

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. 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. She gets results at once. Helen is married and leaves the parsonage.

CHAPTER V

When Miriam went to Chicago with her father, Miss Jenkins moved across to the parsonage to remain with the two girls. Miss Jenkins was glad to do this. The girls felt it was for that she had followed them about through a series of three charges, that now and then, in emergencies, she could step largely into the household and assist in its management.

Still came discouraging reports from the city. Mr. Tolliver was "run down," on a high nervous tension, mentally strained. Orders were more peremptory than ever. The doctors could not offer any possible hope for the ultimate recovery of his sight unless he followed their regime, which called for absolute rest, an abundance of fresh air, good wholesome food, and complete mental freedom. The girls at home, in conference with Miss Jenkins, considered this bitterly.

"How can a man rest when he has to support a family, and keep peace in a whole church?" wondered Marjory.

"Of course, later on, I shall be able to take care of him," said Ginger, "but he seems to need taking care of now."

The girls were so well used to Ginger's largeness of expectations that her remark called forth no discussion of ways and means. Besides, they were far too depressed for argument. A growing terror preyed upon their thoughts—permanent blindness—a horror which they tried to kill by ignoring.

When Eddy Jackson called on the telephone, it was a welcome diversion.

"I thought perhaps you would like to go alone with me in the car," he offered, "and tell me all your secrets, and ask my advice about investing this fortune of yours."

Eddy Jackson had been her only confidant concerning her hoped-for fortune.

Ginger promptly accepted the invitation, delicately passing over the hint as to her confidence.

"Now you are not invited, Marjory," she said firmly, when Marjory offered to join them. "I want to talk business with Eddy Jackson, and you know what chance I have to talk business when you and your complexion are around."

Fearful that she sight of the car would drive her sister to more open desire, she was waiting at the curb when Eddy drove up. And in a moment they were rolling off to the country.

"You see, it is a long time since you bought those bonds," he said, "and I thought you might need help in clipping the coupons."

"If you are trying to be funny," she said, "I don't mind telling you that my business—is off to a very good start. Unfortunately, the first returns are not large ones. And right now is when I want it most." She sighed a little.

"What's the matter? Bad news from your father? What do the doctors say?"

"Just what they have been saying for five months. He is worn out, nervous and weak. His eyes can't get well until the rest of him is stronger. A nervous shock may make him blind—forever. Oh, Eddy, I'm going to give him everything he needs—time to play, the best things in the world to eat, and fresh air, and mountains, and seashores—everything, after while. But he needs it now!"

"How soon do you expect to be able to do these things?"

Ginger figured, painfully, counting on her fingers, her lips moving. "Well—I'm afraid—I couldn't do very much—not so very much—for maybe six months. Maybe longer. I don't exactly know. And he may be entirely blind by then."

"They drove for a while in silence. Ginger, your inspiration is catching. I have a good idea myself. A quiet atmosphere, fresh air, good country food, pure milk. Well, what's the matter with Pay Dirt?"

Ginger did not understand.

"Why, send him out to Pay Dirt for a rest. He won't have any salt air, but he'll have complete quiet and a rest. He won't have any mountain breezes, but he'll have unsullied Iowa. He won't have any French menus but plenty of fresh eggs and good milk, and chicken three times a day if he wants it. And it won't cost him a cent. You can come along, to read to him, and walk with him, and

sort of jolly him along. You can have the right wing—two little bedrooms, and a bath. He shall rest until he is sick of resting. He sha'n't marry, bury, or preach. He shall just lie around in the sun, and lounge in the hammock, and eat and sleep—and you can make him laugh."

"But Eddy—the church!"

