways. The home for the blind was on its way to firm establishment, it was true, but alas, so many dimes went into the purchase of a loaf of coal, a month's groceries, a delicate operation for the eyes. An appeal, then, to Hiram Buckworth.

The next morning before breakfast, Ginger, alert and watchful, saw him walking down the flagstone path be-

tween the rows of flowers, inhaling great breaths of the fresh morning air, his entire manner and countenance reflecting a smug and satisfied contentment with the world at large. She hurried down, and joined him.

"Mr. Buckworth," she began firmly, "excuse me for butting in—and it really isn't a thing against Marjory, you know, for she is just as nice as she seems to be—"

"I should say she is!"

"But I've known her a long time, and really, she is a terrible flirt, though a heart she doesn't mean a thing by it. I don't know whether she has told you—I mean—You see, it is already arranged—"

"Ellen! You don't mean that Marjory—that she is engaged—"

The use of the word relieved her. She was finding it unaccountably hard to express herself in a way that would gain the desired result, without committing herself to falsehood.

"Well, yes, in a way. Not exactly engaged, you understand, but it is all understood, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I do know what you mean."

The bright rudeness went suddenly out of Hiram Buckworth's face. "I understand entirely too well. You are a good sport for tipping me off, I see."

And then he went quickly indoors, and said nothing else. The appeal to Hiram Buckworth had indeed reaped results after a fashion—but Ginger did not feel very well pleased.

Hiram Buckworth, although anything but a romantic figure, was a nice chap. And the shocked look on his face, the strange, hurt, stricken look, had touched her heart. He had looked sorry, Ginger did not enjoy seeing people look sorry, not even disgusting pretenders who pawed and held hands. Breakfast, usually such a gay and cheerful meal, proved an awkward occasion. Hiram Buckworth seemed every inch a minister, unsmiling, grave, and stiffly formal. He talked exclusively to Miss Jenkins, and not very entertainingly. He did not look at Marjory, who had come in a little late with her usual bright morning radiance. But her radiance was of short duration, paling swiftly to startled, wide-eyed wonder. She had no appetite, toyed idly with her fork, and kept her eyes upon his face, curiously, as though her eyes were seeking something, asking questions. But always they found nothing, received no answer. Immediately after breakfast he excused himself, and went quickly out of the room.

Ginger was very uncomfortable indeed. She tried to tell herself that she was merely imagining that these things were so—that it was a mere chance that Hiram had not looked at Marjory, that Marjory could not eat her breakfast. But she was unconformable. Not even a trip to the studio, and a painstaking count of her doll's trunk of dimes sufficed to put her in a cheerful frame of mind. Not even the coming of the postman, with sixteen letters for E. Tolliver, made her really happy.

He fished two small packages from his bag and handed them to her. "I see you're getting some more of those samples," he added cheerfully.

"Those are for the twins," she an-

swered, frowning. "Personally, I am not interested in beauty preparations." The day passed duty, a busy day, as Saturdays always are in parson ages where arrangements are always leading up to the climactic Sabbath. Hiram Buckworth remained down town for Jacobson. Marjory, a still, white Marjory, bustled herself in a studied way about the work of the house. And dinner in the evening was an increasingly painful repetition of the morning meal.

When the dishes were done, Ginger repaired to the veranda. Miss Jenkins sat there, alone, solemnly rocking.

"Where's Margie?"

"She went to bed. She has a head ache."

"Oh, I see." Ginger went upstairs, and knocked gently at her sister's door.

"I'm in bed," called a muffled voice in answer.

Ginger opened the door, and went in. "I just wanted to see if I could do anything for your headache." She gave her sister a sharp look. "You've been crying."

"I think I'm getting hay fever," said Marjory. "My great thing, I'm going to sleep now." Ginger, at this dismissal, turned toward the door. "And Ginger, don't you go and talk about it to—Miss Jenkins—or anybody. If I have a headache and hay fever it's nobody's business but my own. Not that anybody would care anyway."

"I won't talk about it. Go to sleep now, Margie, I'll be very quiet not to disturb you."

