

# GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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## CHAPTER XI

A fresh wave of wrath painted Ginger's face with rose. She flashed from the doorway just in time to see the can grocer press a fervent and unmistakable kiss upon the delicate lips of Miriam, the sensible twin. Miriam seemed not in the least surprised, but rather pleased. Marjory, too, seemed to take the outrage with indecent calmness, while Eddy Jackson wore a smile no less than diabolic.

"Just for that, Eddy Jackson, you owe me ninety dimes," she announced sternly. "Nine whole dollars I spent on this comedy of yours."

And she marched straight to the kitchen.

Only Eddy Jackson heard her. For Miriam, the last shred of her sensibility thrown to the winds, was clinging to Alexander's hands, and trying to draw Marjory by sheer force into the warmth of his nearness. Eddy followed Ginger to the kitchen.

"Aw, have a heart," he pleaded. "He told me to do it."

Ginger stared at a pan on the stove, where thick heavy bubbles rose and fell.

"You see the gravy is burning," she said, and offered not a hand to save it. "Let it burn. I hope it does burn. I hope the gravy burns him, and the alligator pear chokes him, and the fried chicken gives him pernicious anemia."

Eddy laughed. "Listen, wild one, and I'll tell the deep and bloody mystery of that young man's life. Nobody knows it. Marjory doesn't know it. Miriam herself doesn't know it. But I know it and I'll tell you. He really is a romantic figure—most romantic."

"Canned beans, canned corn, canned tomato soup, canned peaches—it makes me sick—canned sweet potatoes—" she recounted drearily.

Eddy Jackson briskly stirred the gravy as he talked. Eddy was fond of cream gravy.

"He's no grocer. His family owns that chain gang set, whatever you call it, the Orange and Black, all over the country. Alex will be some high-mucky-muck-manager one of these days. They sent him on this trip west to familiarize himself with the business, and the localities—this new idea of know your stuff from the ground up."

Ginger took the spoon away from him. After all, it was her gravy.

"Eddy, why didn't you tell me?"

"He told me not to. Nobody knew it. Not even the chain bunch here in town."

"But you should have told me!"

"If anybody asks me not to tell something that is none of my business—and nobody else's—I won't tell it," said Eddy firmly.

"Just like father," mourned Ginger. Suddenly a fresh anxiety swept over her. "But Eddy, just see what a mess you've made of it. Why, he's never so much as looked at Marjory."

"I should say not. He's nuts over Miriam."

"But Miriam—Miriam hasn't got a thing—but brains."

"She's got Alexander Murdock."

"Does Miriam think he is a real grocer?"

"Yes. She told me she would marry him if he was a shoe shiner."

"Marry him. Did he ask her?"

"Sure. That's what he came back for. Brought her the engagement ring."

Ginger's eyes glittered. "Put another chair at the table, will you? And get me a knife and fork from that drawer. There won't be any waiting on at this party. You can carry the plates back and forth yourself."

So Ginger accepted Alexander Murdock as a prospective brother-in-law, and one to be received with a certain amount of gratitude. After all, he could give them a reduction on the canned groceries. She shook hands with him, exclaimed joyously over the brilliant solitaire which adorned Miriam's slender finger, and admitted that the denouement was well worth the ninety dimes expended.

"Why dimes?" demanded Eddy curiously.

"Oh, that's the way I get it—I mean, save it," Ginger amended quickly.

She regarded her twin sisters reflectively, one after the other. Miriam was well enough of course, the still, deep kind, nothing surprising, nothing startling about her. Miriam was the type that one gets used to. But Marjory's brilliancy was a fresh revelation, an entirely new amazement, every day.

"Beauty's queer, isn't it?" she puzzled. Then she studied her own pliant features in the mirror, and for the first time, not without some hope.

"Look me over, will you? Does anybody see any signs of it on me?"

## CHAPTER XII

The new Methodist church of Red Thrush, Iowa, was an established fact. Mr. Tolliver, his eyes carefully shielded behind the padded glasses, had preached the tender sermon which served both to dedicate the new church, and to bid farewell to his parishioners, for the general conference was to convene the week following. He had accepted the mandate of the church, and planned to live in retirement until some work of different nature could be found for him, or, as he said, until the Lord chose to bless the means used for his restoration. He continued in close correspondence with new surgeons, the best and the most expensive the Middle West afforded.

On this day, the twins had gone to college. Eddy Jackson came in his car and took them and their new bags to the train, after which with Ginger he drove slowly back to the parsonage which would be her home for a brief fortnight longer. Ginger did not know just what was to become of her and her father, but Ginger didn't care. They were always taken care of, would always be. And there was the rich munificence of the home for the blind at their command, although of this her father still knew nothing. They would remain with Miss Jenkins in the parsonage until after the conference, and then go for what they called a visit to Helen and Horace for a while, until they could decide upon the best plan for the future.

