

# Ginger Ella

by Ethel Hueston  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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, \$50.00. 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. Hiram Buckworth is engaged as substitute pastor.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Yes, such a nice man. That's your bathroom—you needn't be afraid to use it, it goes with this room. We have another one at the back. Marjory emptied the closet for you, and the bureau drawers are empty. We have supper at six o'clock, and— Oh, I forgot to introduce the girls. But they didn't come down, did they?"

Beneath the bed, Marjory writhed in helpless fury at the poor woman's fluttering anxiety. But she went out at last, and closed the door behind her. Marjory lay rigid beneath the bed, hating the young preacher, hating Miss Jenkins, despising herself for her childish curiosity. Her only hope was that quick-witted Ginger, missing her, would guess her predicament, and devise a scheme to get the new boarder out of the room for a while. Unfortunately, Ginger was in a predicament of her own.

But Hiram Buckworth knew nothing of these unpleasant complications. He put his bag on a chair, and opened it, leisurely. Then he went to the closet, and looked in. Crossed to the windows, and looked out. Stood before the bookshelves, examining the titles of books, now and then taking out a volume for a brief inspection. "Oh, dear heaven," prayed Marjory, "don't let him get inspired to write a sermon."

Hiram Buckworth left the bookshelves, and had a look at the bathroom. He was whistling softly between his teeth. No hymn the tune that he whistled, something light, something catchy, with rolling cadences. Presently he broke into song, low song, barely more than a hum, in a pleasant low voice.

"Now I ask you—very confidentially—Ain't she—sweet?"

Slowly, he removed his coat, shook it out, and hung it over the back of the chair, and took off his collar and tie. From his bag, he drew out a fresh lot of ties, and selected one with nice discrimination, his eyes flashing quick comparisons in color tones from box to tie.

"Oh, I hope he isn't going to change his clothes," thought Marjory, and shut her eyes very tightly indeed.

Hiram Buckworth went to the bathroom, and turned both faucets into the tub. Marjory could hear the trickle of the water over his fingers as he tested the warmth of it.

"Very—confidentially—"  
Marjory, beneath the bed, was bathed in cold perspiration. He came deliberately back into the room, took shoes from the bag, removed the shoetrees noisily, shook out fresh shirts and placed them in the drawer. Finally, from the rack, he chose a thick bath towel. Marjory watching through the sheltering lace fringe saw him return to the bathroom. The door would be close if? His hand was on the knob. Yes, he pulled it—slowly. It was ajar—a little—just a very little—

The door slammed shut. Not one moment did Marjory Tolliver linger beneath that bed. She gathered together all her lithe young muscles, and with one vigorous jerk, propelled her slim body from beneath the bed in the direction of the door, the hall door. She leaped to her feet, and flashed into the hallway. Hiram Buckworth hearing the slight sound, the click of the latch, opened the bathroom door.

"Yes?" he called. "What is it?"  
The door to the hall stood open. He crossed the room, and looked down the corridor. At the farther end, he saw, or thought he saw, the flying French heel of a white slipper.

"That's nice," he said to himself. But when he went back into the room, he not only closed the door, carefully, but turned the key in the lock as well.

"I ask you—very confidentially"—he whistled softly as he turned

back into the bathroom—"Ain't—she—sweet?"

Miss Jenkins had gone straight from her reception of the new minister to the rescue of Ginger Ella, for she had rightly interpreted both the sudden crash and the ensuing silence as indicative of disaster in that direction. Unfortunately for that young person, the apple barrel had nails in it, nails that stuck inward. Ginger, bleeding on both arms, bruised on both knees, and altogether furious, was further annoyed by the fact that she was pinned into the barrel by the turning nails. At every slight motion to extricate herself, there were ominous little sounds of tearing cloth spelling ruin for the summer frock. With Miss Jenkins' help, however, she managed at last, slowly, not without pain, to get herself out of the barrel with only a few minor rents and stains of blood upon the precious garment.

