

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

In the usually quiet home of Rev. Mr. Tolliver of Red Through, 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. Overwork has affected Mr. Tolliver's eyes to the point of threatened blindness. Marjory wins the beauty prize, \$50.00. She gives the money to her father to consult Chicago specialists. Mr. Tolliver leaves for Chicago with Miriam. Ginger meets Alexander Murdock. Mr. Tolliver returns, the doctors giving him little hope. Ginger gets an idea for a “Parsonage Home for the Blind” and solicits funds.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

It was she who announced the early arrival of Horace Langley. Mopping his brow, she said he was, and clinging like grim death to the arm of Eddy Jackson, who laughed at him. Much later, with the final announcement that the other bridesmaids were on hand, she dispatched the twins, in pastel pink and yellow, to join the springtime bevy of orange, green, mauve and rose in the primary department.

Then she led her father down the stairs to the living room, where he was to wait for Helen.

“All the who's who are there,” she proclaimed blithely, “and all the hoodlums are parked.”

She ran up to her sister's room, and gave a last tender touch to the white veil. “Oh, Helen,” she whispered. Helen took her in her arms and the two girls wept together. After all, Ginger was Helen's baby, had been Helen's from the moment when, returning from the little cemetery on the hill where her mother was laid away in flowers and snow, she ran to the upstairs room of that other old parsonage to answer the pleading wail of the orphaned baby.

“You—you mustn't,” said Ginger stoutly, winking away her tears. “You'll spoil your looks. Helen—I wish father could see you. Now, don't cry. I'm going right down.”

She smiled bravely, tearfully, at her sister, unflinching refuge of sixteen years, now leaving her, and ran down the stairs.

“Tell him to wait for me just a minute, I am coming at once,” Helen called after her.

Ginger went to her father. “Father,” she said, “I must go now. Helen said for you to wait here for her just a minute—I think she's going to pray, father, she looks just like praying. Oh, father, she is beautiful. She looks like a picture of a Madonna with all kinds of secret happy thoughts in her heart that nobody else knows anything about. Just wait, darling, she is coming.”

And Ginger tripped daintily down the flagstone path like a floating blue cloud in her airy gown.

In the living room Mr. Tolliver, accustomed to patience by weeks of blindness, waited quietly. But Helen, in the room she shared with Ginger, was not praying. Helen was not a sentimental girl, but one of deep life feeling, much of which centered around the baby sister whom she had so long held as her especial charge. Helen was not going away brusquely to happy marriage without a final tender word and gesture for the child who would come home lonely in her absence. She had written Ginger a letter—written it the night before her marriage, when girls may well be excused if their every thought is for themselves and their lovers and their hopes. Helen's were for her youngest sister. It was for that purpose that she denied herself to Horace, and to the girls, shutting herself up for hours behind a locked door, to write to Ginger Ella telling her how much she loved her, how much she had enjoyed the years of caring for her, how much she hoped for her future. Not a flowery letter, no literary work of art, but one that came from Helen's heart.

With this letter, she was going to leave for Ginger a precious thing, the little diamond ring that had been her mother's engagement ring. It had been given to Helen, at her mother's death, had been worn by her in sacred remembrance for sixteen years, but now, with the band of her own betrothal upon her hand, and now to be enforced by the wedding crier, she would pass this treasure on to Ginger. She had intended to leave her farewell message on the dressing table of the room they had occupied together, but now, upon sudden impulse, thinking of Ginger, she knew in a flash of revelation what the girl would do upon her return. She would fly straight up the wobbly ladder to her private sanctuary in the attic, where, alone with her loneliness, she would creep out her heart to exhaustion, and fall asleep.

Helen smiled to herself with quivering lips. “The darling,” she whis-

pered, and then, mischievously, but with determination, she carefully draped her veil about her shoulders, ran down the corridor, set Ginger's ladder under the trapdoor, and climbed round by round, pushing open the trapdoor above her. In the little she drew herself up, crossed the dusty beams, and stood beside Ginger's tidy little table desk. Her sympathetic eyes noted the pads of paper, the well-sharpened pencils, the little old doll's trunk, the pigeon-hole of letters.

“Oh, Ginger, my darling,” she whis- pered, and wept again for leaving her. But she wiped away the tears, laid her letter in its sealed envelope, “My Ginger,” on the table, with the ring in a velvet box beside it.

The bride in stately white and escorted by a fairy-like vision in dainty blue frills, floated along the familiar old path across the velvety lawn. A low murmur of admiration drifted down the walk, and Helen, smiling, lifted a hand to her townsfolk in friendly greeting, Ginger, leaving the bride at the door of the primary room already vacated by the maids in their slow procession, flew around the church and grabbed her father.

