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TO HAUL AWAY MOUNTAIN

Workmen Near States, Ariz., Are Trying a New Venture in Copper Mining.

The five years of the work has been carried on five million cubic yards of material have been taken from the mountain, though that amount does not represent pure ore.

An engineer humorously remarks that when the huge pile is gone there will be room for the town to grow.

For Business Reasons. "Smile" commanded the photographer. "You look too mournful."

Threat for Threat. Woman in Court—She said to me, "I'll kill you." I said, "If you do, I'll never speak to you again."

Can't Sleep? When Coffee disagrees Drink Postum

The Custard Cup

By FLORENCE BINGHAM LIVINGSTON

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"CARED!"

SYNOPSIS—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield's 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 "Crick" and "Thad," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Penzie."

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Yes, they keep me going." "So you see what I mean. I'm all alone—all alone." "All alone?" repeated Mrs. Sanders, her voice rising to a shriek. "Oh, it's awful. I never been alone before. I haven't told you how I was, but—two years ago—I lost my husband—my mother—then my brother. It left me alone—absolutely alone. I don't get over it. Sometimes—"

over it. He was devoted to his family. He hadn't been well. He ran down fast. We sold—traveled—everything. It didn't help. In six months—

"Oh, my dear!" repeated Mrs. Sanders pityingly. "That was when—"

Mrs. Penfield nodded. "It would have been easy—so easy—to go, too. The hard thing was to stay—in an empty world. Nothing—"

"I—I know how you felt. You—you cared!"

"Cared!" Mrs. Penfield's tone shook the word to shreds and cast it aside. "Part of me died—when he did. I hadn't never been the same. I try—but I can't—"

Her voice broke. She wheeled swiftly and went over to the window. Standing with her back to the room, she stared into the meshes of the muslin curtain, beating the casing with her closed hand. Those blows, the outlet of long-suppressed torture, pounded into the silence of the room with uncanny contrast, as of physical violence upon some sacred stillness.

Mrs. Sanders scarcely breathed, awed into motionlessness by the depth of the anguish which she had unwittingly stirred. Her own grief was swallowed up in the grief of another.

At last Mrs. Penfield turned and came back. She walked firmly. Her eyes were brimming with tears, but there was a smile on her lips. "I'm sorry I want to please you," she apologized. "I aim to keep my will power pressed down on my feelings; but if I take it off the best of 'em, they roll up as furious as ever. You wouldn't think I'm complaining, I did for a spell, but I learned better."

"It down," begged Mrs. Sanders. "I want to tell you how I hate myself for being so selfish. I wouldn't have hurt you for the world. But I never dreamed—you're always so cheerful!"

"I'm cheerful, yes," acknowledged Mrs. Penfield sadly, "but once I was happy. I tell you what, Mrs. Sanders, you can be suspicious of the man who says he's happy."



Mrs. Sanders Scarcely Breathed.

fer that's cheerful. He's been through something. Happiness is a thing that bubbles up naturally before you've had much experience, but cheerfulness is a thing you've reasoned out and stand by 'cause you believe it's right. There's a kind of happiness that never comes back, once it's gone."

They sat in silence for a moment, in closer communion than words had ever brought them.

"I know now," said Mrs. Sanders gently, "why you took those children."

An irradiated expression came into Mrs. Penfield's face. "Yes, you know now. I didn't do it at first. I got a position as housekeeper in a wealthy family. But I couldn't be satisfied, just supporting myself—I had to make a home again—and for somebody that didn't have one. Way it is, when you lose them that's dear to you, it kind of opens your heart wider, and you got more love for more folks—stead of less. When I had children of my own, I thought 'bout them; but when I—I lost 'em, I began to think 'bout all the children, every-where—specially those that was handicapped and forlorn and didn't have a chance to grow up true to the souls that the Lord gave 'em. I came to see that I'd got to make a home for some of 'em, so I gave up my position and hunted up Crick, and then Thad. I can't earn so much money this way and it costs more to live, but I feel easier."

The hysterical frenzy had died out of Mrs. Sanders' expression. She looked as if she had laid hold of peace and calm. She looked Mrs. Penfield's hand to touch her own.

"You will always be my friend," she said softly. "You're the best I've ever known."