Some two hours later, Hiram Buckworth, with his most ingratiating smile, stepped out onto the rambling-shaded veranda, where his eyes fell upon a pleasant picture. Miss Jenkins sat in a low rocker, carefully mending



Hiram Buckworth Looked Hard at Marjory.

a torn new summer frock, while Ginger, in a plain flame-colored smock, sat on a stool shelling peas. And in the hammock, one slim foot crossed over the other, both white arms over her head, lay Marjory, so still and lovely that Hiram Buckworth caught his breath at sight of her.

"I beg pardon," he said pleasantly, "may I come out? I don't have to stay in my room until supper, do I?"

Marjory sat stiffly upright in the hammock. Ginger shook the dust of the garden from her hands, and set the pan of peas on the floor at her side. Miss Jenkins flushed and fluttered anxiously.

"Of course not," she stammered. "I mean, by all means. Come right over. I was going to introduce you to the girls, anyhow."

Hiram Buckworth joined the small group in the shadowy corner. "This is Marjory, Marjory Tolliver," fluttered Miss Jenkins. "Not the old est—Helen is the oldest, but she's married—Marjory is one of the twins. And this is Ginger Ella, Ellen, I mean. We just call her Ginger. She's the baby."

Marjory indicated the other rocker with a graceful gesture of a white hand. "Do sit down," she said.

Hiram Buckworth looked hard at Marjory.

"Twins," he said. "It doesn't seem possible."

Marjory's lovely eyes questioned him nuttily.

"Does she, the other twin, look like you?"

Seam of Burning Coal Keeps Mountain Warm

A unique Australian phenomenon is the "Burning Mountain" at Wingen in northern New South Wales, which scientists say has been on fire 1,900 years.

According to a party of geologists, who have just returned from an exploration of the mountain, says an Associated Press dispatch from Sydney, there lies below the surface a burning coal seam. Long before European settlement in Australia "Burning Mountain" was known to the aborigines, and to them it owes its name, Wingen, signifying "fire."

The geologists report that the summit presents the appearance of the debris of a vast block of buildings consumed by fire with an explosion or

"Oh, no, no indeed, not a bit," chattered Miss Jenkins. "Just the opposite, you might say. Miriam is still and dark and—"

"Miriam is very brainy," interposed Ginger quickly.

"I thought there couldn't be two," he said, in a tone of great relief.

They talked together in the comradely fashion of parsonage people the world over, as a family, one in spirit.

"I wish I could see your father today," he said. "I should feel more at home in his pulpit if I knew him personally. Don't you suppose we could rent a car tonight, and drive out to see him? If it is not too far?"

"Eddy Jackson would come for us," said Ginger.

"Tub Andrews would take us," suggested Marjory.

"Mr. Tolliver would be so pleased—such a nice man," said Miss Jenkins.

"Can't we just rent a car? I hate to bother your friends—and it wouldn't cost much."

"But when you take out ten dollars for board," said Ginger warningly.

"Or perhaps Miss Jenkins here forgot to tell you about it," Marjory added.

"I don't recall that she mentioned it," he said pleasantly. "It seems very reasonable indeed."

"But when you consider that you only get fifteen—" Ginger's voice trailed off to a significant silence.

"But we decided that if you objected, we would keep you for eight," encouraged Marjory.

"I shouldn't think of objecting," he said. "Quite the contrary, I am sure, putting up with me is worth even more."

"And I will do your laundry with the girls," added Miss Jenkins. "And there really isn't much to spend money for in Red Thrush."

They told him of their father, of his patience, his faith, his sense of humor. They told him of Joplin Westbury, and the new church. They told him of Eddy Jackson, at Pay Dirt.

"And whose boy-friend is Eddy Jackson?" he asked, reflective eyes on Marjory, sitting stiffly erect in the hammock.

"Nobody's. Eddy Jackson isn't that kind," said Ginger indignantly.

"I may as well explain Ginger. I mean Ellen, right at the start," said Marjory, laughing. "She is against boy-friends. She thinks they are simply disgusting. And she thinks the rest of us—even Miss Jenkins—are simply man-mad. Ginger thinks a man who 'paws' should be shot at sunrise, if not sooner."

He smiled understandingly. "And who, then, is Eddy Jackson?"

"Eddy Jackson," exclaimed Ginger, with one of her broad sweeping gestures, "is father's best and dearest and most intimate friend, a genuine character, and no base pretender."

