

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 town, 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. Marjory wins the beauty prize, \$50.00. She gives the money to her father to consult Chicago specialists. Mr. Tolliver leaves for Chicago with Miriam. Ginger meets Alexander Murdock, Mr. Tolliver returns, the doctors giving him little hope. Ginger gets an idea for a "Parsonage Home for the Blind" and solicits funds.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

It was she who announced the early arrival of Horace Langley. Mopping his brow, she said he was, and clinging like grim death to the arm of Eddy Jackson, who laughed at him. Much later, with the final announcement that the other bridesmaids were on hand, she dispatched the twins in pastel pink and yellow, to join the springtime bevy of orange, green, mauve and rose in the primary department.

Then she led her father down the stairs to the living room, where he was to wait for Helen.

"All the who's who are there," she proclaimed blithely, "and all the hoodlums are parked."

She ran up to her sister's room, and gave a last tender touch to the white veil. "Oh, Helen," she whispered. Helen took her in her arms and the two girls wept together. After all, Ginger was Helen's baby, had been Helen's from the moment when, returning from the little cemetery on the hill where her mother was laid away in flowers and snow, she ran to the upstairs room of that other old parsonage to answer the pleading wail of the orphaned baby.

"You—you mustn't," said Ginger stoutly, winking away her tears. "You'll spoil your looks. Helen—I wish father could see you. Now, don't cry. I'm going right down."

She smiled bravely, tearfully, at her sister, unfurling refuge of sixteen years, now leaving her, and ran down the stairs.

"Tell him to wait for me just a minute, I am coming at once," Helen called after her.

Ginger went to her father. "Father," she said, "I must go now. Helen said for you to wait here for her just a minute—I think she's going to pray, father, she looks just like praying. Oh, father, she is beautiful. She looks like a picture of a Madonna with all kinds of secret happy thoughts in her heart that nobody else knows anything about. Just wait, darling, she is coming."

And Ginger tripped daintily down the flagstone path like a floating blue cloud in her airy gown.

In the living room Mr. Tolliver, accustomed to patience by weeks of blindness, waited quietly. But Helen, in the room she shared with Ginger, was not praying. Helen was not a sentimental girl, but one of deep fine feeling, much of which centered around the baby sister whom she had so long held as her special charge. Helen was not going away brusquely to happy marriage without a final tender word and gesture for the child who would come home lonely in her absence. She had written Ginger a letter—written it the night before her marriage, when girls may well be excused if their every thought is for themselves and their lovers and their hopes. Helen's were for her youngest sister. It was for that purpose that she denied herself to Horace, and to the girls, shutting herself up for hours behind a locked door, to write to Ginger Ella telling her how much she loved her, how much she had enjoyed the years of caring for her, how much she hoped for her future. Not a flowery letter, no literary work of art, but one that came from Helen's heart.

With this letter, she was going to leave for Ginger a precious thing, the little diamond ring that had been their mother's engagement ring. It had been given to Helen, at her mother's death, had been worn by her in sacred remembrance for sixteen years, but now, with the hand of her own betrothal upon her hand, and soon to be enforced by the wedding cincture, she would pass this treasure on to Ginger. She had intended to leave her farewell message on the dressing table of the room they had occupied together, but now, upon sudden impulse, thinking of Ginger, she knew in a flash of revelation what the girl would do upon her return. She would fly straight up the wobbly ladder to her private sanctuary in the attic, where, alone with her loneliness, she would weep out her heart to exhaustion, and fall asleep.

Helen smiled to herself with quivering lips. "The darling," she whispered, and then, mischievously, but with determination, she carefully draped her veil about her shoulders, ran down the corridor, set Ginger's ladder under the trapdoor, and climbed round by round, pushing open the trapdoor above her. In the attic she drew herself up, crossed the dusty beams, and stood beside Ginger's tiny little table desk. Her sympathetic eyes noted the pads of paper, the well-sharpened pencils, the little old doll's trunk, the pigeon-hole of letters.

"Oh, Ginger, my darling," she whispered, and wept again for leaving her. But she wiped away the tears, laid her letter in its sealed envelope, "My Ginger," on the table, with the ring in a velvet box beside it.

