

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. Mr. Tolliver leaves for Chicago with Miriam. Ginger meets Alexander Murdoch. Mr. Tolliver returns, the doctors giving him little hope.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"And everybody who buys one, will sell four more—"
"And it all started from one. One single, solitary, little one."
The girls talked on and on. But Ginger drew herself away from them sat enraptured in impenetrable thought. She remembered the old chain letters. They had come with some frequency a few years ago, prayers for almost everything, for the sick, for foreign missions, for prohibition, for fundamentalism, for the second coming of the Lord, for the release of anarchistic prisoners condemned to death—
"And everybody sends it on to so many more, and every one of them sends it to so many more, and they send it—"

Ginger got up suddenly and went out of the room. She walked dizzily She went upstairs, got the short ladder from the linen closet, and balanced it against the wall under the trapdoor. She noticed that her hands trembled. But she climbed carefully—the ladder was old—pushed up the trapdoor, and pulled herself through the opening. From force of habit, for she was not then thinking of trapdoors, she locked it behind her, and made her way carefully over the beams to her sun-parlour under the dormer window. There she sat down heavily, and thought, and thought, and thought, eyes were so wide, so bright, so blue, that of a sudden they seemed to hurt her, and she shut them hard. Her two small hands were gripped so tightly with fingers interlaced so closely, that suddenly she knew they were throbbing with pain, half paralyzed, so that she had to work them apart slowly, a finger at a time. But she did not stop thinking.

"Chain letter—on and on—all over the world—thousands and thousands—and nobody dares to stop because nobody would dare to break the chain—for the blind—a home for the blind—on and on and on."

Suddenly Ginger burst into low nervous laughter, and laughed and cried and twisted her little hands, and rocked back and forth on the stool in an ecstasy.

"Oh, oh, how heavenly, how perfectly heavenly! I never could have thought of such a brilliant thing. Oh, as father says, I see the hand of the Lord in this!"

She pulled the stool to the low table which she used as a desk, and seated herself with a professional briskness indicative of the oneness of purpose which prompted her. Selecting three pencils from a large number in the drawer she sharpened them briskly. Then she drew her pad of paper toward her, and opened it.

Then she studied intently, chewing her pencil. She wrote a nasty line, and quickly scratched it out. Again she wrote, again she frowningly discarded it. Several times she repeated this painful process, but at last, as so often happens, persistent effort brought inspiration, and she wrote fluently, without a pause for thought.

"Our parsonage home for the blind is sadly in need of funds to carry on its noble work. Will you not contribute Ten Cents to this very worthy cause? And complete the chain of good vibrations by sending copies of this letter to three of your friends in whom you have confidence? In this way, this valuable institution will be enabled to continue its care of the unfortunate and needy blind."
"We depend on you."
"Do not break the chain."
"E. Tolliver, treasurer,"
"Red Thrush, Iowa."

Ginger was greatly pleased with the formal tone of this letter. She knew very well that if she received such an appeal, she would contribute gladly—if she had the money. She read it

over and over, adding a word, omitting a word, substituting a word, until the final version seemed impossible of improvement.

The question to whom the letter should be sent was subjected to deep thought. Indeed, it was more than thought, so deep it was. Men, she knew, were more susceptible than women to personal appeal—particularly when the personal appeals came from not unattractive girls. But women were more superstitious and would be more reluctant to bring upon themselves the implied curse that would result from a breaking of the chain. Women, then.

As for location, she was not particular, except that it would be best to start at some distance from Red Thrush. Methodist interests are closely allied in neighboring towns, and she realized the importance of protecting the family name. Now Ginger herself was deeply enamored of the chain letter idea, to her it smacked absolutely of the hand of Providence. But one could never know just how fathers and older sisters would react to things, hence she realized it would be the part of discretion to avoid questions whose answers could not be evaded. Ginger's unflinching resource in an emergency was the daily press. She got the last issue of the *Burling Iron Hawk*, and studied its columns. Now, theoretically, a chain should start from a single link, but she was not willing to trust the foundation of her fortunes to one small dime which might not be forthcoming.

She decided upon three as a fair start. "Three links are better than one," she said thoughtfully. "And if it starts three chains, so much the better."