"Oh, hang the church. Give 'em a vacation—do 'em good. The best way to make some people appreciate their religion is to take it away from 'em for a while. But anyhow, if we can't go to such extremes, and I dare say your father would object, we can get a student preacher to fill in for a month or six weeks. Best thing all



And in a Moment They Were Rolling Off to the Country.

the way round. I'm a member myself, and I'll go to old Jop this very day, and get things started. We'd better have it all fixed before your father comes back, for he just might have an objection or so. Now you be ready to come out with him—"

"Miriam will have to go with father. Remember—I have my own personal business to look after at home."

"Oh, is that the way of it? Well, Miriam then—anybody. And the rest of you must come out and visit very often to keep him from getting lonesome. I wonder we didn't think of this before. Why, it is just the thing all the way around. It will tickle mother to have some one around for her to make a fuss over, and your father—"

"You see, Ginger, when he is at home, he can't rest. He lives every minute five times over, once for himself, and once for each of you girls. Oh, there are only three of you now. But there's the Jenky. And when you want things he can't afford, it simply makes him sick. And when the bills come in, and he hasn't the money! Rest? How could any man rest! Get him away from it, that's the ticket."

"Oh, Eddy!" Ginger was spellbound at the depth of his understanding. "Isn't it too bad you haven't got a family of your own? Why you'd be perfectly wonderful with children—just like father."

So Eddy, with some reluctance, turned the car back from the pleasant lanes, and went into consultation with Marjory and Miss Jenkins.

"I asked Ginger to come out with her father," he said frankly, "for she looks pale and tired, and I thought the change might do her good. But she says Miriam. Ginger has affairs of her own which require her continued presence in the city—at least, she says so, though she did not take me into her confidence. At any rate, I shall make arrangements for Miriam and your father at Pay Dirt."

"And Ginger—and the rest of us—will come and visit," promised Marjory, with a sly smile for the young man. But she added, with great seriousness, "Eddy, I think you are a dear good boy. You are so sympathetic and so generous it simply isn't fair, it leads us to expect too much of human nature."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Poisoned Food Vainly Set Out to Kill Rats

Recently a well-known school teacher in a Lewis (Hebrides) public school told the following rat story: "Last spring a family of rats invaded his barn. To get rid of the undesirable visitors, he got a supply of a rat poison and spread it one night on the floor of the outhouse, thereafter locking the door to prevent any of his domestic animals entering and eating the food. Next morning, he found, to his amazement, the untouched food, covered over with a layer of chaff which was lying in a heap near at hand. He asked his wife if she had been to the barn, but she answered in the negative. However, on the following night he first removed the heap of chaff and put down the poisoned food as before. On the following morning he was further mystified to find the food

"And it will be the best thing in the world for father," interpolated Ginger proudly. "And something we can well afford—since it doesn't cost anything."

"Eddy, believe me," added Miss Jenkins almost tearfully, "you shall have your reward for the good you are doing."

"Well," he said facetiously, "I hope the reward happens to be the thing I want. The worst thing about rewards is that they are usually just what you want least."

"What do you want especially?" demanded Ginger, her thoughts flying to the future affluence attendant upon her home for the blind.

"Something that I dare say will disagree with me if I ever get it," he replied, laughing. "But I want it."

"Don't eat anything that will give you indigestion," she continued. "I had it after the strawberry festival. It's terrible."

Quietly then they made their plans for their father's return. Eddy promised to go that same day to Joplin Westbury, treasurer of the official board of the Methodist Episcopal church at Red Thrush, trustee, steward, and vice chairman, to ask for a month's vacation for Mr. Tolliver, to take effect the following Saturday. This would allow a full month after his return for winding up affairs in the old church before the formal dedication of the new.

When Eddy broached the subject to Joplin Westbury, that influential man acquiesced with an alacrity which rather disconcerted than pleased him. He was prepared for arguments, expostulations, complaints about expenses. Instead of this Joplin Westbury listened gravely, with his shrewd eyes reflectively narrowed, nodding his head in tacit agreement. Indeed, there was something very much akin to relief in his manner.

Only one minor detail he wished altered. Mr. Tolliver needed more than a mere four weeks of rest, he must have eight weeks—his vacation must continue until the formal dedication of the church.

