

GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright, by Bobbs Merrill Co. WNU Service

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 seriously affected Mr. Tolliver's eyes. Marjory wins the beauty prize, \$5000. She gives the money to her father to consult Chicago specialists. 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. Mr. Tolliver goes to Eddy Jackson's farm for a rest.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—10—

"I wish Helen were here," said Marjory. "Why, I will have to sort of—be the head of the house myself—and I am not used to having ministers around—except father. But you are quite right. We must do what we can, and we shall take Mr. Buckworth gladly. What can we charge him?"

"We are to pay him fifteen dollars a week. I think 'en of that could go for his room, and board."

"That would leave him but five dollars a week for laundry, and collections, and—"

"We can do his laundry with ours," interrupted Ginger. "And I dare say he doesn't tithes as father does—it isn't as fashionable as it used to be. And we can't run the house on less than ten a week."

"Well, ten a week then. And if he objects, we'll come down to eight. He can have father's room, with the books— Miss Jenkins, you'll have to tell him about the money, and the laundry, and everything. I simply couldn't do it."

me, I think there's something rotten in Red Thrush.

After all, Miss Jenkins was merely a temporary companion in the parsonage. It was Marjory, the pretty twin who, since the marriage of Helen, and in the absence of Miriam, must reign as hostess. It was a pleasant experience for Marjory, and she took it seriously, superintending the entire arrangement of her father's room for the young minister, and merely permitting Miss Jenkins to dust and sweep, and Ginger to wash the windows.

All during the Saturday morning, as their hands were busy with their pleasant toil, they chatted eagerly of this strange and unexpected break in the even tenor of their lives.

"Too bad Helen had to miss it," said Ginger.

"I shall be very dignified. I dare say he will think I am twenty-one."

"Well, remember he's a preacher, and don't waste your good powder on him."

"Mr. Westbury says he is a very brilliant student, very."

"Such a dumb name, Hiram," complained Ginger. "Wouldn't you just know his parents were Methodists?"

By one o'clock they were dressed for their arrival. Miss Jenkins, thoroughly rehearsed in her part, seated herself sedately in the living room with the Central Christian Advocate. Marjory repaired to her father's room to give a last deft touch to table, to curtains, to the fall of



There Was a Sudden Crash From Below, a Splintering, a Thud.

the lace bedspread. Ginger, after meeting the postman half way down the flagstone path, started to the attic with her mail, six letters, each with a small hard roundness in one corner.

Six dimes were added to her hoard in the doll's trunk. Ginger shook the trunk affectionately. Two dollars and eighty cents now. Not so very much, yet, but still, considering the original outlay of three postage stamps, it was doing very well. And certainly, business was growing. Never a day passed now without at least one well come letter for E. Tolliver, one dime for the home. But for all her immersion in her growing fund, Ginger did not overlook the immediate interest of the arrival of Hiram Buckworth. While she would scorn to betray an undue curiosity about any male creature, she did feel that a pre-knowledge of his general appearance would assist her greatly in forming an estimate of his character.

Finding that she could not command a view of the street from the high dormer window of the attic, not even by standing on the backless chair, she turned the key upon her accumulation of dimes, and went down stairs! In her father's room, the only one opening upon the street, she found Marjory, ostensibly draping the curtains to more becoming lines, but with a long-lashed eye upon the approach.

"I dare say he looks like most immature ministers," remarked Ginger coldly. "And judging by the Hiram, he will have baggy trousers and a wilted mustache."

She descended the circular staircase with great dignity. Miss Jenkins had abandoned the Advocate and crouched behind the portieres turning an anxious gaze to the corner a block away, where the newcomer must first appear.

"I hope he sees you," said Ginger bitterly. "It will give him such a good impression of our disinterestedness."

Highest Sense of Duty in "Doing Unto Others"

Men talk much of duty, but chiefly spend the most of their lives in efforts to evade its full obligations as ideally expressed through the ages.

Tennyson says: "Sweet it is to have done the thing one ought."

To appreciate and realize this sweetness is the reward of duty. Sometimes it is hard to do the thing we ought to do, but conscious satisfaction invariably soothes the soul that has been true to itself.