In the early evening, answering their meek request over the telephone, Eddy Jackson, busy with his experiments, sent one of the college students in his car for them and they drove out to the farm. Eddy was still busy in the laboratory, but Mr. Tolliver waited on the porch for them, with Miriam, and—this to Ginger's speechless fury—Alexander Murdock.

Without a word to any of them, she marched into the laboratory, completely spilling a delicate experiment.

"Eddy Jackson, you double-crossed me."

"I did not," he denied, quickly following her line of thought. "I didn't invite him. He came out by himself this afternoon, and he looked at Miriam, and stayed. I don't think he'll ever go home again. And besides, you didn't tell me to keep him away from anybody but Marjory."

This Ginger could not deny, so, with her usual sang froid, she dismissed the entire subject, and led Eddy out to meet the new minister.

Hiram Buckworth shook hands with him cordially. "I am glad to meet you," he said, "and I am looking forward most keenly to knowing your father. I have heard nothing but the recital of his rare virtues since I reached Red Thrush."

"My father?" Eddy was nonplused. "You must be mistaken. I have no father, my father is dead—"

"Oh, I beg pardon. I see I am mistaken. I inferred that it was your father—they merely spoke of him as Eddy Jackson, Mr. Tolliver's particular friend and crony."

Eddy looked unutterable things. "Oh you mean me. I am Eddy Jackson. The only one."

"You? But, gracious, they said—Well, I understand— My mistake, I see, excuse me."

"I know," Eddy Jackson laughed. "You mean Ginger Ella. Sure she puts me, and her father, and Moses in the same class. We're all archangels together."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dame Fashion Smiles  
By Grace Jewett Austin

There are two types of outfits that never have to be apologized for, and also never have to be urged, as the fashion folk may eagerly suggest the use of brown or a consideration of beige. These two are black and white. And even the combination of the two in the famous black and white effects might be added, as a



Grace J. Austin, third costume plan which speaks plainly enough with its own voice, without exhortings.

Nevertheless, there seems to be an advancing popularity for white. It was noted last winter, even, in evening gowns, and she who can compass a white fur evening wrap is fortunate. This pleasure in white touches the jewelry department, and white beads gain praise; it sends delicate white china and glass into the shops—and even in face powder it comes forward rapidly to obliterate the sun-tanned skins which somehow do not seem so appropriate after the beach days are over.

As Dame Fashion looks idly down at her purple type-ribbon before her, it serves to remind her of how good the choice purple shades are becoming this season. No one says anything so simple as purple, however; the gown and its matching hat will be called "dahlia"—or even, if a slightly more reddish tinge is chosen, it may be "fuchsia." Little girlhood's breathless admiration for the regally colored petals of an aunt's fuchsia plant comes to mind, with Dame Fashion, and makes her really covet a fuchsia dress.

Purple started out by being a kings' and queens' color—and something of the quality seems to stay within it.

Dame Fashion has some choice memories of the words and doings of certain women who always "looked best in purple" and its kin colors, softening down to orchid and gentle lavender. As the orchid is the aristocrat of flowers, so all of these purple colors bring with them a subtle suggestion of elegance. Have you ever noticed that when you choose a kitchen apron, it is apt to be true blue or happy pink, with never a thought of purple?

Just across from Dame Fashion the other day at a Daughters of the American Revolution luncheon sat a pleasant woman, much traveled in Europe and America. Around her neck was a silver-headed choker collar, such as was in fashion thirty-five years ago. But Dame Fashion knew better than to think it an heirloom, for she had just had a guest who had brought two similar ones with her. Both were gifts from friends who all independent of one another had bought them last summer in Paris.

This return in fashion is just one more of those little fanning winds of femininity come back from the past, with quite a threat in the breeze that the semi-masculine simplicity born in the strenuous war days is departing. But Dame Fashion has faith to believe that even if all of us, like the short-dressed children of earlier days who found great fun in pinning on a trailing skirt, get occasional good times out of "playing long-dressed lady," there will still be comfortably short dresses in every wardrobe.

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One-Piece Sleeveless Part of This Ensemble



This alluring sports ensemble is worn by Dorothy Revier, in "Light Fingers," the "talkie" crook melodrama. The two-piece suit combines a one-piece sleeveless, brown and yellow flat crepe print dress and a brown flat crepe jacket.

