For GINGER'S SAKE

by ETHEL HUESTON

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CHAPTER 1

"The trouble with us," declared Ginger fiercely, "is that we're too good.

"I might even go so far as to say," she added, glancing with some apprehension at the parsonage windows where ministerial ears might overhear, "I might even go so far as to say," she repeated softly but with increasing firmness, "that we're too—damn—good."

"Soap and water for Ginger Ella!" called Eddy Jackson.

"Too," she swallowed deeply, "too—damn—good."

"Yeh?" Eddy Jackson grinned. "I doubt if you could get many subscribers to that theory around Red Thrush."

"I know what you mean, Ginger," said Wesley Meeker sympathetically. "And you're darn well tootin'—we are too good." Wesley Meeker always showed a flattering deference to Ginger's opinions, he being—albeit a junior in college—a mere minister's son, while she was daughter of the District Superintendent.

"But Ginger," protested Patty Sears anxiously, "it doesn't do us any real harm to be good, does it?"

"Well, it jolly well doesn't do us any good either!" declared Ginger. "For my part, I'm pretty well fed up with it. Why, we're so good we don't even get into any interesting scrapes to tell our children about."

"What children?" inquired Eddy Jackson, with interest.

"When we get them," she added hastily.

"You might tell them about the time you locked your sister Helen in the attic on her wedding day," suggested Eddy Jackson. "And about your being arrested for using the mails to defraud. And about your startling mismanagement of your erstwhile home for the Blind."

"Those," said Ginger coldly, "were mere incidents."

The four of them sat under the budding maples beside the old parsonage, the very parsonage that had been Ginger's own home until her father's marriage to Phil Van Doorn.

It was Easter Week, and Wesley Meeker was home from college for his spring vacation. The maples were just curling out into leafy tendrils, and the first hardy tulips were showing bright colors in the narrow beds under the bay window. The grass seemed fairly springing up beneath their restless tapping feet, for spring was in their nature as it was in the nature of earth.

GINGER WAS BORED

Ginger took a morbid pleasure in visiting the familiar old parsonage of which she had called herself official head for so many years. Long, long ago those days seemed now.

It was her fathers' marriage to Phil Van Doorn, Miss Philadelphia Van Doorn, of Doorndee, which had effected the change in the worldly estate of Ginger Ella Tolliver, and incidentally, of her father also. Even the powers of his church could see the incongruity of retaining as a plain minister in a modest pastorate a man whose wife had more money than the whole Southeastern Iowa Conference put together.

Something had to be done about it, and the only thing that could be done was to make him a District Superintendent, independent of local charges—which presto, was accomplished. The Reverend Mr. Tolliver moved out to Doorndee, the beautiful estate of his wife, taking with him Ginger Ella, the one remaining daughter of his original four, the others, as Ginger often plaintively stated, having "degenerated into a state of total marriage."

The fact is that Ginger was bored. For a while she had experienced a tingling satisfaction in the mere possessiveness of her new and enviable estate. She had been thrilled with her pretty home; with her own thoroughbred riding horse, as good and as well accoutered as Phil's own; with the rich and simple elegance of her wardrobe. There had been a particular joy in showing off before the properly impressed, familiar, friendly eyes of Red Thrush and Eddy Jackson.

But as the novelty of possession ebbed, the tide of boredom flowed. Gone were the old mad merry days of scheming to make one dollar do the work of three or four—and the even more desperate scheming to get hold of a dollar in the first place.

Ginger had a bank account of her own now, founded on a check for $5000 given her by Phil when she was graduated from high school. Gone were the days of flying in a panic to the kitchen to gather together scraps and remnants of food to be stretched into a meal for three or four, and expanded again at the last minute to provide for the inevitable unexpected guest.

There was a cook at Doorndee, a large Scotch woman, to whom Phil had taken a fancy on a trip abroad and, in the offhand way of rich people, had imported for her private use. Goobins, her name was, but Ginger, her innate spirit of democracy rebelling at the proletarian discord of a formal prefixed title, had shortened it to an affectionate "Gooby."

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

Ginger had always been a bit unusual, and her sudden acquisition of wealth with its accompanying prestige had done nothing to render her more-to-be-expected. In the first place, although it was certainly the proper thing to do, she refused to go to college.

"Go to college?" she queried blandly. "What for? I am neither going to teach school nor marry a minister.'

"But a little cultural background," suggested her father mildly.

