

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—With a Russo-Jap dispute over the Amur river, crack battalions of the Red army have been held in readiness for possible trouble. 2—Senators Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., left, and Elbert Thomas of the senate civil liberties committee are shown studying photographs of the Memorial day riot at the Republic steel plant in South Chicago in which ten pickets were shot down. 3—President Roosevelt in a recent radio salute to Canada exchanged greetings with Governor-General Lord Tweedsmuir.

Windsor's Parson on Lecture Tour



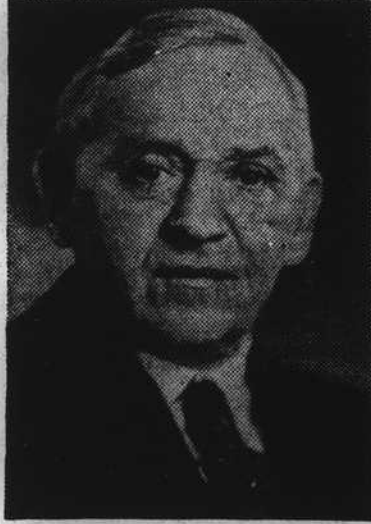
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Anderson Jardine, who sprang into the international spotlight when he defied the Church of England's highest dignitaries to perform the wedding ceremony for the Duke of Windsor and the former Wallis Warfield, shown as he arrived in New York recently for a lecture tour of the United States, to aid charities.

"KNUCKLERS" KING



William Kloss, thirteen, of Greater Canton, Ohio, grins broadly after being crowned national marble champ after playing off a tie for the title with Andrew Tanana, thirteen, of Throop, Pa. The Canton boy held the best average in the tournament, winning 49 of 57 games.

EDUCATOR RETIRES



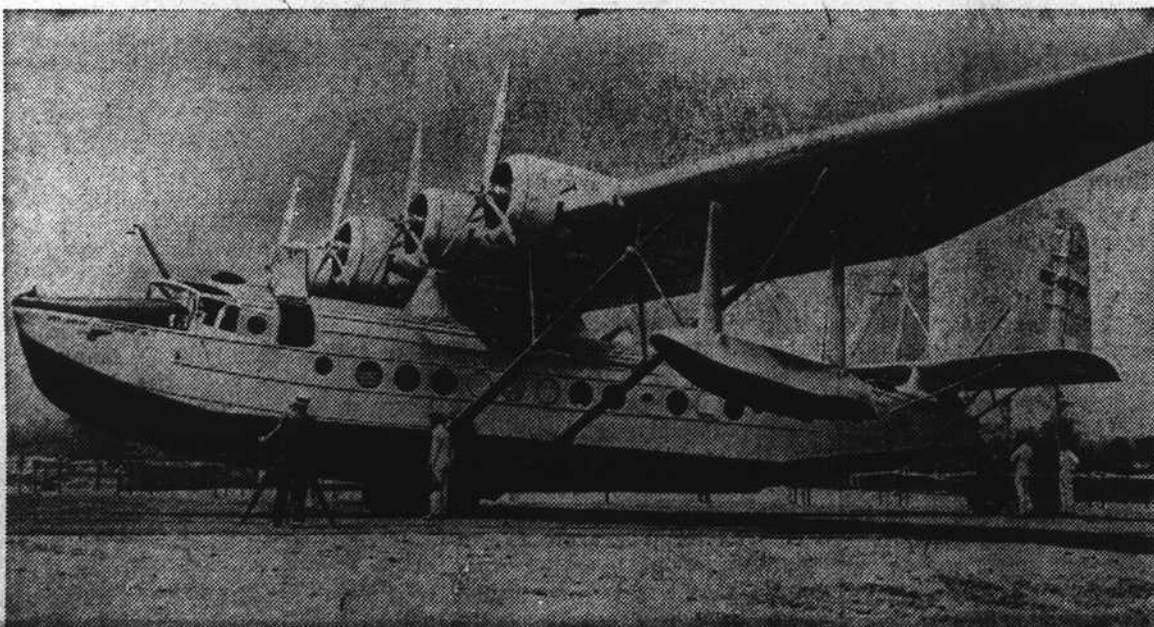
Dr. William Low Bryan, who recently retired as president of Indiana university. Dr. Bryan, who spent 53 years on the faculty of the university, was its president for 35 years, holding the record for the longest service among presidents of state universities. The seventy-seven-year-old educator is a firm believer in the average student—the one who is neither too brilliant nor too dull.