The one interest of Ginger herself was to remain in Red Thrush as long as possible. Her address as treasurer



She Flashed From the Secretion of Her Corner by the Stairway Just in Time to See the Can Grocer Press a Fervent and Unmistakable Kiss Upon the Delicate Lips of Miriam.

of the parsonage home was too broadly disseminated now to be lightly changed, and all of her arguments were based on that great fact.

All the enthusiasm, and the nonchalance, and the farewells, were over. Ginger and Eddy sat alone in the living room of the old parsonage, rather still, a little depressed with their loneliness. In the small den on the left, beyond the curve of the staircase, they could hear Hiram's low voice, talking to her father, while they sorted and packed old manuscripts, ready for removal from the house that had been their home for four years. Miss Jenkins had gone to her room, to weep over the departure of the twins. Ginger had seen her go, with relief. Miss Jenkins' weeping depressed her to the deepest extreme.

"Well, it's all over now," she said dully. "Helen's married, the twins are gone, and father and I are fired."

"Oh, nonsense. Helen is well off and very happy. The twins will be home for Christmas, and your father will get a better church than Red Thrush."

"Eddy—" Her voice sank to a whisper. "Do you think he will ever see again? Do you think even the most expensive doctor in the world can cure him?"

"Why, of course he will see again. Didn't all the doctors say the same thing, that it was just nervous and mental reaction, and in time—"

"It's a long time, though. Very long."

"You're so impatient, Ginger. But that's because you're young."

A quick loud knock at the door

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## When Amateur Sleuth Lost Interest in Case

Most men possess a huge contempt for the detective ability of the police and nurse a confident belief that if it were put up to them they would solve any mystery in jig time.

On Long Island lives a man who not only believes that Sherlock Holmes was a slouch compared to him, but who gets in some active practice. If a crime is committed in his locality he makes a bee-line for the police station and starts in to "help" the police department. The police do not relish his interference, but they've got to humor him because of his influence.

But this man proved to be too good a detective. One day he called at the station to see if there was anything doing and was told of a motor car

started her to her feet with a nervous gasp, but she quickly recomposed herself, and went in answer. The postman stood there, and with him another man, behind them another, both strangers—inspectors, possibly. Ginger thought, come to check up for statistical purposes. She smiled at the postman.

"Mail?" she asked. The postman showed embarrassment. "Well, yes," he said awkwardly. "You are E. Tolliver, aren't you?"

"Why, of course I am. You know I am. Ellen. Have you no letters for me?"

Suddenly she was aware that the man in the rear carried a large mail pouch. He stepped ahead of the others and entered the room. The postman and his companion followed silently. Ginger followed, also. Eddy Jackson stood up. The man in the dark suit opened the pouch, and lifted it high, pouring out a little stream of letters upon the table.

Then, for the first time, the third man spoke.

"Do you claim this mail?"

"Why, of course, I'm the only E. Tolliver there is. E. stands for Ellen."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, now. You claim this mail, do you? You acknowledge that it is meant for you? You admit this before witnesses?"

"Be careful, Ginger," interposed Eddy Jackson quickly, scenting trouble. "Don't say anything. Don't commit yourself."

"You keep out of this, young man. Well, miss, then you—"

"Why, of course I claim it," said Ginger quickly. "It's all right, Eddy, it's for me. Why, I've had a lot just like it." She smiled disarmingly at the postman. "You know," she added significantly.

"Well, you all hear that," said the third man, in a snarling low voice. "She claims it. She's the one we're after."

Ginger turned surprised, wide, innocent eyes upon his face. She did not speak.

"Well, come across now, miss. Give us the goods. Where is this here home—parsonage home for the blind, you call it? I don't see any signs of it." His voice was low and ugly.

Ginger smiled nervously. "Well, but you see, this really is it. Father's blind, you know, and this is our home. And the parsonage, well, this is the parsonage. Everybody in town knows that."

"Yes, I know all about it, and a pretty slick game, I call it. But I guess we've got the dope on you, right enough. Getting money under false pretenses—that's what the law calls your home for the blind. Using the mails to defraud, that's what the law says. Penitentiary business, miss, that's what you're up against."

"No, oh, no. It is true—it really is true. It is a home for the blind, for one blind—father."

"Begging, eh? Well, you've got to have a license in this country, even for that. Oh, you know your game, kid. We're on to you all right. We expected an alibi—Shut up!" he shouted to the shocked old postman, who had endeavored to interpose a word on her behalf. "You shut up, and keep out of this." He turned to Ginger, and caught her arm in a rough grasp. "Come along, now, and no more monkey business."

Eddy was a slow young man, slow to wrath, but the sight of the great red hand on Ginger's slender arm goaded him to action.

