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Safely! You can end the pain of corns in one minute. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will do it, for they remove the cause—friction—pressure, and heal the irritation. Thus you avoid infection from cutting your corns or using corrosive acids. Taint, antiseptic, waterproof. Sizes for corns, callouses, bunions. Get a box today at your druggist's or shoe dealer's.

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Made in the laboratories of The Scholl Mfg. Co., makers of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances, Arch Supports, etc.

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Expensive health resorts, sought by thousands, have grown around springs containing sulphur. Hancock Sulphur Compound, utilizing the secret of the famous healing waters, makes it possible for you to enjoy Sulphur Baths in your own home, and at a nominal cost.

Hancock Sulphur Compound Use it in the bath, as a lotion applied to affected parts, and take it internally.

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Hancock Sulphur Compound. Guaranteed pure and free from any harmful substances.

WINTERSMITH'S GILL TONIC SOLD 50 YEARS A FINE GENERAL TONIC

Nothing to Speak Of.

"Howdy, Gap!" saluted an acquaintance from over beyond Presbyterian Hill, upon meeting Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge in the county seat. "Anything coming off out your way?" "How're you, 'Life'?" was the reply. "Well, no; there ain't nuth'n in particular happened lately on the Ridge. Of course, there's been some fighting, but no great sight, and a little shooting, such as it was, and some marrying and dying, and such like, and a few runaways, including some feller's wife and an agent for something or nuther, but nuth'n in the way of real news, that I know of."—Kansas City Star.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

is often caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over Forty Years.

Sold by all druggists. F. J. Chesney & Co., Toledo, O.

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"Do you think I am going to be an old bachelor?" "I should be sure of it but for one thing."

"And what is that?" "You have money."—Houston Chronicle.

In nature, it is found that the predatory animals are of no use to anybody.

IF BILIOUS, SICK! TAKE NO CALOMEL

"Dodson's Liver Tone" Straightens You Up Better Than Salivating, Dangerous Calomel and Doesn't Upset You—Don't Lose a Day's Work—Read Guarantee

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick; you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crumbles into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you want to enjoy the nicest, sweetest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone tonight. Your druggist or dealer sells

DOES HOUSEWORK LIKE IT WAS PLAY

Mrs. Little Declares Tanlac Restored Full Strength After Overcoming Indigestion.

"Since taking Tanlac my troubles have left me, and I never tire of telling about it," declares Mrs. Johanna Little, 3032 N. 17th St., Kansas City, Mo. "My food often caused me much distress from gas, sourness and heartburn, and I scarcely ever wanted to eat. Headaches, biliousness and pains in my back kept me in hot water, and I hardly ever got any restful sleep. My nerves were excited and I was so run down it was all I could do to look after my housework.

"I searched the city for the right medicine, and consider it fortunate that I found Tanlac. Indigestion, sleeplessness and nervousness never bother me now, I can do my housework like it was play, and am strong and happy. Tanlac is simply grand." Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 35 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

Perfect Mother-in-Law. She has a marvelous talent for timing her visits. She always arrives the day you need her, and never stays a day too long. She always brings cheer and helpfulness and a big basket of things from the old farm. She gets along beautifully with her sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. She knows how to please her grandchildren without spoiling them and ruining their digestion. She knows how and when to write a check and when to make beaten biscuit and fry a chicken. She has perfect health and a young mind. She is the perfect mother-in-law. There is always a chance that you will get her if you marry often enough.—Life.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Optical Illusion.

Motion pictures are in reality a combination of still pictures. The first picture of the automobile shows the spokes of the wheels in one position. If the next exposure of the film were made when spoke number one had advanced far enough to be in the position of spoke number two, the picture would show no motion, as spokes are identical. If spoke number one had advanced less than half way to position of spoke two, the forward motion would be noticed. If, however, spoke one advanced more than half way, to the observer it would have the effect of spoke two moving backward, as that distance would be shorter and the apparent motion would be in that direction.

Our idea of a game man is one who goes to the dentist before it is absolutely necessary.



The Custard Cup

by Florence Bingham Livingston

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LETTIE

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. Horatia Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crank" 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.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Above these rooms was a loft, once used for hay but now entirely cut off from the ground floor. It could, however, be approached by a ladder on the outside—and was so approached by Crink during winter rains, when it was the last resort for drying clothes.

It was September. The California summer was in its glory; the days were warm and bright, not yet edged with the crispness of fall. Crink being in school, Mrs. Penfield was managing alone.

She had taken up her basket of clothes and started for the yard, when the bell rang. This was strictly in accordance with the usual routine, because Mrs. Penfield rarely finished anything without interruption. She put down her basket and went to the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Bosley. Come right in."

