

GINGER ELLA

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VI

Life is no bower of roses for the schemer of schemes. Ellen Tolliver was not the first to make that discovery in actual experience. There could be no possible question but that she had figured the family future along the most pleasant as well as profitable lines, and yet it grew increasingly difficult to hold her recalcitrant subjects to the designated stars. Take Miriam, the sensible twin, for instance, frivolling away the precious hours of her life out at Pay Dirt in the company of a mere can grocer. And it was not merely that she did those things, she enjoyed the doing. That was the painful side of the situation.

And there was Marjory. Hiram Buckworth remained a pleasant and comradely member of the household cheerfully paying her of his fifteen dollars into the general coffer every week, and obviously counting this not so much a hardship as a privilege. Miss Jenkins liked him, Mr. Tolliver liked him, the members of the church liked him. All the young daughters of all the influential members developed a strange assiduity along lines of religious activity. On the surface, things seemed to progress with a sweet serenity which should have been highly satisfactory to everybody concerned.

But Ginger Ella, casting about her with keen eyes that saw everything, and a keen mind that suspected even more, knew intuitively that all was not well, no, in the church where were heard vague murmurings, in definite suggestions, and were seen strange and significant looks, nor in the parsonage itself, where Hiram Buckworth looked too often, and too long, upon the slender white hands of Marjory Tolliver. This was a bad sign, one of the very worst. Hiram Buckworth was good looking. Marjory had always been handsome. The situation held all sorts of horrible possibilities. Ginger renewed her vigilance.

Hiram Buckworth, good looking, brilliant young student, had deliberately chosen the ministry as his life work. She tossed him a scant respect for that choice, which, although it accorded him a high mark for character, it no way entitled him to a permanent place in her plans for the family's future. Being a seminary man, with special study at Oxford, he would begin perhaps at a thousand dollars, or twelve hundred if he was lucky, and would progress upward slowly, perhaps as far as two thousand, twenty-five hundred, possibly—she was very good looking. If he married, he would instantly, according to time-honored Methodist parsonage statistics as figured by Ginger, become possessed of a minimum of three children.

Small good would be one of his estate to the impoverished and needy Tollivers. Encouraging him was a deliberate throwing away of their one resource. It was the willful choking of their oil well. It was the burning of their liberty bonds. Ginger reconnoitered carefully. She did more than reconnoiter. She hunted. She was all present, all pervasive, all observing. If Marjory and the young minister inclined for a stroll in the moonlight, Ginger inclined also. If they sat in the shade of the ramblers on the veranda, Ginger sat with them, bored but unyielding.

Had she washed dishes all these years merely to save the fair hands of Marjory for the dishes of Hiram Buckworth and a minimum of three? The attic saw little of Ellen Tolliver during these days. She met the postman, thanked him warmly for the letters he gave her, and flew to the attic. The dimes crashed into the dolls' trunk, and Ginger returned to her veranda vigil.

In a way considerable disappointment attended the accumulation of funds for the blind. Rarely did she receive more than five contributions in a day, a stinky fifty cents. Lovely daughters cannot be sent to finishing schools, shabby parsonages cannot be done over, suffering eyes cannot be operated on by expensive surgeons, upon a paltry five dimes a day. Not that Ginger frowned upon her receipts, far from it. It was only that she had hoped so greatly.

In the three weeks of Mr. Tolliver's idleness in the country, he had acquired a thick coat of unaccustomed fat, and five full pounds in weight, with such an increase of strength, epistomary, and ambition, that he was inclined to feel ashamed of his continued idleness. Word from town that a special committee from the official board wished to meet him at the parsonage on Thursday evening for a discussion of important church matters, gave him real pleasure.

Eddy Jackson drove him in, with Miriam, and feeling, with his usual tact, that the family would like to be alone for a few hours of intimate reunion, he pleaded important business, and left them, promising to return for them at eleven o'clock. And after their modest supper, they sat, the three girls and their father, in the

pleasant old living room and waited for the coming of the committee. "They want that last two thousand raised," said their father, smiling, "and so do I. But I am sure the people will contribute it of the own free will, in gratitude, on the day of the dedication."

Presently came Joplin Westbury, alone, ill at ease, but obviously a man with his mind made up. "Well, Brother Tolliver," he said, "it's good to see you again. You are looking better. Eyes any stronger?" "I think so, yes, I am sure of it. I feel much better. What hour was appointed for the meeting? Isn't the rest of the committee late?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, the rest of the committee is not coming. Brother Daves was called out of town on business—late this afternoon, and Brother Mucklen is in bed with an attack of acute indigestion. Not that I believe a word of it myself. They just backed out, that's all."

"Is the meeting postponed, then?" "Well, no. You see, I was the chairman anyhow, and I can do as well without the committee. We'll just have it out by ourselves."