Slowly, solemnly, rose the strains of the wedding march. Eddy Jackson, breathing hard, accompanied the groom to the white chalk marks placed



“Oh, Ginger, My Darling,” She Whis- pered, and Wept Again for Leav- ing Her.

for them before the altar. Down the ribboned aisle tripped small white fairies, sprinkling flowers, after them the bridesmaids in pastel, rainbow-tinted gowns, after them, the bride, serene, unruffled, sweet-eyed.

Ginger, cool and slight in her crisp blue, with a firm finger on her father's arm, led him slowly down the aisle and placed him squarely upon the chalk mark, before she went to stand by Helen, serving the double role as maid of honor to her sister, and as her father's escort.

“I do,” murmured Helen sweetly. The familiar voice of her father, resonant and low, unbreaking, continued the service. And presently Helen's hand was in that of Horace. A great lump rose in Ginger's small throat. And in the momentary breath- less silence that followed Helen leaned forward, put both arms around her father's shoulders, and kissed him tenderly.

Helen was married—it was all over. With laughter and kisses, and many gay words, the crowd surged down to the Sunday school room for the buffet luncheon served by the Ruths.

And when the proper moment came, Helen slipped away from the others, and went into the small room beside the pulpit where she changed quickly from her bridal robes to trim black and white, for traveling. And then, just a very little later, there was a cab at the curb, and the guests from within flocked out to mingle fraternally with those equally interested outside.

Horace took Helen's hand in his.

Animals and Reptiles Worshiped by Mankind

It is a fact that cows, on account of their supposedly sacred character, are allowed to roam at will in India, but the animals are venerated or respected rather than actually worshipped. Real worship of cattle, however, has existed at other periods of the world's history. It was common among the ancient Egyptians, who possessed the cult of the bull Apis. When one representative of Apis died, a new bull was sought and specially educated in sacred matters for four months. Celebration of its birthday was held annually, with sacrifices of white oxen, and it was unlawful for women to go near it. Apis was supposed to have oracular powers, and after death, was mummified. Another

and in a shower of flowers and rice, they ran down the walk. With her foot on the running board of the car, she paused. Her eyes swept the small sweet sea of loved and loving faces. She found the bright eyes of Marjory and Miriam, found her father standing a little away by himself. Then she found Ginger, a small, solemn figure, with lips forced to a grim smile. And Helen tossed her great bouquet, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots and tiny rosebuds.

Ginger had not thought of this. Must have been sheer instinct which shot her little young arms high over others to catch the precious trophy Helen smiled at her.

“My Ginger.” Her lips merely formed the words, but Ginger, staring, read the syllables distinctly. The cab rolled away. A shout of laughter, a chorus of prophecies, surrounded Ginger, with the captured bridal bouquet in her hand. But she heard none of it. She was going home. She answered no smiling thrusts, called no responsive greetings, to the merry throng about her. She just set her small face toward the old brown door, and her obedient little feet carried her leadenly toward it.

Up the stairs, heavily, heavily, and down the hall to the bedroom she had shared with Helen. The room looked strange—big and roomy. She marveled at its bigness, for she and Helen had often complained laughingly of its slight dimensions. Suddenly she realized. One of the little twin beds was gone, and the other, her own, was in the center of the space the two had occupied. Ginger's eyes burned suddenly. But she was glad that other bed was gone. She had not realized how it would have been, lying there, and gazing across at that empty pillow where Helen's brown hair, Helen's gentle face, Helen's friendly eyes, had been before.

“She thought of that,” she said aloud. Conscious of the weight of the flowers, she crossed dutifully to the desk by the window. There she found a fat blue vase, filled with fresh water, waiting to receive them.

“She did that. She meant all the time that I should have her flowers.” Carefully, with fingers that seemed unfamiliar and strange to her, she loosened the white ribbons, folded them carefully, and placed the flowers in the blue bowl.

Then she sat down, on the solitary little twin bed, and stared at them, stared all about the room.

“That's what she was doing all morning,” she thought, “fixing this room for me. Putting my things where her things had been, straightening the drawers, and tidying the closet, so everything would be full of me, and wouldn't show so much emptiness of her.”

She got up suddenly, and turned down the hall. The ladder was against the wall. She climbed daintily, pulling herself, a great weight, through the trapdoor, and crossed the beams to the dormer window. From force of habit, she drew the small stool up to the table, and reached for her pad. And then she saw a white envelope.

