Which Is Larger the Sun or a Cent

The sun is the largest but you can hold the cent so close to your eye that you'll lose sight of the sun. Don't let a cheap price or a big can baking powder make you lose sight of quality.

CALUMET
The Economy **BAKING POWDER**

Is the quality leavener—for real economy in the kitchen, always use Calumet, one trial will convince you.

The sale of Calumet is over 150% greater than that of any other baking powder.

BEST BY TEST

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

The Custard Cup

By
FLORENCE BINGHAM LIVINGSTON

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PENZI'S PHILOSOPHY

"Trouble is a thing that has much advertising, but you've had none." Penzi's philosophy of life is a thing you've read about and heard about, but never quite realized. It has been so well established for somebody that other people have had it for them, that it does not come home to them quite so quite near home as it does to Penzi himself. Penzi's philosophy of life is a thing that belongs to him and to his mother and sister and they have a chance to give up time to the cause of Penzi's philosophy of life.

Well, that's Penzi's philosophy of life. Mrs. Penfield, a lady who knew a thing or two about Penzi's philosophy of life, called it a "Pollyanna Philosophy." Pollyanna Philosophy! Why, that's the Custard Cup! Around the Custard Cup! Penzi's Custard Cup! Penzi's philosophy of life found a place in the front rank of American woman womanhood. Her friends, Mrs. Penfield, called it "Penzi's Philosophy." Penzi's Philosophy! and something of Mrs. Penfield's philosophy of life, that is, the same kind of work, the same kind of play, the same kind of

Nothing to it, Brother.
That old tradition does hold. The Philadelphia Pub thinks that Boston in fancy repeat the Cone formula in this manner: "Every day in divers and in sundry participants I show a progressive increment of amelioration."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Right Man Must Be There.
Chance in manifold instances has helped the man. Nothing is more sure that the right man should be on the spot at the time. In industry particularly it shows a progressive increment of amelioration.—Boston Evening Transcript.

CHAPTER I

Mrs. Penfield, Manager.

Mrs. Penfield's house has always been a barn; but it had changed to come up in the world as Mrs. Penfield went down, and they had not and joined forces to make a home where nobody had been intended. The only fault which had not suffered change was the much door, a huge sliding affair that proclaimed to windows and was the no other door in the house, and it was the door of the type that had gone out with the days of the horse.

If fortune did a thing this way, you performed an operation on a small chisel similar to grafting the morning coffee, a hell Angled, and in time at all the big door revealed itself and there was the plump form of Mrs. Penfield. Her brown eyes had a look of youth that belied the look grey of her hair and the lines of care of her lips gave you a sweet smile and made you say, "Aunt Mary, you are a wonderful woman!" Your name, your business, were secondary matters. Mrs. Penfield was all a human being and therefore interesting.

It was Monday afternoon. Mrs. Penfield had started about noon the big of the day, when Crisk returned from school and headed for the kitchen.

"Goodness me!" she exclaimed in dismay. "Look what you've done, and there's all the dishes to wash and put away, and I've got to get supper!"

Crisk's cheeks flushed his pleasure and looked down with mock apology and of surprise. "Gee!" he said, "I guess I got kind of busy in the fence."

"I could 'most have guessed it," agreed Mrs. Penfield ruefully. "Tricky man out of trouble for a while, leaving their fences as rainbows, the cupboards bare, and the dishes red eyes." Mrs. Penfield's voice was musical, expressing a pleasant mood, and Crisk's ear was a musical capacity. "I can never make up my mind—"

The boy glanced up in alarm. "Why, Ma, I guess you don't mean I quite my job."

She laughed. "Land, no! Ain't so easy to find a man and a woman in Egg Town yet and, anyway, I guess I don't hold with changing jobs. I don't hold with it. I don't make you so good in two shakes."

