

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Ex-Queen Victoria of Spain in New York looking after her son, Count Covadonga, who is afflicted with haemophilia. 2—Members of the Coldstream Guards, who volunteered for service in Palestine, on their way to take ship to that country. 3—Pickets in the lettuce workers' strike at Salinas, Calif., routed by tear gas used by the state highway police.

Keeps Eagle Eye on Penn Gridsters



Something new in football fans is this falcon, "Blue Beauty," shown with its owner, Alva Nye, of Chevy Chase, D. C., at a workout of the University of Pennsylvania grid squad. Nye, who is a regular of the varsity squad, raises the falcons for a hobby. This one will be seen on the bench throughout the coming season.

"INFANT IN POLITICS"



Dean John R. Murdock of the Arizona State Teachers college at Tempe, Ariz., a self-styled "infant in politics," who defeated eleven Democratic candidates for the state's long congressional seat. His nomination is considered tantamount to election.

JULIANA'S FIANCE



Prince Bernard Zur Lippe-Biesterfeld of Germany, whose engagement to Princess Juliana of Holland was announced recently.

Two Big Ones Escaped, Says Hoover



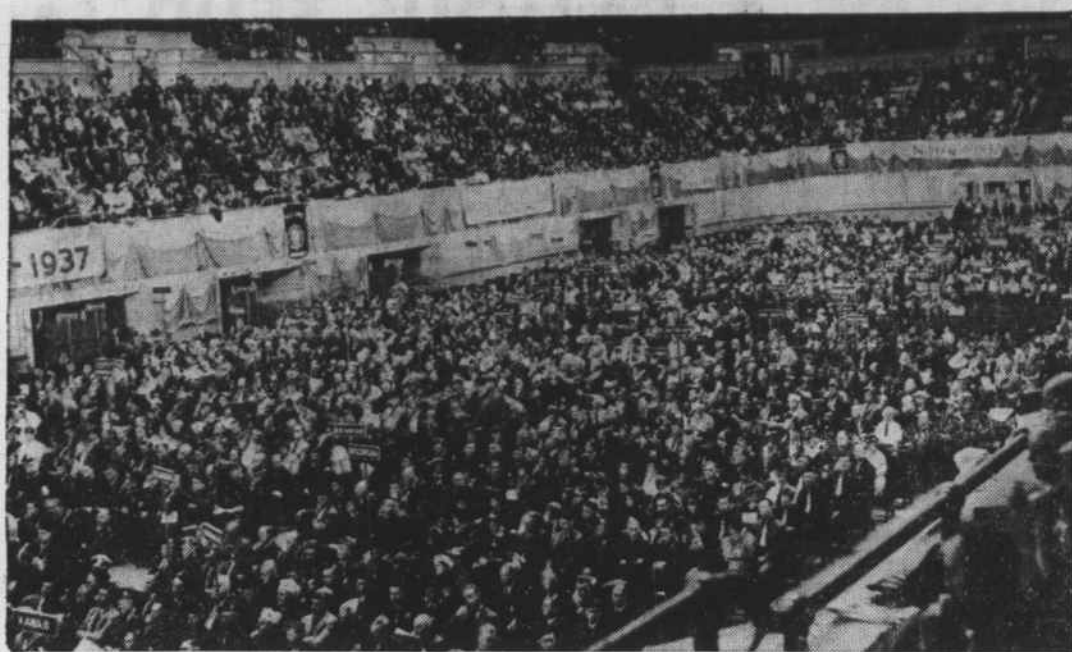
Still smiling over his angling success, former President Herbert Hoover talks over his fish and things with Lawrence Richey (left), his former secretary, and Arnold E. Rattray after their cruise in Block Island sound. In the four-hour fishing expedition Mr. Hoover and his party hooked five good-sized bluefish—with two of the largest escaping capture.

Barcelona Seminary to Be Popular University



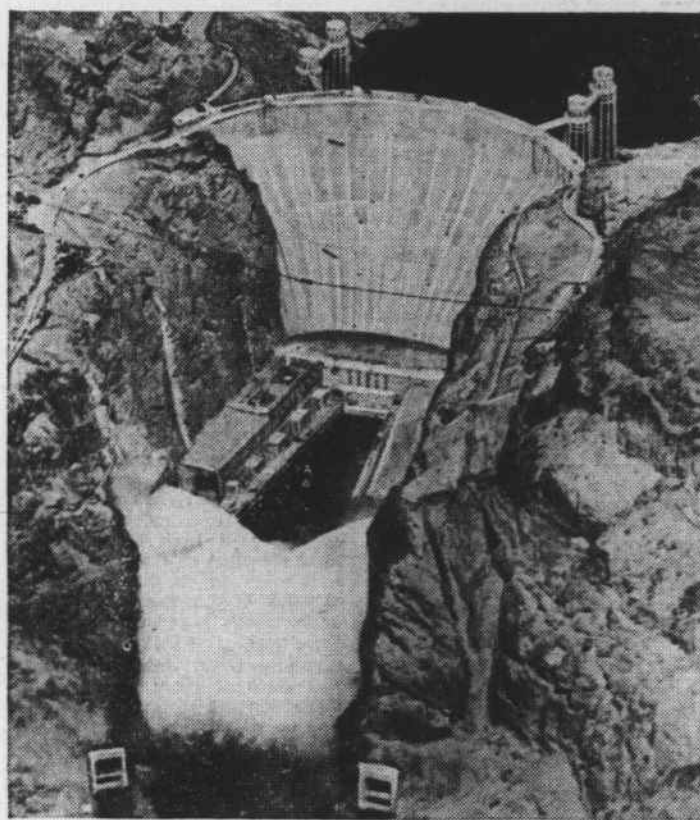
Members of the Iberian Anarchist federation dismantling the ancient Seminary of Barcelona preparatory to converting the establishment into a university of the Popular party.