Duty is protean in aspect, but there is never a possibility that one will fail to recognize it in any expression, in any manifestation. There can be no mistake. It speaks a various language, but we inevitably understand. The thing we ought to do makes for

"I—just wondered if he was coming," said Miss Jenkins, fluttering back to the Advocate. "Now, I am just to say who I am—and who you and Marjory are—when you come down, I mean—and tell him ten dollars a week—before you come down, I mean, and if he argues, I am to yield with dignity. And then I take him upstairs—after you girls come down, I mean—and say dinner will be served at six o'clock."

Obviously, the windows of the living room were closed to scornful Ginger Ella. One vantage spot was left to her, the basement, and she repaired thither. As the narrow window in front was too high for her, she rolled an empty apple barrel to the proper position, stood it upright, and laid an old ironing board across it. Then she climbed up, with great care for her best summer frock, and was rewarded with a clear view of the entire street.

At exactly two-fifteen, Hiram Buckworth briskly rounded the corner, and made for the old brown parsonage, unaware that from various well-shadowed recesses, three pairs of steady bright eyes bore silent witness to his approach. Hiram Buckworth saw only a pleasantly sun-burned shingle-brown old house set in a well-trimmed lawn canopied with broad-branched maples, saw an inviting pathway of old flagstones, bordered with pansies. The eyes behind the curtained windows saw a tall young man, who walked vigorously, with a vigorous swing to his arms, a vigorous swing to his legs, noticed particularly how the sunshine cast bronze into his dark hair, for, most unministerially, he carried his hat in one hand.

"What a nice, clean, Christian boy he looks," approved Miss Jenkins in great relief.

"Why, how very young," wondered Marjory.

"He doesn't look any Hiram to me," was Ginger's private comment.

But Hiram Buckworth, unaware of these secret impressions, marched briskly up the flagstone path, set down his bag, and rang the bell. A decent interval was permitted to elapse—Ginger, holding her breath on the apple barrel counted the approved twenty—and at the very number, Miss Jenkins went to the door, a flushed and flushed Miss Jenkins, unused to doing the honors of a house.

"I am Hiram Buckworth," he said pleasantly, brown hand outstretched.

"Are you indeed?" stammered Miss Jenkins. "I am Miss Jenkins—I will introduce the girls when they come down. I was just to let you in— Oh, goodness me, what's that?"

There was a sudden crash from below, a splintering, a thud, and over all, a sharp expletive which in any other than a ministerial home would have been considered distinctly profane. For Ginger, agitated at the stumbling confusion of the embarrassed Miss Jenkins, of which she heard every word, in impulsive eagerness to rush to the rescue of the parsonage reputation, had stepped too far on the end of the ironing board, so that it flew up suddenly and dropped her into the barrel which overturned on top of her. The silence that followed the first crash was an immense one.

"Nothing," chattered Miss Jenkins volubly, "nothing at all, you see. Just a noise—lots of noise here—house full of them—rats, I suppose—rats in the wall. Come right upstairs. I'll show you my room."

Marjory, holding her breath at the window upstairs, heard these horrible words. What was the woman thinking of? Her instructions had been positive, oft-repeated, to take him to the living room, break the news of ten dollars a week, and hold him in conversation until the appearance of the two girls for formal introduction! Up the stairs—and Marjory spying upon him from the window! She ran toward the door, but already they were at the curve of the circular staircase. She threw a wild glance about the room—no possible escape—the closet, the bath with its single entrance! She, Marjory, presiding hostess of the house to be caught in this humiliating predicament? Not to be thought of!

As quick as thought, she dropped to the floor and crawled beneath the bed, where the fringe of the lace spread sufficed to curtain her retreat.

"It's a nice room," rambled Miss Jenkins nervously. "It's Mr. Tolliver's own room. I hope you like religious books. Mr. Tolliver never reads anything else—not that he reads anything now, poor dear, what with his eyes—I suppose you've heard about that?"

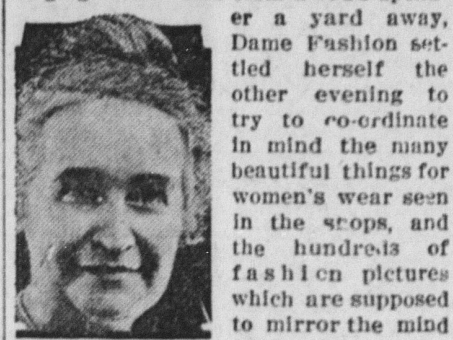
"Yes, such a misfortune."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

With a big Sousa-directed march ringing in her ears from a loud speaker a yard away,



Dame Fashion settled herself to the other evening to try to re-coordinate in mind the many beautiful things for women's wear seen in the scraps, and the hundreds of fashion pictures which are supposed to mirror the mind of Paris.