When ever she came to the name of a woman mentioned prominently, she put her finger on the place, closed her eyes, and tried to get a vibration about it. Finally the three letters were written, enclosed in envelopes, addressed, and Ginger took them at once to the corner mail box and put them in.

"Ah," she breathed ecstatically, as she turned back toward the parsonage. Her heart was as light as the wings of a butterfly, it seemed to carry her home. Already the old house looked a new place to her, a rosy place, bright with flowers, fresh paint, new furniture. Thousands upon thousands Helen herself had said it. Thousands upon thousands—

"Oh, I wish I had asked for quarters," she thought. "Such a very good cause, nobody could begrudge it."

Had it not been for the pleasurable excitement attendant upon Helen's wedding, Ginger felt she could not possibly have endured the strain of the days that followed. Her confidence in the outcome of her chain letter home-for-the-blind was absolute. Winters might come, with their consequent coal and coal bills, daughters might go, with their petty love affairs, but Ginger Ella and the chain letter would go on for ever.

Plans for the wedding took precedence over everything else, for Helen, yielding to the argument that for her in this case the way of genuine sacrifice lay in gracious acquiescence to plans already made, proceeded calmly with her arrangements. She knew in her heart that she would have preferred a more apparent display of her unselfishness. She would have enjoyed a real martyrdom. She would have been proud to stand gloriously forth, to her father, her sisters, and Red Thrush, giving up her marriage for a year, for ten years, for ever, if need be. But she was honest enough to realize that the course of true denial followed another channel. Mental rest, the doctors had prescribed, and that could never be had in the sacrifice of his daughter's plan.

The wedding was to be held in the church, with the girls of Helen's Sunday school class, the Rutheims, serving a buffet luncheon in the Sunday

school assembly room, the room that was used for church dinners, socials and the like. This luncheon was to take the place of a home reception. The details of the ceremony had been carefully practiced. Horace Langley, with Eddy Jackson as his best man, was to wait in the small room at the left side of the pulpit. The bridesmaids were to gather in the primary room, just inside the main entrance.

Helen decided that when all the invited guests sat silently waiting within the church, she, with her father, would walk quietly across the intervening space from parsonage to church—such a very little way—and while Ellen took him on around to the pulpit room on the right of the altar, she would join her attendants in the primary department.

For fully a week, although but ten days had elapsed since the forging of the first link that was to grow into an endless chain of silver dimes, Ginger had dogged the steps of the postman.

"Letter for me? There's not? That's funny."

But on the very day before the wedding, as though to fill her cup to utter overflowing, the postman delivered three letters addressed to E. Tolliver, all in strange handwriting.

"Well, that's funny," stammered Ginger, and held out a trembling hand, and with the gully consciousness of the evildoer, sure the very postman must be suspicious of such a sudden burst of correspondence, she added, "Bunch of ads, I suppose." She was so excited that she fell off the ladder three times before she finally got herself—and the three letters—into the attic studio under the dormer-window.

She was trembling nervously. Her chilly fingers tore uselessly at the stiff paper, she had it open at last, a dime rolled out upon the floor. She seized and kissed it.

"You're my nest egg," she whispered, "you're my lucky piece, you're what some dumb farmer would call pay dirt."

She opened the other letters, three dimes resulting. A sort of stillness came over her. She sat, huddled into a small hunch on the old stool and read the letters—pleasant letters, sympathetic. "It is a joy to help in such good work," "God bless the cause," "Pleasure to add my mite."

"The darlings," said Ginger. "The dear, sweet, generous, Christian souls," Ginger had a significant habit of judging one's Christianity, not by his thoughts, but by his contributions. Three dimes, but her represented three devout Christians. Very still she sat on the old stool, very quiet, enveloped in a sweet and grateful gladness. Her mind leaped swiftly on, to expensive curative treatments for her father, new rich furniture to replace their threadbare shabbiness, coal and steak and chickens—

She kissed the letters, one after the other, and crumpled them in her hand, to be burned.

"Little white angels," she called tenderly.

