

GINGER ELLA by Ethel Hueston Illustrations by Irwin Myers

a silly name for a farm," said Ginger. "Just like Eddy Jackson. Who else would do such a dumb thing? Pay Dirt. Everybody knows a farm is nothing but dirt, and if it didn't pay, nobody would farm it. Oh, hello, Mr. Buckworth. Home so soon? It's lovely tonight. Won't you come and talk to us?"

"You-can go now. Thanks, Ginger. I'll sit here a minute, and listen to the night."

"Ginger, What Do You Mean? Is Marjory Engaged, or Isn't She?"

Ginger was practical enough to admit defeat when she met it, and Marjory was her Waterloo. Marjory, beautiful peach-bloom Marjory, would marry a minister, and her future would be that of catering to a Methodist church, and a parsonage minimum of three.

"Who is it, please? Just a minute." He opened the door with one hand as he struggled into his coat with the other. Ginger, all uninvited, stepped inside, and closed the door behind her.

"Mr. Buckworth," she began gently. "I was just going to bed," he interrupted rudely.

"You misunderstood what I told you," she persisted patiently. "I didn't say Marjory was engaged—exactly."

"No, you merely said it was understood."

"But I didn't mean a man. I meant money."

"Money?" He was entirely puzzled.

"Yes. You see, we have always been so very hard up. Father did not go to seminary as you did—he didn't even go to college. He only gets about as much money now after all these years as you will get at the very start. And it takes so much for his eyes, and the furniture is simply falling to pieces, and you can see yourself we haven't any clothes."

"Yes, I know, Ginger," he said without sympathy. "But what has that to do with—her?"

"She is so beautiful. So we naturally decided that she had better

marry a millionaire. You must admit she's got the looks for it."

"Ginger, what do you mean? Is Marjory engaged, or isn't she?"

"Not engaged—not exactly. But it was all understood—we talked it over and we all agreed—we girls did, that is, father just laughed at us—that Margie should marry money, lots of money, millions—"

"And she's not engaged to that—fat young Andrews—or anybody else—"

"Certainly not. There's no man mixed up in it at all. Just money."

If looks could slay, the career of Ellen Tolliver would have ended at that moment.

"Why, you little devil!" he ejaculated irreverently, and flung her roughly out of his way.

"She's still in the hammock," called Ginger meekly.

Then she went immediately to bed. She wept for a while, softly, for it is natural that youth should abandon its dreams and its expectations of great riches with reluctance. But in the end she smiled, and stiffened her slim little shoulders beneath the white sheets. Very well, then. Plainly the future of the entire household devolved upon her, and her alone.

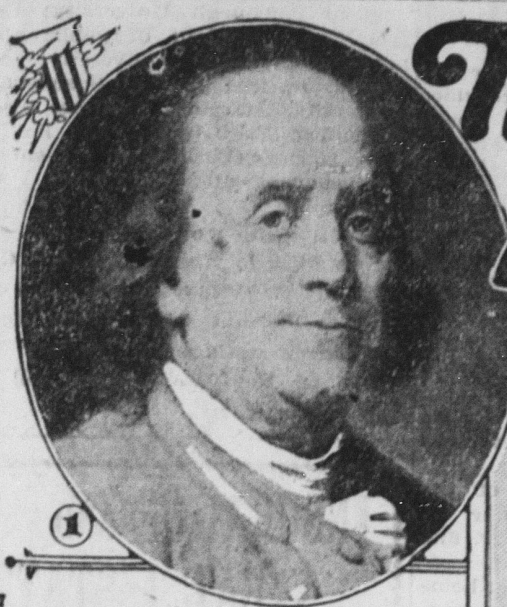
"Selah," she whispered into the darkness.

CHAPTER IX

A great peace, a sort of subdued grandeur, descended upon the turbulent spirit of Ginger Ella, for she had schooled herself to accept life as it is, and mold it to her own pattern as opportunity came. That the opportunity would never come now, as concerned Marjory, she was well aware, but without resentment. After all, perhaps one had no right to attempt to mold human lives, free souls, like herself. As for Miriam and the grocery clerk, she yet had hopes Alexander Murdock was leaving on this very day, and Ginger did not for a moment believe that the sensible twin was so deeply interested as to disqualify her for interest in more intriguing figures—granted the appearance of such figures.

