

# 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 affected Mr. Tolliver's eyes to the point of threatened blindness. Ginger has tried in many ways to add to the family's slender income, but she is not discouraged.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

In her arms were roses, heaps of roses, soft-petaled and fragrant. Marjory's face was flushed, her eyes were twin stars, her red lips tremulous with sheer delight. Eddy Jackson bore trophies of her conquest, a great loving cup, pieces of silk and lace, shimmering silver, golden chains. But in her own hand Marjory held a small purple box that bore the prize, fifty dollars in gold.

"It was—unanimous," she stammered, with shy pride.

The two evildoers above, rapt, speechless and spellbound, had forgotten their mischief as they crept to the stairs, noiseless, without breathing, hearing every word—sharing every heartbeat, softly, softly, down the top step, the next and the next, nearer and nearer, irresistibly drawn by the currents of joy that surged through the shabby parsonage.

Helen kissed her sister rapturously, and Horace Langley, flinging pedagogical dignity to the winds, clasped her in a boisterous embrace.

"This is my sister Helen—and Professor Langley. Helen, this is—everybody." Marjory introduced, almost coherently. "Where are the girls? Where's father?"

"Angels," cried Eddy Jackson, gazing suddenly up to the curve of the circular staircase. "Or are the goddesses coming down from Olympus to gaze upon, and envy, Beauty?" He pointed dramatically to the stairs where Ginger ELLA, with Miriam fast on her heels, crouched in quivering excitement, the wedding gown forgotten, forgotten, too, the veiling curtain, the canvas gloves, the flappy mules.

"Ginger—run!" cried Miriam, in sickening realization.

But Ginger, trapped, was not one to fly before confusion. She proceeded calmly down the stairs, even strutting a little.

"I didn't hurt it a bit, Helen. It reassured her sister. "It's—oh, just—a rehearsal."

"Why, it's little Cinderella—just got a fall from her pumpkin," chortled Eddy Jackson, and a ukulele caught its cue and whined into the wedding march.

But Ginger turned away from them, scornfully, a bit too scornfully, for one of the flapping mules, too large for her, slid from her slender foot. Ginger, as she felt it slipping, in sudden consternation, hesitated for the barest fraction of a second. It was too long. Eddy Jackson saw and seized it, and ran to kneel mockingly at her unslippedpered foot.

"Cinderella, the prince returns your glass slipper."

In the midst of their merry laughter, the ukulele's sudden hush silenced them.

"See here, somebody ought to introduce me," protested the player, plaintively. "You forget I'm a stranger—I wasn't even invited." His eyes wandered to the bottom step of the circular staircase where Miriam sat just as she had dropped in that first shocking moment, still, rapt and breathless.

"Oh, I forgot," apologized Eddy Jackson. "Everybody's supposed to know everybody in Red Thrush. This is our old friend Tub Andrews. He went to school with us when he was a kid, but they moved to Detroit, and now he's come back to help run the First National bank. Janitor, aren't you, Tub?"

"Assistant Janitor," said Tub Andrews pleasantly. "But next week they are going to promote me to stamp-licker. Pleased to meet you." He dropped down on the step beside Miriam. "Why didn't you go into the beauty pageant and give your sister a run for her complexion?"

"I?" Miriam was shocked with amazement. "She!"

"Sure, I was one of the judges. Your sister had it easy, the way it was. But if you had been against her—well—me—I'm one gentleman who don't."

"Don't what?" Miriam followed the jovial young banker with some diffidence, but with interest.

"Prefer 'em." He indicated the golden Marjory with a tight wave of his ukulele. "They freckle on the nose, and peel on the neck, and go dark in streaks—their hair does. I'm a blonde myself. I know all about 'em."

"I'm going to turn you all out now," called Marjory, with a smile that took the sting from her light dismissal. "I want to go upstairs and see my father, and all my sisters have to come along. You've been perfectly marvelous to me—Eddy, you're an angel!"

"I know it," he agreed, briskly. With much laughter, many light salutes, a hundred gay words, the happy group dispersed slowly.

"I'll come and take you for a ride tomorrow," said Tub Andrews to Miriam. "If you have not objection to flivvers."

"I haven't. I like them." "I don't. I only drive them. About eight, then."

And then, breathlessly, with Ginger still in the forbidden gown and the ridiculous curtain, the four girls ran upstairs into their father's room and flung themselves upon his bed, where he sat erect, waiting, knowing they



She Proceeded Calmly Down the Stairs, Even Strutting a Little.

would come to him. Marjory dropped on her knees beside the bed, and buried her bright face in his shoulders, laughing, with tears in the laughter.