Then she cast about for a proper receptacle for this incipient fortune. Three dimes, of themselves, did not require much treasuring, but the highly imaginative eyes of Ellen Tolliver looked already upon the thousands and thousands, in neat little stacks, that were to come. In another part of the attic she ferreted out an old doll's trunk, very dusty, very shabby, but stout, well made, with a strongly hinged top, and best of all, with the old lock still intact and the key dangling from a string. Within it, side by side, she laid the three dimes, and turned the key in the rusty old lock. Then she moved everything else off her desk, and directly in the middle of it she placed the trunk, royally alone. The key she thrust unconcernedly into the table drawer. She was not afraid of thieves.

Her sigh was a great and glad one. "At last fortune smiles upon the parsonage, and all the Tollivers in it," she whispered joyously. "Perhaps not much of a smile so far—just a little giggle, but a nice little giggle. The poor little church mice are going to surprise folks one of these days."

She wished greatly to tell her sisters of this sudden turn in the tide of the family fortune, but that little inner monitor, which Ginger most unscrupulously called a hunch, warned her against this confidence, and she buried herself and her seething emotions as well as she could in plans for the following day.

Long before the high hour of noon on Helen's wedding day, she was daintily arrayed in her blue organdy, primping up and down the hall from room to room, hurrying everybody, criticizing the general appearance of her sisters, offering endless pertinent suggestions, and always inclining them to greater haste.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Rivers Diverted From Beds by Fields of Ice

It is a long way from present-day floods along the Mississippi river back to the great ice age, but happenings of the latter period have considerable bearing on the trials and tribulations of the valley dwellers.

Before the great fields of ice worked their way down from the north, at least two rivers, the upper Missouri and the Yellowstone, flowed northeast and emptied into Hudson bay. With the advent of the sheets of ice, however, these two rivers were forced to run to the south, and their combined waters cut the gorge now followed by the Missouri through the Dakotas. At the same time the Red river became a huge pond called glacial Lake

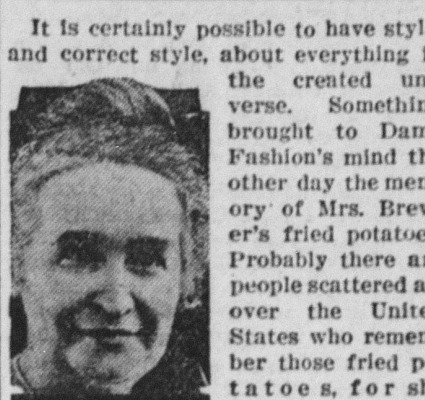
Agassiz, with an outlet to the Minnesota river valley. Part of the watershed of the Red river became a permanent source of water for a river flowing to the south and the original head of the Missouri river. This river is now known as the James river. With the melting of the great ice dam, the Red river resumed its normal flow to the north, but the others continued to the south.—Exchange.

In the Rear to Stay

Be on time in life in both small and large things. Keep up to date. Don't slip into line after everybody else has arrived.—American Magazine.

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin



It is certainly possible to have style, and correct style, about everything in the created universe. Something brought to Dame Fashion's mind the other day the memory of Mrs. Brewer's fried potatoes. Probably there are people scattered all over the United States who remember those fried potatoes, for she kept a summer boarders," as the phrase used to be, in a picturesque little New England town, where people from many states used to gather, and in those leisurely days before the restless, road-devouring automobiles, remained for an entire summer.

At Mrs. Brewer's each was served with three slices of potato, and no more were offered—but such slices! Each was of what we should now term "golden beige" in hue, and precisely of the right crispness, cut lengthwise from large potatoes. It was their secret that each slice was fried individually, like a griddle cake. Dame Fashion would not like to have to guess how many hundreds of thousands of women in the United States will be frying potatoes tomorrow morning. Perhaps many are as famous to their families and friends as Mrs. Brewer was to her circle, but if so there is a reason. It is carefulness and precision.

As the years go by more and more this care and precision is being given by American women to their costuming. Even five years ago the idea of matching purses and shoes, for instance, was just at its dawning, and this idea of producing harmony in the costume is making sure but steady headway. There is a subtlety about this harmony business, far in advance of the old easy plan of "everything to match." That still may produce an excellent effect, but has to be watched for fear of giving the look of too much of a good thing.

The girl or woman who matches her tweed ensemble with tweed hat and shoes, which bids fair to be an increasing custom, should make a definite plan for a contrasting effect—perhaps with scarf, gloves and purse. One French firm designs a slender soft scarf of leather, with brilliant diagonals of color across its ends, and gloves with the same stripes in the gauntlets, matching a purse crossed by the same stripes.

