

AT HOME DRESSES WHICH ALL WOMEN LIKE



Every woman welcomes the relaxing hours in a cool, comfortable home dress, especially for summer wear. These three new models shown at the Bush Terminal Sales Building in New York, display fashion's trend for 1921. On the left the pique trimming, tucked skirt and deep hem are featured. The dress shown in the center is tucked at the waist. The porch or morning dress on the right has contrasting color with bias sash and deep hem and is a very becoming element.

CARPENTIER HERE FOR DEMPSEY BOUT



Georges Carpentier, European heavyweight champion, is quartered in his Long Island training camp and at work for his battle with Jack Dempsey for the world championship title at Jersey City, N. J., July 2. Carpentier arrived smiling and confident, bringing with him his Belgian police dog, "Zip," which was with him before Verdun during his service in the world war and for which he received the highest French decorations for bravery in action.

AS TWIG IS BENT

By EMMA STRONG.

"Catch him while he is young and train him in the way you would have him go; then you will have a husband after your own heart. Should the marriage prove a failure, you will know you picked the wrong man."

Lila Fox looked up from Madame Mixit's "Advice to the Lovelorn," just in time to see Winnie Weeks, radiant bride of a week, pass by with her handsome young husband.

Winnie was only eighteen and a beauty, so Lila, twenty-nine and merely good-looking, really seemed old and ugly to him.

"I have a good mind to try it," she murmured, and whether she really meant it or not, fate seemed ready to help her, for at the dance of the Neighborhood club that evening Lanson Grey persisted in dancing with her and her only.

Though a trifle dismayed at his youth, he being only seventeen and a high school pupil, the advice to "catch him young" kept recurring, and when he, with flattering humility, asked if he might walk home with her, she just naturally said "yes."

It was only a ten-minute walk, but before they had gone half the distance his arm was around her slim waist, his eyes on hers, and he was murmuring, "Oh, this is what I've wanted since my first dance with you. I just love you." And though she was scandalized at the absurdity of this "kid's" making love to her, "catch him young and train him" once more bobbed up, and she decided to accept him.

Arrived home, she invited him to "just for a little lunch," but the ice box yielded only tomato soup and cottage cheese.

"I love tomato soup," Lanson exclaimed in the same ardent tones he had said he loved her. "Bring it out and heat it." So they feasted on soup, crackers and cheese.

It was a case of "rushing" after that. Lila had always had straggling admirers, who called a few times and then lost interest. The truth was that her breezy manner, which fascinated at first and made "getting acquainted" easy, had seemed to be "too bossy" on more intimate acquaintance.

But Lanson did not lose interest. He came every evening, proposed marriage. And when she laughingly asked, "How could you support a wife? You must be fooling," he grew very indignant, and "I'll show you," he declared; "you don't care for me or you'd marry me right away!"

"But married people have to pay their expenses, and how could we do that?"

"Easily enough. My uncle, in the real estate business in Albany, has offered me a job at a thousand a year; won't that pay our expenses?"

It did provide for them amply for two years, when prices and salaries began to soar. Lanson had pleased his uncle, who now raised his salary beyond Lila's wildest expectations.

She had economized and "trained" Lanson to do so, too. They now felt that they could afford a bungalow for a home and, calling at the office one day to see him, in connection with the purchase of it, Lila asked the office boy to send out Mr. Grey. "Tell him Mrs. Grey is here," she said; and the boy went into Lanson's office with "Your mother is out there, Mr. Grey, and she wants to see you."

Lanson, who supposed his mother to be at home, forty miles away on the Massachusetts side of the state line, rushed out to greet her, only to find Lila there, alone.

"Why, what a funny mistake!" he laughed, but from that time on he began to be late for dinner, slow to meet her for the noon lunch, which they always had together at a Broadway restaurant; in fact, his hours became so irregular and his excuses for "working overtime" so plausible that Lila got quite used to spending the evenings alone.

But even so, she was totally unprepared for his not coming home at all one night and for the harsh command, by telephone, the following morning, to "be at the police station at nine o'clock."

Arrived there, worn with the night's vigil and fearing Lanson had met with some horrible accident, she was comforted by the sight of her husband and a pretty girl of sixteen whom she recognized as the stenographer in the office adjoining Lanson's. But before Lila could utter a word, one of the policemen guarding them asked the frightened girl: "Now, young lady, can you tell me who this woman is?"

"Yes," she whispered, "his mother."

"What is your name?" sharply asked the officer, turning to Lila.

"Lila Grey."

"Do you know this man?"

"He is my husband."

"Young man, can you deny that?"

"No."

