

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. Marjory wins the beauty prize, \$50.00. She gives the money to her father as part of the expense necessary for the treatment of his eyes by Chicago specialists.

CHAPTER III—Continued

This one small section of the house from the very beginning of their residence, was Ginger's own. It was difficult of approach, for there were no stairs leading to it, and sole admission was by means of a wobbly old ladder of six rounds, which, carefully balanced against the wall at the end of the upper hall, led to the trapdoor which opened upward into the attic. Ginger loved the attic most of all for its inaccessibility. The trapdoor, which swung on a hinged lock and had to be pushed upward with one hand, was no obstacle, but an added charm in her eyes. On the attic side of the door, she had, with her own hands, driven a big staple, added another hook, and when she went thither on matters of any special moment, she locked it furtively behind her.

The studio was her sacred retreat, and on this particular Sunday afternoon she had a definite motive in retirement, for she sought the guidance of the Muses. Ginger had made a find. Eddy Jackson had brought to the parsonage, as a Saturday gift from his mother, a jar of preserved peaches wrapped in an old page of the New York World. Helen had crumpled it lightly into the waste basket, where the sharp eye of Ginger Ella had espied it, whence her greedy fingers had rescued it. And from it she learned, to her delight, that the New York World would pay five dollars each for the Bright Sayings of Children.

One of Ginger's great grievances in life was the tendency of her sisters to recall, and repeat, smart sayings of her own none-too-remote childhood. Such repetition reduced her to abject and helpless fury. But she noted that the auditors always laughed, ample proof of the presence of humor. She cast about in her memory for the most amusing of these pseudo laugh-producers, and unable to discover merit by her own judgment, she hit upon the one that had produced the greatest gales of merriment. Merely changing names and relationships from her own and Helen's to that of a mother and daughter, she wrote:

"Mrs. Ingraham spent an entire afternoon assisting a neighbor to cut out and fit a gown, and when the garment was entirely finished, she wished to make payment for the time consumed. 'Oh, no,' said Mrs. Ingraham pleasantly, 'I shall not take a cent for it. I did it entirely out of friendship.' The neighbor was insistent, but Mrs. Ingraham remained firm, and would not take the money. At last she turned to Alice, Mrs. Ingraham's small daughter standing near, and said, 'Alice, tell me, how can I make your mother take this five dollars which she has fully earned?' Alice considered a moment, and then announced gravely, 'You might give it to me, and she will borrow it.'

Ginger wrote, corrected, and copied. Then she read it, distastefully. "It's a dumb thing," she thought frowningly. But the memory of unfailing laughter encouraged her, and she folded it neatly, tucked it into an envelope, and addressed it in a firm large hand.

At six o'clock, the girls came together in the kitchen where they hurriedly set out a light supper. In order to be at church again at seven for the meeting of the Epworth League. Mr. Tolliver did not attend this, as it was a service especially calculated to encourage and train the younger members of the congregation in active participation, and he inclined to the belief that they took part with more freedom in his absence.

On Monday afternoon, at one o'clock, the anxious little family gathered in the living room to say good-by to Mr. Tolliver and Miriam, starting for Chicago. Such tremendous issues were involved in this small journey. Perhaps he would return without the hated glasses, perhaps the dear tired eyes would see once more the love that shone in theirs. Perhaps the dreaded operation would be declared inevitable. Perhaps things would just drag on and on, month after month, as they had dragged in the past.

They went out to the veranda, Miriam leading the way with the light bag. Her father reached for it, struggled with her playfully for possession of it. She tucked her hand into his arm, looking back. The girls smiled at her, she smiled in return. Their smiles were sad, their father could not see the smiles. Their young eyes yearned with pain. Their father could not see the yearning. He waved a hand at them in blithe farewell.

"Be good girls. Ellen don't let any

body else go man-mad while I am away."

"You must mean Miss Jenkins. She is the only one left."

Light words they were, and gay voices, for their father heard.

But Miss Jenkins, unaccountably, without a word, detached herself from the cluster of girls and ran up to him. She threw both arms about his shoulders, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Be careful, oh, be careful," she said, and her face worked with emotion.

In the dramatic silence which followed this unexpected outburst, Miriam's light hand led her father away.

"Why—my dear—" gasped Helen.

"Why, why—"

"Oh, the poor, brave, dear, afflicted soul," wept Miss Jenkins. "Going away like that—with just that helpless young girl to look after him. I shouldn't have permitted it. I should have gone myself."

"Oh, Miriam is very capable. She has always gone before. She will take care of him."

But Miss Jenkins, still weeping, without a word, pulled away from her.



Ginger wrote, corrected, and copied Then She Read It, Distastefully. "It's a Dumb Thing."

and hurried down the flagstone path toward her own home.

Ginger's eyes were stormily reflective.

"H'm," she muttered. "H'm!—Man-mad. The darn thing's catching."

Later that afternoon, Eddy Jackson, calling by telephone, got Ginger on the wire.

"Have you anyone there who would like a little beaung?" he inquired teasingly.