During the warm weather every fashion writer had a happy time declaring "cotton is king," and indeed as it had not since "away back when." But jovial warm-hearted wool, in the shape of tweeds and broadcloth is now firmly seated on the throne, and will stay there until spring. Not only are the rough textured goods in excellent style, but the knitted wool fabrics, so light in weight that they do not tire, and in most cases so becoming, show no lessening in value. How well they lend themselves to those delightful pin-tucks!

Dame Fashion, through her own personal preference, is glad that there are winter indications for the use of much red, in shades all the way from violet-red to brick. Just wait, and there will be red coats for men, one of these days—and not for fox-hunting, either!

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Snug Waistline, Flaring Hemlines Are Prominent



The fur coats this season show the snug waistline and flaring hemlines, while the sleeves are fashioned in a way to emphasize the three-quarter glove. The model shown is fashioned of baby caracul with a trimming at the top of the flaring cuff of Baum Marten.

Dress Designed to Wear Under Winter Fur Coat



The peplum, one of the new features of the fall and winter dresses, is shown here. The model is a youthful creation of printed crepe in which a neat design of black, yellow and orange is worked on a beige background. The circular motif is carried out in the frill about the neck, the peplum and the skirt. It is an ideal dress to wear under the heavy winter coat.

Wedding Gowns Will Be Trimmed With White Fur

Winter wedding gowns will be trimmed with snowy furs if the American bride follows the suggestion of the Paris dressmakers, notes a fashion correspondent in the New York Herald Tribune. One of the most beautiful bridal gowns shown at the recent openings in France was of white satin with flowing panels carrying wide borders of white fox. The train, too, was edged with fox.

Fox in all shades is favored as a trimming this year. It combines well with the softest of materials for indoor wear and makes the flat furs, when they are used for coats, much more flattering to their wearers than the harsher pelts alone could be.

Fur hats are another harkback to bygone days. Patou showed many of these in Persian lamb. St. Moritz caps he called them. They are extremely becoming and very jaunty in appearance.

The combination of the sheerest of materials with furs is a usual one this season. Lace and fur and chiffon and fur often are used in conjunction with one another and it is extraordinary how appropriate these combinations appear. The fur used with sheer fabrics usually is fox. The effect is one of softness and lightness.

Satins Promise to Be Much in Paris Favor

In the midst of the smartest social season that Paris has seen in many a year, numerous fashion leaders have abandoned that standby of summer-printed chiffon. Crepe satin, moire and plain chiffon have been preferred, says a Paris fashion writer in the New York Times. At the height of style in evening materials is crepe satin, and the great Lyons manufacturers are forecasting its popularity in the highest and smartest circles for fall. Its sheen is doing handsome service in gowns of delectable yellows and pinks and in the whites from ivory to pure. Certain of the highest sources of styles predict that black satin will come in in full glory for fall.

And from black satin to black transparent velvet is a short and agreeable step. A vogue for these two materials is assured. And there is a third vogue promised. This is for black, or possibly colored broadcloth and zibeline. The combination makes the choicest winter coats that the Paris dressmakers can conceive of.

Velvet, Satin Ribbon Used for New Fall Hats

The ribbon toques are of great importance in the fall millinery outlook. These are of both velvet and satin ribbon and are so woven as to cover the head tightly, come low over the nape of the neck, stand out at the sides and be perfectly bare in front. Some have the sides trimmed with two puffs of short feathers. Others achieve the broad side effect by huge bows of velvet or satin.

Current Red

The new red for autumn afternoons is current red, deeper and ruddier than lipstick, lighter than crimson. A flat crepe frock in this tone has a detachable cape that buttons across both shoulders with buttons of the material.

Velvet Tailleur New

Velvet tailored suits promise to be a feature of the fall season because the material lends itself so wonderfully to expert tailoring and falls so gracefully and maintains its increased freshness so long.



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First Norwegian Book

Elling Eieisen, in 1841, walked from LaSalle county, Ill., to New York City to get the Lutheran catechism printed in English, the first book to be published by a Norwegian in America.—American Magazine.

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