"You take your hands off that girl!" he shouted, springing across the room with a blind violence that sent two chairs spinning away from him.

"Hush, oh, hush," begged Ginger. "Eddy, don't! I'm not hurt. Oh, please don't let father hear you! Oh, please don't!"

"Bring out your old man—bring out the whole nest," yelled the officer furiously. "We'll clean house here while we're at it."

Ginger turned despairingly to Eddy Jackson. "Eddy, make him hush! Father's eyes—A shock will—Oh, Eddy!"

The officer, pulling himself away from Eddy's restraining hand, caught her shoulder with a grasp that flung her half to the floor, and Eddy, driven entirely reckless at the sight, leaped upon him.

But Mr. Tolliver in the small adjoining room had heard the unusual uproar in his quiet home, heard it first with surprise, then with rising indignation. With one bound he entered the living room, and instinctively, as in a crisis one who has been accustomed to clear vision for many years is bound to do, he tore the protecting bandages from his eyes and dashed them upon the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Knitted Sweaters Again in Fashion

### Needles Once More Clicking Away Fashioning Various Comfy Garmen's.

If the knitting craze keeps up, the old-fashioned sewing-needle may be revived, observes a fashion writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Femininity has taken to the knitting needle with veritable whim and vigor, turning out a most intriguing assortment of hand-knitted sweaters, scarfs and berets that even grandmother would have admired. Backstage, in the corridors, they're knitting; behind shop counters salesgirls are surreptitiously knitting; and some bridge games are undoubtedly losing out to knitting.

It all began with the vogue for sweaters and those feathery tams so delightful for sportswear. Womanlike, it was discovered that knitting was a fine art which proves interesting and useful of course, it was the rage in war time, but now the practice is strictly a matter of self-adornment.

Nobody can have enough colorful featherweight sweaters nowadays. You see them at every event, one gayer than the other.

Proving that couturiers have also cast their eyes reflectively on knitting, comes a novel sports creation.

This was a new sports ensemble in black suede. The short jacket closed down the front and down the outsides of the sleeves by means of zippers. When the sport becomes vigorous, the idea is to be able to open the sleeves to give the arm freedom.

Trousers of the Norwegian type go with this costume. Underneath this



Skating Costume—Velvet Skirt and Two Woolly Sweaters.

ensemble, however, is where the knitted idea is carried out in a "series" of sweaters worn one on top of the other!

The sweaters are four in all, of hand-knitted, very, very thin wool. The first, worn next to the skin, is violet, quite high in the neck in front, with a long capuchon cap attached at the back and with sleeves that come well down below the wrists.

Over this a yellow sweater, cut slightly lower in the neck in front, half an inch shorter at the sleeves; over this a blue sweater, still lower in front and another half inch shorter at the sleeves; over this a red sweater, with a "plastron" open front and sleeves, again, half an inch shorter.

The "tout ensemble" is that of a narrow rainbow. The gloves and socks are hand-knitted in wools to match.

A charming new skating costume has a wide velvet skirt and two woolly sweaters to insure warmth. Yellow socks and black shoes complete the ensemble.

## New Princess Negligees Are Cut Surplice Style

Many of the new princess negligees and house robes are cut in surplice style with collarless-bound necklines. These seem quite trying after the variously trimmed necks seen in pajama coats and negligees of every feminine air. A handsome coat for the boudoir is one in rich black velvet, strikingly plain with but a flaring line at the hem and open sleeves. A self-bow is placed at either side to emphasize the nipped-in waistline. There are equally as lovely robes in this style designed from transparent velvet in such soft shades as turquoise and pale blue, pink, green and salmon.

## Simple Trimming Marks Millinery This Season

The new hats are so simply trimmed that we are quite likely to overlook the importance of the trimming. But its very simplicity makes the trimming important.

Some of the felt hats are trimmed with pert little quills and feathers, suggestive of the trimming of Peter Pan's hat. Many are trimmed with bands of velvet, often combined with trimming strips of felt matching the hat—the velvet in a darker or lighter shade. The bows formed of these bands of velvet and felt are flat, not very big, and exceedingly smart.

## ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

The mother's health, for some reason, is supposed to take care of itself. It is only the occasional mother who matches Johnnie's yearly physical examination with one for herself or who takes herself to the dentist along with Susan. Her teeth as well as Sammie's require a daily ration of milk and vegetables. Sunlight and play are just as valuable for her as for the children. Yet it is all too easy for mother to neglect herself in her eagerness to make sure that her family have everything that they need.

It is best to start training the baby's hair when he is very small. Brush the soft hair the wrong way, wetting it just enough to hold it and curl the longer hair on top of the head over the finger. Then, as the child grows older, never miss an opportunity to coax along whatever natural wave appears. Do not let the hair grow too long, for its weight pulls down and lessens the tendency to curl.