The young girl, with a muffled groan, collapsed, fainting, in her chair. The officer turned to Lila. "I found them in the park at two o'clock this morning; followed them to the Union station, where he bought tickets for New York. They were just about to board the train when Stubbs, here, rushed up with a report of 'girl missing.' I asked her name, and brought them back."

Lila clung weakly to the desk. "Oh," she was muttering incoherently, "marriage—failure—know—picked the wrong man."

KEEP FAMILY IN REIGN OF TERROR

Mysterious Death Threats Pinned on Front Door With Butcher Knives.

BLAME FORMER SUITOR

For More Than Year Chicago Family Has Been Kept in State of Constant Terror by Black-Hand Letters.

Chicago.—Mysterious death threats pinned to the front door with butcher knives; crude skulls and crossbones drawn on window panes by an unseen enemy; black-hand letters demanding money—these are some of the experiences which have caused the family of Jacob Kolb, a machinist of 4846 Altgeld street, to live a life of terror for the last year.

The climax came at ten o'clock one night recently when Mrs. Sophie Kolb answered the telephone.

"This is Black-Hand Kite!" came a man's voice in gruff tones. "If you don't come across with that \$5,000, we'll blow up your house! This time we mean business! Bring—"

Woman Faints at Threat.

Mrs. Kolb heard no more. She sank to the floor in a faint, leaving the receiver dangling. Motorcycle Policemen Anderson and Maloney were rushed from Shakespeare avenue station and the Shagen station was notified. Mrs. Kolb was hysterical.

"I'm sure I recognized that voice," she said after she had been calmed. "It sounded like Frank Poblowski, a young man about eighteen years old, who used to run around with Conrad Braemer of 1767 Clybourn avenue, who tried to go with my oldest daughter, Amelia, sixteen. I knew Braemer had been arrested, so I forbade him to see my daughter."

"I'll get even with you," he threatened, but I've never seen him since."

A year ago, when we lived at 4944 Belmont avenue, the first death threat came. A note was pinned to the front door with a butcher knife. The note read: "Your turn is next." It was signed with a skull and cross bones. Four months later a letter came demanding \$5,000 be brought to an ice cream parlor at Cicero and Fullerton avenues. It stated our house would



The First Death Threat Came.

be blown up if the money was not paid.

Fright Almost Kills Son.

"Two more letters came, then another butcher knife was found imbedded in the door. My little son, Jacob, saw it, and collapsed from fright on the car tracks. A motorman stopped the car just in time. Then Julia came home one day and found a message and crossbones smeared in tar on the glass panel of the door. It said: 'You're next.'

"Both Jacob and Julia were so frightened they were under the care of Dr. Martin Schupman for three months. My health broke down, and Amelia is on the verge of nervous collapse. She has been receiving anonymous phone calls threatening her and ordering her to meet some man at different places. A few days ago they tried to lure her to the Alexian Brothers' hospital on the pretext that a 'dear friend' was dying.

"A man named Kite runs a dry goods store next door to where Braemer lives. That's why that fellow tonight used the expression 'Black-Hand Kite.' We notified the Irving Park police on the former occasions, but nothing ever came of it."

A police guard was stationed at the Kolb home.

Pension for Horses.

Greenville, S. C.—Dan, the faithful horse of Capt. O. K. Breazele, which has carried United States military mail a total distance of more than 75,000 miles on one route, was retired one day recently with a pension after 17 years' service. Captain Breazele, the mail carrier, also was pensioned.

Curious Egg.

Lancaster, Ky.—Perry Long has a curiosity in the shape of an egg presented to him by one of his favorite hens. It is an exact replica of a well-developed kershaw, though not so large as a kershaw, displayed a few weeks ago.

Why some men seem to have all the tire luck —

YOU probably know a man whose car is a hobby with him. He knows just why it's the best little old car there is of its class.

And he'll stand up for that car against the world in any kind of an argument.

Year by year an increasing number of men feel the same way about U. S. Tires.

For a while they may try "job lot" stuff, "bargains," "big discounts" and "rebates."

But usually it doesn't take long for a man to sense the economy of the standard quality tire.

For years U. S. Tire makers have been building quality tires for sane tire users—for the car of medium or light weight no less than for the heavy car.

The tire buyers of the land have responded with a mighty U. S. Tire following.

The U. S. Tire makers meet the responsibility for supplying this nation wide following with characteristic energy.

Ninety-two U. S. Factory Branches are established, covering the entire country.

Find the U. S. Tire dealer who has the intention of serving you. You will know him by his full, completely sized line of fresh, live U. S. Tires—quality first, and the same choice of size, tread and type as in the biggest cities of the land.



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