



Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

When tongue or breath tells of acid condition—correct it with a spoonful of Phillips. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose. No household should be without it.

Phillips is the genuine, prescription product physicians endorse for general use; the name is important. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1873.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

A Different Setting

The late Mrs. John W. Mackay, of the noted Mackay family, told a girl reporter a story one day in New York.

"An old lady," she said, "was lecturing her pretty granddaughter on her penchant for cocktails, ginolots and over-daring raiment.

"But, grandma," the granddaughter interrupted, "in your time, too, didn't girls set their caps for men?"

"Yes," said the old lady, "but not their knee-caps."



Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Muterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used **once every hour for five hours.**

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Muterole handy—jars and tubes.

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



Splendid Royal Show

The Field of the Cloth of Gold was the name given to the meeting place of Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France, near Ardres, France, in 1520, on account of the gorgeous apparel of the participants and the splendor of the pageantry that took place.

Many Weddings in Sight

When some girls are already thinking of the wedding ring, their health fails, they become nervous, high-strung, irritable, and through this loss of control many a young woman loses her future happiness.

As a tonic at this time, and in motherhood or in middle life, there is nothing to equal **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.**

One woman said: "Occasionally during my early married life I would become rundown, weak and nervous, and if I took the 'Prescription' I would soon be feeling fine. It builds up and strengthens every organ in a woman's body."—Mrs. Anna Dillman, 2605 Cleveland Ave., Everett, Wash. Dealer.

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y., for medical advice, free.

FEEL GOOD?

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine your health and make life miserable. Tonight try **NATURE'S REMEDY**—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how fast it will add in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, lorgy, peevish feeling.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—At drugists, only 25c.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Sir," he cried, "what do you mean by such conduct in my house? Eddy, come away from him. I will attend to this myself. Ellen, come here to me.

But Ginger had forgotten the disgrace that yawned at her feet, had forgotten the home for the blind, the threatening jail. She looked at her father, and she saw only his face, saw his eyes, dark-circled, brilliant, but clear and steady in their gaze.

"Father," she whispered, and her whisper was a song. She crept toward him timidly, as one half afraid, her hands outstretched, a sob in her throat—

"Oh, father—see—me!"

Started, instinctively, as one who has shielded a bruised thing for many weeks will naturally do, he dashed his hands shelteringly across his eyes. But he removed them at once, and stared back at the girl's glad white face.

"Why, so I do," he muttered. "Yes, I do."

Ginger flung her arms about him. "Oh, darling, how wonderful you," she cried. "How stubborn of you! You always go just by contraries, don't you? They said a shock would blind you forever, and instead it has made you well. Oh, darling, let them take me to jail, I don't care a bit, it is worth it!"

The postman, in depths of self-abasement, was torn between joy for his pastor and shame for his own share in this humiliating scene, but Ginger and her father were momentarily transported far above the mere mundane annoyances of common life. The inspector, studying them all, was puzzled. It might be a ruse—but it did not seem to be a ruse.

"See here, there's no mistake, is there? You are E. Tolliver, aren't you? You do claim to be the treasurer of the parsonage home for the blind?"

"Yes, I claim it all. I admit everything, and I'm glad of it. But there isn't any blind, any more. Go on, take me to jail. I never thought of using the mails to defraud, because really, it wasn't a fraud. Father was blind."

"You see, she doesn't realize what she has done," argued Eddy stoutly. "Ellen," her father's voice was low and shocked, "do you mean to tell me that you—solicited money for a home for the blind—"

Ginger flushed crimson, and swiftly paled, but she did not flinch. "Yes, I did, father. By a chain letter. And it went like wildfire. Ten cents apiece. That's why I paid everything in dimes, Eddy."

"But, my child, it is—almost stealing—"

"Oh, father, no. Doesn't it say in the Bible that the servants of God are to get what they need? And you know we did need it!"

"But Ellen—it was plain begging."

"Well, all church work is. Collections are begging. And is it any worse to take money, if you can get it, from publicans and sinners, than from stewards and trustees?"

"There's at least a full bushel of mail at the office—" interrupted the inspector.

"A bushel of dimes!" she ejaculated. "And it's got to go back where it came from. Every cent of it." But even the inspector's severity had relaxed somewhat. "Now I guess we can fix this up, if you, sir, will go on for it that she doesn't start any more funny business."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go down with us, sir. There's a deal of red tape to go through with. And the money to send back—"

"I will come at once. I—I am so surprised—so shocked," stammered the confused father, "I can't tell you how sorry I am. I never dreamed that—Ellen, if you had told me, if you had asked me—"

"Oh, father, I—only wanted to help you. I—wait a minute!"

She ran quickly up the stairs, and in the hallway above they could hear her nervously quick movements, as she balanced the ladder against the wall, and pushed open the trapdoor to the attic.

"I can't imagine how she came to do such a thing," apologized the troubled father anxiously. "But she meant all right. She was so eager to take care of me—"

"Oh, she's just a kid," assented the inspector. "We all know what kids are."

