

Lonely Hearts



WILBERT has a heart of gold. Will no one tell him what's the matter—why girls turn pale, and gracious matrons freeze at his approach? Yes, we will. This has gone far enough. Get a new pipe, Wilbert, and break it in gently, thoughtfully, with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. When the curling wisps of its fragrance surround you, everything will be changed, Wilbert.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe
(Hint No. 3) To make your pipe sweet from top to heel, smoke all the pipe load when you break it in, or fill the bowl half full the first few times so that the heel, and not merely the top, will be broken in. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 97.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH Smoking Tobacco

It's milder

"First Aid—Home Remedy Week" Coming

The Good Samaritan is pictured as "The First First Aid" in the national reminder which has been sent to drugists all over America, announcing the 5th anniversary of "First Aid—Home Remedy Week," fixed for March 16-23.

The idea of an advertising-merchandising one-year drive timed with spring house cleaning was given to the drug world by Sterling Products, Incorporated, in 1922. Preparedness for meeting accident or sudden illness is emphasized as a sensible and seasonable sales plan which serves to alleviate needless suffering and undoubtedly save life.

The National Association of Retail Druggists sponsored this ad-sales plan and later added Pharmacy Week as an autumn festival for intensive advertising and salesmanship in the drug world.

The National Wholesale Druggists Association and the National Association of Drug Clerks have joined the N. A. R. D. In establishing these festivals of selling as Spring and Autumn fixtures for the welfare of humanity.

"Fill That Medicine Chest Now" is the slogan of "First Aid—Home Remedy Week," and has been from the beginning. It was Dr. William E. Weiss, himself a graduate from the ranks of retail druggists, who first saw the value of "First Aid—Home Remedy Week," and wherever live-wire druggists have co-operated by showing a window filled with suggestive first aids both for accident or illness, and using their home newspaper advertising space, they have added cheerfully to their March business.

Giant Oyster

There was recently taken from the water at Dwaco, Wash., a 12-inch oyster, so large that a milk crock was necessary to hold it as a cocktail. It was the first gathered from seed spat imported from Japan several years ago.

Excavators Make a Find
"That ain't no Roman vase."
"Well, it's got Roman figures on it."
"So 'as my watch."—Humorist.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy



For every stomach and intestinal ailment. 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.

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright, by Bobbs Merrill Co. WNU Service

CHAPTER XI

A fresh wave of wrath painted Ginger's face with rose. She flashed from the secretion of her corner by the stairway just in time to see the can grocer press a fervent and unmistakable kiss upon the delicate lips of Miriam, the sensible twin. Miriam seemed not in the least surprised, but rather pleased. Marjory, too, seemed to take the outrage with indecent calmness, while Eddy Jackson wore a smile no less than diabolic.

"Just for that, Eddy Jackson, you owe me ninety dimes," she announced sternly. "Nine whole dollars I spent on this comedy of yours."

And she marched straight to the kitchen. Only Eddy Jackson heard her. For Miriam, the last shred of her sensibility thrown to the winds, was clinging to Alexander's hands, and trying to draw Marjory by sheer force into the warmth of his nearness. Eddy followed Ginger to the kitchen.

"Aw, have a heart," he pleaded. "He told me to do it."

Ginger stared at a pan on the stove, where thick heavy bubbles rose and fell. "You see the gravy is burning," she said, and offered not a hand to save it. "Let it burn. I hope it does burn. I hope the gravy burns him, and the alligator pear chokes him, and the fried chicken gives him perniculous anemia."

Eddy laughed. "Listen, wild one, and I'll tell the deep and bloody mystery of that young man's life. Nobody knows it. Marjory doesn't know it. Miriam herself doesn't know it. But I know it and I'll tell you. He really is a romantic figure—most romantic."

"Canned beans, canned corn, canned tomato soup, canned peaches—it makes me sick—canned sweet potatoes—" she recounted drearily.

Eddy Jackson briskly stirred the gravy as he talked. Eddy was fond of cream gravy.

"He's no grocer. His family owns that chain gang set, whatever you call it, the Orange and Black, all over the country. Alex will be some high-mucky-muck-manager one of these days. They sent him on this trip west to familiarize himself with the business, and the localities—this new idea of know your stuff from the ground up."

Ginger took the spoon away from him. After all, it was her gravy.

"Eddy, why didn't you tell me?"

"He told me not to. Nobody knew it. Not even the chain bunch here in town."

"But you should have told me!"