Ginger's grin disconcerted him. "Listen, precious," she said, "the post-graduate preachers who comprise the faculty at Wesleyan are far more up on orthodoxy than they are on culture. They know a lot more about the Discipline than about the Fine Arts. I was brought up on the Bible and oatmeal porridge, just like they were. And in some respects, I think the results in my case were better."

She Wanted Action

GINGER ELLA TOLLIVER

"But what are you going to do?"

"Phil wants to support me," said Ginger moodily. "Let her! We've always been supported by somebody. Might as well be Phil as a Ladies' Aid, Better, if you ask me."

Ginger, having been born and bred in the cheerful charity of a parsonage, had none of the temperamental prejudice against the acceptance of gratuities common to those who are accustomed to giving and receiving little.

Phil, for her part, was more than satisfied. It was what she desired of all things in the world. In the privacy of her most secret thoughts she admitted that her marriage to the minister had been prompted more by a desire to get hold of Ginger than to surrender her future to the keeping of a husband.

For Mr. Tolliver she had a cordial and affectionate regard, for Ginger a passionate and gay devotion. Certainly the two Tolliver had brought purpose and plan into the useless, well-ordered, complacent routine of Doorndee and its mistress. Ginger beyond a shadow of doubt was the most amazing and amusing human Phil had ever encountered, and she often told herself that she would gladly have married half a dozen preachers if it had been necessary to gain the charge of Ginger Ella.

As long as she could keep the girl with her, she was well content. Indeed she was inclined slyly to encourage Ginger in her defiance of what-was-to-be-expected. Phil did not want her to become like everybody else in Red Thrush.

A LITTLE FLAME NEEDED

"Red Thrush,' Ginger was confiding hotly to her particular intimates on the parsonage lawn that mild spring day, "Red Thrush is fatal. I've made up my mind to that. It gets under your skin before you know it, like a flea on a dog."

"I don't see how the others stand it," agreed Wesley Meeker. "We're brought up on it, and sort of used to it by this time, but it sure must rile the heathen."

"It not only riles the heathen," Ginger went on. "It riles me. Eddy, you weren't there, you didn't see it. It was the last straw, and I'm a camel's back. Saturday night at the Country Club! Heaven knows it isn't much of a Country Club, and Saturday night there's nothing to brag about. All husbands and wives, with two or three children apiece, cluttering up the floor in the beginning, and sleeping all over the best chairs toward the end.

"Heaven knows it's not much—but it's all we have. But last Saturday night—Bishop Stains was here, so father and Phil took him to the Country Club to dinner. Well, it's the only place to take anybody, and you've got to take a bishop somewhere. And I ask you—Wes, you were there—I ask you!—is it your idea of a wild night when they get up before a dinner dance and call on the Bishop to ask a blessing?"

Eddy laughed, but after a moment he, with the others, lapsed into a troubled and throbbing silence. Plainly, Red Thrush had sunk pretty low.

Mutely, each for himself, they considered it in comparison to the goings-on in the rest of the world: the dance marathons, the pocket flasks, the midnight swimming parties, the strip poker—all commonplaces of social intercourse as portrayed by modern novels and magazine stories, and emphasized a hundredfold by the betrayals of the silver screen, so lately bursting into speech.

All Red Thrush could give them was Saturday night at the Country Club, with everybody's babies falling asleep on their evening wraps and the Bishop asking a blessing before dinner.

"Phil says she will take you to Canada this summer if you want to go," suggested Patty, yearning to be of comfort.

"I don't want to go," said Ginger darkly. "I'm not the type to go tripping from resort to resort. I can't flirt with people until I've known them from the cradle up and understand their line. These piazza petters who offer you a flask for life in the first intermission give me a pain in the neck. I don't want to go any place. I want to do something."

"I say so too, Ginger," said Wesley Meeker. "What this town needs is a little flame for its youth."

"What this town needs," said Ginger, "is a place where its youth can get away by itself—away from its fathers and mothers and nieces and nephews and family dogs and bishops—and do its flaming without benefit of clergy. Nothing puts a wet blanket on the incandescent like a family reunion in public."

A HOME FOR THE BORED

"A bit mixed," said Eddy Jackson, "but on the whole, true. I suppose you're grousing because you had to nurse Helen's baby through the last strawberry festival."

"I'd rather nurse anybody's baby than attend the best strawberry festival in the world!" cried Ginger. "I never want to see another strawberry festival. The next person that offers me a strawberry I'll—I'll—"

"Yeh, but you're lucky," said Wesley drearily. "Look at me. I've go to go. Your father's superintendent. You can make excuses and cut off somewhere in the car. Us—we got to go! We've just got to. No cutting away for us."