"The girls rose quickly. 'We'll run upstairs if you will excuse us,' said Miriam. "No, don't go," said Joplin Westbury quickly, evidently not at all desiring to be left alone with his gentle, unseeing pastor. "You stay right here. It's a family matter, as you might say, and we'll just have it all right out in the open."

Mr. Tolliver sat very still, a rigid figure against the faded blue velvet of the big chair, his head bent forward. "You see, we had a meeting of the official board Monday night." "You did? Why, I could have come in for it."

"Well, we just had it by ourselves in fact we've had several. Well, there's no use bunting about the bush," continued the embarrassed official. "You see, Brother Tolliver, that while all our people like you, and like you work—like your whole family, in fact—still, you can see that a blind man can't run a church—not rightly—not a fine new church like this one of ours. Now that we've put so much money into this new church we've got to get in the crowds to fill it up, and help pay the expenses. And a blind man—"

"Mr. Tolliver did not move. "Yes, Brother Westbury. Go on," he said gently. "Well, you see how it is. And since the Congregationalists have started to hold meetings of their own in the Odd Fellows' hall, they've taken about a dozen of our good payers, and we've got to get in others to take their places. Now you see how we're fixed. We like you, first-rate, but we've got to work for the church, first and last. Well, we waited, and hoped you would get over it. We wrote to the doctors and they say you've not got much chance—not one-in-a-hundred. You're all run down, and you need a long rest—maybe a year, maybe two years—to build you up."

"But perhaps an operation—it would be expensive, but—"

"We asked about the operation. They just talked about that to cheer you up. An operation wouldn't do any good. Your eyes are just plain worn out. You'll all worn out—that's the straight of it."

"I see."

"Well, we talked it over with the district superintendent, and he hadn't a word to say against you, Brother nor any of us either for that matter. But you see how it is. The new church and all. So he said we would fix it up at the conference this fall and they'll retire you according to the books—I don't know just how it is, but they pay you right along, and—it's all down in the 'Discipline' and you'll get a good long rest. And we'll get in some fresh young chap to draw the crowds and fill up the new church."

"But—but it's father's—the new church is," gasped Ginger, unable to endure the dead silence that hung so blackly over the little group.

Joplin Westbury turned on her sharply, evidently glad of a chance to switch the tide of his talk from

the stricken minister. "No, Ellen, it's not your father's church. It's not our church, it's God's."

Ginger wilted suddenly. "Yes," she assented. "Yes, of course. I wish we could let God run it."

"Ellen," reproved her father gently. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean—" she stammered nervously.

"Yes, never mind. We know you meant nothing wrong. You are quite right, of course, Brother Westbury. It is all true. A blind man would only be an embarrassment—in a new church like that, I should have resigned before—but I kept hoping I would recover. And I had my family—"

"Oh, you'll be taken care of, Brother Tolliver, don't you worry. You won't be allowed to suffer, you nor your family either. Just you remember that. It's all down in the 'Discipline'. The conference will take care of you."

"How soon—When do you—"

"Well, now, Brother, we figured we would just keep you right along until conference, on full salary and everything. And you can just rest up in the country, and let this young Buckworth do the preaching. We like him first rate. And we want you to preach the dedication we're absolutely unanimous on that—nobody but you for the dedication, for as you might say, it's your church. That is, you understand, you raised the money and all."

"Yes, I see. Thank you very much." Awkwardly, the trustee made his good-bys and hurried away. He did not look back. Miriam walked with him to the door, shook hands with him. She even smiled. Then she slipped back and joined the hushed little group.

"F-father," begged Ginger, in an anguished tone, "don't be shocked—please don't. Remember what the doctors said."

He put out his hand to her, with a sad smile, and she crushed it between both of hers.

"You see, there is no hope," he said. "They were only pretending that I had a chance."

"No, father," contradicted Miriam sweetly. "No, they were not pretending. They said you had a chance, and they meant it. They said the only way was for you to become so strong and well that your eyes also would grow strong and well. They did not deceive you. You did have—you have got a chance. I asked them a dozen times, and they told me honestly."

"And as far as money goes," cried Ginger, more cheerily, "I have quite a few little secrets of my own. It is two months till conference. By that time, old darling, I shall probably be able to take care of you myself."

He smiled at her again. "Dear Ellen," he said gently. "If only these slim little hands could carry out the kindly projects of that eager little heart we should never want for much in this world."

"Oh, but this time I really mean it—I mean—I am quite sure—" The disclosure of her hopes trembled at the tip of her tongue—her eyes grew rapt and luminous. But her sisters, so used to her daring dreams, and her extravagant promises, paid small heed. Their thoughts were upon the sordid reality of the present moment and its disappointment.