One thing is sure, that so far as the world of pictures is concerned, all of the talk of a few months ago that "curves were in" and "reducing days were over" seems to have come to naught. For the Paris and American designs are ready and slender to a degree, with trimming placed low on the skirt.

But in practice there are simply beautiful dresses for every woman. Individuality—this great cry of the present, works out well for the plump, the middle-aged and those who still cling to a modicum of simplicity. And yet it is well to keep Pope's couplet in mind,

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Some have accused fashion writers of spending most of their stress on the gowns and accessories only fitted for the evening dance or the dinner of ceremony. Since these in every age have been the most strikingly beautiful of all dresses, it is only natural that they are shown and described with special delight. But there is a vigor and "go" to the street and sports frocks this year, caused by the present plaits, belts, tuckings, special cuffs and collars which give these dresses a rare beauty that is unusually satisfactory and appealing. If quiet in color, they can be brightened with a touch of costume jewelry (not too much, for the world of fashion is said to be slowing down a bit in the use of what some have called "lumps of glass") and contrasts in shoes, bags and gloves. Mistress Hat still holds her post as queen of the costume.

Dame Fashion has never thought she had the type of face suited for earrings, but some of the new ones are lovely enough almost to make one decide to wear them even if not becoming. (Though that is heresy.) It seemed a striking conquest for the earrings when one of the recent portraits of Helen Wills, the tennis champion, always such a devotee of sporty simplicity, showed her wearing flat button earrings of pearl.

As proof of what was said at first, that slimpness is still needed for some of the fashions of the year, Dame Fashion has to chronicle that she has at last seen her first fur ensemble dress—a soft skirt as well as long coat. It was soft and flat fur—but ah, how greatly most of us in that garb would resemble the ladies of the Eskimos! (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

New Raincoats Protect as Well as Add Charm

Winter wet weather wear will protect as well as beautify every lovely woman.

Crepe de chine is the most important of raincoat materials and plaids, now bi-colored and in small designs, are holding their own.

Many of them are unlined, for it is almost always necessary to wear a heavy garment beneath, and by eliminating the wool lining, the slender line is preserved.

A delightful coat in dark blue crepe de chine has plaid trimming on the pockets and scarf-cape. Another in green and beige has godet and smartly plaid belt just as on any other costume.

An almond-green cape is lined with beige and has zig-zag diagonal incrustations.

Felt and Feathers Are Paris Millinery Modes



Three smart Paris chapeaux for autumn and winter, that show the trend toward felt and feathers. Top, a beige felt helmet. Center, a black felt. Bottom, an all-feather model.

Tweed and Velvet Lapin Make Chic Combination



The combination of tweed and velvet lapin fur is important in this season's suit mode. This suit combines these materials in the charming silhouette of three-quarter length coat and flared skirt with the forward movement.

Matching Silk Is Used to Line New Handbags

Perhaps you should never look a gift horse in the mouth—and yet if you present your sister or your aunt, your mother or your daughter with one of the new bags, the chances are that after she has given one appraisal glance at the outside she will look inside to examine the lining, the mirror, the coin purse and the various pockets and flaps.

Almost all of the new bags, writes a fashion correspondent in the Washington Star, are lined with machine silk, and the flaps and pockets are often finished with a narrow binding of leather. Even flat bags of the envelope sort are made with sufficient breadth within so that they will not bulge even when carrying the usual collection of small accessories.

Handbags are among the most interesting details of autumn dress. The most noticeable thing about them is that they are simple, serviceable, practical and very smart.

There are, of course, bags of beads and velvet, chiffon and embroidery for evening and elaborate afternoon. But for daytime wear there are all sorts of leather bags, a color and kind to match every suit and frock and coat in anybody's wardrobe.

The best thing about these smart bags is that one may use them with several frocks. They are made of good leather, in lovely but substantial shades of every color, browns from lightest to darkest, through all ranges of tan and beige, buff and ecru; greens and blues and maroons, or any color to go with any fabric.

There are pouch bags of leather, with metal frames or leather-covered frames or composition frames. There are envelope bags with openings in rather unexpected places, little flaps that look over at the bottom to secure the opening of zig-zagged side flaps or three or four flaps all following the same unusual outline of angles or curves.