"Wait." Ginger stood up suddenly. "Wait." Her eyes darkened with the strange far-away intentness that from her early childhood had been a warning signal that she was up to something. "I've got — an — idea. Let's have a Home—"

"For the Blind," suggested Eddy Jackson brightly.

Ginger did not smile. "For the Bored," she said dreamily. "Wait."

She struck off briskly across the lawn in the direction of the street.

"Ginger," called Patty Sears plaintively, "are you going home? Aren't you going to take me with you—you brought me here?"

"Wait," Ginger tossed back over her shoulder without turning. "I'm just going up to Jenky's a minute."

In the village of Red Thrush, Ginger Ella Tolliver had two staunch and unfailing allies, poor, faithful, blind old Benny Brooks, and his wife, the former Miss Jenkins. Of these two Ginger was more sure than of her very self. Her plans might be wild, her hopes intangible, even her intentions not above reproach, but they two saw never a flaw in them or her.

Miss Jenkins had served as a doting, gratuitous companion to the four Tolliver girls during the hectic years of their growth from a troubled motherless childhood to a romantic young maturity had indeed, as Ginger Ella stoutly believed, hoped one day to officiate in place of a parent, as the wife of their reverend father.

But coming, and largely by the machinations of that same Ginger Ella, to realize the futility of her fond and foolish fancy, in a final desperation at the prospect of the dreadful and futile loneliness which threatened her declining years. In a sudden accession of great sweet courage, she had become the wife—and at no instigation but her own!—of poor, blind, shrinking Benny Brooks.

During nine months of the year she continued her work in the kindergarten schools of Red Thrush, thus financing their modest menage, and saving every possible penny against the inevitable rainy years that lay ahead.

In a small, three-room apartment on the second floor of the old house across the street from the parsonage, she made a happy home for the lucky man, while he assisted in every way possible—making baskets, weaving rugs—to further the financial good that plays so large a part in spiritual contentment.

Upon the support of these two Ginger could unfailingly count, and the occasions when she required support were not frequent. In her young girlhood she had known no intimate friendships.

The boundless enthusiasm with which she, the youngest of four, had assumed active management of the parsonage and its inmates; her feverish devotion to her father and everything that concerned him; her passionate determination to marry off her sisters as best became their separate charms and values; her eagerness to enhance the family fortunes by means either fair or almost foul; all these interests had united in occupying both all her time and her affection.

GINGER GETS INTO ACTION

But with her sisters happily married—albeit not entirely to her own best judgment; with her father comfortable in the companionship of Phil Van Doorn; and with no financial needs to egg her on, Ginger wanted a chum.

It was natural that of all the girls in Red Thrush, her fancy should center upon Patty Sears, pretty, ambitionless and unopinionated, a happy satellite to revolve around irrepressible Ginger. "Gingers' central moon," Eddy Jackson called her.

But Ginger had learned much. For one thing, she had discovered that a secret shared is not a secret kept. And she had found by bitter experience that plans only half perfected may be easily prevented. Patty Sears, for all her love and loyalty, was susceptible to friendly overtures, and the suspicious nature of Eddy Jackson rendered him dangerously adept at ferreting out Ginger's intentions.

When she went to Ben and Jenky Brooks, on the other hand, it was not to confide a secret, but merely to place it in a private and practical repository all her own. Neither the sweetly sympathetic Patty nor the insidiously sly Eddy Jackson could pry a secret of Ginger's from that faithful pair.

Ginger's mind was apt to leap kangaroo-like from crag to crag of high accomplishment. She never bothered to blaze a trail for herself through the studied valley of detail that lay between the mountain peaks of inspiration.

From her sudden grand concept of a Home for the Bored Youth of Red Thrush, it was but one flying five-mile leap to an old, neglected, run-down farmhouse on a wooded curve of the Rabbit river, a house which had borne a For Sale sign so many years it was all but obliterated by time and weather. From this abandoned house on the Rabbit, in another deep breath she was back the five miles talking it over with Ben and Jenky Brooks. And as this peak was more physically accessible to her at that moment, being right across the street, she was practical enough to turn to first things first.

She tore breathlessly up the stairs and bounded through the open door of their cheery sitting room. Jenky was tearing old clothes into long thin rags and tying them together end to end in a seemingly eternal chain for the small rug Benny was weaving.

"Darlings," Ginger began explosively, "what in the world are you going to do all summer when school is out?"

