

# GINGER ELLA

by Ethel Hueston  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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WNU Service

### CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Sir," he cried, "what do you mean by such conduct in my house? Eddy, come away from him. I will attend to this myself. Ellen, come here to me. But Ginger had forgotten the disgrace that yawned at her feet, had forgotten the home for the blind, the threatening jail. She looked at her father, and she saw only his face, saw his eyes, dark-circled, brilliant, but clear and steady in their gaze.

"Father," she whispered, and her whisper was a song. She crept toward him timidly, as one half afraid, her hands outstretched, a sob in her throat.

"Oh, father—you see me!"

Startled, instinctively, as one who has shielded a bruised thing for many weeks will naturally do, he dashed his hands shelteringly across his eyes. But he removed them at once, and stared back at the girl's glad white face.

"Why, so I do," he muttered. "Yes, I do."

Ginger flung her arms about him. "Oh, darling, how wonderful you are," she cried. "How stubborn of you! You always go just by contraries, don't you? They said a shock would blind you forever, and instead it has made you well. Oh, darling, let them take me to jail, I don't care a bit. It is worth it!"

The postman, in depths of self-abasement, was torn between joy for his pastor and shame for his own share in this humiliating scene, but Ginger and her father were momentarily transported far above the mere mundane annoyances of common life. The inspector, studying them all, was puzzled. It might be a ruse—but it did not seem to be a ruse.

"See here, there's no mistake. Is there? You are E. Tolliver, aren't you? You do claim to be the treasurer of the parsonage home for the blind?"

"Yes, I claim it all. I admit everything, and I'm glad of it. But there isn't any blind, any more. Go on take me to jail. I never thought of using the mails to defraud, because really, it wasn't a fraud. Father was blind."

"You see, she doesn't realize what she has done," argued Eddy stoutly. "Ellen," her father's voice was low and shocked, "do you mean to tell me that you—solicited money for a home for the blind?"

ter take it along. Will you come, sir? We have a car."

"I will go with you," offered Hiram Buckworth.

"You'd better wear dark glasses, father," cautioned Ginger. "You mustn't see too much too soon. And, officer, if anybody has to go to jail, don't you take him. You come and get me."

"Oh, nobody'll have to go to jail. We'll fix this up. And you will promise to be a good little girl!"

Ginger nodded her head nervously. Her eyes glistened with tears that she held in check.

In a short while they were all gone and she was alone again with Eddy. The house was very still. She stood in the center of the room and stared



"Oh, Eddy—Wasn't—I—Dumb?"

blackly into space, stared and stared. Suddenly a great storm welled in her breast. The pain of it scorched her throat, tortured her eyes. She threw herself among the cushions in a corner of the couch, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

### CHAPTER XIII

A shamed and huddled heap, Ginger lay in the corner of the big couch, weeping stormily, her slim shoulders shaken with her sobs, while Eddy stood awkwardly before her, sadly watching. After a while, unnoted, he sank down beside her, and waited for the passion of her emotion to spend itself, and at last, unobtrusively, he put his arm about her, by gentle pressure drawing her from the shabby silken cushions to his shoulder.

"Don't cry, Ginger. It isn't so bad. They'll fix it up all right, and no one will ever know. Your father will just have to assure your good conduct in the future, that's all. Don't cry."

Ginger was not to be comforted. Her beautiful dream was dead—may had been ruthlessly murdered, choked by coarse hands, crushed by a heavy heel. All that she had hoped for, planned for, worked for, had come to naught.

"It was so beautiful," she sobbed. "It was just beautiful while it lasted. And now it is only ridiculous."

"Oh, no, Ginger. Nothing can be ridiculous that is done in love," he said wisely.

She squirmed uncomfortably. "Oh, I did it in love," she admitted, "but I was pretty stuck on myself for doing it, just the same. I was awfully hipped on myself—I thought I was pretty smart all right."

"Well, it was smart—in a way," he said carefully. "Of course, it was wrong, too—in a way. It really was false pretenses—and using the mails to defraud, and all that. But you didn't know it was wrong."

But Ginger was not willing to be lifted ever so little from the depths of her self-abasement.

### Old Custom of Telling Bees of Owner's Death

A reader in the United States sends me a cutting from an American newspaper telling how the late Dr. Charles James, chemist and mineralogist, owned 14 hives of bees, and how after his death the swarm disappeared and was found buzzing about the flowers on his grave more than two miles away. Peter Simple writes, in the London Post.

Apparently, we are told, the bees had not been informed of his death in accordance with the ancient custom, which is still religiously fulfilled in country places.

I am afraid I can not enlighten my correspondent, who passes on to me the query of the journal in question: "Who first thought of telling the bees of the death of their master?"

As far as history carries us back we have some record of the keeping

"Well, I wasn't at all sure it was right," she confessed ruefully. "I always felt ashamed because the people said such kind things in their letters, and I knew they were being fooled. But I told myself that such a good man as father, and a minister and all, had a right to be taken care of. And I tried to tell father about it, but—always I didn't. I told myself I wanted to surprise him later on—but I think I knew he wouldn't let me."