Scientist Puts Old Sol to Work



Dr. Charles Greeley Abbott, secretary of the Smithsonian institution and director of the American Astrophysical observatory at Washington, D. C., is shown setting up his solar boiler at the Great Lakes exposition at Cleveland. The device, hailed as science's first successful effort to translate solar energy into usable power, would yield a total of 70,000 horsepower on cloudless days, according to Dr. Abbott.

Clipper Ship Blazes Atlantic Air Trail



Broadside view of the giant four-motored Pan-American clipper ship in which Capt. Harold E. Gray and his crew of seven completed in 12 hours and 29 minutes the west to east survey flight of the projected British-American trans-Atlantic passenger and mail route, landing at Foynes, Ireland. At practically the same moment, the British Imperial Airways flying boat landed at Botwood, Newfoundland, on the east to west leg of the trip, proving the feasibility of trans-Atlantic commercial airways.

New Streamliner Speeds British Train Travel



Specially constructed to make the London to Glasgow journey in six and a half hours, the London Midland and Scottish railway's new streamlined train, the Coronation, has set a new speed record for British travel. The high-speed express is shown getting into its stride near Watford, England, on a recent test run.

FALSELY IMPRISONED



Ernest Mattice, thirty-three-year-old candy salesman of Denver who was freed after serving six months of two sentences of life imprisonment for the kidnaping and assault of Mrs. Margaret Cykosz, twenty-two-year-old waitress. Gov. Teller Ammons of Colorado signed the pardon after Frank Neill, twenty-six years old, and Arthur Parker, twenty-one years old, confessed to the assault charge. They denied the charge of kidnaping.

"Puppy Love" Uncovers Old Art



Forgotten pictures, gathering dust for years in an old attic, brought the hope of new life to Mrs. Alida Clark, seventy-nine years old, of Maywood, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. She swapped one of the pictures with Arthur Lloyd, Jr., of Oak Park, an antique dealer, for a cocker spaniel, shown in the picture here. When the dealer cleaned it up he was told by an art authority that it was the work of an old French master, Jean Baptiste Greuze.

Dr. Ward Elected Head of Osteopaths



Dr. Edward A. Ward (right) of Saginaw, Mich., elected president of the American Osteopathic association representing 10,000 physicians, surgeons and specialists at the association's annual convention in Chicago recently. With him is Dr. Arthur E. Allen (left) of Minneapolis, Minn., who was chosen president-elect, to take office at the 1938 convention, which will be held about mid-year. The office of president-elect is a new one.

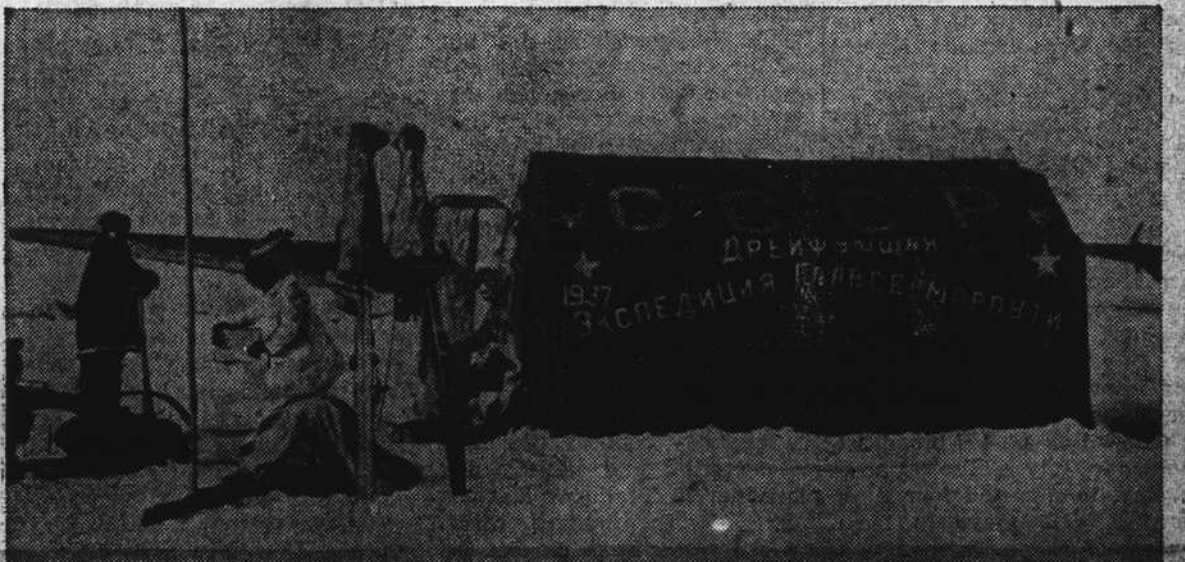
Screen Star's Tiny Son Plans Athletic Career

Emblazoned on the front of his sweat shirt are the letters of the future alma mater of two and one-half year old Norman Scott



Barnes, son of Joan Blondell, screen star, by her former husband. When Norman reaches college age, the University of California, Los Angeles, will be his choice.