"If anybody asks me not to tell something that is none of my business—and nobody else's—I won't tell it," said Eddy firmly.

"Just like father," mourned Ginger. Suddenly a fresh amazement swept over her. "But Eddy, just see what a mess you've made of it. Why, he's never so much as looked at Marjory."

"I should say not. He's nuts over Miriam."

"But Miriam—Miriam hasn't got a thing—but brains."

"She's got Alexander Murdoch."

"Does Miriam think he is a real grocer?"

"Yes. She told me she would marry him if he was a shoe shiner."

"Marry him. Did he ask her?"

"Sure. That's what he came back for. Brought her the engagement ring."

Ginger's eyes glittered. "Put another chair at the table, will you? And get me a knife and fork from that drawer. There won't be any waiting on at this party. You can carry the plates back and forth yourself."

So Ginger accepted Alexander Murdoch as a prospective brother-in-law, and one to be received with a certain amount of gratitude. After all, he could give them a reduction on the canned groceries. She shook hands with him, exclaimed joyously over the brilliant solitaire which adorned Miriam's slender finger, and admitted that the betrothal was well worth the ninety dimes expended.

"Why dimes?" demanded Eddy curiously.

"Oh, that's the way I get it—I mean save it," Ginger amended quickly.

She regarded her twin sisters reflectively, one after the other. Miriam was well enough of course, the still, deep kind, nothing surprising, nothing startling about her. Miriam was the type that one gets used to. But Marjory's brilliancy was a fresh revelation, an entirely new amazement, every day.

"Beauty's queer, isn't it?" she puzzled. Then she studied her own aquiline features in the mirror, and for the first time, not without some hope,

"Look me over, will you? Does anybody see any signs of it on me?"

CHAPTER XII

The new Methodist church of Red Thrush, Iowa, was an established fact. Mr. Tolliver, his eyes carefully shielded behind the padded glasses, had preached the tender sermon which served both to dedicate the new church, and to bid farewell to his parishioners, for the general conference was to convene the week following. He had accepted the mandate of the church, and planned to live in retirement until some work of different nature could be found for him, or, as he said, until the Lord chose to bless the means used for his restoration. He continued in close correspondence with new surgeons, the best and the most expensive the Middle West afforded.

On this day, the twins had gone to college. Eddy Jackson came in his car and took them and their new bags to the train, after which with Ginger he drove slowly back to the parsonage which would be her home for a brief fortnight longer. Ginger did not know just what was to become of her and her father, but Ginger didn't care. They were always taken care of, would always be. And there was the rich munificence of the home for the blind at their command, although of this her father still knew nothing. They would remain with Miss Jenkins in the parsonage until after the conference, and then go for what they called a visit to Helen and Horace for a while, until they could decide upon the best plan for the future.

The one interest of Ginger herself was to remain in Red Thrush as long as possible. Her address as treasurer



She Flashed From the Secretion of Her Corner by the Stairway Just in Time to See the Can Grocer Press a Fervent and Unmistakable Kiss Upon the Delicate Lips of Miriam.

of the parsonage home was too broadly disseminated now to be lightly changed, and all of her arguments were based on that great fact.

All the enthusiasm, and the non-chalance, and the farewells, were over. Ginger and Eddy sat alone in the living room of the old parsonage, rather still, a little depressed with their aloneness. In the small den on the left, beyond the curve of the staircase, they could hear Miriam's low voice, talking to her father, while they sorted and packed old manuscripts, ready for removal from the house that had been their home for four years. Miss Jenkins had gone to her room, to weep over the departure of the twins. Ginger had seen her go, with relief. Miss Jenkins' weeping depressed her to the deepest extreme.

"Well, it's all over now," she said dully. "Helen's married, the twins are gone, and father and I are fired."

"Oh, nonsense. Helen is well off and very happy. The twins will be home for Christmas, and your father will get a better church than Red Thrush."

"Eddy—" Her voice sank to a whisper. "Do you think he will ever see again? Do you think even the most expensive doctor in the world can cure him?"

"Why, of course he will see again. Didn't all the doctors say the same thing, that it was just nervous and mental reaction, and in time—"

"It's a long time, though. Very long."

"You're so impatient, Ginger. But that's because you're young."

A quick loud knock at the door

startled her to her feet with a nervous gasp, but she quickly recomposed herself, and went in answer. The postman stood there, and with him another man, behind them another, both strangers—inspectors, possibly. Ginger thought, come to check up for statistical purposes. She smiled at the postman.