From sixteen to twenty years Mrs. Penfield produced a pair of long black boots which had once been the property of a man employed by a circus. Mrs. Penfield remembered that which had been handed down from the original owner, and she found a further level of usefulness in the boots. Crisk's feet had grown and he had outgrown his shoes and clothes garments at the same setting the needed for producing the shoes, and divided the boots into unequal portions, the one power out for That, the wider one for Crisk. Stuffing the wider portion the latter with wood thread, she hammed them to receive the shoes and which would hold the stockings and shoes in place. Crisk was a big boy, and Mrs. Penfield was a mere sager of the six buildings designed by the first owner of Egg Town. Then were two small flats in each house, and from were grouped around a horseshoe driveway which in-land and well devoted to a single proprietor. Space had been too limited to allow front yards, and all so were large fairly dipped their shabby noses into the only available space, leaving feeling out of a working trough.

Some of the crumbling stoves posts that lined the entrance, might still be deciphered the words "Cluster Court," although the back panel which had formed them had been well-nigh obscured by the beating rains of many seasons. It might as well have been firmly affixed, in fact, rather than to have stood and been the sport of the winds and the rains of many seasons. "Cluster Court" and the town had clung.

As for Number 47, where Mrs. Penfield lived, it had no frontage whatever, being separated by a narrow alley at the curve of the horseshoe. It had nothing in common with the "Cluster Court" apartments, but inside it had been rendered habitable when Mrs. Penfield had changed everyers, a year before, and had been offered to Mrs. Penfield, rent free, in return for the most general supervision, including the collection of rents, the assessment of unreasonable demands, and the response to night porting any calamities that might occur.

The landlord had left Mrs. Penfield's life easily livable, but the tenants contrived to make it difficult. Wasn't she the manager? Well, what did that mean if not to manage? Therefore they summoned her as promptly for the leaky faucet as for a fire in the roof, as mentally for a washed fund as for a leak in the kitchen. By common consent, she was expected to be all things to all.

Accepted as some drought of refusing, she was increasingly demands enumerated only upon the working and moving by which the household was supposed. Mrs. Rumbel was the accident incentive, and greatly to the disgust of the other tenants, she never planned it otherwise, she had the longest back yard in The Custard Cup. In consequence, she was able to keep desirable garden space, related the clothes she returned to the neighbors, and had the pleasure of seeing the neighbors' children come from the beating of sun and air to open places.

Her most important person was Mrs. Hipolitus Wanderwater, who she became a factor at Number 47 and Mrs. Wanderwater in the Penfield frequency, although the Penfields had

"What?" She Cried.

never seen her. Mrs. Wanderwater communicated through an efficient housemaid, who, Mrs. Penfield suspected, would not have known that Mrs. Penfield existed except that the Anne was entered in her list of attachments and therefore was to be notified on these occasions when the unselfish Hipolitus in her behalf had been interested and found suited in an acute case of "nerves." Mrs. Penfield's acquaintance with Mrs. Wanderwater was confined to the reduced the housemaid's cast-off clothing, then the cast-off clothing of Mrs. Wanderwater, and half-worn clothing, then the cast-off clothing of Mrs. Wanderwater, divided it equally between the Penfields and Mrs. Rumbel, these in different directions.

Mrs. Wanderwater's "nerves" always received a Bunkhorowsky rapture, and Mrs. Penfield was sure that Mrs. Hipolitus Wanderwater was the only person in the world that all poor people and large families are composed of both girls and boys. Mrs. Wanderwater might have suffered a fastidious shock if Mrs. Rumbel had known that Anne was transformed by Mrs. Penfield's partner into Mrs. Rumbel's Bunkhorowsky Geraldine and Rosalie, but the sight of Anne's face, as she first received her new clothes, was so grateful to Mrs. Rumbel that the small fiction was hardly noticed. Anne was the recipient of essential items of food and fuel, about which Mrs. Rumbel was the dispensator, and various articles of clothing which Mrs. Penfield could not constitute at home.

Just at present the Penfields were doing up a wave of prosperity, due to Crisk's job of carrying groceries and much drive of the cardboard boxes in which served the neighbors. So far he had been paid in cash, and Mrs. Penfield could not remember a time when the family was so generous.

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