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STORY FROM THE START

In the usually quiet home of Rev. Mr. Tolliver of Red Thrush, Rev. Mr. Tolliver of Red Thrush, lowa, 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. Ginger has tried in many ways to add to the family's viender income, but she is not discouraged.

CHAPTER II—Continued

In ner arms were roses, heaps of soft-petaled and fragrant. Marjory's face was flushed, her eyes were twin stars, her red lips tremulous with sheer delight. Eddy Jackson bore trophies of her conquest, a great lov-ing cup, pieces of silk and lace, shimmery silver, golden chains. But in her own hand Marjory held a small purple box that bore the prize, fifty dollars

"It-was-unanimous," she stam mered, with shy pride.

two evildoers above, rapt chiess and spellbound, and forgot ten their mischief as they crept to the stairs, poiseless, without breathing, hearing every word-sharing every heartbeat, softly, softly, down the top step, the next and the next, neares and nearer, irresistibly drawn by the currents of joy that surged through the shabby parsonage. Helen kissed ber sister rapturously.

and Horace Langley, flinging peda-gogical dignity to the winds, clasped her in a boisterous embrace.

"This is my sister Helen-and Pro fessor Langley. Helen, this is—every-body," Marjory introduced, almost in-coherently. "Where are the girls? Where's father?"

"Angels," cried Eddy Jackson, garing suddenly up to the curve of the circular staircase. "Or are the goddesses coming down from Olympus gaze upon, and envy, Beauty?" 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 strut-

"I didn't hurt it a bit, Heien," she reassured her sister. "It's-oh, just -a robonreal "

"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

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

"Cinderella, the prince returns your ginss slipper."

In the midst of their merry laughter, the ukulele's sudden bush silenced

"See here, somebody ought to introduce me," protested the player, plain-tively. "You forget I'm a stranger— I wasn't even invited." His eyes wandered to the bottom step of the circu lar staircase where Miriam sat just as she had dropped in that first shock ing moment, still, 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 went to school with us when he was a kid, but they moved to Detroit, and now he's come back to belp run the First National bank. Janitor, aren't

you, Tub?" "Assistant janitor," said Tub An drews 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 pageant and give your sister a run for her complexion?"

"I?" Miriam was shocked with nmazement. "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

"Don't what?" Mirlam followed the jovial young banker with some diffi culty, but with interest.

"Prefer 'em." He indicated the golden Marjory with a light wave of his ukulele. "They freckle on the his ukulele. nose, and peel on the neck, and dark in streaks-their bair 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 -Eddy, you're an angel-"

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

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

"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 be sat erect, walting, knowing they



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

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 unan "I had a sort of a vague idea maybe you got it," he said, tensingly, but

with tender warmth, transferring ber 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 paim she ed five small round pleces, gold, fifty dollars in all, and curied his fingers tightly upon the treasure.

"Oh, my dear-" be began protest

"Father, don't say a word. Why Providence put on that beauty pageant -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 slience that followed was so slight as to be barely noticeable, and his voice was only slightly busky as be said:

"You're a nice girl, Marjory. And you are quite right-the eyes 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 nice. You're all nice. I wish they'd offer four prizes the next time-the proceeds would run the parsonage 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 diagrace the parsonage. He is in the bank, you know."

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

"To take who out driving?" "Me. At least, he didn't mention anybody elsa,"

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 face in her paim, staring at

"You don't mean- Mirlam, you cer tainly do not mean— I must abso-lutely 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 out-alone-in a car-for-for sentimental purposes? Tub Andrews! Father, you will enjoy him. He converses to the squeni 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 Gin-

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 parsonage confines, the five of them as one mind and spirit. But now, what with Helen and Horace, Marjory and townful of admirers, and now Miriam and this new young man with the ukuiele, his sigh rivaled Ginger's

There was still the strained, high tension in his bandaged eyes, still the vague sensation of a firm band circling his brow. It seemed a shameful thing to him, in his centle orthodoxy, that he should chafe at the tem porary restriction upon him. He had so much, was denied so little. Even Paul had suffered ble 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. It is hard for a blinded face to mirror the peart's emotions. He sometimes felt that he would be willing to accept blindness for months-for a year even-at another time, if only on that day he could meet als people face to 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 parsonage, 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 s

The day of rest, in a parsonage affords scant leisure for sisterly recriminations, and Ginger was forced to forego her plan to subject Mirlam 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 Mirlam 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 there was no pew system in Red Thrush, the girls sat where they liked with their especial 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 compas sionately, for she followed the sermon but intermittently, and usually consecrated the hour to her own thoughts, "I dare say if the beathen are right, and we really do reincarnate in this world, I was fathers' mother the last time. I feel like a mother to him now, he's such a lamb."