"It's a good thing the wedding is over," said Marjory. "Helen would never have gone, if she had suspected this."

"Boarding Mr. Buckworth will help out quite a little," said Miriam. "As for us, as long as we stay at Pay Dirt, we're simply gorging ourselves among the fishpots of Egypt."

Ginger shook the rapture from her eyes, closed her teeth firmly upon her secret. The time had not come for their triumphant pronouncement.

"Well, as Old Jop says—" she began. "Ellen!"

"I mean Brother Westbury. Eddy Jackson calls him Old Jop. Well, as he says, the conference will take care of us. What will we get, father? Where is the 'Discipline'? Let's look it up."

"She ran upstairs for the book. "I should have resigned," said her father drearily. "I knew I could not minister to them properly. But I did keep hoping."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Historic Buildings in Finnish Town of Turku

Turku was Finland's first capital. Christianity was first taught there, and the first Christian converts were baptized in the River Aura. The oldest cathedral and the oldest castle in Finland are to be found in Turku, and nearly all the historic homes of the Finnish nobility are in or near the city.

With the exception of the cathedral and the castle, modern Turku has been built since the disastrous fire of 1827, when the old town was almost entirely destroyed in a blaze that burned for five days. Both the castle and the cathedral are grim structures with little exterior ornament. The cathedral has a long, narrow vaulted

interior and most of the immense treasure which was once kept there has disappeared.

Part of the castle is now a museum and is furnished with pieces of old Finnish furniture. Visitors can still see the dungeon, six fathoms deep and black as pitch, where prisoners were kept. In the great central hall is a high gallery from which a cruel ruler once had unruly subjects hurled to the floor below. One cell in the castle is still known as the malefactor's resting place.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

It's hard for a woman to forgive another for having done her a favor.

Winter Silhouette More Flattering

Slenderizing, Trim, Fits to Body Snugly, and Is Generally Approved.

Last winter my enthusiasm for fabrics consumed me completely. This winter the silhouette seems all important. To put on a new dress that is slenderizing and trim, and that fits to the body more snugly than before, makes one long to adjust all of last year's dresses to the new year style. One look in the mirror will tell you that the new silhouette is more flattering than any we have had in a score of years, writes Jane Warren Wells, in Farm and Fireside.

The princess dress shown here needs smart wool crepe in one's favorite brown, red, green or blue, with a slightly lighter or darker tone of the same fabric for trimming. If a silk dress is preferred in this design any one of the tweed printed silks would be lovely. Again, there are some charming cottons in tweed print designs, and in sufficiently dark colors to be suitable for winter, that would make this design as smartly as silk or wool fabric.

A jabot-trimmed frock should be made of the smart new moire or a small print in silk or challis. Notice how trim the shoulders are, how graceful the long sleeves and how new the slightly longer skirt looks. Four inches below the center of the knee cap is the accepted length for daytime dresses. Skirts may be slightly longer for tall people and



There Are a Number of Materials Suitable for This Frock.

shorter for short figures. Many skirts are cut to hang two inches longer in the back than in the front, especially in the case of skirts with circular flares.

Jabots of lace and collar-trimmed neckties are definitely in style. With unbelted dresses this is a particularly important fashion.

Anton crepe, flat crepe, transparent velvet or heavy georgette would prove the most charming medium for a very feminine design with the tiered skirt.

In hemming the cascade, belt and tier edges turn the raw edges over one-eighth inch and stitch it; then make another one-eighth inch turn and run the edge down as for tiny hem with the finest of running stitches. If your thread matches perfectly the stitches will not show after careful pressing.

No matter what dress you choose be sure above all that the neckline is becoming to you and pay special attention to a collar trimming. Lastly, see that your hat is right for your frock and that you wear it in the smart new manner.

Attractive Pajama Suits in Bright Silk, Crepe

Red pajamas come in crepe de chine and the synthetic tub silks and satins. A trousseau brought from Paris includes several attractive suits. Some of them are so elaborate and so costume-like that they are not easily distinguished from the style of pajamas that are worn at tea time.

Late styles in bed pajamas are in every sense comfortable, with ample trousers and blouses of easy fit. In some models blouse and trousers are attached so as to have the effect of a single garment. One of these in pale pink crepe de chine has wide, straight trousers that are caught up with shirring into a band of ecru tinted Alencon lace from the instep almost to the knee. The lace in these narrow strips is set between shirrings in the front of the blouse and a matching edge finishes the bottom of the over-blouse, which is sleeveless. The lace also outlines a pointed yoke at the top.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Parents usually think of obedience in children as the immediate and proper response to their commands. They invariably endow obedience with much virtue it does not possess. This is due to the fact that the obedient child is submissive to parental authority which in itself gives parents a sense of power.