"We've got things well in hand, now, and what's left can wait until we've moved over. If a little rest will do him good, a big rest will do more. And that will bring us up nearly to the fall conference, and if he is well, why, good. And if not—why, there's no harm done."

A somewhat cryptic remark, but when Eddy Jackson asked for explanation, Joplin Westbury was non-committal.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. But it's good to be prepared for any possible emergencies—both in the church—and out."

Joplin Westbury was as good as his word. He had the district superintendent on the long-distance telephone by nine o'clock the next morning, and upon statement of their needs, was gratified by a piece of rare good fortune. The superintendent had at his disposal a brilliant young minister, a graduate of Drew Theological seminary, who had just returned from a year's special study in England, and was even now awaiting the convening of the conference for his assignment. The practice in active ministry would be a very fine thing for him, and he could be secured at a nominal figure.

In the meantime, Mrs. Westbury had telephoned the members of the board, announcing a special meeting to be held that evening, which was a mere matter of routine to legalize the arrangement, for Joplin Westbury had already sent a telegram to Hiram Buckworth, stating the details of his proposition, and had received an acceptance that very afternoon. Hiram Buckworth promised to arrive in Red Thrush on the afternoon train, on Saturday, ready to officiate on the Sabbath, and requested them to arrange for his room and board in Red Thrush, with the parsonage family, if possible.

Joplin Westbury considered this a particularly lucky stroke, and reported his success to Eddy Jackson with great gusto. Eddy hastened to announce his progress to the girls at the parsonage.

"You see, by boarding this Buckworth chap, you can pay all of your expenses in the parsonage. Mr. Tolliver and Miriam are company at Pay Dirt, so that you can save the whole two months' salary to pay for his treatments in Chicago."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

That old phrase, "window shopping," has become rather time-worn. Indeed, it never had much correctness to boast about. For, in the first place, no shopping is being done; and, in the second place, no onlooker is thinking of windows as such, but of what he or she likes and dislikes, with visions of himself or herself, as the case may be, all appared in the garb displayed.



Grace J. Austin.

So if the world has been unusually gray and without entertaining qualities, Dame Fashion can certainly recommend a "bath in elegance." Now, isn't that a more taking idea than "window shopping"?

What are we likely to be impressed by this year in our "bath of elegance"? Beautiful materials, for one thing. Wool weaves, jersey goods of wool or silk and wool—some in the most exquisite colors that the dye makers ever created—moire silks, taffetas and velvets as soft as a baby's cheek. Fur probably would not class as a material, but few things are more satisfactory to be gazed upon, just to elevate the spirit. There are no great masterpieces of paintings on the ready view of most of us, as originals, but men are making a life work of so hanging folds of silk and velvet, and so placing rich costumes in windows that they give those who gaze a genuine art thrill.

It is good fun and art training as well to look with more and more discrimination at these displays. Has everyone noted the gowns with fullness starting lower than beforetime, and often placed in what are called "sculptural plaits" (there's art for you!) so that they will not alter the silhouette line? How about these most artistic draped necklines, and the use of moire for daytime frocks as well as evening gowns?

Study of color is especially wonderful this year. Dame Fashion finds that this popular rich brown which chords so well with laughing eyes and dimples is called "campus brown" in Los Angeles, Calif., while New York is quite contented to call the same shade "chocolate brown." Dame Fashion, just because she has heard that the famous "buckeye" that gave a name to the state of Ohio is lucky, commends "chestnut brown" for this perfect color's name.