'em sweet is to let 'em out—work 'em off for somebody else. I'm going to try—and whenever I feel—that way again, I'll think 'bout how much more unhappy you are—"

"No," interposed Mrs. Penfield quickly, "you're not to think I'm unhappy. I'm not—now. Maybe I seemed to say I was, but 'twasn't what I meant. I'm happy—but it's a different kind of happiness. That's all."

"Yes," breathed Mrs. Sanders, "that's—that's all."

CHAPTER IX

Where Fii Caesar Led.

Several weeks had passed, and the pink sweaters had not been worn. It was sometimes looked at, reposing in a paper wrapper in the cleanest apple box—Monday morning with high hope, Saturday night with black despair.

Once Lettie had picked her way gingerly through five days of behavior that might have been recorded with a gold pen on a pearly page—and then, presto! Humanity! Impel! Cataclysm! Once her impetuous feet had trod the narrow way up to and including Saturday noon. The goal was in sight. Miss Lettie staged a war-dance in premature celebration, caught her ragged sleeve in the handle of a saucenop on the store, dragged it over the edge, deluged the kitchen with precious soup stock, soaking indelibly into the rough board floor.

Lettie's contrition was always immediate and sincere, but it lacked that element of projection, which might have fastened into the future and insured better things. Nevertheless, it was a difficult problem to discipline her. She had an unflinching perception of right and wrong, and knew at any moment which side of the fence she was on. She never desisted; she never ran away; she never ceased. On the contrary, she stood by in the thickest of the disaster, often very thick indeed, and rent the atmosphere with stiff confession: "I done it; I done it."

It was the proved faculty to call her attention to the fact that she had sinned; Lettie forwarded such notice by her lightning metamorphosis into the stunner who reposed and is therefore entitled to the retaining of the belt. "But in all down and rejoice over a little girl who has just washed half of your kitchen, scrubbed every corner with its implications which cannot be ignored; and in consequence Mrs. Penfield was often nearly a silent and pensive spectator, standing by while Lettie got herself through the stages of revulsion, asceticism, and self-inflicted penance.

Never did Mrs. Penfield derive punishments half so drastic as those which were suggested by Lettie, who delighted in methods of self-flagellation that should translate the frays of wrongdoing into a frenzy of terrors.

Opposed to all rules was Mrs. Penfield's attitude of authority, as of a detached onlooker. "You're too easy," said Mrs. Wopple. "You'll be sorry when it's too late," declared Mrs. Catbert. But Mrs. Penfield only smiled at them gently, with a far-away look in her eyes which they resented, because it showed that their carefully pointed criticism had failed of its aim.

"I'd punish her if she'd give me a chance," she admitted, "but when she does it herself, I can't—'bout heaping it up double. Besides, if a fellow's conscience has stirred up a fight in his own soul, anybody that takes a hand from the outside is only putting himself on record as a meddler."

So the fight was Lettie's, and thus far the victory had hovered in suspension, occasionally glimpsed, but elusive and inclined to fly high.

Ironically enough, the greatest obstacle in her path of virtue was Mr. Wopple. He acted as a reagent, drawing out and precipitating all the worst in her nature.

By a curious instinct, they were both conscious of a fundamental antagonism, complicated on Mr. Wopple's side by the irresistible desire to start something. Turned loose in a menagerie, he would have entertained himself by thrusting sticks between the bars of cages, that he might gloat over the torture of animals deprived of the power to give him the retaliation he deserved. He was naturally a halter of beasts; and in Lettie he found a most satisfactory subject for his ingenuity.

"I hate him," declared Lettie, stamping her foot. "I hate him." She eased her armful of driftwood down on the accumulation in the corner and straightened up with a jerk, her black eyes flashing.

Mrs. Penfield, salting the stew for lunch, smiled at her composedly. "That's one thing you got to get over, Lettie."

"—you got to have my yard all covered up."

BOY SCOUTS



(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

BOY SCOUTS HONOR HARDING

The flags of 21,600 scout troops were lowered to half-staff in silent tribute to the memory of the nation's late head and honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America, upon the announcement of the death of Warren G. Harding. On several thousand of the standards, coupled with crepe were the President's streamers of red, white and blue, Mr. Harding's gift to the troops increasing their membership in the recent scout round-up—treasured mementoes of his warm sympathy and active support of the boy scout movement.

From West to East boy scouts stood at attention in respect to the memory of the dead President, as the train bearing the body of this great-hearted leader and devoted supporter of the scout movement passed on its sad and impressive transcontinental journey to the nation's capital.