And Ginger closed the door softly behind her.



She Stopped Aghast, Electrified, Spell-bound.

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Scientists Listen to "Conversation" of Ants

Two scientists of the University of Pittsburgh recently perfected an apparatus for detecting the sounds of underground communication among ants.

A block of wood was placed upon the diaphragm of an ordinary telephone transmitter, which in turn was connected through batteries and amplifiers to a pair of earphones. When the termites crawled over the block of wood the transmitter was actuated, resulting in sound vibrations which were clearly heard by the listeners at the headset.

When the ants became excited over something or other their soldiers were found to hammer their heads vigorously on the wood. This action could be clearly seen and heard at the same time.

The investigators found that the ants could hear sound vibrations in the air very poorly or not at all, but were extremely sensitive to vibrations.

Varieties of Wheat

To most consumers, wheat is wheat, and general information stops at this point. Wheat, however, seems to be an extensive family, among the members of which are the following varieties: Turkey, Marquis, Fultz, Mediterranean, Poole, Preston, Haynes Bluestem, Red May, Red Wave, Kanred, Blackhall, Trumbull, Kubanka and Harvest Queen.

Incidentally, in the five-year period from 1919 to 1924, wheat acreage in the United States dropped off from 73,000,000 acres to less than 51,000,000.

Real "Down-East" Colonial Home Suggests Comfort and Hospitality



A compact home of six rooms and bath. The exterior is broken up neatly with the gable over the entrance which tends to soften the roof lines. Study the floor plan and see how convenient the rooms are laid out. Here is a genuine home feeling.

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 enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Those who have traveled through Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey will recognize at once that the colonial type home shown in the accompanying illustration is patterned after the homes that were built in those states a hundred or more years ago. The design of this home is almost an exact copy of those built by the second or third generations of the settlers of those states. While it is not the type of colonial home that is

CHAPTER VIII

Sunday, ordinarily such a pleasureably hurried day in the parsonage, was no less than a dreary ordeal. Marjory appeared very late for her breakfast. She need not have appeared at all, for she ate nothing.

"Headache all gone?" inquired Ginger.

"Yes."

Hiram, instead of walking companionably to church with the girls, excused himself and went on in advance, explaining that he wished to see somebody about something. Marjory dreamed absent-mindedly during the service, while Ginger, on the contrary, listened attentively to every word, reporting confidentially to her sister, later on, that she didn't think so much of the sermon.

In the afternoon, Eddy Jackson came in the car to take them to Pay Dirt and although Hiram tried to be excused from the party there was no evening Eddy's friendly insistence.

But while there was great gaiety at Pay Dirt, the arrival of the car from the parsonage brought a sudden slump in their high spirits. Alexander Murdock was there, and Ginger's work, long slumbering, vented itself upon his unoffending head. Why should he spend all of his spare time at Pay Dirt? What had a mere con greder to do with the conduct of agriculture? And why, if mere friendship for Eddy attracted him thither, should he so openly ignore his friend in his ardent attentiveness to Miriam? And why, for that matter, should the so-called Miriam, be suddenly thus gay and shining?

"What's the matter with everybody anyhow?" demanded Eddy crossly. "That's some grouch of a preacher, if you ask me. Margie's clear at the bottom the dumps, worst thing in the world for her complexion. And even you, Ginger, you're no cheerier than a broken crutch."

"Well, I have a lot of trouble," said Ginger dully.

The one bright moment in the afternoon for Ginger was when Alexander announced that he was leaving the next day for the farther West.

"Walking?" she inquired coldly.

"Oh, no business has been quite good. I shall be able to ride quite a little distance before I connect up with another Orange and Black."

"Sort of a car tour."

"Something of the sort, yes."

But if the parsonage group had little to contribute to the day's enjoyment, it was more than compensated by the glad hilarity of the others. Mr. Tolliver laughed like a boy at the bold and ritual jokes of the car greeder. Miss Jenkins and Mrs. Jackson exchanged giggling reminiscences of their own untrammeled youth. Miriam and Alexander were ringleaders in the day's recreation, doing all sorts of absurd young things.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

found in New England, it is suggestive of them in that it has the shuttered windows and the clapboard siding.