"Finish this rug," said Benny, with an apologetic little cough.

"What have you thought of?" inquired Jenky, who knew Ginger much better than Benny did.

"Well," said Ginger impressively, "I think you ought to go out in the country and get a lot of fresh air and exercise and sunshine and build up rosy cheeks and backbones and what-have-you. I thought maybe you would like to act as caretakers for my little place out in the country!"

GINGER'S BIG IDEA

"I didn't know you had a place in the country," said Jenky

He Fell For Ginger

BAIRD HOLLOWAY

breathlessly, dropping the pile of rags in a great heap at her feet.

"Well, I've practically got it," said Ginger. "A sort of get-together ground for the Junior Country Club."

"Why, I didn't know there was a Junior Country Club," protested Jenky.

"Oh, of course there is a Junior Country Club—or practically so, at any rate. What do you think of it?"

"I'd like to finish this rug," said Benny modestly.

"You can finish it out in the country," said Ginger. "Right out in the fresh air and sunshine with the birds and bees all around."

"Where is it?" asked Jenky.

"It's the old Mill Rush farm out on Rabbit river," said Ginger.

"Why, I didn't know it had ever been sold."

"Well, it's just the same as sold. To tell the truth, you've practically bought it," said Ginger, with a faint smile.

"I've bought it!" gasped the amazed woman.

"Yes. For me, of course. I want you to go to old Jop Westbury and get it on the best terms you can and I'll give you the money to pay for it. Pay as little down as you can and stretch the payments out as long as possible. And then you can give me a bill of sale for it or a note or whatever you call it. Because I'm not altogether sure that father would be heartily in favor of my owning a road-house.'

"A road-house!" gasped Jenky. "How terrible! Is Mill Rush a—a road-house?" She almost whispered the horrible words.

"Well, practically so," said Ginger. "Anyhow, it'll be a road-house as soon as we get it fixed up, and you and Benny are running it for the Junior Country Club. Why don't you run along uptown now and find out what old Jop wants for it? You've got enough rags tied to carpet half the Middle West. Pretend you want it for yourself and don't mention me. And whatever he asks, you bring him down."

"I will," said Jenky, who loved to transact business for other people. "I'll go this very minute. We won't have to pay any rent if we live out there, will we?"

"Not a cent! And we'll pay all your living expenses, too, and maybe give you something to boot—if there's any money left over after we get it fixed up."

"I'll go this very minute," said Jenky excitedly.

"And for goodness' sake, don't say anything about it before Eddy Jackson, or somebody'll put a stop to it before we get started."

"Are you sure you've got enough money to pay for it?" suggested Benny, with a meek cough.

"Well, practically," said Ginger. "I can mortgage the Dido if I have to." The Dido was the small smart roadster Phil had given her for her birthday.

Jenkys hands trembled nervously as she put on her hat.

"I've always liked the country," she said. "We'll can a lot of fruit and put up enough jelly to last all next winter. It'll be good for Benny. He doesn't get outdoors enough. We'll raise chickens, Benny."

"Be sure to argue his price down," cautioned Ginger. "Half of what he asks will be about right, and pretend you're buying it for yourself."

(To be Continued)

COW TESTING RECORD SHOWS PRODUCTION

Total of 918 Cows Give 471,322 lbs. of Milk, 19,284 lbs. Butterfat

The following report of the Klamath Cow Testing association for December, released yesterday at the office of County Agent C. A. Henderson, shows that there were 34 herds on test, with 918 cows enrolled, 227 of which were dry. Total production was 471,322 pounds of milk, 19,284 pounds of butterfat. There were 104 cows making 40 pounds or better of fat. Average production was 513 pounds of milk and 21.01 pounds of fat.

High herd of over 20 cows belonged to Paul Ryser, Bonanza, a Holstein herd of 22 cows, giving 778 pounds of milk on the average, and averaging 28.6 pounds of fat; high herd of 12 to 20 cows belonged to J. E. Storm, Henley; a Holstein herd of 18 cows, averaging 829 pounds of milk and 30.8 pounds of fat. High herd under 2 cows belonged to M. J. Loosley, Malin; a Holstein herd of 8 cows, averaging 960 pounds of milk and 34.9 pounds of fat.

BRACELETS HIGH COW

Bracelets, Holstein cow belonging to H. M. Mallory, Fort Klamath, was high cow for the month, giving 1,538 pounds of milk and 84.6 pounds of fat. No. 12, belonging to Paul Ryser, was second high cow, giving 1,655 pounds of milk and 77.8 pounds of fat.

