

PASTOR HELPS OWN WIFE ELOPE AND TAKE CHILDREN BUT SHE RETURNS



For a year and a half Earl Verney, a married man of Monticello, N. Y., showered attention upon Mrs. Duryea, wife of the pastor of the Church of Holiness there. So when they decided to elope the other day, it was the pastor himself who helped his wife to Verney's waiting automobile, and permitted her to take their two children, 9 and 12, with her. When she hinted she wanted the furniture too—he was willing. Pastor Duryea said he thought it better for her to go on with another man than "to live in sin." But kindness had its reward. After seven days of absence the repentant elopers returned, each being received into their respective household.

LITTLE SPONSOR OF HUGE DREADNOUGHT



You would smile too, if you were only a little girl and had received an appointment from the governor of your state. Little Jean Summers, of Valla Walla, Wash., has been appointed sponsor of the latest dreadnought, "Washington," which will be launched at Annapolis, N. J., in September. Jean's father is J. W. Summers, congressman from Washington.

PRETTIEST GIRL IN GOLDEN GATE CITY



Miss Florence Selby

Miss Florence Selby, of San Francisco, has been selected by the Knights of Columbus as the prettiest girl in the city of the Golden Gate. She will head the list of beauties who will welcome the 10,000 delegates of the Knights of Columbus to the convention in San Francisco during August.

Murray, the Waffle Fiend

By BARBARA KERR

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"Isn't it a pity," sighed Ruth Gentry to her brother Bob as she took mental note of some new arrivals at the rooming house next door, "that these dear old houses that have seen better days must inevitably, like their stricken old owners, go into the discard? I know that the Gentry home must shudder when it contemplates the fact that you and I are the only living things that keep up its respectability and prevent it also becoming a rooming house with noisy rooming-house kids sliding down its walnut banisters, and clacking, gossiping boarding-house women infesting its sacred precincts."

Bob laughed. "Pon my soul, Ruth, you talk like a man—why clacking?" "They are; they have nothing to do; their prying eyes follow me from cellar to garret till I want to ask them to come over and help to do something useful," declared Ruth, who had been asked three times that day if hers was a rooming house, she kept house so strenuously for Bob.

"It's yours for an early breakfast if you catch that five-thirty train, Buddy. Better make that page your last one," and she rumbled his hair lovingly as she passed his chair.

She arose noiselessly next morning, hurried into a bungalow apron and nifty cap and went down to prepare the waffles, her usual treat for Bob when he was going away for the day. They were very devoted, trying to make up to each other for the loneliness of the big house since their parents died.

Ruth paused a moment, thinking it time to run up and call Bob, but, hearing a noise of a moving chair on the porch, she ran out and in the hazy dawn, noting his comfortable pose, his feet on the balustrade, she slipped up and, nibbling his ear, said: "Waffles and maple sirup now ready in the dining car."

She darted back, snatching open the waffle iron and filling a nice, hot plate, placed it for Bob before he came into the dining room.

She was filling the iron when Bob entered the kitchen, paused at her elbow and in a most peculiar tone asked: "May I inquire who is the waffle fiend?"

Ruth looked up, trying to fathom his expression; he gazed at her. "Yes, stows them away like a tramp." "The tinkle of a knife against a glass in the dining room startled her. She rushed in; a nice, mellow voice asked: "Any more of those wonderful waffles, darling?" and a pair of fine brown eyes smiled at her as she leaned weakly against the door, while Bob, bristling like a terrier, strode forward.

"What do you mean by speaking to my sister in that way?"

"Yes, and what do you mean by coming into our house in this way?" demanded the angry Ruth.

The young man arose hurriedly to his feet, looking from one to the other, as if not sure that he was awake.

"My waffles are burning," moaned Ruth, dashing to the kitchen.

"Please hurry—oh, what a tragedy!" exclaimed the unexpected guest. "And the only real waffles I've tasted since my mother died!"

Of course, with the mutinous blue eyes of Ruth in the kitchen, the men soon adjusted everything. Bob saw how easy it was for a stranger next door to wander onto the wrong porch at such an hour, as he was to motor to a nearby village at daybreak. So when Ruth returned with another plate of hot waffles they were so engrossed with each other that Bob almost forgot to introduce her till an exasperated clearing of her throat warned him. Both rose promptly.

"Pardon, sis," begged Bob. "This is Murray McIlvain, brother of an old college mate; he's rooming next door. We've been brushing up mutual acquaintances."

Ruth, her face a study, looked as if she were not going to acknowledge the introduction, but Mr. McIlvain, with his most ingratiating smile, held out his hand. "I know any one who can make such waffles as these will not hold a grudge against a poor innocent whom fate led into an ambush. Besides I am the injured party—think of my lacerated ear."

Ruth blushed. "The waffles," she murmured, an excuse to take refuge in the kitchen. When she returned she did not mind the rallying of Bob and Murray about her biting his ear.

"You must have thought it a most playful waitress," teased Bob.

"Well, I was a bit stunned," admitted Murray, "but after seeing and tasting those waffles I was just going to ask her to bite the other ear, when you appeared."

"How about your train, Buddy?" warned motherly Ruth.

