

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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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 Ellen—"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. Overwork has affected Mr. Tolliver's eyes to the point of threatened blindness.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Eddy did not talk nonsense. He never stopped the car to leap out and pluck a wild rose to present with a flattering word, a soft look, and a sly touching of fingers. He did not quote poetry. He did not sing. He just strolled blithely in with an offering of fruit from the farm, fresh vegetables, or a chicken ready for broiling, and announced that he would like company for a ride. Regular. Just like father. That was Eddy Jackson.

Ginger took her responsibilities to the family with a great deal of solemnity. If only she could hold them in line, the twins, that is, for Helen was now irrevocably lost to her sister schemes. Still, even Ginger found some grounds of justification for Helen. She was getting old—nearly twenty-three. And Helen was an even-tempered, unexcitable, unromantic type. Perhaps after all it was just as well.

She regretted that they could not afford money enough to adorn Marjory's beauty in a fitting manner. Ginger was not very patient. And it did seem hard to wait, and keep on waiting, for Marjory's hour of triumph at the side of the romantic figure dispensing countless millions in charitable enterprise—and looking well after the Tollivers, also.

In the meantime, Ginger quite burned to do something on her own account. It was not that she had not tried. What, indeed, had she not tried? She had bought, from her personal allowance, at low rates, copies of Sunday editions of all the Chicago papers, for the sake of the advertising sections. Column after column she had studied, and after she had answered. But these, although in type they seemed to promise such lavishness of reward, turned out most disappointingly. The one about addressing envelopes for instance, in the advertisement it had seemed a rosy road to fortune, some work, quiet, easy. And Ginger had to try it before she realized how very, very long it took to address a thousand envelopes, and how very, very little remuneration was sixty cents for this expenditure of time and ink.

The plain sewing had turned out to be the complete manufacture of overalls at fourteen cents apiece, and Ginger ruined three of them and was obliged to pay for the material before she would confess herself beaten. One magazine's private road to fortune, she discovered, proved to be via the taking of subscriptions, and this was not just the thing for a minister's daughter in a small town, where parishioners felt obliged to do whatever the minister's daughter asked, and then were aggrieved at her for asking.

Very nearly had Ginger become a raiser of ginseng. She had read a simply thrilling account of how one could take an absolutely negligible amount of ginseng seed, and set it out in a small shady corner of the garden, where in practically no time at all the produce would attain a market value almost unbelievable. She had written, feverishly, for the promised details, and while awaiting their receipt, unwilling to allow one unnecessary moment to elapse between her effort and the market value, she went to work on the staidest spot in the garden. She dug, she hoed, she raked. And long before the details arrived in Red Thrush, her garden spot was ready, and subjected to most inquisitive and ironical comments from her sisters, who teasingly wondered if she had prepared the soil for manna from Heaven.

When the letter of details at last arrived she carried it, in quivering expectancy, to her attic studio, her sanctuary, only to find that there was an original outlay—for seed, for especially prepared soil rich in humus, potash and phosphoric acid, for particularly recommended bath frames to supply artificial shade. The entire expenditure amounted to not more than forty dollars, from which, within an amazingly short time, according to the printed matter, but what to Ginger was not less than a five-year eternity, a fortune was guaranteed.

Ginger reluctantly sowed flowers in the garden spot, and laid in a fresh supply of Sunday papers.

In her pursuit of profitable exercise, she was an insatiate. Although she chafed at her inability to turn effort into cash, she did not despair as long as the Chicago papers con-

tinued to hold out rose-colored inducements, so long would Ellen Tolliver, called Ginger ELLA, follow the rainbow trail.

Barred from the comfortable living room, occupied by Helen and Horace, by the unwritten law of a family of sisters, Miriam, Ginger, and their father sat on the veranda. They were thrilled and expectant. They must wait—wait for the wealth of prizes—wait for Marjory shining, rapt, triumphant—for fifty dollars in gold. "Oh, father," cried Miriam suddenly, "if we are just sitting here—waiting for it—and she should not get it—she will feel bad—about disappointing us—"

Breathless with the horrid fear of thus embarrassing their beauty, they rose simultaneously and hastened upstairs, crowding upon each other.

"As if we care whether she gets it or not," said Ginger stoutly. "Mr. Tolliver, with the courage of his conviction, went instantly to bed. Not for worlds would he confuse a daughter of his with the thought that he expected her to bring him money by her loveliness. But the two girls, however much they might wish to spare their sister's feelings, could not entirely sacrifice their own. They must see her—they must!—must catch the first thrill of her voice—feel the first touch of her quivering fingers."