"Father—I got it. It was unanimous."

"I had a sort of a vague idea maybe you got it," he said, teasingly, but with tender warmth, transferring her from his shoulder to the curve of his arm, where he held her closely. "It just seemed to me there couldn't possibly be such a racket without some prize to show for it."

"Father, give me your hand." Into the outstretched palm she pressed five small round pieces, gold, fifty dollars in all, and curled his fingers tightly upon the treasure.

"Oh, my dear—" he began protestingly.

"Father, don't say a word. Why Providence put on that beauty pageant—to give us the money for you to go to Chicago again. Oh, father, we knew you were just putting it off because you couldn't afford it! And now you can. For your eyes, darling."

The silence that followed was so slight as to be barely noticeable, and his voice was only slightly husky as he said:

"You're a nice girl, Marjory. And you are quite right—the eyes need care, and I hadn't the money. It is a joy to take it from you—one of my girls. You're more than good looking, Marjory, you're just plain nice. You're all nice. I wish they'd offer four prizes the next time—the proceeds would run the parsonage for a year."

## CHAPTER III

"Ginger, do run up and change your dress. Mr. Andrews is coming to take me for a ride, and the very sight of you would disgrace the parsonage. He's in the bank, you know."

"Mister who?" demanded Ginger.

"Mr. Andrews. You know—the young man who came with the crowd last night—"

"To take who out driving?" "Me. At least, he didn't mention anybody else."

Ginger squared about in her chair, drew the rumpled smock carefully about her, crossed one knee over the other, planting a deliberate elbow on the toomost one and dropped an amazed face in her palm, staring at her sister.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ing kept Sadie on her toes all day. In a rush to have everything clean and in order by the time her hubby arrived, she forgot to look after the meal. When she remembered, it was too late. There was a burned meal.

Ashamedly she watched her husband taste the food. But now surprised was she, when he exclaimed: "Now, Sadie, that's really fine. It has that delightful flavor which distinguished Mary's cooking."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"You don't mean—Miriam, you certainly do not mean—I must absolutely have misunderstood you—you could not possibly intend to intimate that—that Andrews creature, called Tub, as I remember, who twanged that goddess ukulele for three hours without stopping—is coming to take you out—alone—in a car—for—sentimental purposes? Tub Andrews! Father, you will enjoy him. He converses to the squeal of a ukulele. Disgusting, father, simply disgusting."

"They used to live here, father, and then moved to Detroit. He went through college, and now he has a position in the First National bank. The president, Mr. Mills, is his uncle."

"Simply disgusting," reiterated Ginger.

In his heart, Mr. Tolliver was inclined to agree with her. He had found life very pleasant in the old days, with the interest of every daughter centered exclusively in the parsonage confines, the five of them as one mind and spirit. But now, what with Helen and Horace, Marjory and a tangle of admirers, and now Miriam and this new young man with the ukulele, his sigh rivaled Ginger's own.

There was still the strained, high tension in his bandaged eyes, still the vague sensation of a firm band circling his brow. It seemed a shameful thing to him, in his gentle orthodoxy, that he should chafe at the temporary restriction upon him. He had so much, was denied so little. Even Paul had suffered his thorn in the flesh. His great yearning for restoration was almost unchristian, certainly unscriptural. He had said that to Ginger a few weeks before.

"Yes," she had agreed pleasantly, "but awfully human."

Particularly, he desired recovery before the formal dedication of the new church. It was a great accomplishment for Red Thrush. He wanted to look into the glad faces of his members on that day, he wanted them to see the grateful joy in his. It is hard for a blinded face to mirror the heart's emotions. He sometimes felt that he would be willing to accept blindness for months—for a year even—at another time, if only on that day he could meet his people face to face, his eyes reading their eyes, and all reflecting their gratitude for the realization of their hopes.

In many ways, his misfortune had come at a critical time for the minister. The building of a new church, designing of a new parsonage, disposal of the old property, all entailed a great deal of careful figuring. It was hard to figure finances through the eyes of committees, and boards, and daughters. Approximately two thousand dollars was still pledged on the church debt. It had been his dream that on the Sabbath of the dedication, his people, of their own free will, should make up that amount calling the church a free church, consecrated to the service of Red Thrush without encumbrance. He sighed a little.

