The Custard Cup

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, Lettle, who proves a foeman worthy of his steel. He takes her to Penzie, and Lettle gets an invitation to join the family.

CHAPTER III,-Continued.

board with an old sheet and propped it in a corner. Turning, she stood a moment in deep thought, her brown eyes on the prickly 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 limitation of food for the family. The ugly accretions of speech and behavior disturbed her very little, bewere the believed that undermeath then there is always a bit of life that is ewest and true one has only to pry of the handlespe and give it a effective.

"I was only thinking," she said briskly. "That it might be a merry if Larrier'd star. I got 'most a bug full of choice that Mrs. Wearth'stome sent down that's between and between, too smuch her me and her girly for Thack I expect they'd to Lettle like.

That round lady shot a witer glanters can of bright black some. The room warm round has the experienced was contraction vist. Patt of gratherest statement. ness and morney. "We chose hairs". never stamped eachedy jut," she shmercod accordable. To a stemada that employ that the autor Work

"Bart I'll ger ber a attempting floor flown to the grown action Cities

here. WwW tone it worked out entry spoons in the egg bent. Lettle was t need for knot and fork. This here supper's simple to est."

With the rever of the suprepul in for the entside door, "Thad?" she of the western woods. Mrs. Penfield | I was only surprised." yett "Thad Thaned" My land," she rentingled, dishing up stow with to call that blessed baby. He's been watching Mrs. Catterbox' garden. Shepromised him a penny to keep the chickens out two hours while she went uptown. He's been in bout seven times to know if he sure could spend it himself, the dear

These intimate revelations were cut short by the entrance of the new capitalist. One glance at the occupant of the wash bench reduced his high enthusiasm to a round, double stare, framed in amber evelashes.

"Thad," said Mrs. Penfield formally, "look what we got while you were gone." With the agate ladle she pointed toward Lettie with the air of sentence with a wave of his hand. an entomologist who indicates a particularly fantastic bug. "This here's Lettle. And Lettle, this here's Thad," Having thus separated their personalities with the convenient ladle, she reached for another bowl.

The setting of the table had not been a difficult thing for Crink- to anything to to do?" learn. On a cloth composed of four flour sacks, united by hand, were four he answered shortly. plates, four bowls, four tumblers of

"And mind you go slow and mean nobody." what you say. You know God can't hear pothing unless you mean it."

Then the mixed chorus said slowly: "Lord, we thank Thee 'cause we got big appetites and good things to eat.

Amen." Lettle forgot her hunger momen-

yes do it for?" "Bu we won't forget for a minute | "Eng." His breathed more name. here thankful we are," returned Mrs. A completning tonest would be a re-Posited wildly. "New and right in, lied from the tension of a paterial

tald so deep a tellings as was accumstisted by Lettle. When the meal stool in the relaxation of absolute downtown," content, and fixed her black eyes on

"I'll stay with you forever, if you want me to," she announced.

Mrs. Penfield acknowledged her tri- | card on my door, telling anybody that umph, but bore it with remarkable modesty.

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 falled to find her. Several days had passed since Thad's report, and she had neard nothing further; neither had she the slightest clue, except that it must have been me a little bother." someone out of her girlhood, out of the past from which she had sup- little harm, either," retorted Mrs. posed herself cut off by the severing | Penfield pleasantly. "I'm always glad of all close ties. That past was filled with painful memories.

It was not an unmixed joy to know might be called upon to talk casually her maiden name had stirred lethar- from the sides of the narrow alley. gic recollections into renewed life, into the power of shooting like darts of daily routine.

Inevitably, since imagination is a more vivid artist than reality, she had Bosley, do you?" 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, incensuntly combined.

He said nothing. Hat in hand, he regarded Mrs. Pendeld with a smile of inexplicable pignificance which nomelow checked the rest of her usual greeting-the part about coming right in. Her brown eyes blinked in constice.

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

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

Mrs. President shook her head. "Then I'll tell you," he said, in settent disappointment. "I'm your Enrise "My Unche Josep! I didn't know

had one." the laughed. "Wasn't James Win-

enick your further?" "You." Her corn withraud.

"I'm his reampost brediur, John Jon-Mrs. Praduid extended her hands.

Come right in. I didn't know I had to hear relative in the world. I'm

Josep Winston sursend, walking showly. As he sail forth, he cought has hand against his side with a getmary of pain. "Tree fell on me," he explained presently. "Lumber camp. is Orogon'. It was my finish for that tind of life, but I was lacky to get

They sat in attenue for accord mo-

surests, earth absorbed in thoughts

which the presumes of the other had his boyhood that Jerry Winston had been face to face with a somber of less." his own family. He had out himself her hand. Mrs. Pendicki made a duck off voluntarily, called by the freer life. rathet. In a practical anighborhood hard nover seek him before. During her childhood he had been mentioned only at rare intervals, and then with a worn agate ladle, "I 'most forgot the reserve that hides all wanderers as behind a curtain of tacit criticism. Jerry Winston cleared his throat. "It's mighty little I got to tell you bout myself," he began. "Lor', it makes me lonesome to think of the life I've had to give up. Seems like. I can smell the woods in my dreams, I could smell 'em when I was a youngster, and finally I couldn't stand it any longer. That's why I ran away. But that wasn't why I didn't keep in touch," he added quickly. "No, sir, that was 'cause the family didn't forgive me for not staying home and going into the store, as they'd planned.

> "And now you're living near here?" He hesitated. "Yes, a few blocks wonderful?" over," he replied vaguely. "I don't know whether I shall hang 'round or not. Depends!"