They took off their shoes, making pretense, and thrust their feet into their shabby old mules. This was to prove that they were utterly indifferent to the outcome, practically in bed and asleep. Then they sat on the bed and waited a while. It seemed a long time to them.

"She won't be here for hours and hours," mourned Miriam.

"But if we go to bed we may fall asleep," protested Ginger. "And she would come home in whispers, and it would be morning before we knew what had happened."

This was too hopelessly awful even to consider. They stared at each other disconsolately.

Sheer desperation finally drove them up the corridor, beyond the twins room, to the one which Ginger shared with Helen. Helen, in spite of the excitement attendant upon the beauty pageant, had been putting some last tender touches to her wedding gown, and had left it carefully spread out across her bed.

"So slinky," cooed Ginger. "Real lace," exulted Miriam. "If only it were the prince of Wales instead of Horace Langley." "But Helen loves Horace." "So dumb of her."

They lapsed into moody silence. Ginger broke it at last. "It's not that I'm altogether opposed to marriage, you know. But people should marry somebody that is somebody, if they're going to marry at all. You must admit that it is silly of Helen to marry a common school teacher who doesn't earn a cent more than father does. She's not gaining a thing by it, not a thing. She's giving up a rollicking good time with us just to shut herself up alone with one mathematical man. You have to admit it's dumb."

"Money doesn't make happiness." "No. But it keeps it from starving."

In absolute depths of desperation, although the slightest touch upon the shimmering whiteness of the gown was strictly prohibited, Ginger lifted it up, carefully, and held it against her own slight figure, smiling at her reflection in the mirror.

"Oh, beautiful," she sighed rapturously. "It would be almost worth attaching a husband just to get to wear it. Miriam, listen. There isn't a thing to do—she won't be home for hours and hours—and she won't come up while she's there! I'm going to try it on."

Miriam's start was one of abject horror—but she listened, frowning. And she showed interest. Still arguing against it, she held the gown carefully high from the floor, while Ginger slipped out of her modest little frock and into its silken slip. Giggling ecstatically, nervously, both girls

held their breath as Miriam lifted the soft folds over Ginger's sleek little head.

Ginger posed with great dignity before the mirror, practicing a slow bridal step.

"Oh, Ginger, it is lovely. Why, really, you're quite pretty."

Ginger paraded back and forth before her mirrored reflection in a complete ravishment of delight. "How sumptuous—I mean, scrumptious," she exulted. "How dignified I am! Why, I look as old as Helen. Oh, I wish we had a veil." Her face fell disappointedly.

Unfortunately, the family finances had not yet admitted of the purchase of that ultimate bridal accessory.

"Look in Helen's drawers, Miriam. She must have something. You can't get the effect without a veil."

Miriam obligingly ransacked the cedar chest, the dresser drawers, but in vain. She did produce however a small circlet of creamy white flowers saved from the hat of a previous summer, and these she twined prettily on Ginger's head, admiring the effect. But Ginger was not to be pleased.

"But we've got to have a veil, it looks like a nightgown, or anything, without a veil."

"You must wear white gloves, wait." Miriam ran noiselessly to the bathroom, and returned with a pair of shapeless white canvas ones which Marjory kept there in reserve for her infrequent turns of dusting. She tucked these effectively into Ginger's hand, but Ginger would not be distracted from the quest.

"Miriam, think—we must have something. Look! The curtains!"

Forgetting the sacred gown, she swung herself lithely up to a chair by the window, but was quickly drawn from danger of disaster by her sister.

"Ginger, be careful. Come away I'll get it."

Balancing herself on the chair, she removed one of the long thin curtains from the rod, and shook it carefully out the window to remove the dust. Then, with a nice regard for effectiveness, she attached it by pins to the wreath in Ginger's hair. Ginger trembled with delight.

"Oh, Miriam—honestly—I'd marry him myself. Think of walking into church like this."

"You must walk slowly and look very sad. Brides always look sad. To keep from laughing, I suppose."

"Can't I have your white slippers, Miriam?" Ginger cast a disapproving look at her clumsy old mules. Mercy! What—on—earth—"

Sudden discordant clamor pierced the stillness of the night, and brought a sudden pause to their mischief. Ginger stopped in her peacock pluming, and tilted her small head under the creamy flowers and the filmy curtain, listening intently. Downstairs, Helen and Horace also heard the unaccustomed uproar, and went to the front window to investigate. Mr. Tolliver heard it, and sat up in bed, wondering, regretting his helplessness in his own home. But his life with four gay daughters had accustomed him to accept strange experiences without much question, and he subsided quietly.