The day of rest, in a parsonage, affords scant leisure for sterner re-creations, and Ginger was forced to forego her plan to subject Miriam to a bitter grilling on the subject of sentiment in general. By nine-thirty the girls were on hand for Sunday school, leaving their father the entire house for a half-hour of silent meditation and prayer. In the interval while the classes were reassembling for dismissal Miriam ran across to walk with him the short distance to the church, where he usually conducted a brief review of the lesson. Sunday school was followed by the formal morning worship, where, as there was no pew system in Red Thrush, the girls sat where they liked with their special friends. From a corner far back on the right side, Ginger's heart went out tenderly, as it did every Sunday morning, to her father. She used to say the pulpit was becoming to him. Against the dark wood, he seemed very tall, very pale, almost radiant. His voice seemed gentler, yet somehow more incisively penetrating, since his blindness.

"Poor dear," she thought compassionately, for she followed the sermon but intermittently, and usually consecrated the hour to her own thoughts, "I dare say if the heathen are right, and we really do reincarnate in this world, I was father's mother the last time. I feel like a mother to him now, he's such a lamb."

Sunday afternoon in the parsonage was given up to quiet recreation. Helen went out with Horace. Marjory, too, went out, with anyone who asked her, strolling, driving, or calling, sometimes with Miriam in the party, sometimes not. Ginger usually retired to her attic studio.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Flavor of First Wife's Cooking Found at Last

A middle-aged spinster married a widower, who had lost his first wife after a marriage of 15 years.

The spinster, who lived for years with her aged mother, was brought up in the spirit of immaculate house-keeping. An old-fashioned house-keeper, the mother excelled in cooking and her daughter kept fairly well in her footsteps.

Yet, despite her efforts and her skill in culinary arts, the new bride never succeeded in quite satisfying her husband.

"It's fine, Sadie," he told her often, "but there is just something amiss. My poor Mary could give the food a flavor I never find anywhere else. I don't know just how she did it."

Then came a day when houseclean-

Islands and Canals

Amsterdam is cut by canals into 90 islands.

Flatter a man if you want him to have implicit faith in your judgment.

## Elaborate Blouse to Have Revival

### Satins, Lames, Flat Crepes Are Most Prominent Materials Used.

The elaborate afternoon blouse, which has been a languishing fashion if there ever was one, is in for a revival that must be highly encouraging to those heads of blouse departments who have been working in obscurity for years, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York World.

These unhappy women have had, it is true, their high moments when customers of the afternoon bridge-playing cult drove up and chose a little gold cloth model, size 42. But the majority of smart women have restricted their blouse buying to those simple affairs of crepe or jersey which might rightly be worn with the severe tailleur.

We are being shown elaborate blouses intended for wear with sturdy tweed suits and some even more overwhelming models meant to accompany broadcloth suits and separate skirts of satin or velvet. Most of these are made so that they may be worn either outside the skirt or tucked inside the yoke, according to the fancy of the wearer.

The majority of the elaborate blouses are of satin, which has come into its own once more and will also be used for the lovely runabout dress. There are many lames shown in the most formal of afternoon tea ensem-

bles and a few affairs of flat crepe, often in bright shades, to be worn with the classic tailleur or with the omnipresent tweed suit. For country sports wear, the plain jersey blouse in solid colors will continue its popularity.

Little of the elaboration of the new models is due to contrasting trimming or to any skittish irregularity of design. There are many self-appliques and seamings of the sort beloved by Vionnet, and the shirring and tucking which you will be heartily tired of hearing discussed during the fall season is an important factor in blouse chic. There are a number of satin blouses made on severely tailored lines which suddenly go frivolous below the waist and develop deeply shirred hip bands, at a point which would have been way uptown last year.

With velvet skirts, satin, lame and chiffon blouses will all be worn, many of them appearing with a summery sleevelessness. The underprinted lames and lame chiffons which will make many of the most stunning evening gowns of the winter will also be stitched up along the selvage.

Separate skirts do not promise to show any outstanding difference from those which are sold as a part of the ensemble. The heavy tweeds will probably have pressed godets and plaits; most of those on sale have yokes for the benefit of women who have approved the tuck-in vogue. A few circular models have appeared, but they are rarely consistent in this matter. Many of them have flat backs with a circular front or side fullness. Thin tweed and jersey are shown for sports skirts, and for those formal afternoon functions which are heralded by engraved invitations, satin or transparent velvet will continue to be worn.