This is a compact home design, six rooms and bath. The exterior is broken up neatly with a gable over the entrance, the wide dormer and the broken lines of the pitched roof which

Cheerfulness in Home Aided by Use of Paint

A home is not a home if it belongs to the past generation. And, yet how many houses of today bespeak the mid-Victorian era! True relics of the past they are, with their somber walls, their cluttered-up rooms and their antiquated furnishings. What young people care to entertain in such a house or even to spend their evenings at home? For them it simply eliminates home life. The older people, too, while they may cling tenaciously to the objects which seem endeared to them likewise suffer. Not only because they find no companionship or home life with their children, but quite unaware they are affected by the dark and gloomy atmosphere which is necessarily depressing. There is nothing cheerful or even restful about this once fashionable mode of decorating a house.

A modern house demands modern decoration. A fortunate aspect, however, is that even the far removed interior of the mid-Victorian era can quite easily be brought up to date. The most important item, by far, in effecting the transformation is color. For color has psychological as well as actual value.

The first and perhaps the most important thing to be renovated is the walls. Their large expanse of unattractive designs in dull tans and browns or even red or dark green must be obliterated. Painted walls of restful, cheerful hues are the decree of beauty, fashion and economy. In choosing your color scheme select a warm color, such as yellow, or rose or cream, where sunlight is lacking and a cool color, such as blue or gray, where you need no warmth of tone. Light, soft shades are now the vogue. Do not be afraid to use them because

of the eternal showing-the-dirt problem, for painted walls are easily and satisfactorily washed. Thus you can have shell pink for your bedroom and apple green for the sun parlor, intensely practical without having that practical look.

The woodwork, too, will, of course, want to be painted in keeping with the new walls. A darker tone of the same color is most attractive, or a harmonizing or blending color may be used. Your interior will then be ready for its transformed furnishings.

There are a few pieces, even mid-Victorian, which cannot successfully be transformed with the paint brush or hidden beneath gay slips of chintz. The latter is the best solution for the heavy chairs and sofas with obtrusive lines and carvings. Other pieces may often be improved by cutting down the legs, for very low furniture is best suited to modern decoration. Carvings and extraneous additions, such as arms supporting the mirror over a dresser or knobs on brass beds, may be removed, the holes filled with crack filler and the entire surface hidden beneath the all-concealing power of paint. Thus a cumbersome lot of antiquated pieces can be converted into a charming modern set. Choose gay colors for your furniture. The once bizarre combinations such as green trimmed with pale yellow, yellow with blue, or rose with cream are now the rule. Give the house the life and cheer which is demanded by the modern scheme of things.

If your interior is all out of harmony with life of today—which it must be if it is either somber or heavy—do not permit this injustice to your family or to yourself. Brighten things up by painting your walls some soft, gay color and bringing your furniture up to date. You will then know what it is to enjoy your home.

Varnish Is Best for Floors, Expert Says

"Varnish does three things to floors," says Prof. E. E. Ware. "It beautifies them, it fortifies them against wear, it makes them sanitary, and thus promotes health."

"Until its beauty has been revealed by varnish, the most beautiful wood is merely dead lumber. Varnish brings out the beauty of grain and the richness of color as can nothing else. Without varnish the rarest woods are but commonplace; nor is this all."

"Varnish not only discolors but preserves wood's inherent beauty. It seals it against moisture and thus keeps out rot and deterioration. It gives it a beautiful glistening surface that is almost metallic in its tough imperviousness to scuffing shoe soles and scarring feet. Varnished surfaces always last longer and such floors require a minimum of care and attention. The cost is little, if any, more than the depreciation in the value of a rug or carpet, while the saved labor is saved capital."