At practically every station in city, town and countryside on the route of the funeral train, regardless of hour or whether a stop was made, the scout contingent, usually the length of the train, was drawn up. Where stops were made, an offering of wild flowers, gathered by the scouts and symbolic of the outdoor life of scouting, was placed aboard.

In San Francisco twenty scouts of eagle rank escorted the funeral cortege. In Washington the tribute of esteem was redoubled by Colin H. Livingston, president of the Boy Scouts of America, James E. West, chief scout executive, other scout officials, and a delegation of scouts to whom a special place in the funeral services was assigned.

Boy scouts have cherished memories in the repeated manifestations of both the President and Mrs. Harding as to their keen appreciation of the fundamental values of scouting in character building and citizenship training. The salute of the Boy Scouts of America stands as their tribute that Mrs. Harding's request that the scouts be included in all arrangements on the recent trip for guarding the presidential party, because as she expressed it, she always felt better when the scouts were present.

The following telegram was dispatched to Mrs. Harding from the national office upon receipt of information of the President's death:

"Boy Scouts of America, 61800 scattered everywhere, are especially thoughtful of you in this hour of bereavement. Pray that you will be sustained in strength and courage. We only have we lost the President of our country, but an unstintingly sympathetic and helpful honorary president and friend of our organization. Believing it will have your approval we are arranging for a boy scout guard of honor at each railroad station through which your train will pass."

JAMES E. WEST, Chief Scout Executive, Boy Scouts of America.

CANADIAN SCOUTS MESSAGE

Sympathy of the Boy Scouts of Canada in our nation's loss of its late President was expressed to Chief Scout Executive James E. West by Dr. John W. Robertson, Chief Commissioner of the Canadian Boy Scouts' association, through the following telegram:

"The Boy Scouts of Canada desire to associate themselves with the Boy Scouts of America in deep sorrow for the loss the boy scouts of the continent have sustained through the death of the late President Harding; in heartfelt sympathy with Mrs. Harding in her bereavement; and in profound respect for the memory of a leader whose good will springing into friendly action from his noble character made him an inspiration and model for all scouts.—James W. Robertson, Chief Commissioner."

Mr. West explained that the Canadian boy scouts expressed an interest in sending a delegation of scouts to Washington to present in person their tribute of respect to Mr. Harding's memory, but sufficient time was not available to complete the plans.

A SPRINTING SCOUTMASTER.

"Scout's pace" suits Charles Paddock, the world-famous sprinter. He has recently become scoutmaster of Troop No. 26, Pasadena, Cal. The troop is sponsored by the American Legion Pasadena Post No. 13 of which Mr. Paddock is vice-commander.

ALASKA'S GOVERNOR SAYS:

"I am heartily and unqualifiedly in sympathy with the boy scout movement. It is doing wonders for the youth of the land and for all communities where its activities have reached. The boy scouts of Alaska recently took the initiative in making this state capital clean, progressive and attractive in preparation for the visit of President Harding, president of the United States Government. Success in the execution of our plan and program is due to the cooperation of all."

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Those who enjoy obstacles in everyday find pleasure in taking a pinch.

HAD TO AVOID GREASY FOOD

Boatman Suffered From Indigestion, But by Taking Black-Draught, Says He Got So He "Could Eat Anything."

Stephensport, Ky.—"For some time I suffered with indigestion, or dyspepsia," says Mr. Henry Gross, of this place. "I couldn't eat the least thing greasy—if I did, I would spit it up. I suffered a great deal."

One day he was required to get up on an Ohio river steambot much of his time. Mr. Gross says that he "had to eat at different places, and I suffered because I had to be so particular to get something that wouldn't hurt me. I had a burning in my stomach, and a slick, bitter taste in my mouth. Some one said I needed a liver medicine. I began with Black-Draught and it has given perfect satisfaction. I took a pinch after meals and it regulated me. I got so I could eat about anything and enjoy it. Black-Draught is all right."

A pinch of Black-Draught, taken for a few days at a time, after meals, washed down with a swallow of water, has, in thousands of cases, relieved simple indigestion. As a result and action of the medicinal roots and herbs of which it is composed, Black-Draught gently stimulates the flow of the digestive juices, and helps to relieve, or prevent constipation, in an easy, natural manner. Try it. 25c.

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