### Combine Chiffon, Velvet in Chic Dancing Frock

Newer than the silk-chiffon dancing frock is that combining two vastly different fabrics, chiffon and velvet. Touches of velvet are very handsome on this filmy material especially when used in panel form to hold shirring at the waistline and to emphasize the new length in the silhouette. Transparent velvet adds its glistening note in self color to chiffon frocks in white, black, light blue and several shades of pink.



Blouse of Deep Capucine Crepe and One of Jersey.

## ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Time is the thing we need most in the morning, but we cannot have it unless we get the family to bed early the night before. I know you're groaning with me. Children—big ones or little ones—never want to go to bed. Was there ever a more baffling problem than this? Its solution demands three qualities—determination, firmness and co-operation.

This generation is fast becoming a race of sun worshippers. Adults must have their coats of tan for cosmetic purposes, children must have their sun baths for the health and vigor which the ultra-violet rays impart. This is as it should be but there are inherent dangers in sudden prolonged exposure to the hot rays of the sun. Some children are sick for days as the result of a single sun bath. Gradual exposure of the body to the direct rays of the sun should be a part of every child's program.

An intensive two years' study of crime and the motion picture has been made by Dr. Joseph I. Holmes, of the department of psychology at Columbia university. He believes his studies prove the actual unimportance of the film as a producer of young delinquents. "The movies provide an outlet for the romantic imagination rather than jeopardizing our emotional stability," declares Dr. Holmes.

Should women who are mothers fly? "Yes," says Mrs. Mary C. Alexander of Lynchburg, Va., who recently matriculated as a student flier at Roosevelt field, Long Island. Mrs. Alexander is the mother of two children but feels this is no reason for keeping her feet on the ground. Mrs. Alexander has for the past eight years operated an automobile sales agency in Lynchburg and is taking flying lessons because she intends to sell airplanes as well as automobiles.

Perhaps the most useful article of the college girl's wardrobe is the "slicker." This is one of the few fads that has remained to become a useful and colorful habit. There is such a deliciously free feeling about stopping around in the rain and not having to bother with an umbrella. Slicker, old hat and rubbers do every bit as well and are a thousand times more convenient.

Teachers are able to earn university credits in a number of colleges by studying the whys and wherefores of the naughtiness of school children and how to lead them back into the straight and narrow path. They are directed in these studies by experienced visiting teachers, and the records of children with whose problems the visiting teachers have wrestled with varying degrees of success are their textbooks. Why some children play truant, why others lie and steal and still others can't get along with their teachers and their fellow pupils, why they miss their lessons and are left behind, and many other whys are special topics taken up in the classes. Information on the list of colleges offering these courses may be obtained free from the national committee of visiting teachers, 8 West Fortieth street, New York city.

### Chinese Inspiration Is Noted in Gay Pajamas

Eleven-year-old Jimmie's sense of humor is just budding, and at times shows rapid growth, as when driving through southern Indiana recently he saw the many roadside stands of watermelons and cantaloupes, and said: "I know now why they say 'The melon colic days have come, the saddest of the year.'"—Indianapolis News.

### Sound Accurately Recorded

Transmission of light beams, through a fabric film upon which positive sound images are recorded, has resulted, the inventor of the process says, in the reproduction of sounds without distortion. Projecting the light through the fabric medium for the purpose of translating sound images into musical or vocal sounds may be conducted either with or without motion pictures, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

### Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Extorminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Comstock process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 175 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill extorminator. All druggists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

### K-R-O KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Autumn

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### COULD NOT SLEEP NIGHTS

Helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Fairhaven, Mass.—"I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during the Change of Life and I think it is a wonderful tonic. When I feel nervous and run-down my husband gets me a bottle right away. It is a great help to me and I think that if other people would only take it when they feel all run-down and take it as the directions say, they would find it a great benefit. My worst symptoms were nervousness and tired feelings. I could not sleep nights and I did not care about my work. I was so nervous I would cry if anyone looked at me."—Mrs. ADA BRUCE, 156 Washington Street, Fairhaven, Mass.

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## Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescription product.

## PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

### The Lamp and the Book

The Viscountess Astor, about to sail for her English home, talked to a reporter about a book that had failed.

"It was such a good book, too," she said. "Its failure makes you almost think that the American reading public is like Mrs. Smith."

"I'm going to buy a book," Mrs. Smith said.

"A book?" said the astonished Mrs. Jones.

"Yes," Mrs. Smith explained. "John has given me a jim dandy reading-lamp, and now I simply must have a book."

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