"Added health cannot be measured

Columbus' Coat of Arms

It was in "the spacious times of good Queen Bess" when the Spaniard was Lord of the Earth. All know the story of his "Invincible Armada"; but it had an unforeseen result through one of the vessels being wrecked on the Fair Isle, off the coast of Scotland, and some 200 of the crew being saved. During a stay of some months there, the Spaniards taught the women their quaint patterns. One of the patterns is a golden anchor on a blue ground. This was the coat of arms granted to Columbus by the Spanish sovereigns as one of the rewards for his discovery of the New World.—Montreal Family Herald.

Might as Well

"Look here, Smith, it's no use your coming around here again, you've borrowed everything I've got in the place."

"Oh, but this is different. I wonder if I could borrow your garden for a bit of a party I'm giving on Saturday."—Pasting Show.

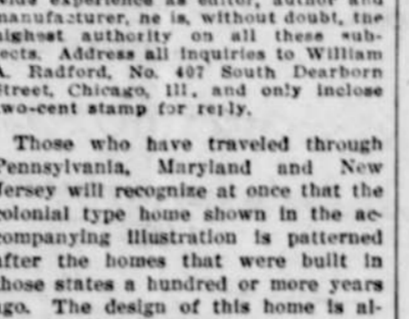
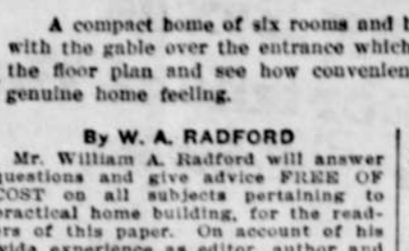
extend out to form the porch roof. An outside fireplace chimney of brick is also a distinctive feature.

The entrance at the corner leads into a reception hall. Off this reception hall is the living room 12 feet 6 inches by 15 feet 6 inches. At the rear through a cased opening is the dining room 11 feet 6 inches by 12 feet, and adjoining it is the kitchen 8 feet 6 inches by 11 feet.

Stairs to the second floor run out of the reception hall and end in a side hall upstairs. Here are three bedrooms, each a corner room. The one at the front corresponds with the living room in size, while the one at the back corresponds with the dining room. The third bedroom is small and is over the kitchen. At the front and at the end of the upstairs hall is the bathroom.

This house is 24 feet by 26 feet, exclusive of the porch projection. It is of standard frame construction set on a concrete foundation with the basement the same size as the house.

This is a distinctly American home and will suit the ideas of a great many prospective home builders. The rooms are commodious and the exterior of the house is attractive. The wide deep porch is inviting and when this house is set on a site which permits of plantings of trees and shrubs, it will make a most attractive home.



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WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

The Oldest Egg in the World

THE race to be human began with the first living being. That being brought from the sun some very remarkable elements and because the sun continued to shine. Under its beneficial rays, certain elements became so dynamically constituted that they began to perform like an organic individual. It could do what matter had not done before, behave like a living being. It grew, but its size was limited by its nature, as is that of a raindrop or a drop of oil or a piece of jelly. It split up. It developed new ways of growth, and evolved sex.

Various theories have been proposed as to how all this came about; even propaganda for taking the future of the race in our own hands. Meanwhile, do not forget that the egg which we begin life has been living since life began; that egg has had a long history and has learned much about life. Otherwise we could not learn to behave like human beings in so short a time.

Our most human parts—brain, skull, teeth, voice organs, upright gait, and fingers—are not new, they are not unique, they are not exclusively; for life itself they are not even essential.

A man, monkey, opossum, lizard, frog, shark, fish, fishworm, oyster, and malaria germ have one thing in common: they must eat and breathe, or die. Every animal must have lungs and stomach, or the equivalent. Call it viscera. Viscera are vital, the something without which there is no living animal. What else have they in common? A motor mechanism to bring the necessary elements of life within reach of the living body's vital.

The history of our body is primarily that of the mechanism for getting food, ways of avoiding being eaten as food, and method of growth. In other words, the chemical activities whereby living beings maintain life are fundamentally the same in all animals, but the laboratory in which these activities take place and the mechanisms for carrying the laboratory about and for acquiring information as to food, enemies, etc., vary enormously.