The bride in stately white and escorted by a fairy-like vision in dainty blue frills, floated along the familiar old path across the velvety lawn. A low murmur of admiration drifted down the walk, and Helen, smiling, lifted a hand to her townsfolk in friendly greeting. Ginger, leaving the bride at the door of the primary room already vacated by the maids in their slow procession, flew around the church and grabbed her father.

Slowly, solemnly, rose the strains of the wedding march. Eddy Jackson, breathing hard, accompanied the groom to the white chalk marks placed

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"Oh, Ginger, My Darling," She Whispered, and Wept Again for Leaving Her.

for them before the altar. Down the ribboned aisle tripped small white fairies, sprinkling flowers, after them, the bridesmaids in pastel, rain-bow-tinted gowns, after them, the bride, serene, unruffled, sweet-eyed.

Ginger, cool and slight in her crisp blue, with a firm finger on her father's arm, led him slowly down the aisle and placed him squarely upon the chalk mark, before she went to stand by Helen, serving the double role as maid of honor to her sister, and as her father's escort.

"I do," murmured Helen sweetly. The familiar voice of her father, resonant and low, unbreaking, continued the service. And presently Helen's hand was in that of Horace. A great lump rose in Ginger's small throat. And in the momentary breathless silence that followed Helen leaned forward, put both arms around her father's shoulders, and kissed him tenderly.

Helen was married—it was all over. With laughter and kisses, and many gay words, the crowd surged down to the Sunday school room for the buffet luncheon served by the Ruthens. And when the proper moment came, Helen slipped away from the others, and went into the small room beside the pulpit where she changed quickly from her bridal robes to trim black and white, for traveling. And then, just a very little later, there was a cab at the curb, and the guests from within flocked out to mingle fraternally with those equally interested outside.

Horace took Helen's hand in his,

and in a shower of flowers and rice, they ran down the walk. With her foot on the running board of the car, she paused. Her eyes swept the small sweet sea of loved and loving faces. She found the bright eyes of Marjory and Miriam, found her father standing a little away by himself. Then she found Ginger, a small, solemn figure, with lips forced to a grim smile. And Helen tossed her great bouquet, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots and tiny rosebuds.

Ginger had not thought of this. It must have been sheer instinct which shot her lithe young arms high over others to catch the precious trophy. Helen smiled at her.

"My Ginger," Her lips more fully formed the words, but Ginger, starting, read the syllables distinctly. The cab rolled away.

A shout of laughter, a chorus of prophecies, surrounded Ginger, with the captured bridal bouquet in her hand. But she heard none of it. She was going home. She answered no smiling thrusts, called no responsive greetings, to the merry throng about her. She just set her small face toward the old brown door, and her obedient little feet carried her leadenly toward it.

Up the stairs, heavily, heavily, and down the hall to the bedroom she had shared with Helen. The room looked strange—big and roomy. She marveled at its bigness, for she and Helen had often complained laughingly of its slight dimensions. Suddenly she realized. One of the little twin beds was gone, and the other, her own, was in the center of the space the two had occupied. Ginger's eyes burned suddenly. But she was glad that other bed was gone. She had not realized how it would have been, lying there, and gazing across at that empty pillow where Helen's brown hair, Helen's gentle face, Helen's friendly eyes, had been before.

"She thought of that," she said aloud.

Conscious of the weight of the flowers, she crossed dully to the desk by the window. There she found a fat blue vase, filled with fresh water, waiting to receive them.

"She did that. She meant all the time that I should have her flowers."

Carefully, with fingers that seemed unfamiliar and strange to her, she loosened the white ribbons, folded them carefully, and placed the flowers in the blue bowl.

Then she sat down, on the solitary little twin bed, and stared at them, stared all about the room.

"That's what she was doing all morning," she thought, "fixing this room for me. Putting my things where her things had been, straightening the drawers, and tidying the closet, so everything would be full of me, and wouldn't show so much emptiness of her."

She got up suddenly, and turned down the hall. The ladder was against the wall. She climbed dully, pulling herself, a great weight, through the trapdoor, and crossed the beams to the dormer window. From force of habit, she drew the small stool up to the table, and reached for her pad. And then she saw a white envelope.

"My Ginger."