Sunday afternoon in the parsonage was given up to quiet recreation. Helen went out with Hornce. Marjory, too, went out, with anyone who asked her, strolling, driving, or call ing, sometimes with Mirlam in the party, sometimes not. Ginger usually retired to her attle studio.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

*************** Flavor of First Wife's Cooking Found at Last

A middle-aged spinster married a widower, who had lost his first wife after a marriage of 15 years.

The spinster, who lived for years with her aged mother, was brought up in the spirit of immaculate bouse keeping. An old-fashloned house keeper, the mother excelled in cooking and her daughter kept fairly well in her footsteps.

Yet, despite her efforts and her skill in culinary arts, the new bride never succeeded in quite satisfying her hus band.

"It's fine, Sadle," he told her often. "but there is just something amiss My poor Mary could give the food a flavor I never find anywhere else. don't know just how she did it."

Then came a day when houseclean

ing kept Sadie on her toes all day. In a rush to have everything clean and in order by the time her hubby arrived, she forgot to look after the ment. When she remembered, it was too late. There was a burned meal.

Ashamedly she watched her husband taste the food. But how surprised was she, when he exclaimed:

"Now, Sadle, that's really fine. has that delightful flavor which distinguished Mary's cooking."-Philipdelphia Public Ledger.

Islands and Canals

Amsterdam is cut by canals into 90

Flatter a man if you want bim to have implicit faith in your judgment.

Choni Monastery



Rare Books From Choni in the Library of Congress.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE monastery and village of Choni near the Tibetan border of China, which was recently the scene of a massacre by Moslem soldiers, was an outstanding type of the Lama communities that dot western China and Tibet.

The site of Choni is in the south western part of Kansu Province. Though it was the capital of the domain of the prince of Chonl, it was merely a village of 400 families, approximately 2,000 inhabitants. natives of this region are of Tibetan origin; in fact, there are few real Chinese in the neighborhood. The viilage was by far the best situated spot in Kansu Province, and the prince's territory was the cholcest bit of land Nowhere else in Kansu are there such forests, and the scenery is unsur Designed.

The village probably changed but little during the six centuries of its existence. The Tao river, which flows a third of a mile below the south gate furnished the water for the town and the lamasery. Women carried the wa ter in wooden buckets to the town and the poorer monks conveyed it the additional 500 feet to the lamasery

Little of this water was used for cleansing purposes. The monks, therefore, reeked of rancid butter and grease, and their skin was black from the accumulated filth of years. Even lama officials do not bathe, although their faces appear washed. Their priestly garments of red Lhasa clots are unwashable; and since few of them have more than one garment, the clothing is saturated with odors se strong that it is difficult to expel the scent from a room after even a short visit by a small group of lamas.

Monastery is Extensive.

Chont monastery or what remains of it is surrounded by a wall of losss (a peculiar deposit of toam) pierced by a large stone gate looking south Upon the gate is the inscription: Chi Sau Chan Ting Sau (Bestowed by Im perial Command Temple of Abstract Tranquillity). A memorial stone of 1736 records that the tablet for the monastery was written by Emperor King Hal bimself in 1710 as a favor to Chih Lien, a Choni priest, who paid him a visit. After his return to Choni, Chih Lien is said to have contributed 3,000 taels of silver-a great sum of that time-toward the build. ing of temples and chanting balls in the monastery. Within the walls are 172 buildings, not including 10 large and small chanting halls,

During the reign of Yung Lo the monustery housed 3.800 monks, but recently only 700 have resided there. Of the 10 chanting halls in Choni two are fairly large. The one post

frequently used faces a square in which the lama dances are performed and the butter featival is celebrated. This hall is flanked by three other buildings.

The largest chanting hall, a structure probably 200 years old, is immediately buck of the first, it can accommodate about 400 monks. The roof is supported by 80 large pillars of wood lacquered red. The main idea in this hall is Wutalshan, or Chamby ang, the God of Learning (the Chinese Wen Shen, God of Literature).

On festive days this hall was beautifully decorated with brocades From the celling were suspended long cere montal umbrellas, and the pillars were sheathed in magnificent hand-wover. carpets, the gift of the Mongoi king of the Ala Shan. The hall was opened only on special occusions, such as the Feast of Lights, when the monks as sembled at night to chant the classics.

Complete Set of Tibetan Classics.

A building to the left of the main chanting hall contained a large or tagonal prayer cylinder of wood with doors. Within it was kept a complete set of the Kandjur and Tandjur, the chief Tibetan classics, the former comprising 108 volumes, the laterthe commentary-200 volumes. To the cylinder were attached slender bars with carved figures, by means of which the wheel could be set in motion. With one revolution the devotee said the contents of the 217 volumes-indeed quick way of saying prayers.

Priceless possessions of Cheni tam asery were printing blocks of both the Kandjur and the Tandjur. A num ber of other lamaseries, such as Derge and Radja, have blocks of the Kandjur, but rarely of the Tandjur. In fact, Choni is said to have been the only monastery outside Lhusa possessing the Tandjur blocks, and the claim is made that the books printed here are without mistakes, the best edition known.