Soviets Establish Post on Top of the World



This photograph, brought back by returning members of the Soviet serial expedition to the North pole, shows the camp established at the pole by the expedition. Parts of the planes, first to land on top of the world, may be seen in background. Four members of the expedition will remain at the pole for a year, studying conditions and atmospheric phenomena. It is planned to establish a base there for a regular Soviet air service between Moscow and the United States.

Winns Cobb thinks about:

Third Term Ballyhoo.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —After a president has been re-elected it's certain that some inspired patriot who is snuggled close to the throne will burst from his cell with a terrible yell to proclaim that unless the adored incumbent consents again to succeed himself this nation is doomed.

Incidentally the said patriot's present job and perquisites also would be doomed, so

he couldn't be blamed for privately brooding on the disastrous thought. You wouldn't call him ballyhoo, but you would call him hopeful, especially since there's a chance his ballyhoo may direct attention upon him as a suitable candidate when his idol Irvin S. Cobb says no to the proposition. He might ride in on the backwash, which would be even nicer than steering a tidal wave for somebody else.

Political observers have a name for this. They call it "sending up a balloon." It's an apt simile, a balloon being a flimsy thing, full of hot air, and when it soars aloft nobody knows where it will come down—if at all. It lacks both steering gears and terminal facilities.

There have been cases when the same comparison might have been applied not alone to the balloon but to the gentleman who launched it.

So let's remain calm. It's traditional in our history that no president ever had to go ballooning in order to find out how the wind blew and that no volunteer third-term boomer ever succeeded in taking the trip himself.

Modern Prairie Schooners.

WE'RE certainly returning — with modern improvements — to prairie schooner days when restless Americans are living on wheels and housekeeping on wheels and having babies on wheels. Only the other day twins were born aboard a trailer. And—who knows?—perhaps right now the stork, with a future president in his beak, is flapping fast, trying to catch up with somebody's perambulating bungalow.

So it's a fitting moment to revive the story of early Montana when some settlers were discussing the relative merits of various makes of those canvas-covered arks which bore such hosts of emigrants westward. They named over the Conestoga, the South Bend, the Murphy, the Studebaker and various others. From under her battered sunbonnet there spoke up a weather-beaten old lady who, with her husband and her growing brood, had spent the long years bumping along behind an ox team from one frontier camp to another.

"Boys," she said, shifting her snuff-stick, "I always did claim the old hickory waggin wuz the best one there is fur raisin' a family in."

Pages Versus Statesmen.

IT'S confusing to read that poor decrepit Jim Braddock, having reached the advanced age of thirty-four or thereabouts, is all washed up, and, then, in another column, to discover that leading candidates to supply young blood on the Supreme court bench are but bounding juveniles of around sixty-six.

This creates doubt in the mind of a fellow who, let us say, is quite a few birthdays beyond that engendered wreck, Mr. Braddock, yet still has a considerable number of years to go before he'll be an agile adolescent like some senators. He can't decide whether he ought to join the former at the old men's home or enlist with the latter in the Boy Scouts.

Quiescent Major Generals.

SOMETHING has gone out of life. For months now no general of the regular army, whether retired or detailed to a civilian job, has talked himself into a jam—a raspberry jam, if you want to make a cheap pun of it.

May be it's being officially gagged for so long while on active service that makes such a conversational Tessie out of the average brigadier when he goes into private pursuits and lets his hair down. It's as though he took off his tact along with his epaulettes. And when he subsides there's always another to take his place.

You see, under modern warfare the commanding officer is spared. He may lead the retreat, but never the charge. When the boys go over the top he is out in front waving a sword. Not so you'd notice it. By the new rules he's signing papers in a bombproof nine miles behind the lines and about the only peril he runs is from lack of exercise in the fresh air.

Maybe, in view of what so often happens when peace ensues, we should save on privates instead of generals.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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