The mad medley of noises presently detached itself into distinct and recognizable consonants. There was an overture of excited girlish laughter, a chorus of admiring bass.

"Marjory!" The big car careened dizzily up to the end of the flagstone path, and figures, many figures, disentangled themselves from running boards, fenders and hood. The dark shadow of them surged across the lawn, and standing out against it, laughing, pale silk, dull gold, with cream-white face and arms glimmering in the moonlight, was Marjory. The wailing steeple had fallen to sudden silence, only the twanging discordancy of the ukulele proclaimed her triumphant return.

"Oh, Margie," cried Helen, as she ran to the door to greet her. "How wonderful! How lovely!" Like moonlight Marjory tripped into the dull old house, with her shadowy train of admirers—glimmering moonlight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Book Collection Shows Printer's Art at Best

Among the countless millions of books on the shelves of the library at the British museum, are about 200 volumes considered the acme of the printer's art. They form an exhibition of books illustrating the most beautiful and expensive British and foreign printing during the last ten years. Centuries-old Chinese manuscripts and illuminated books from the monasteries of medieval Europe are exhibited in the same room as these masterpieces of post-war printing which attracted the attention of printers whose names are famous among book collectors in the two hemispheres. Books from the leading presses of England, Scotland, the United States, France, Germany, Holland, Spain, Italy, Poland and Belgium

are included in the collection. They have all been printed within the last ten years, and experts are unanimous that the art of the printer has greatly improved since the opening of the Twentieth century.

Looked Us Over

Been have about 5,000 eyes. So we gather such solace as we can out of the fact that those which have lit on us have done so through careful choice.

Helpful Pedestrians

The forist should be grateful for the pedestrian, whose family always is a prospective buyer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1225, Western Newspaper Union.)

No man applies an epithet to another that cannot with equal truth be applied to himself.—Bishop Be-gum.

SEASONABLE HINTS

A sauce that is delicious over ice cream is prepared as follows: Take

three-fourths of a cupful of orange marmalade, one-half cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of water, and boil five minutes. Chill and serve over ice cream.



College Fudge Cake.—Cut two squares of chocolate into bits, add one-half cupful of boiling water, mix and melt until smooth. Beat one egg, add one-fourth of a cupful of shortening and one cupful of brown sugar, mix with the egg and one-fourth cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful each of salt and soda, one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour. Beat and mix all the ingredients, then add the chocolate mixture. Bake in two layers and put together with

Reliable Frosting.—Put one unbeaten egg white and seven-eighths of a cupful of granulated sugar, three tablespoonfuls of cold water into a double boiler. Have the water in the lower part of the boiler boiling and begin to beat the mixture at once with a Dover egg beater; continue beating seven minutes; add twelve marshmallows, cut into bits and beat until smooth; remove and beat until cool enough to hold its shape before using on the cake.

Cream Jelly Roll.—Beat two eggs without separating the yolks from the whites. Gradually add one cupful of sugar, beat well, then add one cupful of thin cream and one and two-thirds cupfuls of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add a grating of lemon or orange rind, or the extract of either. Bake in a paper-lined pan about eighteen minutes. Turn out on a damp towel, cut off the crisp edges and spread with fruit jelly, then roll.

Poppy-Seed Salad.—Grate a little dry sage cheese over head lettuce, sprinkle with roasted poppy seed and serve with a french dressing. Very good and quite unusual.

Tempting Dishes.

The use of the small cinnamon-flavored candles to color apples is quite



common, but another and more artistic result may be obtained by stewing red-skinned apples without peeling, very gently. When tender carefully remove the skins and scrape with a knife to remove the red coloring matter on inside of the skin. Paint it back on the cheeks of the apple, and it makes a most attractive apple in bloom.

Many of the hard fall apples are beautifully colored and may be cooked whole after washing, removing the blossom end. Add enough sugar to sweeten, a bit of stick cinnamon and a spoonful of vinegar with a few cloves. Place in the oven and bake until tender. They are delicious to serve with meats.

Cranberry Pudding.—To one quart of flour add three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt and one-third cupful of sweet fat well mixed with the flour. Add milk enough to make a batter and stir in one cupful of chopped cranberries. Steam two hours and serve with a sweet sauce.