Filagreed Footwear

Gold or silver heels are no novelty, but gold or silver filagree counters on shoes are a novelty. These open-work coverings for the back of the foot are usually found on mules and boudoir slippers.

Utility Ensemble for Formal Daytime Wear



Showing a chic cloth ensemble designed for formal daytime occasions. A rich blending of tan with brown lends much grace to its tailored lines. The cloth is a novelty woven fabric posing as an interwoven strand of the tan at frequent intervals on the dark background. Beaver collars the swagger coat. The bow treatment of the blouse is an interesting feature.

Immense Collars Used on Paris Winter Coats

Judging by the place given to furs in fashion, Paris must be prepared for a cold winter, also an expensive one, for furriers and couturiers agree that imitation and manufactured furs are taboo. Bunny and the garden variety of squirrel will sport no fancy names. Real furs are the only fashionable furs, writes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York World.

This dictum does not mean, necessarily, a return to the monotony of prewar fur garments and trimmings, for the most used furs this season are shown in a variety of shades and colors. Ermine is used in the pure white, in the summer beige, is died in several tan and brown shades, and in black and gray as well.

Grunwaldt, a house of conservative elegance, is featuring black furs. Many broadtail coats are shown, with high medic collars and front panels of marten, dyed in soft brown-to-tan tones. A coat of black caracul has an interesting high collar of the same, like an en forme puff that ruffles about the head. There are many coats here of ermine, the pelts arranged in straight lines in back and horizontally on the low side godets. A sports coat of brown-dyed hair seal has little inset pieces as a decoration at the back and a high collar of white-spotted South American skunk. Grunwaldt is making much use of the light brown dyed ermine. In one model the skins are edged with white.

Some of the couturiers are showing short jackets in fur. Chanel has designed a hip-jacket of tan marten with a flaring cape attachment which gives an interesting outline. Several of the dressmaking houses are showing long velvet coats with a cape sometimes attached to the upper sleeve, warmly bordered with fur to match a very high collar.

Galyak and cheverette are pelts of tiny lambs and baby goats, so supple that they can be made up for ensembles, wrap-over skirts and long or short coats. Worth is using black galyak for practical daytime ensembles of skirt and long coat. Some of the coats show an attached back cape.

Many of Worth's velvet and cloth coats are worn with large fur scarfs, worked in points to the knees and then softened in en forme lines. These are not attached to the garment. They are carried loose or fastened close about the neck in the fashion.

Vionnet is making many tweed coats with linings of flat fur. Her always impeccable silhouette seems this winter to be a combination of the straight and godet. Her velvet coats are loaded with fox, often with a one-sided effect.

Some of the couturiers are showing muffs matching an attached collar.

Pile Fabrics Are Among Favorites for Evening

For evening the pile fabrics are absorbing full attention. Chiffon, panne and transparent velvets all are utilized for evening dresses, while evening coats with the omnipresent fur trimmings seem to have been designed with the special purpose of utilizing the softness and draping qualities of these fabrics. The velvets for evening dress frequently have chiffon, lame, crepe or satin grounds.

Broadcloth Is Used for Winter Coats for Women

Black broadcloth, such as formed the mainstay of men's fashions in the days of Lincoln, Grant and Lee, has returned to decided favor for women's coats. These coats are worn over duil crepe or satin dresses and usually are elaborately trimmed with short-haired furs, dyed to match, or contrast with the dresses worn.



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Student's Thrilling Ride  
G. M. Smith of Lakewood, Ohio, took his first lesson as a student pilot in a runway plane. Accidentally the throttle was left open when Smith's instructor cranked the engine. The plane roared down the field with a very much frightened student aboard. "I pressed the right rudder to avoid a house," Smith said, "and crashed into a tree. I scrambled out as quick as I could." He was unharmed and soon was ready to continue the lesson.

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Criticism's Effect

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You Never Can Tell

Piggly—Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?  
Wiggly—Your face isn't; I don't know about your imagination.—Western Christian Advocate.

The wise learn many things from their foes.—Aristophanes.

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