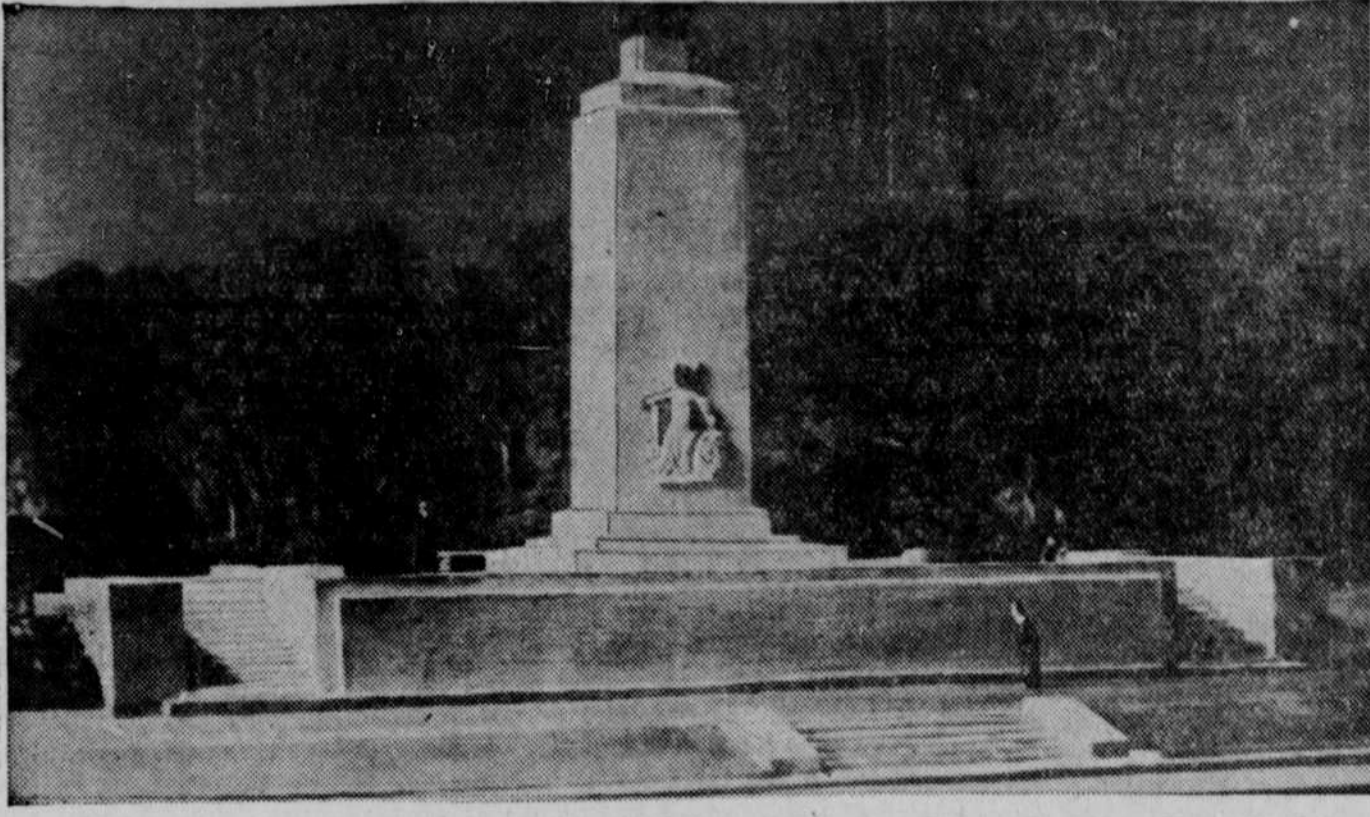


### Eternal Light Peace Memorial for Gettysburg



Architect's rendering of the "Eternal Light Peace memorial" that will be dedicated on Oak hill, Gettysburg battlefield, on Sunday, July 3, by President Roosevelt as a feature of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the famous Civil war battle. A joint reunion of the Blue and the Gray surviving veterans of the four-year struggle will be held for the first time in history in commemoration of the battle.

### Kennedys Presented at Court



Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, wife of the American ambassador to London, with two of their daughters whom she presented with five other debutantes to the king and queen at Buckingham palace at the first court of the season recently. Left to right, Miss Kathleen Kennedy, Rosemary Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy.

### GOLD STAR MOTHER



Mrs. Bess Duncan Wells of Portland, Ore., who was elected national president of the Gold Star Mothers at their national convention in Philadelphia. She succeeds Mrs. Horace B. Blake of Philadelphia. The war mothers hit "isms" as they urged in a resolution that aliens swearing allegiance to a foreign country's dictatorship be deported.

### Find Solomon's Seaport—Kaiser at Wedding



1—An ancient seaport used by King Solomon on the Red sea has been unearthed by archeologists in Palestine. Photograph shows shallow rooms uncovered by the diggers. 2—Gen. Saturnino Cedillo, one-time close associate of President Cardenas of Mexico, whose activities caused the government to re-enforce its troops at San Luis Potosi to prevent a revolt. 3—Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm chats with the bride of his grandson, the former Grand Duchess Kyra, following their marriage at Doorn house, Netherlands. Prince Louis Ferdinand, the groom, looks on.