"Mail?" she asked.

The postman showed embarrassment. "Well, yes," he said awkwardly. "You are E. Tolliver, aren't you?"

"Why, of course I am. You know I am. Ellen. Have you no letters for me?"

Suddenly she was aware that the man in the rear carried a large mail pouch. He stepped ahead of the others and entered the room. The postman and his companion followed silently. Ginger followed, also. Eddy Jackson stood up. The man in the dark suit opened the pouch, and lifted it high, pouring out a little stream of letters upon the table.

Then, for the first time, the third man spoke.

"Do you claim this mail?"

"Why, of course. I'm the only E. Tolliver there is. E. stands for Ellen."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, now. You claim this mail, do you? You acknowledge that it is meant for you? You admit this before witnesses?"

"Be careful, Ginger," interposed Eddy Jackson quickly, scenting trouble. "Don't say anything. Don't commit yourself."

"You keep out of this, young man. Well, miss, then you—"

"Why, of course I claim it," said Ginger quickly. "It's all right, Eddy, it's for me. Why, I've had a lot just like it." She smiled disarmingly at the postman. "You know," she added significantly.

"Well, you all hear that," said the third man, in a smiling low voice. "She claims it. She's the one we're after."

Ginger turned surprised, wide, innocent eyes upon his face. She did not speak.

"Well, come across now, miss. Give us the goods. Where is this herd home—parsonage home for the blind, you call it? I don't see any signs of it." His voice was low and ugly.

Ginger smiled nervously. "Well, but you see, this really is it, Father's blind, you know, and this is our home. And the parsonage, well, this is the parsonage. Everybody in town knows that."

"Yeh, I know all about it, and a pretty slick game, I call it. But I guess we've got the dope on you, right enough. Getting money under false pretenses—that's what the law calls your home for the blind. Using the mails to defraud, that's what the law says. Penitentiary business, miss, that's what you're up against."

"No, oh, no. It is true—it really is true. It is a home for the blind, for one blind—father."

"Begging, eh? Well, you've got to have a license in this country, ever for that. Oh, we know your game kid. We're on to you all right. We expected an alibi—Shut up!" he shouted to the shocked old postman who had endeavored to interpose a word on her behalf. "You shut up and keep out of this." He turned to Ginger, and caught her arm in a rough grasp. "Come along, now, and no more monkey business."

Eddy was a slow young man, slow to wrath, but the sight of the great red hand on Ginger's slender arm goaded him to action.

"You take your hands off that girl!" he shouted, springing across the room with a blind violence that sent two chairs spinning away from him.

"Hush, oh, hush," begged Ginger. "Eddy, don't! I'm not hurt. Oh, don't let father hear you! Oh, please hush!"

"Bring out your old man—bring out the whole nest," bellowed the officer furiously. "We'll clean house here while we're at it."

Ginger turned despairingly to Eddy Jackson. "Eddy, make him hush! Father's eyes—A shock will—Oh Eddy!"

The officer, pulling himself away from Eddy's restraining hand, caught her shoulder with a grasp that flung her half to the floor, and Eddy, driven entirely reckless at the sight, leaped upon him.

But Mr. Tolliver in the small adjoining room had heard the unusual uproar 'n his quiet home, heard it first with surprise, then with rising indignation. With one bound he entered the living room and instinctively, as in a crisis one who has been accustomed to clear vision for many years is bound to do, he tore the protecting bandages from his eyes and dashed them upon the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

accident in which a woman, after driving through a store window, had backed up and driven away. The Long Islander immediately went to work on the case. He solved it, all right, but he did not report his success to the station.

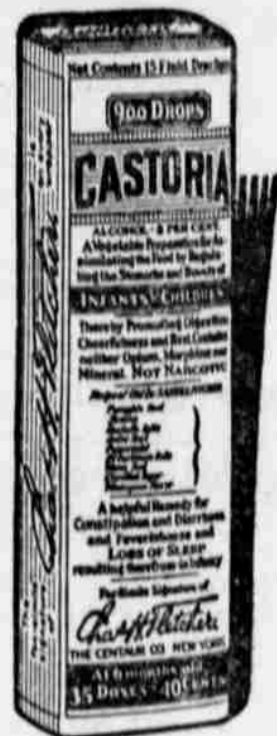
For he discovered that it was his wife who was the guilty culprit—and that the police had known it all the time when he went out to solve the mystery.—New York Sun.

