

# Ginger Ella

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by  
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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 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 slender income, but she is not discouraged. Marjory wins the beauty prize, \$50.00. She 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 sole admission was 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 furiously behind her.

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 Children.

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 slipped upon the one that had produced the greatest gaug 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 unfeeling 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 tremendous issues 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 light 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 little 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. "Be careful, oh, be careful," she said, and her face worked with emotion.

In the dramatic silence which followed this unexpected outburst, Miriam's light hand led her father away. "Why—my dear—" gasped Helen.

"Why, why—" "Oh, the poor, brave, dear, afflicted soul," wept 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



Ginger wrote, corrected, and copied. Then she read it, distastefully. "It's a Dumb Thing."

and hurried down the flagstone path toward her own home.

Ginger's eyes were stormily reflective.

"H'm," she muttered. "H'm!—Man-mad. The darn thing's catching."

Later that afternoon, Eddy Jackson, calling by telephone, got Ginger on the wire.

"Have you anyone there who would like a little beaunting?" he inquired teasingly.

"Marjory would like it, I suppose, but I'm here to see that she doesn't get it."

"Miriam there?" "No, she has gone to Chicago with father. Helen has gone driving, and for dinner, with the mathematical squire, and won't be home until late. Margie here, I'm here, and it you want to hold hands we can get Miss Jenkins."

"I don't. But I have a chap here—man I met in Chicago a long time ago—pretty nice fellow—lives in New York—just back from a two years' tour of the world and all points east. I thought perhaps Marjory might take him on for the evening, but since Miriam is away, you would have to girl-friend me."

Even over the telephone Eddy could feel the sudden aversion in Ginger's voice, the covetous glitter of her bright eyes, the gush in her flying thoughts. New York—Chicago—around the world—

"Why, Eddy—of course! I'd love to. Marjory will adore it—me, too. You know I always enjoy you. Eddy, you've got so much sense."

"We'll breeze in about eight, then." Ginger flew up the stairs. "Margie, Margie," she called. "Quick—put on the dress."

Marjory's calm was maddening. She was manicuring her pink nails. She looked up evenly, looked down, continued to polish.

## 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. 400. 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 chiseled 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.

These laws show that more than 2,000 years ago women in this Cretean city could own property. Moreover,

"The dress—the dress! He is from New York, and Eddy Jackson is bringing him to—look at you. Around the world, my dear, two years of it—and that takes money! He's used to people dressing up for dinner every single night, I dare say he'll wear an evening gown himself—I 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 floor 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—Hurry, 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 voice was enigmatical, but, rallying with a visible effort, he proceeded to introduce his friend, Alexander Murdock, a genuinely romantic figure, although neither 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 Murdock, on the other hand, as became a genuinely romantic figure, handled his with an ease, a finish, a *bon* of 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. Murdock," 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. Murdock?"

"Oh, some weeks, I fancy." He said "fancy," in the Middle West, "I think" and "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 leaned forward. She did not breathe. Oh, if he could but be president of the bank where the Tubby individual aspired to banking stamps.

"What—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)

## Current Wit and Humor



### COSTLY APPROVAL

He had gone into the library to put the thing up to her father and she was anxiously waiting on the front porch.

"Well," said the suitor when he returned, "he asked me how I was fixed and I told him I had \$3,000 in the bank."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He borrowed it."

### Cleaning Up

A young woman attorney was about to argue her first case. On that morning she washed her hands five or six times. Her mother said:

"Don't be nervous, Marie."

"I'm not nervous, mother, but these judges have so much to say about coming into court with clean hands."

### HARD TO FIND



Willie—Luddy, will you buy me an X-ray machine?

Father—What in the world do you want with an X-ray machine?

Willie—To find "X" in my algebra!

### Non-Efficiency

"We'll start a brand-new government!"

"Tis the plan that turks in every time of discontent—"

And yet it never works.