The purpose of punishment doubtless is to improve the individual. But such corrective punishment must take on the character of training. And when adequate training comes in, punishment steps out.

To equip her kitchen in such a way that her work is easier and she has more time to spend with her children should be the aim of every mother. A breakfast nook saves mother steps, and electrical equipment, orange juice extractor, and a step-stool are good labor saving devices.

Colds occur when the resistance of the delicate mucous membranes of the nose and throat is lowered so that they become susceptible to attack by disease germs. Many well persons carry in their noses and throats the germs which produce colds. These germs, however, do no damage until the resistance is lowered.

Iron and copper are the perfect comrades and are essential to building up the blood stream. What foodstuffs supply these substances? Liver contains both of them. In fact calves' liver has more copper than any other food. Beef liver ranks second. Cereals, especially the whole grain ones, are valuable sources of copper, while the leafy vegetables, such as spinach and lettuce, which are rich in iron, have to take a back seat when copper is considered.

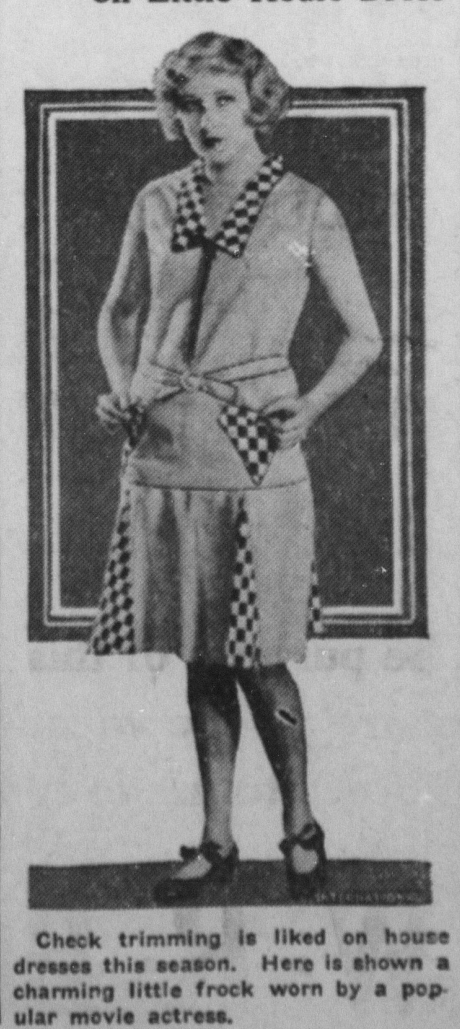
Appropriate toys for the child from two to four years of age: Kiddie cars, wooden pull toys, dolls, and sturdy doll furniture, wooden trains and tractors, slides, sandbox, low swings, seesaw, small boats, push engines.

## Spring Shades in Hats for Southern Resorts

How far milliners have progressed from the days when felt was the only fabric may be seen in collections of hats for southern wear. There is a great diversity of fabric, pliable straws having the lead. Such straws as may be treated like felts, tucked, plaited and so on, have won the especial admiration of the style world, and while models are remarkable for a greater width of brim, there are endless berets and such types intended for resort vogue.

Spring colors begin to clarify. Such tones as are shown for the winter resort season—a prelude to spring—include blues, some of which have a purple tonality. Others border on a light navy, while others again are linen blues. Greens of course are highlighted, both in yellowish and bluish cast, and pinks seem to be especially liked for Palm Beach.

## Check Trimming Is Used on Little House Dress



Check trimming is liked on house dresses this season. Here is shown a charming little frock worn by a popular movie actress.

## Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy



For every stomach and intestinal ill. 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.

## To Cool a Burn

Use HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

## Too Much Emphasis Put On Declaration of Age?

The demand of public officials that the citizen declare his age on every pretext is a piece of obnoxious bureaucracy. You do not need to tell your exact age in order to vote. The women saw to that in short order. But you must tell it in order to obtain a motor vehicle license.

Two million persons in the next few months will need to write down their ages for the perusal of license bureau clerks or any traffic officer. The plea that this is necessary for police purposes is ridiculous. Identification can be made by other means in emergencies. A crook who was trying to "beat" identification would not be greatly distressed by this requirement.

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle church, spoke out two years ago against age requirements on passports, licenses and the like. If more would speak out, a change to a proper basis would be speedy.

Persons might be required to state if they are "of age." But that is sufficient.—New York American.

## Coal Miner Becomes Poet

Robert Crawford, who was a miner in the coal fields of Scotland until crippled at his work, has become one of Britain's favorite poets. Some of his best work just has been published in a volume entitled "In Quiet Fields." Speaking of Crawford, Walter de la Mare said, "His poems prove once more how amazingly a real gift can triumph over circumstances."



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