When making a jelly of cranberries, cut them into halves and wash out as many of the seeds as possible by letting the water run through them in a colander. Stew as usual. The seeds detract from the delicate flavor as well as its appearance.

Candied Cranberries.—Put two cupfuls of sugar on to boil with three-fourths of a cupful of water. Boil slowly for five minutes. Wash and dry two cupfuls of large, dark red cranberries, pierce each with a darning needle, then spread in a granite pan in a single layer. Pour the sirup over the berries and set them into a moderate oven until the berries are transparent. Remove, dust with sugar if desired and keep in a dry place. These make most effective garnishes for various dishes.

English Plum Pudding.—Take one pound each of raisins and suet chopped fine, three-fourths of a pound of dry bread crumbs, one-fourth pound each of flour and brown sugar, one pound of currants, the grated rind of a lemon, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, five eggs, one-half pint of fruit juice. Beat the eggs, separating the whites from the yolks, mix all ingredients adding the whites last and pack into well-greased molds. Steam six hours.

Oysters a la Creole.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a slice of onion and cook until light brown. Add a teaspoonful of flour, stir until brown, then add a cupful of tomatoes. When well cooked add to a pint of drained oysters and cook until the edges curl. Add a drop of tabasco sauce, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

Nellie Maxwell



Needless Pain!



People are often too patient with pain. Suffering when there is no need to suffer. Shopping with a head that throbs. Working though they ache all over.

And Bayer Aspirin would bring immediate relief!

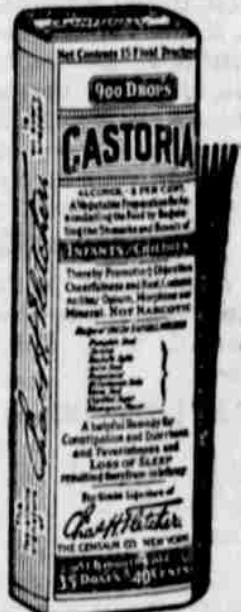
The best time to take Bayer Aspirin is the moment you first feel the pain. Why postpone relief until the pain has reached its height? Why hesitate to take anything so harmless?

Read the proven directions for checking colds, easing a sore throat; relieving headaches and the pains of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc.

You can always count on its quick comfort. But if pain is of frequent recurrence see a doctor as to its cause.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonochloride of Salicylic Acid



Children CRY for it

It may be the little stomach; it may be the bowels are sluggish. No matter what coats a child's tongue, its a safe and sensible precaution to give a few drops of Castoria. This gentle regulation of the little system soon sets things to rights. A pure vegetable preparation that can't harm a wee infant, but brings quick comfort—even when it is colic, diarrhea, or similar disturbance. And don't forsake Castoria as

the child grows older. If you want to raise boys and girls with strong systems that will ward off constipation, stick to good old Castoria; and give nothing stronger when there's any irregularity except on the advice of a doctor. Castoria is sold in every drugstore, and the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.

Wins Wife as First Prize!

If you don't think your whole life can be changed by chance, read this. It is the story of a young man who was pretty well down and out, but he figured he might win a prize if he took some advice.

"As far back as I can remember I had been a weakling," says Mr. Calvin L. Floyd of Orlando, Florida. "A headache, it seemed, was to be my life companion. I was always dizzy in the mornings. Nothing I



Many a life changed by a message like this one.

ate seemed good for me. Then I attended a health lecture in a sanatorium and the physician talked on 'faulty elimination.' That was certainly my trouble. One of the patients asked him about Nujol. He recommended it highly. I decided to try one bottle to see if there was anything in what he said about natural lubrication for the human body.

"Long before I had finished the first bottle my 'companion-headache' was gone. No more tired out feeling, I get a real kick out of life now. By the way, I almost forgot to tell you I found a new life companion, too!"

Perfectly simple, wasn't it? Mr. Floyd just learned the normal natural way to get rid of bodily poisons (we all have them) and nature did the rest. Why shouldn't you be well?

Nujol is not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It is effective, so you will be "regular as clock-work." You can buy it at all good drug stores in sealed packages for less than the price of a couple of good cigars.

Begin today. Millions have found that Nujol makes all the difference in the world. Nujol will make you feel fine and you can prove it.

Does your mirror reflect rough, pimply skin?

THEN USE

Cuticura

And have a clear skin!

ANOINT the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in a few minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing. Pimples, rashes and all forms of skin troubles quickly yield to this treatment.

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