Ginger's feet were pounding down the stairs again, and they awaited her coming in silence. She crossed the room and stood before the inspector, slim and slight, but with straight shoulders as one willing to bear the burden of her wrongdoing.

"Here!" Into the hands of the astonished inspector she pressed an old doll's trunk and it was heavy. "It's the rest of the dimes," she explained. "I don't know where they came from. I burned the little white angels—I mean the letters. And I spent lots of the dimes, too, for ever so many things, dresses, and stockings, and even food. These are all that are left."

"Well, now," said the inspector awkwardly, "I don't rightly know what to do with this—but I reckon I'd bet-

ter take it along. Will you come, sir? We have a car."

"I will go with you," offered Hiram Buckworth.

"You'd better wear dark glasses, father," cautioned Ginger. "You mustn't see too much too soon. And, officer, if anybody has to go to jail, don't you take him. You come and get me."

"Oh, nobody'll have to go to jail. We'll fix this up. And you will promise to be a good little girl—"

Ginger nodded her head nervously. Her eyes glistened with tears that she held in check.

In a short while they were all gone and she was alone again with Eddy. The house was very still. She stood in the center of the room and stared



"Oh, Eddy—wasn't I—Dumb?"

blackly into space, stared and stared. Suddenly a great storm welled in her breast. The pain of it scorched her throat, tortured her eyes. She threw herself among the cushions in a corner of the couch, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

CHAPTER XIII

A shamed and huddled heap, ginger lay in the corner of the big couch, weeping stormily, her slim shoulders shaken with her sobs, while Eddy stood awkwardly before her, sadly watching. After a while, unnoticed, he sank down beside her, and waited for the passion of her emotion to spend itself, and at last, unobtrusively, he put his arm about her, by gentle pressure drawing her from the shabby silken cushions to his shoulder.

"Don't cry, Ginger. It isn't so bad. They'll fix it up all right, and no one will ever know. Your father will just have to assure your good conduct in the future, that's all. Don't cry."

Ginger was not to be comforted. Her beautiful dream was dead—nay, had been ruthlessly murdered, choked by coarse hands, crushed by a heavy heel. All that she had hoped for, planned for, worked for, had come to naught.

"It was so beautiful," she sobbed. "It was just beautiful while it lasted. And now it is only ridiculous."

"Oh, no, Ginger. Nothing can be ridiculous that is done in love," he said wisely.

She squirmed uncomfortably. "Oh, I did it in love," she admitted, "but I was pretty snuck on myself for doing it, just the same. I was awfully hipped on myself—I thought I was pretty smart all right."

"Well, it was smart—in a way," he said carefully. "Of course, it was wrong, too—in a way. It really was false pretenses—and using the mails to defraud, and all that. But you didn't know it was wrong."

But Ginger was not willing to be lifted ever so little from the depths of her self-abasement.

Old Custom of Telling Bees of Owner's Death

A reader in the United States sends me a cutting from an American newspaper telling how the late Dr. Charles James, chemist and mineralogist, owned 14 hives of bees, and how after his death one swarm disappeared and was found buzzing about the flowers on his grave more than two miles away, Peter Simple writes, in the London Post.

Apparently, we are told, the bees had not been informed of his death in accordance with the ancient custom, which is still religiously fulfilled in country places.

I am afraid I can not enlighten my correspondent, who passes on to me the query of the Journal in question: "Who first thought of telling the bees of the death of their master?"

As far as history carries us back we have some record of the keeping

"Well, I wasn't at all sure it was right," she confessed ruefully. "I always felt ashamed because the people said such kind things in their letters, and I knew they were being fooled. But I told myself that such a good man as father, and a minister and all, had a right to be taken care of. And I tried to tell father about it, but—always I didn't. I told myself I wanted to surprise him later on—but I think I knew he wouldn't let me."

"The trouble with you, Ginger, is your mathematics," he said very gently.

She gazed at him a moment in speechless wonder.

"Math—"

"Yes, you know that a whole life is wrong—but you figure that a half a life is no life at all. I've—er—noticed that about you several times."

Ginger smiled tremulously at that, and a fresh rain of tears swept her face.

"I know it," she confessed abjectly. "I know it. But it is so much easier to get what you want that way—"

"Oh, Ginger!"

How Ginger wept! The past was a wreckage of delicate dreams, the present a wave of disillusionment, the future swept bare by the relentless winds of certain privation.

"Oh, Eddy, I can't stand it—I simply can't!"

Slowly, very gently, he turned her head upon his shoulder, lifted her face to his, and, for the first time, kissed the trembling, tear-wet lips. Ginger's hand gripped his shoulder. He held her close in his arms, moved his lips gently across her wet cheek, pressed them upon the damp curls that clustered at her temple. The slender little figure grew suddenly tense in his arms, her hand clung to his shoulder. After a long still moment she drew away from him, slowly, and looked at him mistily, with troubled eyes, whose tears seemed lost in wonder. Eddy did not flinch before that wide-eyed questioning gaze.