There are capacious pockets in the handbags of the day, for even the slim, flat envelopes are so made that they have an unexpected holding capacity.

Clasps and fastenings are interesting in the new handbags. They are made of composition in all colors and of metal. Buttons, leather covered or of composition, are used to hold some of the bags shut.

Dainty New Jewelry Is Made of Marcasite

A new use of a new medium, marcasite set with real stones, is seen in an outstanding bit of jewelry, wrought in as quaintly old-fashioned a design and spirit as though it had come straight from the naive age of samplers, lace pantalettes and paper-dolled nosegays. The background is covered solidly with tiny flat margarites, each flower as stiff and fitted neatly against the next as though some painstaking child had placed them so.

The petals are made of marcasite, and the prim centers are of halved round stones and size of shot, coral in one case and topaz in another. The design serves as the decoration for a ring in a marquise shape, an inch long; for a daisy chain necklace and for an earring.

Prystal, a new composition material used for modernistic jewelry in inexpensive forms, resembles crystal, but has the advantage of being molded rather than ground.

Its chief charm comes from an odd faulting which gives a clouded effect through it like flowers seen in a clear pool. It is brought out in natural and amber shades, which show off the clouding to best advantage.

FEEL GOOD?

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine your health and make life miserable. Tonight try **DR. RAY'S REMEDY**—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how DR. will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, laggard, restless feeling.

Kind, safe, purely vegetable—at drugists, only 25c
FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

DR. TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

STOP SUFFERING PAINS FROM RHEUMATISM, headache, backache, colds, sprains, African Snake Oil gives immediate relief; order at once, 21 Postpaid, African Snake Oil Co., B. Epstein, 264 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.

Stop That Itching! Heal that sore, Ringworm, tetter and eczema vanish when Barova Skin Ointment is applied. Large box, 50c by mail, Humphries & Webber, Rossmore, Va.

AGENTS WANTED
Unusual opportunity for man or woman to establish a permanent business on part or full time basis.
We will give exclusive territory to one who can prove ability to represent us successfully in the sale of the most economical all purpose cleanser.
Can be used for everything from the dirtiest pot or pan to the finest silverware, for porcelain or woodwork. Write for money making plan and free sample.
SILVER SUDS MFG. CO.
829 No. 19th St., Phila., Pa. Est. 1896.

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

A Healing Antiseptic
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not used.

Certified Public Accountant solicits inquiries from parties interested in sale successful going business concerns, CHARLES F. MASCY, Grand Central Terminal, New York.

AGENTS, Scientific remedy quickly heals Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter, Itching Feet, etc. FREE SAMPLE or send \$1 for 2 1/2c Jar. KUREX CO., PENNSYLVANIA.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

ALWAYS KEEPS IT ON HAND

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Her So Much

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"I was just completely run-down. I had tired, heavy, sluggish feelings and I could not eat. I was losing in weight. I read so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what a good medicine it is, that I started taking it. I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and about the same in tablet form. This is one medicine a woman should have in the house all the time. I am improving every day and I sure am able to eat. I am willing to answer any letters I get asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. ELLA RICHARDS, 21 Chautauque St. N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Other Times, Other Manners

They were looking through an old book of snapshots, the mother and her two little girls, and they stepped at a picture of the mother, taken at the age of sixteen, in all the glory of long skirts, tight high collar, and hard-rolled pompadour hair. The mother, tenderly reminiscent, looked at the picture with a fond smile for the girl she used to be, and waited with interest the comments of her small daughters. Then up spoke Ann, the elder, "Gosh, mother, it's a wonder anybody married you!"

Doan's Pills

Take Care of Your Kidneys!

One should not neglect kidney and bladder irregularities.

TOO many people sacrifice health by failing to heed the early danger signals of kidney disorders. Even minor irregularities should be dealt with promptly.

A drowsy, listless feeling; lameness and stiffness; constant backache and bladder irregularities are often timely warnings. Don't neglect them.

To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use Doan's Pills. Recommended the world over.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's: Benjamin F. Fisher, 227 Silver St., Manchester, N. H., says: "For a time I couldn't do any work, for when I bent over my back would ache. My kidneys acted very irregularly and I felt all out of sorts. After using Doan's Pills, I felt fine again."

DOAN'S PILLS

A Stimulant-Diuretic for the Kidneys