What kind of a voice should a parent have, and how can she develop it? The tone should be musical, but have sufficient carrying quality to penetrate the child's consciousness and command his attention. At the same time the tone must support and reinforce the meaning of the words.

What can parents do in the years preceding their son's adolescence to fortify him for his exacting ordeal? The answer is simple: They can build his nutrition up to its highest possible point and maintain it there; they can endeavor to realize and understand his psychological state, and help him crystallize substantial thoughts, purposes, and beliefs out of his delicately balanced and easily influenced jumble of ideas.

There are probably few toys which have so many possibilities for constructive play, calling into action so many imaginative faculties and such demands upon ingenuity, originality and skill as the little marionette theater. And there are probably few toys which mean so much joy to the whole family and their friends on long winter evenings and on holidays.

The living room is an index to your family life. It should be a place where comfort, beauty and practicality are skillfully and attractively blended.

It does seem unbelievable that any woman should refuse to nurse her baby if she can, since it is a matter of sure statistics that the breast-fed baby has from two to four times as good a chance of living to be one year old as does a "bottle baby," whatever is put into the bottle.

Interesting fathers in the school is one of the finest things a Parent-Teachers' association can do. Plan two or three programs a year that will have a strong pulling power for fathers.

A new method of attack against measles will temporarily produce immunity to the disease. This same serum is thought by some to have value in the treatment of the disease after it has once developed, especially in checking the severity of the attack. Likewise, in the case of whooping cough, a vaccine is now used to shorten the course of the disease and lessen its force, as well as for prevention. Its value, however, is still in question.

Figure Types Determine Waist and Skirt Limits

Figure, now that it has become dictator of fashion, is determining the waistline placement and skirt length of the 1930 frocks, asserts Bettina Bedwell in Liberty Magazine.

Lucien Lelong, noted couturier, says, according to Miss Bedwell, "Waistlines can be where they ought to be, according to the figure which the dress adorns—and skirt lengths ditto." Miss Bedwell continues, "These words should offer genuine comfort for the sorrowing sisters who have shuddered at the bare thought of wearing a high waistline or letting down their skirts, or worse yet, submitting to the prison of a corset in order to be chic according to regulations."

Applique Tabbing Add to This Circular Skirt



Very chic is this formal daytime ensemble developed in a new woven fabric of graceful suppleness. The circular skirt reveals unusual applique tabbing. The tuck-in blouse of eggshell satin shows smart shirring at the neckline and three-quarter length coat.



ACCURACY

The local politician stormed up to the editor's home at a late hour and pounded on the door. When the editor appeared at the window above he shouted:

"I've read your slander on me and I've come to throw the charge back in your teeth."

"Well, be a good fellow," said the editor, yawning, "and throw it in the bathroom window. I've left my teeth in there."—Boston Transcript.

WHY THEY'RE SO CALLED



Wife—Why do they call the street-cleaners white wings?
Hubby—Because they're like angels. Haven't you noticed that their visits to our street are few and far between?

The Greatest of Fish Stories

The best of fish yarns have been made Apart from active glory Perhaps old Jonah, in the shade, Thought up his splendid story.

"Unspakable" Ones Best

Mrs. Withers had been to the talking pictures for the first time. "Oh did yer like it, Nell?" asked her friend.

"All right enough, but to tell yer the truth, I'd rather 'ave been to one of the old unspakable ones."—London Passing Show.

An Antecural Joke

Visitor to Lutcher, who is showing him through the picture gallery of the old mansion—That's a fine portrait. Is it an old master?
Butler—Oh, no, sir; that's the old missis!

Important

Old Lady—My poor man, I suppose you have had many trials in your life?
Tramp—Yes, ma'am, but only one conviction.

Call the Wagon

"I can't express myself," said the Thoughtful One.

"Of course not," retorted the Nut. "Live stock has to go by freight and in cattle cars."

A GOOD GOLFER



"Is he a good golfer?"
"Oh, yes—always goes to church before he plays his Sunday game."

Just So

Some think dancing on the wane They are rather lax Everywhere you go you see Dancing on the wax.

Cinching It

Miss Plansmith—Are you going to have your fiancé present at your announcement luncheon?
Miss Malchance—Sure thing? He hasn't yet acknowledged it before witnesses.

More Noise

"Why can't you please that customer in a tie?"
"He wants a gray tie."
"We have plenty of gray ties."
"He wants a loud gray."

Squirrel's Cage

"When are Joan and Ed to be married?"
"Never, I'm afraid."
"Why, how's that?"
"Well, she won't marry him until he pays his debts, and he can't pay his debts until she marries him."

As You Were

He—Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason.
She—I always leave things as I find them.—London Tit Bits.