Maybe It Isn't

Three heavenly bodies have been discovered moving away from the earth at the rate of 4,600 miles a second, confirming the suspicion that the world isn't as attractive as it used to be.—Butte (Mont.) Standard.

For any BABY

We can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Sometimes constipation. Or diarrhea—a condition that should always be checked without delay. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly. Relief will follow very promptly; if it doesn't, you should call a physician.



All through babyhood, Castoria should be a mother's standby; and a wise mother does not change to stronger medicines as the child grows older. Castoria is readily obtained at any drugstore, and the genuine easily identified by the Chas. H. Fletcher signature that appears on every wrapper.

Hear a Fruit Fly Eating

Detection of an invisible fruit fly within the substance of a fruit has been shown to be possible by members of the scientific staff of the Bell Telephone laboratories, whose services were placed at the disposal of the government authorities engaged in fighting this pest in Florida. Using an electrical stethoscope it was found that the fly, in the interior of the fruit, could actually be heard eating.—Literary Digest.

Girls, be Attractive to Men

Nature Intended You Should Be!



If your stomach and bowels do not function properly, the bloom of youth rapidly disappears. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery usually meets the need. It invigorates the whole system, corrects the irregularities of the digestive organs and makes the blood redder. You have pep, vigor and vitality. Your eyes sparkle—your complexion clears up and the bloom of youth is yours. All druggists.

Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., for confidential medical advice. There is no fee.

Darktown Fables

Once upon a time Rastus Henry Clay Washington came home late at night and found George Washington Johnson snoring in his own bed, whereupon George upon awaking and finding Rastus staring down at him exploded: "Believe it or not, brudder, Ah'se nuthin' but er stowaya here, Ah is!"—Pathfinder Magazine.

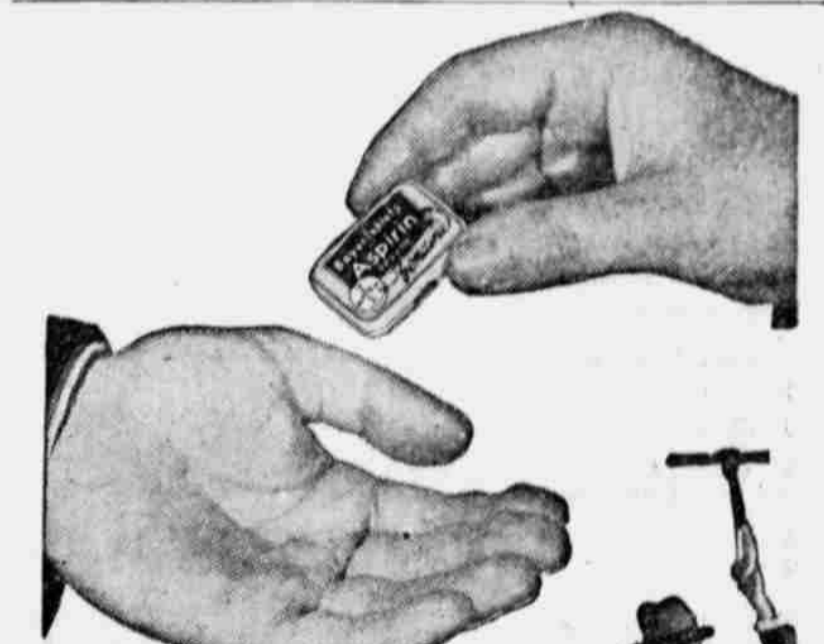
If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Origin of "Shampoo"

The word "shampoo" is derived from the Hindustani word "champana," which means to press or squeeze.

Has Busy Eyes

"Is your husband interested in reading history?" asked the caller. "No," replied his wife, "he is more interested in what is passing than he is in what is past."



Needless Pain!

Don't be a martyr to unnecessary pain. Lots of suffering is, indeed, quite needless. Headaches, for example. They come without warning, but one can always be prepared. Bayer Aspirin tablets bring immediate relief. Keep a bottle at the office. Carry the small tin in your pocket. Then you won't have to hunt a drugstore, or wait till you get home.

And don't think Bayer Aspirin is only good for headaches, sore throats, and colds. Read the proven directions for relieving neuralgic, neuritic, rheumatic, and other aches and pains. Remembering, of course, that the quick comfort from these tablets is not a cure; for any continued pain, see a doctor.

Bayer Aspirin is genuine. Protect yourself by looking for that name. Always the same. Always safe. Never hurts the heart.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer—Manufacture of Monocrotalindolator of Ballytown, Ind.