So naturally I-" He finished the

Her fine eyes grew deep with sympathy. "Do you mean you can't find going smooth "

"I'm trying out one or two things,"

water, four spoons, and, in front of takable. Mrs. Penfield was sorry she hair. She had an excellent business Mrs. Penfield, a plate of cornbread, had pressed the matter. "I do hope position, besides singing in a choir, a small piece of butter, and a knife. you'll stay," she said. "It has been and she was frankly a favorite with "Now, boys," signaled Mrs. Penfield. lonely. There ain't nobody left. Mrs. Penfield.

> He looked at her keenly, pityingly. "Nobody?"

my family nor- I had a few years | "Why, that's too had, Lorene. I of happiness, and then-" She broke wish you could go," off, her lip quivering.

"Eay, Carline, that's tough," he put tartly and opened her black eyes in autwardly. "Looks like your old wide. "That bests me," she comment- uncle stight as much as dropped you off ed. Do per elways talk that way a line but I guess he wasn't realisefore yes begin. What is termstive do ing- What's that? Somebody com-

martise of hale, currying the martout of lags, drawing on the frontest was ever, she hunched down on her of gloves as she talked. "I'm going

> "You always are," commented Mrs. Penfield, laughing. "Yeh, I gad a lot." Mrs. Bosley smiled good-naturedly. "I've left a

"All right." "And if anybody does, come, will you please say I've gone to Sacramento and won't be back for a coupla

calls to come here."

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-

"Ain't no bother saved by doing a to help out, but I can't go so far's that. I'm sorry."

"Very well." Gussie tossed her head that a previous acquaintance might angrily. "All I got to say is, you'll be near and that at any moment she trip over something bigger, holding your head so stiff." She turned with of those years which were buried a wrathful flourish and clicked off, deep in her heart. The very sound of her high heels pounding out echoes

"Some little lady!" commented Jerry Winston, with a laugh. "Hot and pepof agony through the commonplaces | pery like a Spanish sauce!" His face straightened; his merry eyes grew keen and coid. "You don't like Mrs.

She stared at him. "How did you know who 'twas?" He shrugged. "Oh, I've met her husband. Saw 'em together once." "Where?"

"'Downtown," he mimicked. "Not in Sacramento.



Busiey in the Smartest of Halls

tendencies," he laughed. "That's when congress officially established what it is to get near a relative. Why, the organization. He was the author bless your soul, that feller's harm of the "alten slacker" resolution

recovering herself. "I ain't criticizing, committee on the Japanese question.

Thad strolled 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

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

"One of them is brand-new," she smiled. "I haven't bad her but a day. Thad, dear, this is your Uncle Jerry. Ain't that nice?"

While they were getting acquainted, "We'll have lunch pretty soon," she called back. "I've got some cornbread warming in the oven, and I'm making dried-beef gravy. I've been saving a jar of strawberries hoping we'd have company, and now I can open it for one of my very own family. Ain't it

Mrs. Penfield circled around by the front door. "It's time for Crink," she said, looking out into the driveway "Good morning, Lorene. Ev'rything

Lorene Percy paused on her way past Number 47. She was a pretty girl with deep violet eyes, small fea-This time the evasion was unmis- tures, and masses of sunny brown

"No, not everything," smiled the girl. "Dick Chase and I have been invited on a lovely trip to Mount She shook her head. "Neither of Diablo, and he can't he won't-go,"

> "I can see Lettie's going to be a gamfact, Carlline. Pd stake my life she's got some go in her."

> > (\$0 EE CONTONUED)

Education is notify the art. of an impeting the loos was one of the

John J. Suffren, Author of Stocker Resolution, One of Purchasers of Seattle Club.

A fast 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 to 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 nitimate conviction of W. W. members, who shot down members of the American Legion. in Centralia, Wash, on Armistice day, 1929. Eleven of the thirteen accused of Madalyn Chenchain and Arthur-Burch, accused of the slaying of I. British Kennedy, who were freed after three juries had falled to consist

Sullivan's connection with basefull selffinated when he participated in the tune of the Scuttle Partitic Crest league club against gunhires who sought damages from park owners for their ejection. The Supreme court. rated against the gamblers, the deristion new being frequently used to goods the right of eviction in other effices. On winning this rune, Suffices. namelated bisserif with the new purcharges of the South's hasehold chief-

and is out to help win the pennant. During the war Saffican was an She did not return his bunder. Ber gence section, playing a preminent part house retained. "Of all the people is in the settlehead of strikes among gov-The Custard Cup-" she begun all comment workers in the Northwest during the war. He was one of the in-"I'll het you're worrying bout my corporators of the American Legion, adopted by the Legion, and was named "Ob, yes, of course," she replied, to head the Legion's first national

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 Mrs. Penfield went into the kitchen, 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 fig-

"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 petiding to reclaim the mentally defective children,"

President Walker declared that at the next convention of the littoris Federiction of Latior by would call to the attention of the parentier committee the estationship of labor and the Lagitm and predicted that labor would hack the Legion 100 per cost,

Why He Called It "Portland" Cement

In 1824, an English mason wantd to produce a better cement than any thn in use. To do this he burned finely grand clay and limestone together at a ligh 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 Ergland. So this mason, Joseph Aspdi, called his discovery "portland" cement.

That was less than one hundred year

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 dis-

tance 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 risks of that period. Their capacity is nearly 30 per cent greater than the record year's demand.

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

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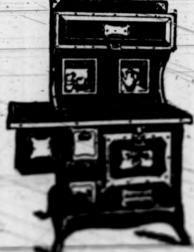
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