Ask Your Dealer

ASK your local dealer to recommend a practical wall decorator. If you are unable to secure one you can do the work yourself, tinting and stencilling your walls to give beautiful results.

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Alabastine is a dry powder, mixes with cold water; directions on each package. Used on plaster, wall board and all wall surfaces. White and artistic, durable tints. Cross and circle pictured in red on each package.

SPECIAL STENCIL OFFER

We will supply on stencil, in any one set of Alabastine—our assortment of 5 beautiful stencils, in the two new packages, if you will send the large words ALABASTINE on from the face of the packages over the cross and circle, accompanied by 15c in stamps or silver for each stencil desired. Address Dept. 27 in writing. Write for free booklet, "Decorative Schemes and Stencil Suggestions."

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY
1648 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids, Michigan

The Custard Cup

By Florence Bingham Livingston

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Paying Postage in Russia.

Under the new tariff of postage from Russia to the United States it costs two hundred thousand rubles to mail an ordinary letter, though the letter weighs less than an ounce. There is only ten cents in American money, but the Russian government has decided it should be six pounds of gold. Of course it would be well nearly two hundred pounds of paper money.—Youth's Companion.

Too Great a Danger.

She—Would you make sure love?

He—No, and you pass ye all dirty me first thing ye take into your mouth springs a bath on ye—Life.

Nothing softens make be none at all until they burst suddenly upon the world fully accomplished.

A detestable fault in one we run there to somebody we dislike.

Come One! Come All!

Clean Up!

and keep it up—

Make Your Town Spotless Town

with SAPOLIO

Regular Course of Events.

"I was sent to Clapboard Springs, my old stamping ground, rather day," related a retired Texan, "to get a little sobriety of her self-no-effer can ter an acquaintance.

"Nope; nuth's special. Some of the fellas have died off. The rest of us have grossed up, some of us more than others. I myself got into a new line. A fellow stopped off at the end of the house just before I got there and handed with his head jammed hard on iron little, and when I left they were still figuring on how to get him out and save the kittle. And Clark Wade and Bill Barker were standing at each other so usual. That's about all I heard of when I was there."

Kansas City Star.

When a man tells how he has been hoodwinked he arouses mere curiosity than sympathy.

Mother Love Supreme.

The supremacy of a mother's love, the assertiveness of her sympathy, the relentless energy of her intuition, the sublimity of her self-sacrifice can not be overestimated.—Ram's Horn.

Goes Up in the Air and Lands Safely.—Does your wife ever get up in the air?

Advertiser—Try her! And she always comes down.—Judge.

Those Numerous "Pricks."

If half of the talent does not know how the other half lives it is not because it isn't trying to find out.—Boston Transcript.

The quantity of coal work beats in hour's talking about it.

"A HELLUVA TEMPER"

ETIQUETTE—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling. Mrs. Penfield in manager of "Tenant Farmers' building known as "The Barn." Mrs. Penfield's apartment is "Stall Number four." Her income is derived from leasing work, for child parties, and from the sale of home-made candy, which she has carried over Living with her are "Tenant Pete" and "Tenant Penny," who is the last adopted. They call her "Tenant Penny." That tells Penny's age. Penny was found in a box under her mother. Penny's mother was a tenant at the same, encounters a "helluva temper" and is the most worthy of his adult.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Could, too." With a shriek, she lifted one hand and landed a stout sling blow on Cinch's right cheek. "Want me to do it again, you mutt?"

There seemed to be so much you could find the question that Cinch, freed one hand and struck into the girl's neck. With the left she warded demon, and with the right she landed him with a quick rain of blows. Her last one proved an unlucky cuff of metal; and from that was not a matter for dispute. On the ground, Cinch abandoned the attack and devoted himself to methods of defense.

Striking, writhing, squealing, they beat and scratched, pushed and pulled, cursed and twisted, rolling in the paken, stumbling over charred bits and lumps of plaster, and finally landed down in the grass in an angry knot. Picking themselves up, they glared at each other through a breathless moment; then, with a common instinct, their hard young spirits answered.

Cinch was conscious of an inward feeling of respect for his an opponent. She was no longer a girl, exactly, if anything—but, girl, couldn't she hit out?

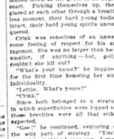
"What's your name?" he inquired, for the first time bestowing her with individuality.

"Lettie. What's yours?"

"Cinch."

Since both belonged to a stratum in which superfluities were looked on with suspicion, neither felt called upon for explanations.

"Gee!" he continued, returning to the quickest thing I ever saw. I guess you're bout a ten-second kid. I guess



She Lighted Into Him.

your real name is Ten-Second Lettie. Whatcher want it for?" A slip with his mouth necessitated a spit.

Lettie looked down, as if she were seeing it for the first time. "I always take everything."

"Have to."

"Yes, I do."

"Get how if I don't."

"Don't? Who beats you?"

"Nobody. I'm with 'em."

"Do they beat you often?"

"All time—better, I guess. Don't need indifference was none eloquent to the ear of sympathy.

Cinch stared at her with a new expression, of wonder at the fortitude she was acquainted with hardship, but not with the kind that submitted to it. Her own method was to fight it out, and defend from there.

"Kind of you take things lower—do you get beat up then?" he pursued.

"Sure. Not enough to get nobody's else goes wrong."

The picture flashed across Cinch's mind—Penny, with the comfortable face, and Tenant Pete, with his mild ways. With his wife state entangled in the dark mess of suffering that seemed to be slowly lifted one hold, then the other.

"Gee!" he said softly, and repeated. "I'm the limit!"

He nodded. "Take it along." He stirred the wheel with his foot. "I don't get beat."

"Yeah, you don't!" she agreed. "Where you living at?"

Briefly he told her. In the midst of a startling thought popped into his head. "Say, you're a peach to fight, you be finished."

Lettie's lips curled.

He continued, "I don't get mixed in little that don't interest nobody else."

Lettie's lips curled. "I don't interest nobody else—sometimes he interests me—sometimes he don't. I'm through with it when I'm through."

"When you've been living, Lettie!" Living? Huh! Jesse living! I been hanging out with two old women—old devils, both of 'em." Lettie, totally at ease as the center of flattering attention, threw out the information with great carelessness. "Mother—the one I call mother—she remembers me at all times."

"Never had none?" With a scornful grunt, Lettie appraised all natural connections.

"Yes, I had one. Father, I guess. Don't know nothing about him. Say as extra-special supper just the night we got company?"

"Yeah," agreed Cinch, clasping one foot and dashing around in the dirt. "And say, Lettie, what's the way she fights at you? Say, Female—He came to the floor on both feet and stooped to wheedling. "Don't you think you could show me? I don't know how?"

Mrs. Penfield, down on her knees in front of the oven, was critically examining the contents of a pan. As she glanced over her shoulder, she saw Lettie Lester standing by the door to stay with us, Lettie?"

If she had feared an importunate answer, Mrs. Penfield was immediately relieved. With a highly excited big toe, Lettie was engaged in

Would You Like to Stay and Live With Us, Lettie?

inserting a straw in the rough board floor, and not until she had finished the task and had the satisfaction of seeing the straw stand upright without support did she answer. "I don't know," she said finally. "I'd have to see what I think." Then, as if to make the decision, she added hastily, "But I'll stay to supper, anyhow."

Mrs. Penfield nodded.

She put her hands on Cinch's weak, gaping shoulders, and into his eyes with unaccustomed soft ness. Cinch's own eyes were bright. Cinch, if we was to take her in! Cinch, if we was to take her in! Cinch, if we was to take her in!