Get her away—that was the best method. Ginger was adjusting herself to a new impression of the sensible twin. So still she had always seemed, so subtly impenetrable, that in contrast with Marjory's radiance she had appeared more of a liability than anything else. But there was something strange about Miriam. Ginger did not understand it. She remembered how Tub Andrews, even in the gorgeous presence of Marjory arrayed for the beauty pageant, had succumbed to Miriam's stillness. She remembered how Alexander Murdock, a mere grocer, of course, but still no doubt possessive of the usual male inclinations, had passed over Marjory with a passing cordiality, to plant himself immovably at the un-dancing feet of Miriam. Strange about her! Strange about everything, Ginger thought.

"The world," she concluded largely, "it all gone jeebee jeebee. The grocers grovel to brains, and the preachers pick beauty. It's all wrong."



1. Franklin at the age of seventy-even. Painted in Paris in 1783 by Joseph Siffred Duplessis. This portrait is now owned by the New York Public Library, the gift of John Bigelow.

The Apostle of Modern Times



2. Vice-Commander Daniel F. Gibbs of the Benjamin Franklin post of the American Legion lays a wreath at the statue of Franklin, near the Trocadero in Paris, in celebration of the anniversary of "Poor Richard's" birthday, on January 17, 1929. Members of the Legion post attended the ceremony.



3. The famous "Fur Cap" portrait of Franklin, made in France a few months after his arrival there in 1777. Drawing by Desrayes, print by Lebeau. It gives an idea of the Franklin who was so much admired by the ladies in Nantes, Paris and Passy as a "patriarch," as a "peasant," and as the shrewdest of all diplomatists. (From "Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times" by Bernard Fay, courtesy Little, Brown and Company.)



4. Franklin Bache Huntington of New York, a great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, places a wreath at the grave of his ancestor in Philadelphia on the anniversary of Franklin's birthday, January 17, 1929.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

AT THE time Benjamin Franklin was living in France he once said that his face was as familiar there as the moon. And that was not overstating the case. For, in their enthusiasm for this American, the French could not find out too much about him. The newspapers carried column upon column about him; historians and biographers vied with each other in writing about his career and he was pictured in innumerable engravings.

The food of Franklin literature that started then has continued ever since, especially in his native land. Few Americans have been more written about than Benjamin Franklin, until it would seem that American historians and biographers had exhausted the possibility of telling anything new about him. But it has remained for a brilliant French scholar to write a new biography which studies the whole field of his life and activities in the light of innumerable documents, among them more than six hundred letters, hitherto unpublished, and which presents what is probably the most complete view of Benjamin Franklin that has yet been written. The author is Bernard Fay and the book is "Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times," published by Little, Brown and Company of Boston.

Out of this new work, based upon facts which have been gathered together for the first time, emerges a new Franklin. The Franklin which Americans have hitherto known has always been a figure which challenges our admiration because he was such a versatile, many-sided man. But "human" as was this Eighteenth century character, he has not always been understandable to Twentieth century Americans. Through the interpretation of Professor Fay he becomes more understandable and more easily understood. But the title of the book gives the clue to the reason why Franklin was "the apostle of modern times." Another historian, Philip Guadalupe, once characterized Franklin as "the first Rotarian" and Professor Fay phrases the same thought in these words "His career was the apotheosis of the good fellow."

"The innumerable facts that I have gathered here for the first time bring us closer to Franklin and show him to be more picturesque, more in contrast to the background of his epoch, the Eighteenth century," he writes in his preface. "This biography is neither local nor national, but is the story of one of the great leaders of men in the Eighteenth century. Thus, one can judge and estimate his immense influence, which was also varied, as he dominated the political, scientific and philosophic world of his time. But of all his titles to glory, the most outstanding one is that he was the first bourgeois of the world."

"In this Eighteenth century which attempted to do away with aristocracy, and to orient itself to the domination of the middle-class, Franklin was the great precursor, the great example. He defined the principles of the bourgeois in his works, and made his life a pattern to follow. He exemplified it by Poor Richard and this was why the entire universe submitted to his influence. To understand the amplitude and importance of this influence, Franklin had to be considered from an international standpoint, and his activity in science, religion and philosophy had to be fully studied."

Considered from that standpoint,

Franklin stands revealed not as a provincial Yankee who glorified common sense, as so many of his biographers have portrayed him, nor simply as a great American, but one of the great men of his century and a man who lived in perfect harmony with his times, even though in his wisdom and his foresight he was far in advance of his times.

Professor Fay's use of the new Franklin material which he discovered has enabled him to clear up many matters in regard to Franklin's religion, morals and social activities which have heretofore been but little understood. As to his religious beliefs it can now be seen that he believed in a Supreme Being. He regarded Jesus as a great moral teacher and in regard to the immortality of the soul he subscribed to the Pythagorean doctrine of survival in a new body with new senses and new ideas. That belief is reflected in the epiphany which he wrote for himself early in life and which reads:

The Body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer, (Like the cover of an old book, Its contents torn out, And strip of its lettering and gilding.) Lies here, food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost. For it will, as he believed, appear once more, In a new And more beautiful edition, Corrected and amended By The Author.

"A deist in his early life, he believed that man could do no evil in a world where all events were preordained by the Deity and that man therefore should take his pleasure where he found it. That belief was strengthened by his experiences in the notoriously immoral London of the early Eighteenth century, but when he became disillusioned through the betrayal by friends he had trusted, he determined to shape his life for himself and for that purpose he set down four cardinal rules of guidance—economy, perseverance, good-will and loyalty. Later he lengthened this list by thirteen—temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquility, chastity and humility. In the practice of these he was successful in all but two—order and chastity."

None of Fay's new revelations is more interesting than those dealing with the part which his membership in the Masons played in his career. The Masonic society had been established in Philadelphia in 1727 at the time when Franklin was only a comparatively unknown young printer. It was composed largely of rich merchants who did not look with favor upon Franklin. But he forced his way into the society by showing how effectively he could use his newspaper against it, if its members kept him

out) and his Masonic affiliations helped win for him the position of postmaster general of the colonies and later it smoothed his path when he went to England on his first diplomatic mission there.

It was even more valuable when he was sent to France to enlist French aid for the colonies during the Revolution. "Through the Masons he had access to the newspapers which were officially controlled by the government, but which were really written by the Masons and the philosophers, such as Morellet, Suard, De la Dixmerie, who were all Franklin's friends," says Fay. "Practically all of the French newspapers published outside of France were in the hands of the Masons also." Franklin had his writings accepted by all of these and, being the master propagandist that he was, he made the most of his opportunity to present America's cause to Europe.

The career of Benjamin Franklin is one of the strangest paradoxes in history. One of them is that this son of a poor Boston candlemaker and apprentice to a poor printer should live to record the fact that "Tho' I did not think that I should ever literally stand before kings . . . I have stood before five, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner." Another is the fact that a man who was almost entirely self-educated should have universities of two continents vying with each other in conferring upon him honorary degrees.

But most interesting of all is the fact that this man who was so typically American that he became a veritable symbol of America, even in his lifetime, was never understood or loved by his own people. He was disliked intensely by the "best families" of Pennsylvania and was distrusted by many others in the colonies as a charlatan and a trimmer. The distrust in Pennsylvania is easily understood. He was the organizer of the small farmers, mechanics and small tradesmen, the democratic forces in that colony, and as such his name would naturally be anathema to the aristocratic supporters of the proprietors, the Penns. Logically, he should have been regarded in the same way by aristocratic, elegant France. Instead, that country took this simple democrat to its heart in his lifetime and all but canonized him after his death.

"His moral and religious theories frightened the century and environment he lived in," writes Fay. "He was accused alternately of atheism and bigotry, for though his God resembled its parent, the Christian Divinity, it had distinct differences. When, at length, Franklin had many adherents, it was because of a double misunderstanding; in America, he was followed because he was believed to be a Christian; in France, because he was classed with the atheists."

Stonehenge Mystery to Students of the Past

Ancient and mysterious Stonehenge is located some nine miles from Salisbury, and near the little town of Amesbury, in Wiltshire, England. This circular formation of stones encloses what is commonly called the Altar stone. What its origin or purpose is time or research has not revealed, but it is obviously connected with some form of observation of the sun, possibly sun worship. It is generally believed to have been erected some 4,000 years ago, possibly by the tribe from the Continent which brought the idea of cultivation of land to England in the Bronze age. To the east of the Stone circle is the Hele stone or Friar's heel, over which at dawn on June 21—namely, at the summer sol-

stice—the sun rises when viewed from the Altar stone. Other pointed stones mark the rise of the sun at the winter solstice and sunset at midsummer. At few places in England can the thoughts run riot to such an extent as in this circle of immense stones standing in solitude overlooking Salisbury plain. Pictures of human sacrifice and heathen rites spring readily to the imagination.

Record Bone Some idea of the immense size of prehistoric reptiles can be gathered from the fact that it took sixteen men to lift a bone of one discovered in Africa.