Firmly he patted away the last of her tears, and then, almost defiantly, before her very eyes, he leaned toward her, kissed her again. She did not protest. When he released her, she lay limply in his arm, her face close to his face, and stared as one spellbound—that old, familiar face, which seemed suddenly very new and strange—beautiful—to her.

"Like me, Ginger?" he asked gently.

Ginger's answer was a startled jerky bob of her head. A half-smile quivered to her lips, to be quickly banished by the strange wide look of wonder.

"Why?" he insisted. "Because I'm like your father?"

Her hand tightened its grip on his shoulder. Her cheek pressed his.

"You—you're not—just like my father," she whispered.

"Ginger, you darling—you dear little darling—"

No word of protest from Ginger. His hands caressed her. His lips sought the curve of her slender throat.

"I know you hate to be pawed—"

"Oh, Eddy," she interrupted indignantly, "you don't paw. You're not that kind."

Her small hand found itself upon his cheek, her slim fingers touched it, stroked it, with a caressiveness as old as the world.

"I know I'm not at all a romantic figure—"

Ginger drew away from him. There was cold indignation in her eyes, scorn for herself, her young girlish folly. She saw, as for the first time, the tender warmth of his gray eyes, the fine firm lines of his kind lips, the strong assurance in the poise of his head—all the clean honest niceness of the old familiar face. And her heart cried out to him, remembering his thousands sympathies through so many exigencies, his unflinching humor, his untiring interest. And Ginger, humbled afresh before this sweet new revelation of the old, old friend, cried out reproachfully:

"Oh, Eddy—wasn't I—dumb?"

(THE END)



Any COLD

That cold may lead to something serious, if neglected. The time to do something for it is *now*. Don't wait until it develops into bronchitis. Take two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin as soon as you feel a cold coming on. Or as soon as possible after it starts. Bayer Aspirin will head off or relieve the aching and feverish feeling—will stop the headache. And if your throat is affected, dissolve two or three tablets in a quarter-glassful of warm water, and gargle. This quickly soothes a sore throat and reduces inflammation and infection. Read proven directions for neuralgia, for rheumatism and other aches and pains. Genuine Bayer Aspirin is harmless to the heart.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacensis/lester of Salicylicacid

Scoops Up Ocean's Floor

To aid scientific study, a scoop has been built in California to bring up samples of the ocean's bottom from depths impossible for divers to reach.

Can a man be a crook to one person and a good friend to another?

Words Most Often Employed

The eight words most frequently used in English are "and, have, it, of, the, to, will and you."

Men don't talk much about the styles because they have been about the same since Andrew Jackson.

Finds Youth's Fountain!

"JUST one thing has contributed more than anything else in my life toward making me the radiantly happy woman I am today," writes Mrs. Walter Ruehl, of Glenbrook, Conn. "If this was selling at ten dollars a bottle instead of the few cents it costs, I would scrape the money together, and I don't mean maybe!"

"I guess a good many others feel the same way, judging by the number of people I know who swear by this 'Fountain of Youth.'"

Millions of people all over the world have discovered this simple secret, which is nothing but giving our bodies the internal lubrication that they need, as much as any machine. After you have taken Nujol for a few days, and have proved to yourself how it brightens your whole life, you will wonder how so simple a treatment can make such a great change in your health and your happiness. The reason is this:

Regularly as clock work, Nujol clears out of our bodies those poisons (we all have them) which slow us up, make us headachy, low in our minds.

Colorless and tasteless as pure water, Nujol cannot hurt you, no

Here Is the Final Word

"Father, why is victory always pictured as a woman?"

"Wait, my son, until you get married; then you will find out."

Burning Skin Diseases

quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolsalve. Leaves no scars. No medicine chest complete without it. 50c and 60c at drugists, or J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

About the only ancestors that have any effect on your character are your father and mother.



One Happy Woman Tells Where She Discovered It

matter how long you take it. It is not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It forms no habit. It is non-fattening.

Try Nujol yourself and see how much better you feel. Get a bottle in its sealed package at any drug store and be sure it's trademarked "Nujol." It costs but a few cents—and it makes you feel like a million dollars! Start taking Nujol this very night!

Accounting for the Deficit

The trouble is most of us know hundreds of ways to spend money and only one way to make it.—Life.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior Bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

The weather is balmy in summer and so are people, but in winter the weather isn't balmy.

A lot of trouble in this world is due to love, and a lot more to friendship.



Children CRY for it

It may be the little stomach; it may be the bowels are sluggish. No matter what coats a child's tongue, its a safe and sensible precaution to give a few drops of Castoria. This gentle regulation of the little system soon sets things to rights. A pure vegetable preparation that can't harm a wee infant, but brings quick comfort—even when it is colic, diarrhea, or similar disturbance.

And don't forsake Castoria as the child grows older. If you want to raise boys and girls with strong systems that will ward off constipation, stick to good old Castoria; and give nothing stronger when there's any irregularity except on the advice of a doctor. Castoria is sold in every drugstore, and the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.