Dame Fashion and an entertaining view of late at a trousseau from the sunny and ultra-fashionable South. The bridal gown of white velvet and tulle veil of many yards had many more little close buds of orange blossoms used than most northern brides expect. The small clusters bordered the V-shaped neckline and appeared at the wrists of the wrinkly long sleeves. A pretty evening wrap was fashioned from egg-shell colored satin, with such wide cuffs of brown fox fur that they looked like a muff for either hand. One of the most taking garments was a wrap-around coat in leaf green, with a long, rich collar of fox fur. Oh, you little foxes, who even have the honor to have been mentioned in the Bible—what would the women of the world have done without you this winter? (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Fitted Waistline and Circular Skirt Mode



One of the new coat models showing the fitted waistline and the circular skirt with luxurious fur trimmings outlining the collar and cuffs.

Variety of Gloves That Add Distinctive Touch

Now the hand covering seems likely to determine the chic of the entire costume. Everyone is wearing them. The glove is likely to add that distinctive touch which the bracelet has depended on to furnish up until now. This does not mean bracelets are going out. One of the smartest ways to wear a long or formal evening glove is wrinkled down to show the bracelets on the forearm.

Blouse-Sweater-Skirt Outfit in Black, Gray



Here is an interesting model original with Premet. It is a blouse-sweater-skirt outfit in black and gray, the border on the edge of the blouse and on the sleeves being a combination of black and gray. The designing on the sweater is in red, green and gray. The plaited skirt is in solid gray. It is designed for sports wear.

Texture Is Important in Winter Fur Coats

The attainment of smartness need not be a problem for any type of figure if careful consideration goes into the selection of each new frock or coat, says a writer in the Detroit News. The necessary bulk of winter coats perhaps make them a little more difficult of selection for the woman whose figure has attained more mature lines—she must avoid too heavy textures and too much fur elaboration. However a few pointers, if followed carefully, will greatly aid in the elimination of such difficulties.

In a season when tweeds are supreme, it will seem like a hard council to advise avoiding them as much as possible. Yet it is true that even featherweight tweeds prove difficult to wear. Tweeds with a large design or shaggy surface add bulk and heaviness to the figure. Combined with the shaggy furs of the moment they tend to shorten and widen the silhouette. However, some of the lightweight tweeds in soft textures or, better still, woollens with an indistinct patterning, are much more flattering. Flat furs, if any, should be used.

In the dress coat, heavy pile fabrics should be definitely taboo. Such fabrics, especially those with an erect pile add almost imperceptibly to the width of the figure, whereas a close nap such as the suede finished fabrics possess, should be the choice. Large collars and cuffs of fur or elaborate border treatments should likewise be avoided. Wherever fur is used, it should be made to give a lengthening rather than a widening effect.

Undoubtedly the fur coat is one of the most difficult to choose—a mere line or detail can so completely mar its chic for the larger figure. As in cloth coats, the texture should be soft and clinging rather than heavy and bulky. For this reason, all long haired furs or those with short stubby nap must be eliminated, also those which have a shiny surface. Soft, close fur manipulated on long graceful lines are the right choice. Flat caracul, broadtail and sheared furs are suggested. Furs that employ stripes should never be worn. Flaring lines and voluminous trimming here as in the cloth coats, are definitely "out."

Wooden Belts Also on Autumn's Fashion List

Belts have an unusual importance this season, since even the much-talked-of princess gowns frequently have them—an unprecedented proceeding in fashion history. Sometimes these belts are stitched bands of the gown fabric, but as often as not they are an added outlet for the originality of the designer.

Wooden sports belts are the natural outgrowth of the wooden sports necklaces. They, too are of beads if a concave disk of natural wood the size of a 25-cent piece can be classed as a bead merely because it is pierced to permit of its being strung.

Braided belts of white leather are found frequently on the sports frocks of tweed.

Lace and Net Combined in Latest Corsette

One-piece garments come in various materials and combinations of materials. Most women, according to corsetmakers, prefer a light material in the upper part but do not object to the heavy satins, brocades, twills or cloths in the lower. Nevertheless, many of the new garments are made entirely of lace, net or voile. Some are made without bones and some have boning just in the back panel, but most of the new winter models have boning in both front panels and back. In the special size boning is also used in the side fronts

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