"The trouble with you, Ginger, is your mathematics," he said very gently.

She gazed at him a moment in speechless wonder.

"Math—"

"Yes, you know that a whole life is wrong—but you figure that a half a life is no life at all. I've—er—noticed that about you several times."

Ginger smiled tremulously at that, and a fresh rain of tears swept her face.

"I know it," she confessed abjectly. "I know it. But it is so much easier to get what you want that way—"

"Oh, Ginger!"

How Ginger wept! The past was a wreckage of delicate dreams, the present a wave of disillusionment, the future swept bare by the relentless winds of certain privation.

"Oh, Eddy, I can't stand it—I simply can't!"

Slowly, very gently, he turned her head upon his shoulder, lifted her face to his, and, for the first time, kissed the trembling, tear-wet lips. Ginger's hand gripped his shoulder. He held her close in his arms, moved his lips gently across her wet cheek, pressed them upon the damp curls that clustered at her temple. The slender little figure grew suddenly tense in his arms, her hand clung to his shoulder. After a long still moment she drew away from him, slowly, and looked at him mistily, with troubled eyes, whose tears seemed lost in wonder. Eddy did not flinch before that wide-eyed questioning gaze.

Firmly he patted away the last of her tears, and then, almost defiantly, before her very eyes, he leaned toward her, kissed her again. She did not protest. When he released her, she lay limply in his arm, her face close to his face, and stared as one spellbound—that old, familiar face, which seemed suddenly very new and strange—beautiful—to her.

"Like me, Ginger?" he asked gently.

Ginger's answer was a startled jerky bob of her head. A half-smile quivered to her lips, to be quickly banished by the strange wide look of wonder.

"Why?" he insisted. "Because I'm like your father?"

Her hand tightened its grip on his shoulder. Her cheek pressed his.

"You—you're not—just like my father," she whispered.

"Ginger, you darling—you dear little darling—"

No word of protest from Ginger.

His hands caressed her. His lips sought the curve of her slender throat.

"I know you hate to be pawed—"

"Oh, Eddy," she interrupted indignantly, "you don't paw. You're not that kind."

Her small hand found itself upon his cheek, her slim fingers touched it, stroked it, with a carelessness as old as the world.

"I know I'm not at all a romantic figure—"

Ginger drew away from him. There was cold indignation in her eyes, scorn for herself, her young girlish folly. She saw, as for the first time, the tender warmth of his gray eyes, the fine firm lines of his kind lips, the strong assurance in the poise of his head—all the clean honest niceness of the old familiar face. And her heart cried out to him, remembering his thousands sympathies through so many exigencies, his unflinching humor, his untiring interest. And Ginger, humbled afresh before this sweet new revelation of the old, old friend, cried out reproachfully:

"Oh, Eddy—wasn't—I—dumb?"

[THE END]

### Light Tweed Suit Liked for Travel

Plaits Being Crowded Out by Circular Skirt and Tuck-in Blouse.

This season the shops have imported very few tweeds and wool crepe outfits from the mid-season collections, although there is the usual plethora of summery frocks, advises a fashion correspondent in the New York World. The classic tailleur is, of course, to be numbered among the smartest traveling costumes at any season of the year and the light tweed suit follows in popularity.

The notable distinction of the latest costumes is the fact that plaits are being crowded out almost entirely by the circular skirt and by the prevalence of tuck-in blouses of wool in the same color as the suit but in a lighter tone. One of Chantal's suits illustrates this tendency. A two-piece suit of brown and yellow tweed has a skirt composed of strips in which the pattern of the fabric alternates to give a zigzag effect. The reverse on the jacket are also sewn on in contrast to the body of the coat and there is a simple scarf collar. The blouse is of yellow crepe and tucks in.

Women who find the suit and blouse combination too bulky to pack under a fur coat on the first stages of a trip may find some smart ensembles consisting of a woolen dress and unlined cardigan. One of these, from Patou, uses navy blue jersey. The dress is a simple affair with a high waist, circular skirt and collar of fine white linen finished off by two small bows at the front. The coat is a full



Traveling Costume of Red and White Tweed With Flared Godets.

length affair of the same fabric and comes unlined.

A very attractive little ensemble combier a sleeveless frock of very thin tweed with a matching cardigan. It appears in green, one of the Red Star colors for the South, and accents the high waist by means of a self belt with tortoise-shell buckles over the hips. The skirt is very circular and comes down to a good three inches below the knee.

The one-piece woolen frock appears either in light tweed or in a solid shade of woolen crepe, with navy blue an outstanding favorite. Lucile Paray is responsible for one dress which has a bolero on one side only, giving it a rakish, a symmetrical charming effect.

The coats proper for traveling beyond the possibility of a snowfall are generally of heavy tweed, and the canny shopper will forget all about the social climbing performed by this fabric last fall. Although some of the new suits show a formal handling of this material, the smartest of the separate coats are cut on very straight sports lines and show a minimum of trimming.