The next three highest cows giving more than 60 pounds of fat during the month were: Garnetha, a Holstein owned by J. E. Storm, giving 1,891 pounds of milk and 62 pounds of fat; Pearl, a Holstein belonging to J. E. Storm, giving 1,608 pounds of milk and 65.9 pounds of fat; Little Tit, a Holstein belonging to Paul Ryser, giving 1,438 pounds of milk and 64.1 pounds of fat. These were all mature cows. Four-year-olds making 45 pounds of fat, the five highest are: Pink, a Guernsey belonging to A. R. Campbell, giving 1,659 pounds of milk and 68. pounds of fat; Brownie, a Guernsey belonging to H. M. Mallory, giving 1,240 pounds of milk and 54.3 pounds of fat; No. 8, a Jersey belonging to Ivan Buell, Malin, giving 1,017 pounds of milk and 57 pounds of fat; Dynamite, a Holstein belonging to H. M. Mallory, giving 1,147 pounds of milk and 55.1 pounds of fat; Friday, a Holstein belonging to C. W. Lewis, giving 1,060 pounds of milk and 55.1 pounds of fat.

HIGH 3-YEAR-OLDS

The five highest 3-year-olds making over 40 pounds of fat were: Shorty, a Holstein belonging to H. M. Mallory, giving 1,141 pounds of milk and 58.2 pounds of fat; Beauty, a Holstein belonging to J. E. Storm, giving 1,380 pounds of milk and 56.6 pounds of fat; Pinkie, a Holstein belonging to Ray Loosley, giving 1,060 pounds of milk and 56.1 pounds of fat; No. 7, a Jersey belonging to Ivan Buell, giving 598 pounds of milk and 54.9 pounds of fat; Eva, a Jersey belonging to H. J. Ticknor, giving 1,274 pounds of milk and 47.1 pounds of fat.

The five highest 2-year-olds making 35 pounds of fat or better were: Hart, belonging to E. T. McLaughlin, giving 1,566 pounds of milk and 48.5 pounds of fat; Topsy, belonging to Mrs. M. Del Fatti, giving 1,156 pounds of milk and 45.1 pounds of fat; Snowflake, a Holstein belonging to J. E. Storm, giving 1,685 pounds of milk and 44.4 pounds of fat; Wise Heifer, a Holstein belonging to W. H. Haskins, giving 868 pounds of milk and 43.4 pounds of fat; Pearl 2nd, a Holstein belonging to J. E. Storm, giving 1,156 pounds of milk and 41.6 pounds of fat.

BURGLAR DIDN'T HEED SIGN

BRUNSWICK, Me. (UP)—The familiar red sign warning that the house was under quarantine for scarlet fever failed to deter a burglar. He entered the home of Arthur Smith and stole $1000.

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REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF MERRILL

in the State of Oregon, at the Close of Business on December 31, 1930

RESOURCES	
1. Loans and discounts	$162,476.83
2. Overdrafts	595.62
3. United States Government securities owned	35,000.00
4. Other bonds, stocks, and securities owned	48,635.00
6. Banking house, $6000, Furniture and fixtures $1500	7,500.00
7. Real estate owned other than banking house	8.81
8. Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	21,340.21
9. Cash and due from banks	53,638.47
10. Outside checks and other cash items	1,945.64
11. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	1,250.00
Total	$331,391.18
LIABILITIES	
15. Capital stock paid in	$ 25,000.00
16. Surplus	8,000.00
17. Undivided profits—net	4,791.56
20. Circulating notes outstanding	24,217.50
21. Due to banks, including certified and cashiers' checks outstanding	5,495.03
22. Demand deposits	185,901.86
23. Time deposits	77,984.93
Total	$331,391.18

State of Oregon, County of Klamath, ss:

I, F. W. Fruits, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. W. F. FRUITS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of January, 1931.
LLOYD L. PORTER, Notary Public for Oregon.

CORRECT—Attest:
G. W. OFFIELD,
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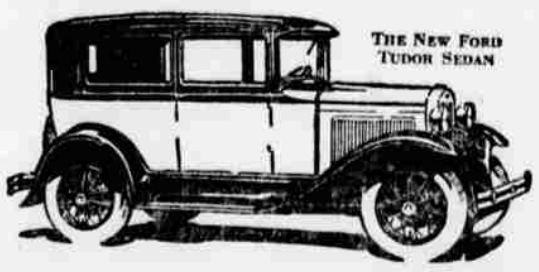

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