The printing blocks of both classics were more than 500 years old. took sixteen years to carve the blocks of the Tandjur alone. The Choni Prince suggested movable type, but the lamas refused to entertain the idea. It took 45 monks three months to print the Kandjur and nearly six months to print the Tandiur. This does not include the time consumed in preparing the paper for the printers.

The paper used is bought at Kungchang, in eastern Kansu, 11 days dis tant from Choni, It is very thin, and the monks pasted eight sheets together to make one for the book. When 317 volumes are printed, one can surmise the time and labor spent.

The Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., obtained a complete set of the two classics from the Choni lamasery. These were packed in 92 boxes and sent by caravan seven days to Lanchow; thence by parcel post to Shangbal, Unfortunately, they arrived at Sianfu just before the gates of that city closed. There they remained through the whole slege of the town. They did reach Shanghal, however, after being more than a year on the

Ceremonial Dances.

Grent ceremonies, conducted regularly each year in Chont lamnaery were few. There was a dance on the of the first moon; the butter festival was celebrated on the 15th, and another dance was performed on the 16th. The Sunning of the Buddhs took place in the spring, on the 30th day of the sixth moon fell the Old Dance, Chamngyon-wa, probably the most interesting of all the ceremonies.

There is a dance on the 24th of the 10th moon, followed on the 25th by the Feast of Lights, which commemorates the ascension of Tsongkapa with yet another dance on the 26th day. Every third year, on the 16th of the first moon, the Choni lamas celebrate the installation of a new presiding priest by a peculiar festival known as Le Chon Chaker.

The time between ceremonies was occupied by the monks in chanting on certain days, but otherwise mainly in touting. In case of illness of wealthy believers, the lamas were asked to chant the classics, believed to have a salubrious effect. The charge for opening the largest chanting hall was 300 tacls of silver (\$200). To expedite the reading of these voluminous works, 500 assembled lamas divided the pages and each read portion of the text-s rather disconnected method, but apparently it matters little if the beginning, middle, and end are read at the same time. It was thus possible to read the 108 volumes of the Kandjur in a day,

Congregation "Fed Up" on Ten Virgins' Sermons

It is still customary in rural districts in Scotland for the minister to preach a series of sermons around one Serinture text. The parable of the Ten Virgins had been selected by an old minister for a series of ten ser mons, in which he took one virgin at a time.

Many of the church folks were heartily tired of the subject at the end of a week or two, but it was left to the beadle to tell the minister the truth.

disrobing him in the vestry one evening how he was enjoying "my analysis of the characters of the virgins," the bendle replied brusquely;

"The hale congregation's fair scunnert wi' them, sir. They mean be a lot o' tough auld maids by this time!" -London Tit-Bits,

Tommy's Trouble

The father was very disappointed with his boy's progress at school, and the end of the term had brought a rather had report from the head-

"Look here, Tommy, you'll have to buck up !" said the father. "There must be an alteration!"

"Well, Dud," said the boy, "can't there be an attenution in the school?" "What do you mean?" asked the father.

"Why, it's like this," explained Tommy, "I had an awful time of it iast term-aren't there any schools which advertise 'easy terms'?"



Mothers ... Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle"
in throat and chest where they may
become dangerous. Don't take a
chance—at the first sniffle rub on
Children's Musterole once every hour
for five hours.
Children's Musterole is just good old
Musterole, you have known so long, in
milder form.

milder form.

Working like the trained masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthel and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and atimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out

for and pain.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder — Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists.





Needed a Mental Stroke

ERALIANT FALLIAN

'Is Bill absent-minded?" "He certainly is. It nearly cost him his life one time "How was that?"

"He fell overboard and forgot he knew how to swim."

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

Perfect Hate

"He must hate jazz!" Why do you think so?"

"He always tunes out when that's all he's getting and declares he'd rather listen to his wife than it."

Considerate

Horntlo-Ah, sweetest Miranda, I would lay the world at your feet, but for one thing.

Miranda-And what is that? Horatio-Some other people are us lng it, dear,

新文字本版《为新刊版》中的 FIUIT TUUIT IU AYE There are three trying periods in a to womanhood, when a woman gives birth to her first child, when a woman reaches middle age. At these times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps to re-store normal health and vigor.

7 LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Beauty and Interest "What impressed you as the most

beautiful and interesting buildings along your motor journey?" Without hesitation Mr. Chuggins responded: "The gas-filling stations."

Obsolete Measure

Tun is a liquid measure formerly in teneral use, but now obsolete. A tun of ale was 210 gallons.

Millions now use Russ Ball Blue. Makes clothes snowy white. Get the genuine,-Adv.

A survey of what kind of radio programs prison inmates prefer indicates that they like news reports best, oldtime songs next and jazz music third.

More than half the time when a coman tells a secret some man is at the hottom of It.