Bob sprang up. "You'll excuse me, Murray; we'll continue this evening. Maybe there's more batter, sis!"

Reluctantly Ruth admitted a little more. "Enough for you and just one little quarter for me!" pleaded Murray; he wasn't going to be hurried off before he had won a welcome from Ruth.

"Your taking our house for a rooming house was almost the unpardonable offense," declared Ruth, smiling as they leisurely finished their waffles in spite of the motor horn, "but I

guess we'll have to overlook it on Bob's account."

"Reminding me," exclaimed Murray, "of what they are thinking of the stranger who wanted the five o'clock breakfast. I awoke early, walked around the block to get a mouthful of air and was just thinking of the old ham-and-breakfast when—" and he felt of his ear.

"And I thought it was Bob looking for the morning paper," laughed Ruth. "Do you often have waffles for breakfast?" asked Murray.

"Now and then," admitted Ruth, "but generally too early for the neighbors."

"I love to get up early for waffles—maybe I might be called over some time—our porch is so near," and his eyes were appealing.

"I'll ask Bob what he thinks about it," said Ruth.

But she didn't need to, for Murray asked Bob himself, and he asked him a lot of other things, asked him to look up the McIlvains and one Murray especially and find out if he was fit to be his brother-in-law, and wouldn't he use his influence with his pretty sister?

Bob was delighted, declaring that the only thing against Murray was that he was a waffle fiend, but if Ruth wanted to take the contract of baking the waffles and they would agree to set up housekeeping in the Gentry mansion, he'd have no objection to him as a brother-in-law.

Of course Ruth agreed after a reasonable amount of persuasion to take the waffle contract and the Gentry house by Murray's agreement was saved from becoming a rooming house.

OLD FRENCH BOTTLE BOOKS

Pronounced Favorites With the Bibulous—Voluminous That Were Bound in Human Skin.

An article in the Bookman by Walter Hart Blumenthal tells of the most curious books in the world, and among them he classifies the French bottle books, which were used a century ago to carry more fortifying liquors than the literary. "Bottle books are as rare as fish that climb trees," says Mr. Blumenthal. "These curiosities were made in southern France about a century ago, and were held in high esteem by judges, advocates and the learned gentry generally. The legal profession was given to carrying its authorities back and forth under its austere arm. Hence these bottle books, which were made of lustrous decorated dark blue falence, in appearance not unlike tooled leather. The contents were wholly liquid, or partly literary with a fortifying compartment. Then the bibliophile took a nip for his constitution. Now the constitution nips the bibulous bibliophile."

Nor are the book curiosities all so redolent of the barroom. Mr. Blumenthal goes on: "More than once have books been bound in human skin. A Russian poet is said to have presented to the lady of his affections a collection of his sonnets bound in his own integument. The astronomer Flammarion having admired the exquisite skin of a beautiful lady of title whom he met at a reception, she bequeathed it to him. When she died he received a square of tissue and, in accordance with instructions accompanying the legacy, had a copy of his own work, 'Ciel et Terre,' bound therein."

"Paper Never Refused Ink."

Not long ago, at the most famous hotel in the United States, the cashier, an Irishman, hesitated about cashing a check for a newcomer. The guest indignantly showed his handsomely engraved business card which indicated that he was president of a big-sounding corporation—the North and South American Development company, or some such name. Still the Irish cashier hesitated. Smilingly he tapped the engraved card with his index finger and sagely remarked: "Paper never refused ink."

There's a deal of philosophy in that. The remark should be remembered by all business men who are too easily impressed by a pretentious letterhead, or by a beautifully printed stock certificate. You can say anything you wish to on paper and the paper can't help itself.—Fred Kelly in the Nation's Business.

Clever Smuggling Scheme.

Two customs officials were on duty the other day on the road from Elschon when their flagging attention was attracted to a good-looking young woman approaching their post, according to a dispatch from Brussels to a Paris paper. She appeared to be physically ill at ease. The men drew near to question her and one of them quite inadvertently touched her decidedly opulent—er—corsage. It was as hard and unyielding as steel. Surely—but no—further investigation disclosed a breastplate so fashioned as to form a receptacle. This receptacle was full of alcohol.

Another container, fashioned with equal skill and artistry, was worn on the back. The young woman was taken to the Arlon jail.

She Hurried Up.

"Ethel," he whispered, "will you marry me?" "I don't know, Charlie," she replied coyly.

"Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hick's until 10 o'clock. If I don't hear from you by then, I am going to ask her."

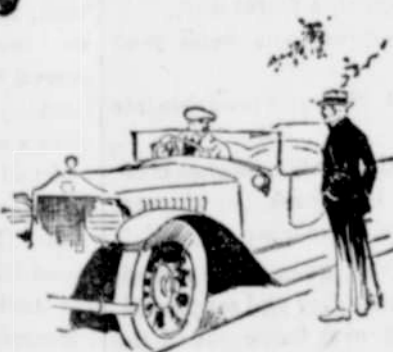
Beginning of Electrical Study.

The scientific study of electricity began in the sixteenth century, when certain experiments were shown to Queen Elizabeth.

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