

The Custard Cup

By Florence Bingham Livingston

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UNCLE JERRY

SYNOPSIS.—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is manager of an apartment building known as "The Custard Cup," originally "Cluster Court." Her income is derived from laundry work, her chief patron being a Mrs. Horatius Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crink" and "Thad," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Penzie." Thad tells Penzie a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name. A tenant, Mrs. Gussie Bosley, induces Penzie to take charge of a package, which she does with some misgivings. Searching a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, veteran at the game, encounters a small girl, Lettie, who proves a foeman worthy of his steel. He takes her to Penzie, and Lettie gets an invitation to join the family.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Mrs. Penfield covered her ironing board with an old sheet and propped it in a corner. Turning, she stood a moment in deep thought, her brown eyes on the pinky piece of childhood on the wash bench, her mental vision absorbed in problems of arithmetic.

The question confronting Mrs. Penfield was complicated only by the fact that of food for the family. The ugly accusations of speech and behavior disturbed her very little because she believed that underneath them there is always a bit of life that is sweet and true and has only to pry off the handiwork and give it a chance.

"I was only thinking," she said bravely. "That it might be a mystery if I could not get a good deal of food for the family. The ugly accusations of speech and behavior disturbed her very little because she believed that underneath them there is always a bit of life that is sweet and true and has only to pry off the handiwork and give it a chance."

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Lettie smiled—she rather she glowed. She expressed before of resolution ever laid so deep a tribute as was accomplished by Lettie. When the meal was over, she hunched down on her stool in the relaxation of absolute content, and fixed her black eyes on Mrs. Penfield.

CHAPTER IV

Uncle Jerry.

Many times Mrs. Penfield had speculated about the identity of the man who had been searching for her—who had even traced her to The Custard Cup and then failed to find her. Several days had passed since Thad's report, and she had heard nothing further; neither had she the slightest clue, except that it must have been someone out of her girlhood, out of the past from which she had supposed herself cut off by the severing of all close ties. That past was filled with painful memories.

It was not an unmixed joy to know that a previous acquaintance might be near and that at any moment she might be called upon to talk casually of those years which were buried deep in her heart. The very sound of her maiden name had stirred lethargic recollections into renewed life, into the power of shooting like darts of agony through the commonplaces of daily routine.

Inevitably, since imagination is a more vivid artist than reality, she had exaggerated the possibilities of the encounter, anticipating them with a dread which she was far from feeling when that encounter actually occurred. She even answered the ring of the bell with the serene conviction that a neighbor was calling.

"Good morning," she called brightly, as she rolled aside the big door.

A man stood on the warped board that took the place of front steps. He was about fifty years old, rugged, weather-beaten, giving the impression of out-of-doors and hard work, lazily combined.

He said nothing. Hat in hand, he regarded Mrs. Penfield with a smile of inexpressible significance, which somehow checked the rest of her usual greeting—the part about coming right in. Her brown eyes blinked in question.

"Am I supposed to know you?" she inquired at last.

"I was hoping you'd guess me," he returned, in a deep voice that filled the narrow alley.

Mrs. Penfield shook her head.

"Then I'll tell you," he said, in evident disappointment. "You know Uncle Jerry?"

"No, I don't know you, Mrs. Penfield." It was Gussie Bosley, in the smartest of hats, carrying the smartest set of legs, drawing on the freshest of gloves as she talked. "I'm going downtown."

"You always are," commented Mrs. Penfield, laughing.

"Yeh, I did a lot." Mrs. Bosley smiled good-naturedly. "I've left a card on my door, telling anybody that calls to come here."

"All right."

"And if anybody does, come, will you please say I've gone to Sacramento and won't be back for a couple days?"

Mrs. Penfield's eyes grew wide. "Sure I will," she said slowly, "if you'll do your part."

"My part! What do you mean?" "I mean if you'll go to Sacramento."

"Ain't you smart?" snapped Mrs. Bosley. "I ain't asking you to do a crime. Ain't no harm in your saving me a little bother."

"Ain't no bother saved by doing a little harm, either," retorted Mrs. Penfield pleasantly. "I'm always glad to help out, but I can't go so far as that. I'm sorry."

"Very well." Gussie tossed her head angrily. "All I got to say is, you'll trip over something bigger, holding your head so stiff." She turned with a wrathful flourish and clicked off, her high heels pounding out echoes from the sides of the narrow alley.

"Some little lady!" commented Jerry Winston, with a laugh. "Hot and peppery like a Spanish sauce!" His face straightened; his merry eyes grew keen and cold. "You don't like Mrs. Bosley, do you?"

LEGION MAN IS IN BASEBALL

John J. Sullivan, Author of Backer Resolution, One of Purchasers of Seattle Club.

A first baseball club for Seattle is one of the aims of John J. Sullivan of Seattle, an active member of the American Legion. He has joined Wade Killefer, formerly manager of the Los Angeles club of the Pacific Coast league, and Charles J. Lockard, well-known Washington business man in the purchase of the club. Harry Wolverton, ace-of-managers of pennant-chasing ball clubs in the West, was selected to lead the club.