Even our primate ancestor up a tree lacked no parts to become human; certain parts merely had to be altered. Say two million years. Beyond these two other millions passed while body and brain bided their time; the earth was not yet quite ready for nature's great experiment.

As Bergson puts it: "Man only realized himself by abandoning a part of himself on the way; he was not yet ready to fight for his life with his mere wits." Wits are his greatest weapon.

Life has tried out countless bodies. Many families of nature's masterpieces have no living representatives because they over-specialized; they gave up so much to tusk, trunk, canine, wing, leg, stomach, size, height, length, or armor, that they had not enough to live on. They put all their eggs in one basket. Earth's crust is full of these fancy forms, so specialized they could not meet change. Man got ahead because he could grasp an idea, could talk it over with his fellow men and think up new ideas. The amazing thing is not that he became human, but that he can be so inhuman in so many ways.

Reading the time-table backward suggests a parallel process, which seems to have been at work in human culture: progress by leaps; between, long pauses. The pauses grow shorter as time moves on.

For a hundred thousand years man gets along without steam control. The steam engine is invented. In the twinkling of an eye steamships plow the seas, and every land is ribbed with shining rails. The age of steam blossomed out of nothing. Gossip formerly passed from mouth to ear; at breakfast now, Cape Town reads of the color of the hair of the girl the prince of Wales danced with the night before. This is another new age.

How did man get along without radio, newspaper, steel, steam, plumbing, arch, calendar, spear, golf knife, fire? He did. But he gets along faster with them. So with life itself. It got along without mammary glands and internal incubators, skull and vertebral column, head and tail, brains, but with brains, head, backbone, and placenta, the procession speeded up, life shot out in new directions.

Progress is often made by lying low; let the other fellow try out nature's new-fangled notions. By holding out, man came on the stage during the big scene. When the curtain went forth for clever people who could double, shifty people who could walk back to town if the show "blew," who could catch an 'fry their own fish in case of need, who could dig out, swim across, climb up and jump down, who were handy with their hands, had good memories and could mix, man appeared.

All this took brains; a big brain, a brain so big it had to wrinkle or burst its case; a brain with frontal lobes so big they dwarf the hind brain. A brain big in every way: in absolute size and weight, in proportion to spinal cord, in proportion to body.

(By George A. Dorsey.)

Valuable Plant

Hemp is a tough, fibrous plant which is used in rope making and in the manufacture of coarse sacks. Some of the finest hemp comes from Manila. The state of Kentucky also raises a very high-grade hemp in large quantities.

Congressional Committees

Members of congress are permitted to express a preference for committee assignments, but the committee on committees has the final decision as to the membership of these committees

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound puts new life into me and makes my work in the store and in the house easier. I took several bottles before my baby came and am always singing its praises to my friends. I recommend it for girls and women of all ages. It makes me feel like life is worth living, my nerves are better and I have gained pep and feel well and strong."—Mrs. A. R. Smith, 803 S. Lansing Street, St. Johns, Michigan.

WHEN IT LOOKS DARK to any weak, nervous or ailing woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to her aid. Women in every walk of life today say Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a reliable medicine. It is made from roots and herbs, sold by druggists, in both fluid and tablet form.

Boston, Wash.—"I am so glad I have the opportunity to tell what Dr. Pierce's medicine has done for me. I have used the 'Favorite Prescription' for over ten years and think it is a wonderful medicine. It just seems to build up all the organs."

"I have also used Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets—they are the best laundry wash I ever used. I am stronger since using Dr. Pierce's medicine than I ever was in my life."—Mrs. H. D. Waber, Box 60.

Send 10c for trial pkg. tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

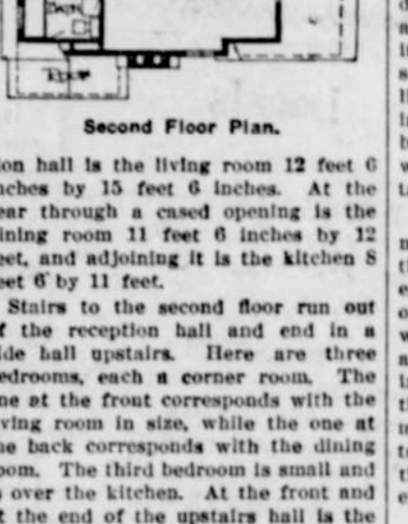
Cuts, Burns, Bruises

Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Impurefection

Are you angry that others disappoint you? Remember that you cannot depend upon yourself.—Franklin.