American Legion Convention in Session



General view of the Cleveland auditorium with the American Legion annual convention in session. More than ten thousand veterans were present.

Testing Boulder Dam's Great Valves



Twelve needle valves at Boulder dam, six on each side of the dam, pictured pouring their tremendous flood water out of the downstream side of the mighty structure. This was the first time all twelve valves have been opened since completion of the dam.

Wins Title of Empire State's Best Cook

Mrs. F. E. Dona of Canton, N. Y., is hailed as the best cook in the Empire State, for she won first prize in the menu contest sponsored by the state bureau of milk publicity. The prize dinner cooked by



Mrs. Dona consisted of onion soup, fish baked in milk, riced potatoes with carrot sauce, diced baked beets and buttered peas, whole wheat scones, apple salad and lemon pudding, with milk for children and cafe au lait for adults.

PERSIAN HALFBACK



Omar Fared, University of Chicago halfback, is a Persian. He displayed clever running and passing for Chicago last season. He weighs only 167 pounds.

New Auditorium Built for San Jose



Here, beautifully situated amid palms, is the new municipal auditorium in San Jose, Calif. It was erected with the aid of a PWA grant of \$500,000, and is the first unit of the city's proposed civic center. Other imposing buildings are expected to form a part of this new development, which will make San Jose one of the most imposing cities of California.

In Memory of the Sailing of the Mayflower



Representatives of American and British societies celebrated the anniversary of the sailing of the Mayflower in 1620 at the actual spot on the Barbican at Plymouth, Devonshire, England.

A Radio Adventure

By K. GRAYSON
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WNU Service.

OLD RUFE APPLETON had a radio which, because he lived alone in an isolated farm house in the high country, was about the only company he knew during the long winter evenings. Most always he listened to the news broadcast, because it amused him to hear about the problems of the outside world. Thus it was that one afternoon in January he heard about the bank hold-up at Richfield, and learned that the hold-up men had been seen and recognized, but had made their escape after killing a night watchman. The night watchman was a simple old man, about Rufe's age, and had a wife and two kids dependent on him. Rufe felt a deep sense of pity and injustice.

Shortly after dark, Rufe heard a knock on his door. He switched off his radio and went to answer it. Two men were there, and they entered without being invited. Even if the radio announcer hadn't given a description of Marty Price and Spider MaGee, Rufe would have known who his visitors were.

"You live here alone?" the larger of the two asked.

"Been alone for forty years," Rufe said. "Ever since Martha died. She took with—"

"I see you got a radio," the little man interrupted. Rufe guessed that the little man was Spider.

"No use in beating around the bush, old man. Guess you know who we are. Well, our car got stuck down the road and we had to walk. Our trail's hot. You got some place you can hide us?"

It wasn't a question but a demand. Rufe appeared to consider. The brain behind his mild blue eyes began to work rapidly. Two hours ago it had begun to snow. It looked like a heavy fall, and even now the tracks of the two fugitives were probably obliterated. However, eventually the searchers would find the abandoned automobile and they'd scour the neighborhood.

"Guess there ain't any use in one trying to kid you two jiggers," he said, grinning, foolishly. "You're desprit. Well, I got a sap house up over the ridge. There's a stove there and mebbe—"

"Shut up and get your coat and take us there. There's no time to lose."

Without a word Rufe got into his sheepskin coat and fur cap with the earlaps and his felt boots and wool mittens. And all the time the idea was growing in his mind. He wasn't fool enough to think they'd let him go, after he showed them the sap house. Hardly. He hadn't fooled them a bit. They knew he'd come back and wait till the police arrived and tell where they were. No, sir, it would never do to let them reach the sap house.

He took the lantern down from its peg, lighted it and led the way outside. The snow was coming down thick, driven slantwise by a northeast gale. Rufe led the way around the house and along the cart road that ran up to his sap house.

Presently they came to an open field, and Rufe bent his head against the force of the wind. The storm was making a terrible racket, but he heard the cries of protest behind him, and stopped. No sense in trying to rush things. They came up to him, wheezing and puffing, shivering in the wind. Marty said: "How much further is it?" And Rufe told him they'd covered about half the distance. Without waiting for a reply he set off again, kept going for a hundred yards or more, and suddenly he heard the sound he'd been waiting for—a faint cry and muttered oaths and smothered shouts. One of the men had fallen and was having difficulty in getting up.

Rufe didn't stop, but swung sharply to the right, hurling the lantern from him as he did so. It struck the snow and went out. A minute later he heard the spit of an automatic, but the shots came nowhere near him.

Presently he struck the cart road again and slackened his pace. He was grinning to himself when, twenty minutes later, he came back to the house. He went into the kitchen, but didn't light the lamp. No sense, he thought in taking chances. He sat down by the window, without fear, to await the arrival of the police, thinking of the two men out in the storm with their low shoes and thin stockings, thinking how he led them in circles, knowing that they'd never be able to find their way back. He thought of the dead watchman, and told himself that when he collected the reward for the capture of the two bank robbers, the watchman's wife and kids would probably have good use for it.

Sure to Get Mail
Travelers who get their mail on time when far from home will subscribe to this creed of the Postal department: "Neither snow nor rain nor sleet nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

More Windmills Than Trees
The Island of Oland, off the coast of Sweden, is a second "windmill land." Windmills dot the cliffs along its coast, and in the interior, which is level and rather bare, they actually outnumber the trees. The island itself is a favorite resort of the Swedish people.