Sullivan was born in Massachusetts, but preferred the thrilling environment of the West to the classic surroundings of Cape Cod. He arrived in Seattle in 1904 and set about to



John J. Sullivan.

complete his education in law in the University of Washington. A poor boy, Sullivan paid his way through the school by holding down a job in the post office. After his admission to the legal profession, he became assistant United States district attorney, and later assistant to the attorney general in Washington. In this legal capacity he served as counsel in many of the most important cases in the West, among them being the prosecution and ultimate conviction of E. W. W. members, who shot down four members of the American Legion in Centralia, Wash., on Armistice day, 1920. Eleven of the thirteen accused men were acquitted. Another case of importance with which Sullivan was connected was that of the defense of Madelyn Oberholtzer and Arthur Rarick, accused of the slaying of J. William Kennedy, who were freed after three juries had failed to convict them.

Sullivan's connection with baseball originated when he participated in the case of the Seattle Pacific Coast league club against gamblers who sought damages from park owners for their ejection. The supreme court ruled against the gamblers, the decision now being frequently used to settle the right of action in other cases. On winning this case, Sullivan associated himself with the new organization of the Seattle baseball club, and is out to help with the project.

During the war Sullivan was an enlisted man in the military intelligence section, playing a prominent part in the settlement of strikes among government workers in the Northwest during the war. He was one of the incorporators of the American Legion, when congress officially established the organization. He was the author of the "alien-slacker" resolution adopted by the Legion, and was named to head the Legion's first national committee on the Japanese question.

LEGION IS AN AID TO LABOR

President of Illinois Federation Praises Work of Former Service Men's Organization.

Praise of the work of the American Legion in behalf of the laboring man was voiced by President John Walker of the Illinois Federation of Labor at a recent state conference of Legion commanders and adjutants of Illinois.

"Unionism is indebted to the Legion for the fight you waged against unrestricted immigration which prevented the dumping of foreign hordes upon our shores to destroy the standard of living and of wages," he said. "No union man can help but feel grateful to you for this."

President Walker showed how much a part of one another the Legion and Federation are by quoting some figures: "In the last war," he said, "there were 680,000 American fighters bearing union cards. But if there had not been a trade unionist in that war, union men could not help but stand for the same principles that are contained in your constitution. "You have pledged your co-operation in two endeavors of unionism to wipe out illiteracy from this country, and in the campaign for Americanism. A bill has recently gone through the legislature raising the educational requirements of children who have to work from the sixth to the eighth grades. Another law provides kindergartens for poor children and another an education for crippled children. There is a bill now pending to reclaim the mentally defective children. "President Walker declared that at the next convention of the Illinois Federation of Labor he would call to the attention of the executive committee the relationship of labor and the Legion and promised that labor would back the Legion 100 per cent.



It Was Gussie Bosley in the Smartest of Hats.

She did not return his hand. Her brows twisted. "Of all the people in 'The Custard Cup,'" she began absently.

"I'll bet you're worrying 'bout my pension," he laughed. "That's what it is to get near a relative. Why, bless your soul, that fellow's barbers."

"Oh, yes, of course," she replied, recovering herself. "I ain't criticizing. I was only surprised."

Thad strided in from the kitchen. "By George!" cried Jerry Winston. "So that little shaver belongs to you, does he? I didn't know you had any youngsters."

"I have two—three—by adoption." "Queer you ain't sure of the number," he commented slyly.

Why He Called It "Portland" Cement

In 1824, an English mason wanted to produce a better cement than any thn in use. To do this he burned finely grind clay and limestone together at a high heat. The hard balls [called clinker] hat resulted were ground to a fine power. When a mixture of this dull gray power with water had hardened, it was the cor of a popular building stone quarried in the Isle of Portland off the coast of England. So this mason, Joseph Aspdin, called his discovery "portland" cement.

That was less than one hundred year ago.

Portland cement was not made in the United States until fifty years ago. The average annual production for the ten years following was only 36,000 sacks. Last year the country used over 470,000,000 sacks of portland cement. Capacity to manufacture was nearly 600,000,000 sacks.

Cement cannot be made everywhere because raw materials of the necessary chemical composition are not found in sufficient quantities in every part of the country. But it is now manufactured in 27 states by 120 plants. There is at least one of these plants within shipping distance of any community in this country.

To provide a cement supply that would always be ample to meet demand has meant a good deal in costly experience to those who have invested in the cement industry. There have been large capital investments with low returns.

In the last twenty-five years, 328 cement plants have been built or have gone through some stage of construction or financing. 162 were completed and placed in operation.

Only 120 of these plants have survived the financial, operating and marketing trials of that period. Their capacity is nearly 50 per cent greater than the record year's demand.

These are a few important facts about an industry that is still young. Advancements to follow will give you more of these facts, and will tell something of the important place cement occupies in the welfare of every individual.

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