"Marjory would like it, I suppose, but I'm here to see that she doesn't get it."

"Miriam there?"

"No, she has gone to Chicago with father. Helen has gone driving, and for dinner, with the mathematical squire, and won't be home until late.

Margie's here, I'm here, and if you want to hold hands we can get Miss Jenkins."

"I don't. But I have a chap here—man I met in Chicago a long time ago—pretty nice fellow—lives in New York—just back from a two years tour of the world and all points east."

"I thought perhaps Marjory might take him on for the evening, but since Miriam is away, you would have to girl-friend me."

Even over the telephone Eddy could feel the sudden avarice in Ginger's voice, the covetous glitter of her bright eyes, the gulle in her flying thoughts. New York—Chicago—around the world—

"Why, Eddy—of course! I'd love to. Marjory will adore it—me, too. You know I always enjoy you, Eddy, you've got so much sense."

"We'll breeze in about eight, then." Ginger flew up the stairs. "Margie, Margie," she called. "Quick—put on the dress."

Marjory's calm was maddening. She was manicuring her pink nails. She looked up evenly, looked down, continued to polish.

Ancient Property Laws Protected the Weaker

The oldest Greek statute now extant, governing the disposition of "real" property, comes from the island of Crete. This is the law of the city of Gortyna, dating from perhaps B. C. 400. This inscription, the largest existing fragment of any Greek law, came to light less than fifty years ago; for the stones on which it was chiseled had been buried for 2,000 years or more and its discovery made a sensation in the learned world. It was about thirty feet long in its original form; the broken pieces are now scattered in several museums.

These laws show that more than 2,000 years ago women in this Cretean city could own property. Moreover,

"The dress—the dress! He is from New York, and Eddy Jackson is bringing him to—look at you. Around the world, my dear, two years of it—and that takes money! He's used to people dressing up for dinner every single night, I dare say he'll wear an evening gown himself—I mean dress suit. I'll put on Helen's Alice-blue organdie, it just fits me."

Marjory considered. The mere joy of dressing was a point in favor.

"Well, I don't know. I dare say it would be all right. Lots of folks do dress for dinner."

"Oh, darling, how good of you. I'll do all the work. We'll be having after-dinner coffee by the floor lamp."

"But we haven't the right cups—"

"We're going to borrow the gold set out of Helen's hope chest. The set the Gleaners gave her for Christmas."

"If we break one of those gold cups—"

"We won't. And if that dumb-bell of an Eddy Jackson gives us away—I'll—I'll—Hurry, darling, and put on the dress. I'll fix things downstairs."

Ginger sped away to don her sister's organdie before she carefully removed the frail golden dishes from among the wedding treasures in her sister's chest, and carried them gingerly down the stairs.

When, some sixty minutes later, Eddy Jackson appeared in the open doorway with his customary blithe, "Hello, everybody," a ravishing vision presented itself. Marjory, lovely, laughing, sat among the cushions in the wide couch by the floor lamp, with a delicate cup poised between her white fingers. At her side, with the shining array of the golden coffee set on a small table close at her hand, was Ginger in blue organdie.

"Come in," she called brightly. "We are having our coffee slow-ly, so you can join us."

"Coffee? Oh, indeed. I see." Eddy's voice was enigmatical, but, rallying with a visible effort, he proceeded to introduce his friend, Alexander Murdock, a genuinely romantic figure, although neither garbed in conventional dress suit nor shining coat of mail. He was very tall, with a great ease of manner and complete self-possession, with sleek dark hair, and dark bright eyes, and a thin brown face. Ginger could have danced with joy.

She poured the coffee with fingers that trembled just a little, casting discreet proprietary glances at Marjory to make sure that she remained vividly alert and interested, and frowning terribly at Eddy Jackson on the side.

Eddy studied the delicate lines of his small cup with a significant fascination, balanced the small saucer precariously on his large hand, and emptied the cup in two large draughts, requesting more, and again more.

Alexander Murdock, on the other hand, as became a genuinely romantic figure, handled his with an ease, a finish, and a long and steady custom. Ginger flashed triumph at her sister. "You see!" her expression proclaimed. "Just as I told you! Am I so dumb?"

"Marjory and I have not been abroad—yet, Mr. Murdock," she said, in a tone which implied that their departure was a mere matter of days. "It must be very fascinating."

"Father went on a tour of the Holy Land," volunteered Marjory, "before we were born."

"For myself," continued Ginger, pausing for a light touch of her lips to the rim of the golden cup, for she abhorred black coffee. "I should not care so much to do the Holy Land. I want to go to Paris and see Montmartre, and the boulevards, and the Folies, they don't have things like that in the Holy Land. How long are you to be in Red Thrush, Mr. Murdock?"

"Oh, some weeks, I fancy." He said "fancy." in the Middle West, "I think" and "I dare say" are quite common, while "I guess" and "I reckon" are not altogether unknown. "I fancy" is an affectation, in any but a romantic figure.

"Do let me fill your cup," she cooed.

"You see," continued the low, slow voice, "I took on a job today, and shall go to work tomorrow."