“My Ginger.” She picked up the letter. It was then she saw the velvet box. She opened it curiously—a small diamond, in an old-fashioned setting—her mother's engagement ring that Helen had worn for sixteen years. Ginger held it in her hand a long time, and stared into the dim recesses of the dusty old room with grave, glad, wondering eyes. This was to her a symbol of Helen's trust.

“If I'm not a whole lot better after this, I'm a whole lot worse than I think I am,” she decided finally. “I know Helen expects me to keep a motherly eye on father and the twins, and I shall not disappoint her. Oh, how pleased she'll be when she hears about my home for the blind.”

There was a certain confidence in her manner as she slipped the small gold band upon her finger. After all, already, she had taken the family affairs in charge. The first links of her chain were firmly forged.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Beauty in Tolerance

The only hope of preserving that which is best lies in the practice of an immense charity, a wide tolerance and a sincere respect for opinions not ours. —P. G. Hamerton.

Coat Dress, Scarf Popular in Paris

Checked Velvet Frock Has Black and White Cuffs, Peter Pan Collar.

For fall street wear the Parisian is inclined to favor the new version of the coat dress. And with it she favors a narrow plain chiffon scarf twisted twice about the throat and tied on the side, rather than a fur neckpiece, says a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York World. A typical coat dress is made of the new French tweed, woven in maroon and pinky beige with tiny white flecks. This is fastened at the left side with eight brown bone buttons, four above and four below the waistline. Pale pink crepe makes the tailored blouse and tie.

One of the well-liked creations sponsored by the French capital is a black and white checked velvet frock featuring a high waistline and a snug neckline. It has black and white cuffs and a Peter Pan collar of the same design.

Kodier has a startling collection of sports scarfs in many colors, generally in irregular stripes on beige or neutral ground. These are generally quite two yards long, not very wide, to be worn twisted twice about the throat with ends passed under the belt. An ultra chic arrangement has the two ends attached to a half-diamond of a solid color. The V is arranged in front like a flat yoke, the ends passing about the neck and falling in front. One end may be passed through a slit in the coat.

Among afternoon and evening frocks there are many skirts cut en forme with pointed panels of a second mate-



Black and White Cuffs Add Dainty Touch to Checked Velvet Frock.

rial, such as taffeta, on the new net in matching color inserted. This suggests a lining of the skirt folds.

Frocks in woollens often show no circular suggestion beyond molding the figure curves to the knees. At this point there may be a few wide, released box plaits showing a lining of a second material, or the skirt finish may be a set-on side-plaited flounce with straight top and edge.

On the whole, women are accepting the drastic changes in fashions and their greater complexity with good grace. All skirts are decidedly longer, even morning gowns and suits reaching or covering the calf.

To preserve a slender outline, the long tight sleeve is favored, especially for dinner and evening frocks of lace or chiffon. For daytime, interest is centered on attached cuffs.

Gloves are most important—white pull-ons for afternoon and gray and beige for morning. And what is more significant, women are wearing gloves indoors if they are wearing a hat. It is assumed that the coming winter will see evening gloves the rule.

Fur-Trimmed Glove Is to Be Smart for Winter

The smart gloves for winter are to be gauntlet or pull-on type with fur trim.

Some of the leading authorities on tailor-made and sports costumes show kid and undressed leather gloves with fur-trimmed cuffs for wear with coats, suits and dresses.

For afternoon wear with black coats a leading designer shows black suede gloves with ermine-trimmed tops. The combination of black and ermine may even creep into evening styles, some people think.

One of the new furless gloves is of glace kid with perforations instead of stitching on the back. It is meant for dress wear.

Bottle-Green

This is a color that promises to have an exceptional vogue during the season. It is that deep rich shade which is so becoming and which has unquestionable distinction.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

“If I had time I would do so and so” is a remark that shows there is a gap between the power and ambition of the speaker and his or her actual achievement.

Modern psychologists declare that children need to live long in a child's world of their own making, that only by prolonging the period of immaturity can sound growth be insured. Children keep each other from stiffening too soon into the stuffiness of the adult world.

Buy boys' suits with two pairs of knickers and alternate their use so that they wear evenly. When they reach the stage where both pairs of knickers are worn through at the knee, take the backs of one pair to make new fronts for the other, piecing them about four inches below the crotch. The backs are enough wider to allow for matching stripes. If the seat is thin, reinforce it while the side seams are open, stitching the patch across both ways several times with matching thread. When finished, send them out to be cleaned and pressed, and for fifty cents you will have one good pair of knickers with which to finish out the coat.

