

"Please make  
Father change his  
smoking tobacco"



**MEN** go to their graves ignorant of the suffering an over-strong pipe has caused others. But now, we trust, Father will lose no time in discovering Sir Walter Raleigh, whose mild, fragrant blend is as popular with the smoked-at, as it is delightful to the smoker. This blend of choice Burleys has plenty of body and a very special fragrance. Yet it's so mild you can smoke it all day long, with only the sensation of increasing enjoyment.

**How to Take Care of Your Pipe**  
*(Hint No. 2)* Don't switch tobaccos when you break in a new pipe. Stick to the same brand for 30 or more pipefuls. Mixing tobaccos makes a pipe either strong or flat. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Dept. 43, The Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

**SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH**  
Smoking Tobacco

It's milder

**Didn't Work**

May has an aversion to spinach, but always eats what is served to her when her coed sister says: "We will eat our spinach and grow pretty." Recently the coed was asking her father for the price of a permanent wave, saying: "My hair is so ugly." The five-year-old said: "I was afraid the spinach wouldn't work."

Ross Ball Blue goes farther, makes clothes whiter than liquid Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

**Natural Gas Consumption**

In 1922 725,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas were produced in the United States. The value of this natural gas was \$196,000,000. In 1923 the production had increased to 1,164,000,000 cubic feet, having a value of \$255,000,000. In 1927 the production had increased to 1,445,428,000,000, which was an increase of 132,400,000 cubic feet over 1923.



**A Sour  
Stomach**

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidly completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquillized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

**PHILLIPS  
Milk  
of Magnesia**

**GINGER  
ELLA**

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by  
Irwin Myers

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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. Over-work has seriously affected Mr. Tolliver's eyes. Marjory wins the beauty prize, \$50.00. She gives the money to her father to consult Chicago specialists. 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. She gets results at once. Helen is married and leaves the parsonage. Mr. Tolliver goes to Eddy Jackson's farm for a rest.

**CHAPTER V—Continued**

—10—

"I wish Helen were here," said Marjory. "Why, I will have to sort of—be the head of the house myself—and I am not used to having ministers around—except father. But you are quite right. We must do what we can, and we shall take Mr. Buckworth gladly. What can we charge him?"

"We are to pay him fifteen dollars a week. I think 'en of that could go for his room, and board."

"That would leave him but five dollars a week for laundry, and collections, and—"

"We can do his laundry with ours," interrupted Ginger. "And I dare say he doesn't like as father does—it isn't as fashionable as it used to be. And we can't run the house on less than ten a week."

"Well, ten a week then. And if he objects, we'll come down to eight. He can have father's room, with the books—Miss Jenkins, you'll have to tell him about the money, and the laundry, and everything. I simply couldn't do it."

On Friday afternoon, Miriam returned with her father just in time for supper, a supper that was a banquet, for many of the kindly members, knowing of the plan for his enforced vacation, had conspired to make his last dinner at home one to be remembered. There were baskets of fruit and flowers, fine candles, fragrant home-baked rolls and pastries, rich preserves and delicate jellies, pats of country butter, and jars of cream, chickens all ready for broiling.

They were still at the table, merrily recounting the news of the week, the doings of the church, the letters from Helen, when Joplin Westbury came, or rather, was delivered in person, by Eddy Jackson. Joplin Westbury, clearing his throat in best treasurer-of-the-board manner, announced that on behalf of the church he came to present his beloved minister with a two months' vacation on full pay, in order to restore his strength for the great day of the formal dedication.

"Mr. Westbury, this—is this is most awfully good of you and the board and the church," said Mr. Tolliver meekly. "It just happens—and this may surprise you—the doctors advised that I give up work and responsibility for a while, but I simply did not see how it could be done. I should not have asked it, I assure you. It is most generous, Joplin, most generous. Girls, I see the hand of the Lord in this."

"I see the hand of Eddy Jackson," thought Ginger Ella to herself, but not for the world would she have marred her father's pious gratitude with the voicing of her irreverent thought.

But Joplin Westbury, in spite of the good gift he had brought, seemed ill at ease and awkward, chaffing under the united thanks of the innocent family, and hurriedly took himself off. When he had gone, Eddy extended the invitation, for himself and his mother, for Mr. Tolliver and Miriam to come to Pay Dirt.

They spent the evening talking together quietly, every seemingly light word overlaying an undercurrent of deep and glad thanksgiving, and then Miriam led her father out to the waiting car, the other girls trooping noisily with them for a last good-by.

"Now you see, my dear little girls, and try to remember, that things do work together for good," he said, smiling.

"Yes," whispered Eddy Jackson to Ginger, "but just the same, I wish you'd scout around among the members, and see if there's something undermined going on. I don't like the looks of old Jop. Ordinarily, he just loves to play Heaven, but tonight he was all fussed up. Between you and

me, I think there's something rotten in Red Thrush.

After all, Miss Jenkins was merely a temporary companion in the parsonage. It was Marjory, the pretty twin, who, since the marriage of Helen, and in the absence of Miriam, must reign as hostess. It was a pleasant experience for Marjory, and she took it seriously, superintending the entire arrangement of her father's room for the young minister, and merely permitting Miss Jenkins to dust and sweep, and Ginger to wash the windows.

All during the Saturday morning, as their hands were busy with their pleasant toil, they chatted eagerly of this strange and unexpected break in the even tenor of their lives.

"Too bad Helen had to miss it," said Ginger.

"I shall be very dignified. I dare say he will think I am twenty-one."

"Well, remember he's a preacher, and don't waste your good powder on him."

"Mr. Westbury says he is a very brilliant student, very."

"Such a dumb name, Hiram," complained Ginger. "Wouldn't you just know his parents were Methodists?"

By one o'clock they were dressed for his arrival. Miss Jenkins, thoroughly rehearsed in her part, seated herself sedately in the living room with the Central Christian Advocate. Marjory repaired to her father's room to give a last deft touch to table, to curtains, to the fall of



There Was a Sudden Crash From Below, a Splintering, a Thud.

the lace bedspread. Ginger, after meeting the postman half way down the flagstone path, started to the attic with her mail, six letters, each with a small hard roundness in one corner.

Six dimes were added to her hoard in the doll's trunk. Ginger shook the trunk affectionately. Two dollars and eighty cents now. Not so very much, yet, but still, considering the original outlay of three postage stamps, it was doing very well. And certainly, business was growing. Never a day passed now without at least one welcome letter for E. Tolliver, one dime for the home. But for all her immersion in her growing fund, Ginger did not overlook the immediate interest of the arrival of Hiram Buckworth. While she would scorn to betray an undue curiosity about any male creature, she did feel that a pre-knowledge of his general appearance would assist her greatly in forming an estimate of his character.

Finding that she could not command a view of the street from the high dormer window of the attic, not even by standing on the backless chair, she turned the key upon her accumulation of dimes, and went downstairs. In her father's room, the only one opening upon the street, she found Marjory, ostensibly draping the curtains to more becoming lines, but with a long-lashed eye upon the approach.

"I dare say he looks like most immature ministers," remarked Ginger coldly. "And judging by the Hiram, he will have baggy trousers and a wilted mustache."

She descended the circular staircase with great dignity. Miss Jenkins had abandoned the Advocate and crouched behind the portieres turning an anxious gaze to the corner, a block away, where the newcomer must first appear.

"I hope he sees you," said Ginger bitterly. "It will give him such a good impression of our disinterestedness."

**Highest Sense of Duty in "Doing Unto Others"**

Men talk much of duty, but chiefly spend the most of their lives in efforts to evade its full obligations as ideally expressed through the ages.

Tennyson says: "Sweet it is to have done the thing one ought."

To appreciate and realize this sweetness is the reward of duty. Sometimes it is hard to do the thing we ought to do, but conscious satisfaction invariably soothes the soul that has been true to itself.

Duty is protean in aspect, but there is never a possibility that one will fail to recognize it in any expression, in any manifestation. There can be no mistake. It speaks a various language, but we inevitably understand.

The thing we ought to do makes for

"I—just wondered if he was coming," said Miss Jenkins, fluttering back to the Advocate. "Now, I am just to say who I am—and who you and Marjory are—when you come down, I mean—and tell him ten dollars a week—before you come down, I mean, and if he argues, I am to yield with dignity. And then I take him upstairs—after you girls come down, I mean—and say dinner will be served at six o'clock."

Obviously, the windows of the living room were closed to scornful Ginger Ella. One vantage spot was left to her, the basement, and she repaired thither. As the narrow window in front was too high for her, she rolled an empty apple barrel to the proper position, stood it upright, and laid an old ironing board across it. Then she climbed up, with great care for her best summer frock, and was rewarded with a clear view of the entire street.

At exactly two-fifteen, Hiram Buckworth briskly rounded the corner, and made for the old brown parsonage, unaware that from various well-shadowed recesses, three pairs of steady bright eyes bore silent witness to his approach. Hiram Buckworth saw only a pleasantly sun-burned shingle-brown old house set in a well-trimmed lawn canopied with broad-branched maples, saw an inviting pathway of old flagstones, bordered with pansies. The eyes behind the curtained windows saw a tall young man, who walked vigorously, with a vigorous swing to his arms, a vigorous swing to his legs, noticed particularly how the sunshine cast bronze into his dark hair, for, most unministerially, he carried his hat in one hand.

"What a nice, clean, Christian boy he looks," approved Miss Jenkins in great relief.

"Why, how very young," wondered Marjory.

"He doesn't look any Hiram to me," was Ginger's private comment.

But Hiram Buckworth, unaware of these secret impressions, marched briskly up the flagstone path, set down his bag, and rang the bell. A decent interval was permitted to elapse—Ginger, holding her breath on the apple barrel counted the approved twenty—and at the very number, Miss Jenkins went to the door, a flushed and flushed Miss Jenkins, unused to doing the honors of a house.

"I am Hiram Buckworth," he said pleasantly, brown hand outstretched. "Are you indeed?" stammered Miss Jenkins. "I am Miss Jenkins—I will introduce the girls when they come down. I was just to let you in—Oh, goodness me, what's that?"

There was a sudden crash from below, a splintering, a thud, and over all, a sharp expletive which in any other than a ministerial home would have been considered distinctly profane. For Ginger, aghast at the stumbling confusion of the embarrassed Miss Jenkins, of which she heard every word, in impulsive eagerness to rush to the rescue of the parsonage reputation, had stepped too far on the end of the ironing board so that it flew up suddenly and dropped her into the barrel which overturned on top of her. The silence that followed the first crash was an immense one.

"Nothing," chattered Miss Jenkins volubly, "nothing at all, you see. Just a noise—lots of noises here—house full of them—rats, I suppose—rats in the wall. Come right upstairs. I'll show you your room."

Marjory, holding her breath at the window upstairs, heard the horrible words. What was the woman thinking of? Her instructions had been positive, oft-repeated, to take him to the living room, break the news of ten dollars a week, and hold him in conversation until the appearance of the two girls for formal introduction! Up the stairs—and Marjory spying upon him from the window! She ran toward the door, but already they were at the curve of the circular staircase. She threw a wild glance about the room—no possible escape—the closet, the bath with its single entrance! She, Marjory, presiding hostess of the house to be caught in this humiliating predicament? Not to be thought of!

As quick as thought, she dropped to the floor and crawled beneath the bed, where the fringes of the lace spread sufficed to curtain her retreat.

"It's a nice room," rambled Miss Jenkins nervously. "It's Mr. Tolliver's own room. I hope you like religious books. Mr. Tolliver never reads anything else—not that he reads anything now, poor dear, what with his eyes—I suppose you've heard about that?"

"Yes, such a misfortune."  
(TO BE CONTINUED)



**Needless  
Pain!**

Nowadays, people take Bayer Aspirin for many little aches and pains, and as often as they encounter any pain.

Why not? It is a proven antidote for pain. It works!

And Bayer Aspirin tablets are utterly harmless. You have the medical profession's word for that; they do not depress the heart.

So, don't let a cold "run its course." Don't wait for a headache to "wear off." Or regard neuralgia, neuritis, or even rheumatism as something you must endure. Only a physician can cope with the cause of such pain, but

you can always turn to Bayer Aspirin for relief.

Bayer Aspirin is always available, and it always helps. Familiarize yourself with its many uses, and avoid a lot of needless suffering.

**BAYER ASPIRIN**

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer, Manufacturer of Monoclonalacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid

**There's a Reason**  
Kind Old Lady—My goodness, but you must love that baby to death, I see you forming in line to kiss it.  
First Uncle—Sure, why wouldn't we? The baby has just got through eating an all-day sucker.—Detroit News.

**Had Taken Precautions**  
"My dear, it's no use you looking at those hats. I haven't more than \$2 in my pocket."  
"You might have known when we came out that I'd want to buy a few things."  
"I did!"—Stray Stories.

**Home Has More Danger  
Than Savages  
of Brazil**

**JOHN J. WHITEHEAD**, explorer and lecturer, has just returned from eight months in the jungles of South America, where he was searching for traces of the lost Colonel Fawcett and his son.



John J. Whitehead, explorer and lecturer, with a Jungle Warrior

Dangerous as he found the jungle, he encountered a worse danger at home. But let him tell it.

"One of the great problems of a trip of this kind is keeping in healthy condition. When we started, some of the members of the party had laxatives with them, but made wise by experience I carried Nujol. All too quickly my stock ran out. Soon I was in bad shape—what with a diet of rice and beans, lacking vitamins and green vegetables.

"When we finally got back to civilization, entertained first in Brazil and later in the United States, I became positively ill. Severe stomach pains and poor elimination made me realize that Nujol would again prove the reliable, trusty keeper of health. Sure enough, with the first bottle the trouble disappeared.

Don't think Nujol is a medicine. It is as tasteless and colorless as clear water. It brings you, however, what your body needs like any other machine—lubrication. Just as a good bath washes our bodies clean, Nujol

sweeps away, easily and normally, those internal bodily poisons (we all have them) that make us feel dull and headachy and sick. Nujol cannot hurt even a little baby; it forms no habit; it contains not one single drug. Doctors and nurses use it themselves and tell you to use it, if you want to be well.

Take Nujol every night for two weeks and prove to yourself how happy and bright and full of pep you can be, if your body is internally clean. Get a bottle today at any drug store. It costs but a few cents, and makes you feel like a million dollars. Start traveling the health-road to success and happiness—this very day!

**Needn't Worry**  
"If Jack were to propose to me I wouldn't know whether to say 'yes' or 'no.'"  
"Well, don't worry, dear, I accepted him last night."—Stray Stories.

**Everything Was Rocky**  
Finnigan—Was it rocky at all up where you spent your vacation?  
Hoolligan—O, yes; the board and everything, you know.—New Bedford Standard.



Ease in 5 Minutes—Comfort in 5 Hours

**Stop  
that COLD  
... before it stops you!**

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous—rub Musterole on these parts at the first sniffle—it will relieve congestion by stimulating blood circulation.

blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful 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 many doctors and nurses.

But don't be satisfied with the noticeable relief you should experience from the first Musterole rub—apply it every hour for five hours and you'll be amazed at the result!

Keep Musterole handy—in jars and tubes. All druggists.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous

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