A young woman stood outside. She was carefully groomed, smartly dressed, striking in appearance without being exactly pretty. She and her husband lived in The Custard Cup, but no one could understand why. They were apparently free of all responsibilities and devoted themselves to good times; in short, they were everything that the other members of the community were not.

"I can't stop, Mrs. Penfield. I'm going downtown, and I wondered if you'd let me leave this package with you. It's got a few trinkets in it, and I'd feel safer."

Mrs. Penfield hesitated. "I hain't got any safe place," she said slowly, "and I'm in and out—"

Gussie Bosley broke in eagerly. "You needn't feel any care about it. Nobody'd take it, but I've got a feeling—I'd rather leave it here. I put a newspaper round it, so 'twouldn't look of any value whatever." She passed over a small package.

Mrs. Penfield took it with some reluctance and carried it into her bedroom. She was accustomed to all sorts of strange requests, but it was the first time she had been asked to guard valuables.

"I expect she thinks nobody'd look here," Mrs. Penfield reflected; and with that she dismissed the matter altogether and went on out to the yard with her basket. As she wiped the lines, she sang under her breath in sheer blitheness of spirit. This was the happiest part of her work; she loved the air, the sunshine.

"Mornin'," called a rasping voice. "Why, Mr. Wopple, good morning!" she returned briskly. "Ain't it a grand day?"

"Well, pretty fair," conceded Mr. Wopple grudgingly. He never so far encouraged anything, even the weather, as to give it unqualified approval.

Mr. Wopple was a night watchman in some vague building near the water front; and no one in The Custard Cup questioned his being eminently adapted to exactly that work. Watchfulness was the keynote of his personality; he sacrificed many hours of possible daytime sleep by bringing his professional activities into the home field.

"Yes, it's a grand day," repeated Mrs. Penfield, quite as if she had received more encouragement. "How are you feelin', Mr. Wopple?"

"Jest m'ddin'," he replied, in a drawl. His small, beady eyes were fixed for a moment, out of deference to this sentiment. He gazed at Mrs. Penfield with a new shrewdness which she would have sensed at once if she had been less occupied.

"I see Thad's got a new rig," confessed Mr. Wopple, in the manner of one who delivers a preamble.

"Yes, bless the baby!" laughed Mrs. Penfield. "I finished that up last night. I'm sorry it's pink, 'cause it don't go with his hair the best ever, but that nice gingham couldn't go to waste."

"I expect Thad's lucky to get as much's that," Mr. Wopple now began on the main argument.

igger a child ought to be disappointed at least once a week, in order to get used to life." She discarded a broken clothespin and reached into her pocket for another.

"I guess likely you aimed to have folks think he was your own kid," insinuated Mr. Wopple, testing the strength of his old pruning-shears.

"Land, no. I never claimed he was. He's mine 'cause I adopted him and love him, and 'cause he loves me. That's all there is to it."

Mr. Wopple thought otherwise. "It's easy said, Mis' Penfield, but I'll bet there's a lot more to it. Where'd you get Thad, Miss Penfield?"

With a quick movement she lifted the sheet and pinned it into place. "The records are for Thad when he grows up."

"You got some records, then?" "Mebbe," she returned, on guard. "I don't see what difference it makes."

"Well, I should say it made a lot. 'Course you'd want to know what kind o' folks he had. Might be things that'd crop out. You'd be the one to be disappointed if he was to turn out a robber or murderer or some'n."

Mrs. Penfield shook out a white skirt and smiled. "All you got to do, Mr. Wopple, is to look at Thad once and you won't talk that way. He's as sweet a baby as ever was, and there ain't nothing in his face that ain't good and dear. If he ever turns out bad, it won't be his fault; it'll be 'cause I failed him."

"Shaw! More like it'd be some'n in his birth."

Mrs. Penfield jammed down a clothespin with a violence that snapped it in two, but her voice was still pleasant. "Thad's got past his birth by 'most four years, and he



Her Dark Eyes Blazed.

won't never get mixed up with it again. He didn't inherit nothing that I'm afraid of, and one of the main reasons I'm living is to see that he develops just the way he's started. It's a good way; I like it; and if the Lord spares me, he'll be ready to meet the world face to face when he's grown up."

Her neighbor's thin lips twisted. "All is," he said slowly, digging his broken shears into a post, "I thought mebbe you'd like to know there's talk started. You see, Ben Simmons come in 'tother day and he saw Thad. He said he couldn't get over it—Thad looks so much like a kid he knew about, a year ago. Perfect image, Ben says!"

Mrs. Penfield made no reply. A flush rose in her cheeks, but she replaced her pins carefully in the last garment.

"Well, Ben says this kid didn't have no family he could be proud of. Seems his mother run off somewhere and died of it, and his father was 'rested for some'n and—"

Mr. Wopple was gazing at the post, and therefore did not see Mrs. Penfield's reception of his speech.