Ginger leaned forward. She did not breathe. Oh, if he could but be president of the bank where the Tubby individual aspired to licking stamps.

"What—what profession—"

"The D and R. You know, the little Orange and Black chain grocery store on the corner of Main and Broadway."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Afternoon Frocks Popular in Paris

Formal Wear for Daytime Displayed by All Paris Dressmakers.

Fashions are interesting the whole year round, but in the fall they become exciting. One feels a sense of keenest expectancy everywhere—in the shops, at the wholesalers and, of course, first and foremost at the Parisian dressmakers.

Just what will be offered for the winter months and out of what is offered, what will be the mode accepted by smart women? For, of course, clever as Paris is in the designing of new costumes, writes a fashion correspondent in the Louisville Courier-Journal, there are some fashions displayed which are never accepted to any great extent. Many of these come into prominence a year later than their first launching. Still others find acceptance in France yet, for some subtle, hard-to-explain reason, are practically never seen on this side of the Atlantic.

Of course this same expectancy and excitement are present also in the spring when the clothes for summer are making their appearance, but



Afternoon Frock of Black and White Satin, Showing High Waistline

present in far less degree. Summer clothes are delightful, but they assume a position of less importance than the winter wardrobe. Especially is this true this season when formality is everywhere evident as the keynote of the well-dressed woman's wardrobe. The day is gone when the simple straight-line sports frock was donned early in the morning and worn until one dressed for dinner. Today the fashionable woman includes in her wardrobe a dress, for every occasion. Formal afternoon frocks are seen at every Paris dressmaker's opening, proof that they will be found wherever well-dressed women congregate this winter.

Richness of fabric, elaboration of cut and trimming and formality of line are everywhere and promise to lead to the winter mode a color and richness which has been long absent.

The spotlight of attention has for some seasons past been focussed on the waistline. Would it remain low? Would it become only slightly higher? Would it practically disappear? Would it take its place at the normal waistline.

The answer, as given almost unanimously by the Paris dressmakers in their winter openings, seems to be that the normal waistline has ceased to be rumor and has become an accomplished fact. No longer are we content with the top of the hip bone, or a bit an inch higher than last season. The die is cast, apparently, and Paris promises us that we are again to put our belts where nature placed our waistlines.

And yet we may say a word to the woman to whom a high waistline is not becoming. All the styles this season are susceptible to individual adaptation. Skirts are longer, but if the very long skirt is unbecoming one may wear a shorter one and still be smart.

Thin, Supple Furs to Have Call for Winter

Soft, new furs that may be handled almost like broadcloth are being sought by dealers for fashionable use this winter.

The new flexible furs, says Harper's Bazaar, may be quite humble in origin, like the chevreton or young goat, which is made into simple sports models; or they may be the exquisite broadtailed which a combination of art and science is constantly making thinner and finer. A noted Parisian furrier is quoted as predicting that the vogue for cheap furs of the leading rabbit family is definitely over, and the leading furs of the winter will be ermine, mink and breitschwanz, and, after them, sealskin in the best quality and Persian lamb.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE



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 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

State of Satisfaction

"I always say my wife and I have now reached the ideal marriage state."

"What do you mean by 'the ideal marriage state'?"

"Well, my wife no longer worries about the shape of my nose, I no longer worry whether she does or not!"



Watch Your Kidneys!

Scanty or Too Frequent Excretions Demand Prompt Attention.

KIDNEY disorders are too serious to ignore. It pays to heed the early signals. Scanty, burning or too frequent kidney excretions; a drowsy, listless feeling; lameness, stiffness and constant backache are timely warnings.

To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use Doan's Pills. Endorsed by users everywhere.

DOAN'S PILLS

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

Modern Definition

"Pa, what is a highway?" asked the kid. "It's space between billboards, son," replied his dad.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The ocean of life is filled with breakers; that's why so many of us go broke.

Quaint Shoulder Cape Noted in Coat Collars

Coat collars of unique shape are shown on some of the models. A trace of the quaint little shoulder cape worn years ago is seen in some of the new collars, and the flat scarf collar with uneven ends is shown on a few tailored coats. A short fur scarf tied in a bow at one side forms a chic finish on the neck of one coat of formal lines. Some models of the more elaborate sort are trimmed with a band of fur down each side of the front, and one gorgeous example is a coat of brown broadcloth having a high collar, elbow length cuffs and a deep border of fur around the bottom. This is shaped to follow the low dip at the back, and the cape edge of the collar is shaped in the same manner.

Seven-Eighths Length Coat Is in Limelight



Showing a smart tweed ensemble for fall. The coat features the seven-eighths length and is trimmed with a racoon shawl collar.



Before and After Childbirth

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my first baby was born and I am taking it now for my weakened condition after the birth of my second boy. Although I never have put on any flesh I am feeling good now and the Vegetable Compound has helped me in every way. It is surely a wonderful medicine and I will be glad to answer letters for I recommend it highly."—Mrs. Fred W. Davey, Madison, Kansas.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Made at Pinkham's Medical Co., Lowell, Mass.