Whatever else parents do, let them hold fast to imagination. If they have ever believed in fairies, let them not shut the fairy people out now. Let them not make growing up like traveling along a level road where everything must eventually disappear behind the horizon, but let them make it like the ascent of a steep hill, where the view constantly widens as one goes higher and nothing once seen is ever again shut out. Then they will never say to their children, “You're too young to understand,” and what is quite as important, their children will never need to say to them, “They're too old to understand.” What is even more important, they will never reach Wendy's deadly dull stage of being completely grown up because they will realize that if we have wings we can never reach the place where we cannot go higher.

Show Costume for Paris-London Theater Flights

A special air travel costume designed by Worth was shown for the first time at the recent inauguration flight of the “Piccadilly Theater Air Service” which provides a plane from Paris for theater parties in London. The plane leaves Paris at three o'clock in the afternoon and reaches London at seven, in time for dinner and the theater. It brings passengers back in time for engagements in Paris the next day.

The costume consists of a three-quarter length straight tweed coat having a high turnover collar attached to short scarf ends which can be tied tightly about the throat if desired. Large patch pockets and a suede and tweed flower decorate the coat. The frock is in the same tweed with a tight-fitting bodice molding the figure to below the hips. A turnover V-shaped crepe de chine collar opens over a gilet of ecrú lace.

With the costume is worn a close-fitting beret type of hat of the same tweed with a smart little bow in front.

Wrap-Around Fur Collar for Cool Weather Wear



One of the fashions that always will appeal to women when the snappy days are to be considered, is the wrap-around collar. It not only affords comfort, but adds chic to the fall street costume.

Evening Wraps

There's a preference for short-length types of evening wraps in the new mode. Some coats, though, are long, pointed and flared. Some are flared just below the hips. Varying lengths are seen in capes.

ONLY A DOCTOR KNOWS WHAT A LAXATIVE SHOULD BE



Danger lies in careless selection of laxatives! By taking the first thing that comes to mind when had breath, headaches, dizziness, nausea, biliousness, gas on stomach and bowels, lack of appetite or energy warns of constipation, you risk forming the laxative habit.

Depend on a doctor's judgment in choosing your laxative. Here's one made from the prescription of a specialist in bowel and stomach disorders. Its originator tried it in thousands of cases; found it safe for women, children and old folks; thoroughly effective for the most robust man. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is the world's most popular laxative. It is composed of fresh herbs and other pure ingredients. You can get it, in generous bottles and ready for use, at any drugstore.

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh A Healing Antiseptic

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.

The Boss

Judge Olvany, the political leader, at a farewell luncheon—he was about to sail for Europe—was talking about political bosses.

“I suppose,” he said, “that politics must have bosses, the same as armies must have generals. The trouble is that most bosses are like Boss Blank.”

“But, Blank,” a citizen, protested, “will your conscience permit you to do this heinous thing?”

“Look-a-here,” rumbled Blank, “I'm accustomed to be boss, even of my conscience.”

Can't Feel Awfully Good

Mrs. Prim—I think a woman looks good even when she is approaching middle age, don't you, John?

Mr. Prim—Well—er—yes, looks good, but she can't feel so awfully good.—New Bedford Standard.

A reliable function of flowers indoors is to brighten up a rainy day.

Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Exterminator 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 Consular process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 200 rats at a State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

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

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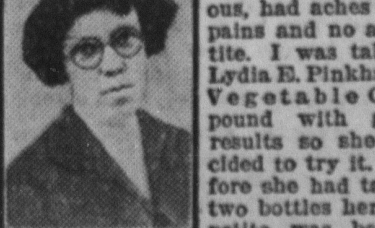
Wells Cool Oregon Theater

Nature's own cooling system has been harnessed by a Portland (Ore.) theater which drilled artesian wells tapping subterranean lakes 150 feet beneath the surface, to obtain a supply of water which is consistently 52 degrees, says Popular Science Monthly. This naturally cooled water supply is pumped to three tanks of sprays.

FIND “FRIEND IN NEED”

Mother and Daughter Praise Vegetable Compound

Johnson City, N. Y.—“My daughter was only 20 years old, but for two years she worked in misery. She was all run-down, nervous, had aches and pains and no appetite. I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results so she decided to try it. Before she had taken two bottles her appetite was better, she was more cheerful and was able to work. I cannot praise your medicine too highly. It is wonderful for mothers and for daughters. It's surely a friend in need.”—Mrs. L. E. HALL, 223 Floral Avenue, Johnson City, N. Y.



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