### From the Back Seat

"I wish you would quit driving from the back seat," exclaimed Mr. Chug gins.

"All right," sighed the patient wife. "But after that remark, don't expect me to smile sweetly and give my pathy when a traffic cop gets you."

—Washington Star.

### Some Escaped

Mr. Jabbs (in a graveyard)—All these people buried here had their troubles in life. Jane.

Mrs. Jabbs—Oh, not all of them—all of them weren't married. John.

### WHAT SHE LOOKED FOR



Williams—"She boasts that she's not the kind of woman who's always looking for the latest wrinkle in clothes." Thompson—"True enough—she spends all her time looking for the latest wrinkle in her face."

### Overwhelming Greatness

True greatness bids the smaller try to be satisfied to win.

A corner where they can "stand by" and humbly "listen in."

### Daddy's Tour

Willie—My mother goes to Europe every summer.

Mary—Where does your daddy go?

Willie—To the post office and the bank!

### No Chance to Relax

Mr. Bowser—I'm sorry, but it's impossible for me to give you three weeks' vacation at the present time.

Bookkeeper—Then, perhaps, you could give me a little advance pay so that I can send my wife away. I must have some rest.

### Sturdy

"I recommend a vegetable diet for a few weeks."

"But, doc, I like meat. Nothing strong about vegetables."

"Try garlic."

### Face and Reverse

Mrs. Platinug—Is my gown cut to low in the back? I can just feel that those men behind us are just staring at me.

Her Husband—Aw, turn around and show 'em your face and they'll quit staring.

### Reception Day

"Mr. President, I am honored to meeting you."

"Thank you, sir."

"I have no advice to offer you."

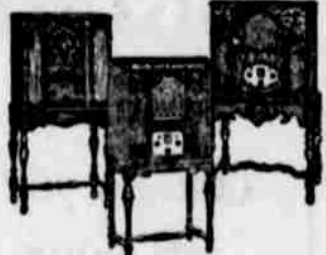
"Won't you stay for lunch?"

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A radio—fine! but an Atwater Kent—that's great!



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Also in compact table models—For batteries, \$22. For house-current operation, from \$28 to \$35. Electro-Dynamic table speaker, \$27. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies, and in Canada.

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EVEN YOUNG FOLKS know the difference. Just watch their eyes glow when they discover their new radio is an Atwater Kent!

Why is it that this one name in a radio means so much, particularly to those who live on farms? Perhaps it's because Atwater Kent Radio asks for no time out for trouble. Perhaps it's because Atwater Kent never offers any improvement in radio until it has first been thoroughly tried and tested.

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\*Nearly 3,000,000 Atwater Kent sets sold to date.  
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### Elephant Hair Curls

Elephants are to do their small part in the world of fashion, as recorded in Paris. One of the latest hot trimmings is elephant hair "feather," which is put on the hats in such a way that it brushes the cheek in a most realistic-looking dark curl. Blondes are said to prefer these hats, as they effect a change of personality.

Cole's Carbolsolve Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. See and see. Ask your druggist, or send 2c. to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill., for a package.—Advertisement.

### To Aid Disease Studies

The question of whether citizens should be required to carry cards, describing their past record of disease, injuries, and wounds, is being agitated in Europe, since health authorities believe the "case histories" would be valuable in accidents and in controlling contagious diseases.

Russ Ball Blue, I want. Insist, don't accept substitutes. Grocers sell coast to coast.—Adv.

### Near Limit Already

Touzal—Do you believe in higher education?

Fozzello—Well, judging from the letters we get from my boy in college, it couldn't come much higher.

### Fond Memories

Governor of Prison—You will be released tomorrow—have you any special requests to make?

Convict—Can I have a photograph taken—the others in my cell would like a group taken as a souvenir before I leave.—Nabelspalter, Zurich.

## Garfield Tea

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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.

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## Who Wants to be Bald?

Not many, and when you are getting that way and losing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head. BARETOHAIR is what you want.



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