"Stop!" she cried. He looked up in injured bewilderment. Mrs. Penfield was standing in front of him. The color was high in her cheeks; her dark eyes blazed dangerously.

"You stop!" she repeated in a low voice. "You look so small to me that I can't scarcely see you 't all. But if you're still there, you'd better lay hold of one thing; you let Thad alone. Ain't nobody's business where he come from, nor who his folks were, and if you can't find nothing better

to do than to fear little children to pieces, you'd better sleep twenty-four hours a day steady."

Mr. Wopple dropped his shears and assumed a reproachful attitude. "I jest thought you'd want to know what's bein' said—"

"Well, I don't," she interrupted. "And if you've got a grain of sense, you'll put your mind on other things. Ev'rybody lives in his own generation; he ain't just reflectin' what's been lived before him. I know where Thad came from, and it's all right. Do you think you can remember that, Mr. Wopple?"

Mr. Wopple, with some hesitation, admitted that perhaps he could, Mrs. Penfield having hitherto been a satisfactory neighbor; and she acknowledged his courtesy by a smile, half conciliatory, half abstracted. But when she had taken up the empty clothes basket and gone back into the house, she sat for several minutes looking into space, her busy hands idle, a mist of compassion in her dark eyes. Once her lips moved. "Why, why can't I wipe out the handicaps entirely?" she breathed. "Don't seem right for any child—"

She was still sitting there when Thad came in. Mrs. Penfield gathered the boy into her arms and kissed him.

"Penzie," he gasped, "squeeze me softer, please. I 'most can't breathe. What you do to do so hard for?"

She laughed. "Bless your baby heart! I expect I was keeping ev'ry-thing away."

"Why, Penzie, ain't anything here—just you and me."

"Sure enough," she said, more lightly. "And we mustn't sit here, doing nothing. I've got to get to work, and you trot along and play."

A few minutes later he came running to her in great glee.

"See, Penzie, I found some'n." He held up a small package. It was flat, oblong, tied with cord.

"Where did you get that, Thad?" "In your room—all done up in paper."

"You shouldn't have touched it—"

She took the package, to carry it back to her room; but paused in astonishment. The cords were fastened with wax; the seals had not been broken. She turned it over. It was soft to the touch. On one side was simply the name "Bosley."

"That's never the family jewels," she thought, as she went into the bedroom. "Next time I'll let her keep it to home. I'll bet it ain't nothing I want in this house."

CHAPTER III

The Invasion of Lettie.

Having delivered the final order of groceries for the day, Crink Penfield varied monotony by taking a new route home, and was rewarded by a sight that made him stop suddenly and catch his breath with joy. In a large lot, where he distinctly remembered a tenement house, there was only an enormous heap of debris.

"Cracky!" murmured Crink. "Wa'n't that a grand fire? Here's where I get busy."

He hid his basket behind a mass of shattered masonry and plunged into exploration of the highest mound of ashes. Crink lived the life of salvage. A bit of human wreckage himself, he had an unfeeling attraction for all the material wreckage that came within range. Young as he was, the boy was an expert with a bent piece of iron, flicking scrap heaps for those fragments which have been thrown out, not because their usefulness is exhausted but because their owners have been lacking in ingenuity. Even as Mrs. Penfield had rescued him, so had he in turn rescued countless bits of wood and cloth, iron and tin, and pulled them back into the field of service.

Squirming to the top of the mass, Crink discovered an incredible piece of luck, the wheel of a dismembered sewing machine. He grabbed it, but at the same moment another hand also grabbed—a small, thin hand. A pair of bright black eyes confronted Crink, the eyes of a girl about his own age who had been conducting a series of investigations of her own from the rear of the lot.

"Hey, leggo there," cried Crink. "Leggo yourself," retorted the girl. "Shan't. I got here first."

"You didn't neither. If you had, you'd ha' taken it, wouldn't you?"

For a moment the boy was staggered. He had been prepared for action, but not for reasoning, and the latter had driven him into a corner where speech would merely weaken his cause.

By a quick movement Crink lifted the wheel, but the girl's counter-pull flopped it back again with a smart whack that sent a cloud of ashes into the air. The contestants gulped, coughed, ignominiously sneezed, glared at each other with reddened eyes but with no diminution of will.

"Now look here," began Crink, in a voice intended to be terrible, "you ain't gaining nothing. This here wheel's mine."

"Prove it, why don't you? Rummy-dummy!"

"Goah!" he writhed. "Quit calling names, you little fighting devil."

"Now you got my number," she returned. "Just you make me one bit madder, and I'll show you."

"How'll you show me?" "I'll punch you into purgatory so!" "Huh! You couldn't." "Could, too." "Couldn't, neither."

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