Don't let SORE THROAT get the best of you...

FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment once every hour for five hours and you'll be astonished at the relief.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—Jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

WALTON'S WOODS

A home remedy of tested and tried ingredients, safe, dependable.

Clears out bile or chert

Read the time-table backward suggests a parallel process, which seems to have been at work in human culture: progress by leaps; between, long pauses. The pauses grow shorter as time moves on.

For a hundred thousand years man gets along without steam control. The steam engine is invented. In the twinkling of an eye steamships plow the seas, and every land is ribbed with shining rails. The age of steam blossomed out of nothing. Gossip formerly passed from mouth to ear; at breakfast now, Cape Town reads of the color of the hair of the girl the prince of Wales danced with the night before. This is another new age.

How did man get along without radio, newspaper, steel, steam, plumbing, arch, calendar, spear, golf knife, fire? He did. But he gets along faster with them. So with life itself. It got along without mammary glands and internal incubators, skull and vertebral column, head and tail, brains, but with brains, head, backbone, and placenta, the procession speeded up, life shot out in new directions.

Progress is often made by lying low; let the other fellow try out nature's new-fangled notions. By holding out, man came on the stage during the big scene. When the curtain went forth for clever people who could double, shifty people who could walk back to town if the show "blew," who could catch an 'fry their own fish in case of need, who could dig out, swim across, climb up and jump down, who were handy with their hands, had good memories and could mix, man appeared.

All this took brains; a big brain, a brain so big it had to wrinkle or burst its case; a brain with frontal lobes so big they dwarf the hind brain. A brain big in every way: in absolute size and weight, in proportion to spinal cord, in proportion to body.

(By George A. Dorsey.)

"Before My Baby Came"

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound puts new life into me and makes my work in the store and in the house easier. I took several bottles before my baby came and am always singing its praises to my friends. I recommend it for girls and women of all ages. It makes me feel like life is worth living, my nerves are better and I have gained pep and feel well and strong."—Mrs. A. R. Smith, 803 S. Lansing Street, St. Johns, Michigan.

WHEN IT LOOKS DARK to any weak, nervous or ailing woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to her aid. Women in every walk of life today say Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a reliable medicine. It is made from roots and herbs, sold by druggists, in both fluid and tablet form.

Boston, Wash.—"I am so glad I have the opportunity to tell what Dr. Pierce's medicine has done for me. I have used the 'Favorite Prescription' for over ten years and think it is a wonderful medicine. It just seems to build up all the organs."

"I have also used Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets—they are the best laundry wash I ever used. I am stronger since using Dr. Pierce's medicine than I ever was in my life."—Mrs. H. D. Waber, Box 60.

Send 10c for trial pkg. tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

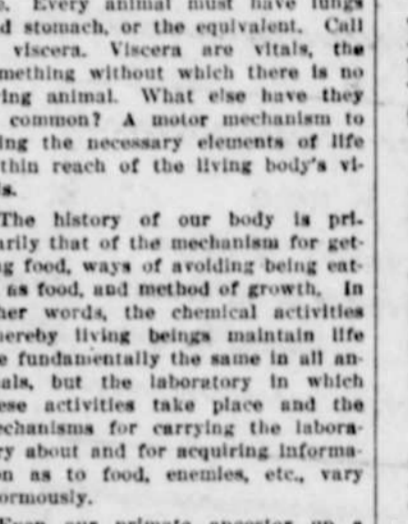
Cuts, Burns, Bruises

Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Impurefection

Are you angry that others disappoint you? Remember that you cannot depend upon yourself.—Franklin.



Don't let SORE THROAT get the best of you...

FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment once every hour for five hours and you'll be astonished at the relief.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—Jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE

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