She picked up the letter. It was then she saw the velvet box. She opened it curiously—a small diamond, in an old-fashioned setting—her mother's engagement ring that Helen had worn for sixteen years. Ginger held it in her hand a long time, and stared into the dim recesses of the dusty old room with grave, glad, wondering eyes. This was to her a symbol of Helen's trust.

"If I'm not a whole lot better after this, I'm a whole lot worse than I think I am," she decided finally. "I know Helen expects me to keep a motherly eye on father and the twins, and I shall not disappoint her. Oh, how pleased she'll be when she hears about my home for the blind."

There was a certain confidence in her manner as she slipped the small gold band upon her finger. After all, already, she had taken the family affairs in charge. The first links of her chain were firmly forged.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Animals and Reptiles Worshipped by Mankind

It is a fact that cows, on account of their supposedly sacred character, are allowed to roam at will in India, but the animals are venerated or respected rather than actually worshipped. Real worship of cattle, however, has existed at other periods of the world's history. It was common among the ancient Egyptians, who possessed the cult of the bull Apis. When one representative of Apis died, a new bull was sought and specially educated in sacred matters for four months. Celebration of its birthday was held annually, with sacrifices of white oxen, and it was unlawful for women to go near it. Apis was supposed to have oracular powers, and after death, was mummified. Another

animal that has received great respect has been the white elephant, which is believed, in Siam, to carry a dead man's soul. It cannot be purchased, and feasts are held for it and a funeral when it dies. But perhaps the most feared and respected of all is the serpent. At Whydah, in Africa, there is a serpent temple, and these reptiles in many parts of Africa are regarded as incarnations of dead relatives.

Beauty in Tolerance
The only hope of preserving that which is best lies in the practice of an immense charity, a wide tolerance and a sincere respect for opinions not ours.—P. G. Hamerton.

Jugoslavia's Coast



Dalmatian Peasant Women.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)
IF ONE enters Jugoslavia by rail at the northeast corner where Italy and Austria meet that country, his route follows the gray-green Sava eastward to Zagreb, the old Agram of Austro-Hungarian days. If one then turns westward toward Fiume, the sharp detour crosses the panorama of Croatia's magnificently forested mountain country as the train climbs to the regional watershed before descending to the Adriatic.

The route holds its surprises. Imagine a mountain town halved by a rushing river which plunges 40 yards into a crevasse under the sidewalk and then, three miles farther on, pops up unexpectedly, to resume its surface course. Yet such fluvial feasts characterize not only Croatia, but the entirety of those barren highlands which extend southward behind the Jugoslavia coast.

They form the so-called Karst region, which geologists have compared to a vast petrified sponge. Such are the tricks that time and rushing streams have played with the Karst's easily decomposed limestone. "Now you see us and now you don't" gurgle in chorus a whole system of such Jack-in-the-box rivers, as they plunge into the mountains' eastern flank, triumphantly reissuing, scores of miles westward, as feeders of estuaries or, in one case, as a fresh-water spring emerging from sea bottom.

Had some Marco Polo left us an account of the marvelous Land of Spongy Mountains, whose rivers cut through the bases of ranges 1,000 feet high, we might have dismissed him as a fabulist; yet in sober fact a Montenegrin river has performed that identical feat.

While descending through the indescribably sterile looking Karst, one puts to himself the question: "Why, in this desert, build those innumerable, circular stone walls to inclose at most a bit of grass?"

Farming in Holes.
But you learn that what you see are karst holes—extremely rich oases—and that, in this land of Jack-in-the-box rivers, natural precipitation, instead of draining into streams, sinks through the porous stone, carrying vegetable matter along with it, and enriches a regional series of funnel-like ditches. Thus, "farming in holes"—the karst holes, which sometimes number several hundred within a small area—provides grain for the inhabitants of this mountain-side desert.

The blinding, sizzling Karst comes to a spectacular end when you spy from nearly half a mile above, what appears as a gigantic relief map, the Istrian mountains curving around the Gulf of Quarnero, and to the southward the Velebit mountains outlining ridge spanning the rim of illimitable Adriatic blue.

In Fiume, you learn that the city has its front doors on the sea and its back doors among the mountains.