### The Lilac Bush

By HAZEL R. LANGDALE  
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WNU Service.

THE Jamiesons had wanted the cottage ever since they had chanced upon it where it beautifully nestled on a hilltop, commanding a superb view of the bay. Linda said immediately that she loved the way the door was cut squarely in the center, with two windows on each side and a narrow walk leading firmly up to it. Bob thought the foundation appeared to be in good condition. Both Linda and Bob exclaimed over the huge lilac bush at the end, which thrust up a riot of colorful clusters of flowers to the very roof.

The proprietress of Ye Windmill Tea Shoppe down in the village said that Miss Eliza Lapham lived there. Was the cottage for sale?

"That I couldn't say. Shouldn't wonder. She could get a room in the village cheaper than keeping a whole house going."

### SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

"Well," urged Linda, as they drove back, "it can do no harm to ask. Such a wonderful place for your nursery, Bob! Southern exposure on those slopes, and a tempered climate. Only, perhaps you had better not mention your business intentions. Might jump the price!"

A very bright white-haired old lady, whose bright blue eyes darted from her callers to the car in the road and back again, answered their summons at the knocker.

"Come in," she said. "Come in." But she was greatly startled at their question.

"No," she said quickly, twisting the corner of her white apron. "It ain't for sale. Not but what I mightn't, if I could," she hesitated and her glance wandered to the window. "Well, I'm so used to the lie of these rooms, I couldn't stand a different arrangement."

"Such a reason!" groaned Linda afterwards. "All these Cape Cod cottages look to me to be alike as two peas. Now see that one there!" and she pointed to the house they were passing. "If that isn't twin to—Bob, it's for sale! Let's hunt up the owner. No, silly, I don't want it for us, but if we could buy it for less than the one we want, maybe she would swap and be glad to pocket the difference in actual cash!"

The scheme was not successful. "No, thank you," said the old lady firmly. "That house of Cap'n John's is all right, as far as the set of the rooms, but—well, there ain't no view. That old barn of Timothy Haynes shets off all sight of the marshes. I've been used to marshes all my life."

Linda took the wheel when they emerged, and turned the car around.

"Where now?" asked Bob curiously.

"Timothy Haynes'," said Linda shortly. Then, with a quick little sideways glance up at Bob: "The more I see of that darling little house, the more I want it. That old barn can't be worth more than \$50."

Timothy Haynes thought the barn was worth \$75 and the work of removing it. Linda and Bob slept overnight on it, and in the morning Bob made out a check for \$75 and drove with Linda to make arrangements with one Peter Tobey, who was skilled in removing barns. Then they drove to the cottage on the hilltop.

More nervous than ever seemed the little old lady recounted. She listened while Linda repeated how they had bought the barn and were having it taken away. Her thin old fingers worked and worked at the hem of her white apron. Suddenly, she reached into a pocket and drew out a handkerchief, gulped once or twice, and burst into tears.

"You two young people are so persisting that I kin see you'll get the truth out of me. I oughter sell this place, and I don't hesitate on account of the lie o' the rooms nor yet the view. It's this. I just can't abide the thought of leaving my lilac bush. My mother planted it, and my sister and I used to play dolls under it, and I remember my father standing there watching the sunset and sniffing the blossoms. And now it's all I've got left of them all. It's like a relative to me. A silly reason to tell of—"

Bob cleared his throat, and it was a minute before Linda could speak. Then she went over and knelt on the floor with one arm on her lap.

"My husband is a nursery man," she said. "He can transplant your lilac bush anywhere you wish. Can't you, Bob?"

"I certainly can!" said Bob huskily.

The old lady was crying no longer. Rather, she was smiling through her tears. "I'll sell now. I always did like that house of Cap'n John's. It sets so close to the road."

"Which is lucky, all things considered," said Bob dryly, as they drove away some time later. "It would have been a terrible nuisance getting the state highway moved."

### STILL BELTS 'EM



Gene Tunney, who retired undefeated as world's heavyweight champion, drives one from the eighth tee during a golf tournament at Pinehurst, N. C., recently sponsored by Attorney General Homer S. Cummings. The will to win that carried Gene to the top of the heavyweight heap is apparent in the determined expression on golfer Gene's face as he watches the flight of the ball.

### "Safety Sallys" Reduce Accidents



Papa Dionne and his quints doesn't rate with City Manager Randall M. Dorton of Long Beach, Calif., and his large family of "Safety Sallys." Sponsored by one of the city's service clubs, Safety Sallys have been placed at all school crossings and have done their duty so well that not one single accident to school children has been reported in nearly five months.

### Soviet's Armed Might Parades in Moscow



Red square in Moscow was filled with tanks in the impressive demonstration of the armed power of the U. S. S. R. during the recent celebration of the international proletarian holiday in Moscow.

### Menuhin and His Fiancee



Yehudi Menuhin, concert violinist, is pictured in London with his bride-to-be, Miss Nola Nicholas of Melbourne, