



Stuffed up  
inside?

Feen-a-mint is the answer. Cleansing action of smaller doses effective because you chew it. At your druggists—the safe and scientific laxative.

**Feen-a-mint**  
**FOR CONSTIPATION**

"Why Bring That Up?"  
And some people are forgotten but not gone.—Pathfinder Magazine.

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

**Perfect Food**  
Fruit, vegetables and milk—the perfect food triumvirate for power and a kingly enjoyment of life.

### Mother of Five Healthy Children Speaks

Everett, Wash.—  
"There is nothing so helpful in motherhood as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I am the mother of five fine, healthy children as any one could wish for and I give this medicine great credit, for I took it each time and it kept me in such good physical condition that I was always able to do my own work right up to the last—never lost my strength at any time. I would not think of going through pregnancy without taking this tonic."—Mrs. C. E. Armstrong, 2811 Victor Place.  
Fluid or tablets. All dealers.  
Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., if you want a trial package of Prescription Tablets.

### A Household Remedy

For External Use Only  
**Hanford's**  
**Balsam of Myrrh**  
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

**Mrs. Edison's View**  
"The word housewife," says Mrs. Thomas Edison in the American Magazine, "is the worst misnomer in our language. She should be known as a home executive."

**Burning Skin Diseases**  
quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolic Acid. Leaves no scars. No medicine chest complete without it. 50c and 10c at druggists, or J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

**Too Bad It Was So**  
"So Janet's birthday party didn't amount to much?"  
"No, she deserved a better fete."—Pathfinder Magazine.



### Help Your Kidneys

Deal Promptly with Kidney Irregularities.

If bothered with constant backache, bladder irritations and getting up at night, help your kidneys with Doan's Pills.  
Used for more than 40 years. Endorsed by the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.  
**50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:**  
James A. McClard, Retired Merchant, 808 Hobson Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark., says: "My kidneys didn't act right and my back ached for quite a spell. The use of Doan's Pills quickly rid me of this attack."

**DOAN'S PILLS**  
A Stimulant Diuretic (not a cathartic).

At Last Relief for Itching or Protruding Piles without the knife and for free trial package, prescription 951-A and be continued. Canan Drug Co., Box 4113, Portland, Ore.

### Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy  
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.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 7-1930

## GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by  
Irwin Myers

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WNU Service

### CHAPTER VII—Continued

—14—

They did not try to plan for the future, they simply contented themselves with the knowledge that whatever came to them must be good. They did not look ahead to the winter—without a church, without a parsonage, with a meager twenty-five dollars a month to provide food and clothes and a roof over their heads. They merely accepted the present that was given them, and smiled at each other, and strove in every way possible to impress upon themselves the sublimity of their faith, the boundlessness of their possibilities in divine love.

As they went out to the car answering the call of Eddy Jackson's siren, they met the postman coming in.

Ginger ran ahead of the others, and took the mail from his hand.  
"Three for father, one for Marjory—mine, mine—the rest is for me."

Ginger's watchfulness over Marjory and Hiram Buckworth increased. She intercepted every glance, endured the soft smiles with a glowering grimace, answered every light sally as though it were intended for her ears alone.

One evening, soon after dinner, Hiram Buckworth decided that he must withdraw to his room to prepare his sermon for the following Sunday, and Marjory thought she would go upstairs and manœuvre her nails. But Ginger was not to be distracted by mere plans for the future. She saw them both upstairs, saw the door of her father's room closed behind Hiram Buckworth's rigid back, saw Marjory encoiled on the foot of her bed with files, orangewood sticks and buffers. Then she went to the studio with a sigh of relief. There she settled down to a complete balancing of her accounts. She counted the dimes in the doll's trunk. She made careful entries in her huge ledger.

Her waste basket she found full to overflowing of discarded letters, little white angels, which had accompanied the contributions to the home. Ginger was systematic and orderly. These angels were to be burned. So with waste basket in one hand, lantern in the other, she made her way carefully over the narrow beams, and down the wobbly ladder.

She noted, comfortably, that the two doors remained closed as she had left them, and a pleasantly soothing stillness pervaded the house. Softly, happily, with waste basket and lantern, she slipped around the curve of the circular staircase and stopped. She stopped aghast, electrified, spell-bound. For beneath her, before her very eyes, there lay revealed a scene whose unutterable disgustiveness was beyond her power of description.

The wide living room, was lighted, dimly lighted, by one small corner reading lamp, and to the shadows, semi-darkness, Ginger saw two figures—her sister, Marjory, and Hiram Buckworth—whom she had left behind their separate closed doors not twenty minutes previous. By what strange intuitiveness each had discovered, behind those barring doors, that the other was descending to the common meeting ground of the living room below, Ginger never knew—nor even which had made the initial move. But one fact was evident—there they were.

One of Hiram's arms was about her sister's shoulders, and his free hand was fondling very gently, very caressingly, the soft gold of her hair. Marjory herself, plainly not to be out-distanced in madness, was raising her soft white fingers to his cheek, his lips, his eyes. Ginger's irrepressible gasp startled them. They looked up at her, gravely. They did not move.

"Excuse me," Ginger's voice was cold and subdued, very small. "I thought you were in different places—doing other things."

She turned short around upon the stairs, and went up to the attic. In the studio she sat herself down, heavily, and fell to deep consideration. She saw clearly that the situation was critical. Marjory was hopeless. She had ogled the grocery clerk. She had almost held hands with Tub Andrews and the ukulele. She even practiced her blandishments on Eddy Jackson, who had the fortitude to withstand her wiles. And now she was flagrant in seeking the young minister. Ginger writhed in helpless fury. The instant! Even a grocery clerk may aspire to ownership, a bank janitor may progress slowly upward. But once a preacher, always a preacher. Plainly, then, responsibility rested upon none other than Ginger, and Ginger squared her shoulders to receive it. Marjory was lacking in strength of character—so much was

evident. But Hiram Buckworth, now—he was a minister, he must have some right principle within—an appeal to him, perhaps—Ginger regretted that she could not entirely abandon Marjory to her own misguided ways. The home for the blind was on its way to firm establishment. It was true, but alas, so many dimes went into the purchase of a load of coal, a month's groceries, a delicate operation for the eyes. An appeal, then, to Hiram Buckworth.

The next morning before breakfast, Ginger, alert and watchful, saw him walking down the flagstone path between the rows of flowers, inhaling great breaths of the fresh morning air, his entire manner and countenance reflecting a smug and satisfied contentment with the world at large. She hurried down, and joined him.

"Mr. Buckworth," she began firmly. "excuse me for butting in—and it really isn't a thing against Marjory, you know, for she is just as nice as she seems to be—"

"I should say she is!"  
"But I've known her a long time, and really, she is a terrible flirt, though at heart she doesn't mean a thing by it. I don't know whether she has told you—I mean—You see, it is already arranged—"

"Ellen! You don't mean that Marjory—that she is engaged—"

The use of the word relieved her. She was finding it unaccountably hard to express herself in a way that would gain the desired result, without committing herself to falsehood.

"Well, yes, in a way. Not exactly engaged, you understand, but it is all understood, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I do know what you mean." The bright ruddiness went suddenly



She Stopped Aghast, Electrified, Spell-bound.

out of Hiram Buckworth's face. "I understand entirely too well. You are a good sport for tipping me off. I see."

And then he went quickly indoors, and said nothing else. The appeal to Hiram Buckworth had indeed reaped results after a fashion, but Ginger did not feel very well pleased. Hiram Buckworth, although anything but a romantic figure, was a nice chap. And the shocked look on his face, the strange, hurt, stricken look, had touched her heart. He had looked sorry. Ginger did not enjoy seeing people look sorry, not even dissembling pretenders who purred and held hands.

Breakfast, usually such a gay and cheery meal, proved an awkward occasion. Hiram Buckworth seemed every inch a minister, unsmiling, grave, and stiffly formal. He talked exclusively to Miss Jenkins, and not very entertainingly. He did not look at Marjory, who had come in a little late with her usual bright morning radiance. But her radiance was of short duration, paling swiftly to startled, wide-eyed wondering. She had no appetite, toyed idly with her fork, and kept her eyes upon his face, curiously, as though her eyes were seeking something, asking questions that always they found nothing revealed no answer. Immediately after breakfast he excused himself, and went quickly out of the room.

Ginger was very uncomfortable indeed. She tried to tell herself that she was merely imagining that these things were so—that it was a mere chance that Hiram had not looked at Marjory, that Marjory could not eat her breakfast. But she was uncomfortable. Not even a trip to the studio, and a painstaking count of her doll's trunk of dimes sufficed to put her to a cheerful frame of mind. Not

even the coming of the postman, with sixteen letters for E. Tolliver, made her really happy.

He fished two small packages from his bag and handed them to her. "I see you're getting some more of those samples," he added cheerfully.

"Those are for the twins," she answered, blushing. "Personally, I am not interested in beauty preparations."

The day passed dully, a busy day, as Saturdays always are in parsonages where arrangements are always leading up to the climactic Sabbath. Hiram Buckworth remained down town for luncheon. Marjory, a still, white Marjory, busied herself in a studied way about the work of the house. And dinner in the evening was an increasingly painful repetition of the morning meal.

When the dishes were done, Ginger repaired to the veranda. Miss Jenkins sat there, alone, solemnly rocking.

"Where's Marjory?"

"She went to bed. She has a headache."

"Oh, I see," Ginger went upstairs, and knocked gently at her sister's door.

"I'm in bed," called a muffled voice in answer.

Ginger opened the door, and went in. "I just wanted to see if I could do anything for your headache." She gave her sister a sharp look. "You've been crying."

"I think I'm getting hay fever," said Marjory. "My eyes sting. I'm going to sleep now." Ginger, at this dismissal, turned toward the door. "And Ginger, don't you go and talk about it to—Miss Jenkins—or anybody. If I have a headache and hay fever it's nobody's business but my own. Not that anybody would care anyhow."

"I won't talk about it. Go to sleep now, Marjory. I'll be very quiet not to disturb you."

And Ginger closed the door softly behind her.

### CHAPTER VIII

Sunday, ordinarily such a pleasureably hurried day in the parsonage, was no less than a dreary ordeal. Marjory appeared very late for her breakfast. She need not have appeared at all, for she ate nothing.

"Headache all gone?" inquired Ginger.

"M'm."

Hiram, instead of walking companionably to church with the girls, excused himself and went on in advance, explaining that he wished to see somebody about something. Marjory dreamed absent-mindedly during the service, while Ginger, on the contrary, listened attentively to every word, reporting confidentially to her sister, later on, that she didn't think so much of the sermon.

In the afternoon, Eddy Jackson came in the car to take them to Pay Dirt and although Hiram tried to be excused from the party there was no evading Eddy's friendly insistence.

But while there was great gaiety at Pay Dirt, the arrival of the car from the parsonage brought a sudden slump in their high spirits. Alexander Murdock was there, and Ginger's wrath, long slumbering, vented itself upon his unoffending head. Why should he spend all of his spare time at Pay Dirt? What had a mere connoisseur to do with the conduct of agriculture? And why, if mere friendship for Eddy attracted him thither, did he so openly ignore his friend in his ardent attentiveness to Miriam? And why, for that matter, should the so-called Miriam, be suddenly thus gay and shining?

"What's the matter with everybody anyhow?" demanded Eddy crossly. "That's some grocer of a preacher. If you ask me, Marjory's clear at the bottom the dumps, worst thing in the world for her complexion. And even you, Ginger, you're no cheerier than a broken crutch."

"Well, I have a lot of trouble," said Ginger dully.

The one bright moment in the afternoon for Ginger was when Alexander announced that he was leaving the next day for the farther West.

"Walking?" she inquired coldly.

"Oh, no. Business has been quite good. I shall be able to ride quite a little distance before I connect up with another Grange and Black."

"Sort of a can tour."

"Something of the sort, yes."

But if the parsonage group had little to contribute to the day's enjoyment, it was more than compensated by the glad hilarity of the others. Mr. Tolliver laughed like a boy at the bald and ribald jokes of the can grocer. Miss Jenkins and Mrs. Jackson exchanged giggling reminiscences of their own untrammelled youth. Miriam and Alexander were ringleaders in the day's recreation, doing all sorts of absurd young things.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Cultivate Serenity to Fight Mental Fatigue

Mental fatigue cuts down efficiency and spoils happiness. American life with its high-power speed for both work and play produces an unusual amount of mental fatigue. To aid in the cultivation of more serene habits, Dr. Lauren H. Smith, writing in Hygiene Magazine, makes the following suggestions:

1. When we work, let us keep out interest in it and make it pleasurable.
2. When we play, let us enter into it for all it is worth without regard for anything else.
3. When we rest and sleep, let us turn the mind and body loose to themselves and let them do what they will.

Learn to rest the mind by leaving the mind alone.

4. When we think, let us make a decision and carry it out. If we decide incorrectly it can be reconsidered later.

5. When we are very tired, let us not permit a temporary or extreme emotional reaction to drive us into an act that will have permanent results.

### Dogs' Jumping Powers

Dogs can usually clear a fence 4½ feet high. However, when they jump up to 7 or 8 feet they usually catch at the top of the fence and pull themselves over.



## Needless Pain!

The man who wouldn't drive his motorcar half a mile when it's out of order, will often drive his brain all day with a head that throbs.

Such punishment isn't very good for one's nerves! It's unwise, and it's unnecessary. A tablet or two of Bayer Aspirin will relieve a headache every time. So, remember this accepted antidote for pain, and spare yourself a lot of needless suffering. Read the proven directions and you'll discover many valuable uses for these tablets. For headaches; to check colds. To ease a sore throat and reduce the infection. For relieving neuralgic, neuritic, rheumatic pain.

People used to wonder if Bayer Aspirin was harmful. The doctors



answered that question years ago. It is not. Some folks still wonder if it really does relieve pain. That's settled! For millions of men and women have found it does. To cure the cause of any pain you must consult your doctor; but you may always turn to Bayer Aspirin for immediate relief.

## BAYER ASPIRIN

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

**With a Bass Purpose**  
Bobby—What are you doing in that doorway?  
Suspicious Looking Individual—Just carol singing, sergeant.  
"I didn't hear anything."  
"Well, you see, I'm a whispering barytone."—Exchange.

**Natural Deduction**  
Inspector—That new man will never make a detective.  
Chief—How is that?  
Inspector—There was a 50-pound box of soap stolen from a railroad car and he arrested a tramp.—New York Central Magazine.

## Twelve Years Mayor and Going Strong!

WHEN a man who has been mayor of a big city for twelve years finds out how to live, his words are worth listening to. Ex-Mayor E. N. Kirby of Abilene, Texas, discovered the simple way to health about ten years ago (he is now 64).

"I am now a new man, and as active as a boy," says Mr. Kirby. "I feel fine all the time and rarely have an ache or a pain, although for twenty-five years I suffered with rheumatism, and sometimes was unable to stand or walk. I would not give up my simple health discovery—no, not for five thousand dollars in gold!" That discovery was Nujol!

That's the wonderful thing about Nujol. Although it is not a medicine and contains absolutely no drugs, its harmless internal lubrication seems to make people feel better and look on the brighter side of life, whether they are old or young.

Of course you can understand why this is so: we all of us have natural poisons in our bodies that make us feel headachy, sick and low in our minds. Nujol, which is as tasteless and colorless as pure water, helps to absorb these and carry them away, easily, regularly as clock work.

Instead of drugging and irritating your body with pills, cathartics, laxatives, and other habit-forming drugs, give your body the internal lubrication which it needs, just as



Hon. E. N. Kirby, for twelve years Mayor of Abilene, Texas, who has discovered secret of success.

much as any other machine. After a few days you will be surprised at the difference in the way you feel. You can get Nujol in a sealed package in any drug store. Nujol may change your whole outlook on life. Get a bottle today and give yourself a chance to be well!

### Keep It That Way

Scientists announce that the influenza germ has been isolated, and our idea is that it would be a dandy scheme to keep him isolated.—Judge.

### Wasted Energy

The chief fault of a single-track mind is that it uses up so much energy hauling empties.—Capper's Weekly.

### Wise Judges are we of each other.

Richelieu.

## When BABIES are upset

Baby ills and ailments seem twice as serious at night. A sudden cry may mean colic. Or a sudden attack of diarrhea—a condition it is always important to check quickly. How would you meet this emergency—tonight? Have you a bottle of Castoria ready? There is nothing that can take the place of this harmless but effective remedy for children; nothing that acts quite the same, or has quite the same comforting effect on them.

For the protection of your wee one—for your own peace of mind—keep this old, reliable prepara-

tion always on hand. But don't keep it just for emergencies; let it be an everyday aid. Its gentle influence will ease and soothe the infant who cannot sleep. Its mild regulation will help an older child whose tongue is coated because of sluggish bowels. All druggists have Castoria; the genuine bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.