Any prospective visitor to Fiume who may question this has only to climb up 425 certain steps, taking them in cool weather and "on low." He will find himself among the city's back doors, overlooking the Velebit range. A turn about will give him an airman's view of the terraced hillside by which Fiume-Susak descends to its far-stretched curve of wharfrage; and from one's feet there plunges headlong the mere ribbon of water that divides what is practically one city into two parts, Fiume and Susak—the former in Italy, the latter in Jugoslavia.

When you buy and tussle with a map of the Jugoslavia coast, it will give you that hopeless feeling which possibly overcame the first explorer who attempted to chart Maline's coast line. Also, you will sympathize with that

Cape Collars Are Popular

The big flat cape collar that is easily and charmingly adjustable about the neck when the weather requires it, is a youthful type used on cloth and fur coats. It is very attractive on a coat of caracul designed to follow the close slim straight lines many women still cling to.

More Squirrels Are Needed

With longer skirts, enormous collars and the new bell cuffs, it takes considerably more skins to make a fur

other explorer, who, weary of counting islands in the St. Lawrence, probably said, "Oh, let's name 'em the Thousand Islands and call it a day's work!"

Queer Coast, Queer Names.

Even Maline's shores are rivaled in their zigzag conformation by those of Dalmatia. While a direct course along the Jugoslav littoral measures 300 sea miles, the indented length of that coast is almost three times as long. As for the man-sized job of counting Dalmatia's islands, that has been simplified by ignoring insignificant islets and putting the archipelago's units at 600 and its area at 2,000 square miles.

The locally published maps present other difficulties. The kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes (Jugoslavia) has made a clean sweep of former Austro-Hungarian place names in favor of their Slav equivalents. Like the out-of-luck American tourist who wouldn't stop at "Praha" because he wanted to get on to Prague, the traveler today often needs a bilingual key to ascertain where he is. Here is a list of some Jugoslav place names, with their prewar equivalents bracketed: Lake Bled (Veleser See), Lake Bohinj (Wechsener See), Zagreb (Agram), Zadar (Zara), Sibenik (Sebenico), Trogir (Trau), Solin (Salona), Spitt (Spalato), Graz (Gravosa), Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Kotor (Cattaro).

As neither railroad nor motor trail spans the Jugoslav coast, one had best take the oldest and most appropriate of routes, the sea lane, to rediscover those shores whose maritime fame antedated England's by centuries. From among luxurious liners, more modest steamers, and fleets of sailing craft, one may choose one's traveling style along what is one of the best-served littorals in south European waters.

As Susak falls astern, Italy disappears behind islands. With an archipelago barring the open sea and with the Velebit's barren heights rising behind the narrow coast, it seems as if one is navigating a succession of blue, lawlessly calm lagoons.

Along the Illyrian Coast.

Now and then your boat touches port in some deep-set bay with its hill-perched townlet—often an almost streetless clump of vine-clad houses—which had dug its heels into the Velebit and held on while as yet Venice was unheard of. Yet the specter of the lagoon republic, medieval Dalmatia's protectress, still haunts every nook and corner of the Jugoslav coast.

Small steamers wind through the narrow lagoonlike waters, known along the coast as "canals," which were once ruled by those petty potentates for whom, Croatian tradition asserts, mourning weeds have become perpetuated as a national costume.

As one sails along, now the Velebit range, its barren, slate-gray flanks queerly diagrammed with walled karst holes, thrusts menacingly forward, barring Croatia from the Adriatic. Occasionally there appear V-shaped valleys where some tiny, stucco port nestles among a luxuriance of trees, hedged gardens, and terraced vineyards.

A wild strip, this, of the ancient Illyrian coast. Wild, too, were the first Illyrians, a mixture of pre-Homeric Greeks and those wandering Asians, the Liburni, after whom Rome called the country Liburnia. Legend says that from Cadmus and Harmonia, through their son Illyrius, sprang the tribes that perpetuated his name.

Just north of Zara (Zadar) one enters the waters of ancient Dalmatia. Ranging in width from 1 to 35 miles, this little sliver of a state enjoyed a well-developed coast which played its famous role in the sea commerce of the Middle Ages.

Rochas Ensembles

One-piece heavy tweed frocks are ensembled with long coats in the originals shown by Marcel Rochas. Quite a novelty is dresses of black broadcloth with matching coats forming ensembles of charm and comfort in cool weather.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Prepared by Lydia E. Pinkham, Med. Co., Lowell, Mass.