One very interesting coat appears in a mottled blue and gray pattern and is less fitted than those designed for town wear in the North. It has a scarf collar, rather wider than the classic Schiaparelli type, which appears on the right side only. This may be thrown across the front of the neck in the familiar manner or may follow the back of the neckline and lie flat on the left side of the front.

Another engaging coat appears in a very light tweed in which the combination of brown and yellow appears again. This has a commodious cape collar with a fabric bow set at the back of the neck.

### Lovely Afternoon Frock Is of Beige Crepe

One of the recent popular creations from the French capital is a charming afternoon frock of beige flat crepe with a ruffle around the skirt just below the belt. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with lace.

### Black Net and Chiffon for Sunday Night Frock

The Sunday night frock is affording many a woman an attractive reason for looking forward to a social engagement on that evening with unprecedented anticipation. Perhaps the secret of the success of this type of dress is that it deftly compromises between the formal evening gown and the afternoon dress. Black net and chiffon are special favorites on such occasions. Long, tight sleeves of these diaphanous fabrics are alluring sheer. The skirts follow the draped and flowing movements of the afternoon frocks.

### ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Do you nag children about eating proper foods? Or do you serve the proper kind of food, making meal time a pleasant occasion and allowing no "pleasing"? Do you complain because children are not prompt? Or do you give them watches or clocks and drill them in keeping appointments?



Mothers know perfectly well that they wear themselves out by worrying and hurrying even more than by working. The point, however, is how to keep themselves from worrying, how to keep the objective attitude, and how to cultivate mental poise. For a well-rounded life, the mother needs health, peace of mind, leisure, and interests outside of her home.

The early 'teens are a period of stress and strain, and the call of adventure is one phase of the young person's effort to find himself. If earlier childhood has passed without parental control and guiding fellowship, the craving for excitement seeks its gratification in ways that may end disastrously.

The airplane is here and here to stay. The younger generation accepts it as a matter of course, and will not be denied the thrills and conveniences that it represents. If the older generation cannot accept it in the same spirit, they will find themselves forced to do so as a matter of sheer necessity.

Those who have contracted colds should separate themselves as much as possible from other members of the family. They should use only their own towels and wash their hands frequently. Their eating utensils should be washed separately in boiling water.

A whole family can have a good time with modeling clay. Buy it, preferably, in five-pound cans, give everyone a generous amount and then suggest that each one model a portrait bust of father or mother or even the family dog or cat, with a prize for the best one and the funniest one. Prizes should be simple—a piece of candy, an apple, or a new pencil.

The telephone is the bane of the busy housewife's existence, for leaving the kitchen at a critical moment often results in a minor tragedy. But now the telephone company has provided portable phones which can be plugged in wherever there is an outlet (like the electric light floor plugs) and the phone can be carried into the kitchen.

The hair of very young babies should not be immersed in the daily bath, as it is too delicate to thrive under constant wetting. Once or twice a week is sufficient, especially if it is dampened several times a day in order to curl it.

### Two-Tone Tweed Makes an Interesting Outfit

When unable to decide between two shades of a rich green tweed, did it ever occur to you to choose both? Some wise couturier must have escaped a dilemma in just such a manner when he planned a suit that found its way to an eminent position in a shop window. One shade of the green mixed tweed was darker, yet brighter than the other. The body of the jacket suit had utilized the lighter shade but couldn't resist the darker tone color for swagger flap pockets and collar on the coat. The skirt was slightly flared, but not longer than six inches below the knee. This was taken as a commentary on the popular length of sports costumes.

### Mothers... Watch Children's COLDS



COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. Don't take a chance—at the first sniffle rub on Children's Musherole once every hour for five hours.

Children's Musherole is just good old Musherole, you have known so long, in milder form.

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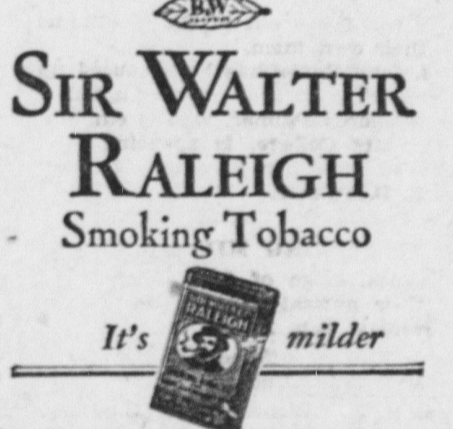
Keep full strength Musherole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musherole for little tots. All druggists.



## Desperate Wives

have been known to boil their husbands' pipes in lyc. This kills the lingering authority of over-strong tobacco, but good-bye piping Well, it's time those husbands discovered Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It's a blend of choice tobaccos mellowed to a surpassing mildness and flavor, and wrapped in gold foil to keep it fresh. And fragrant! Wives positively love it.

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A sufficiency of playgrounds would cut in half the number of cases of child delinquency, declares the president of the Playground association.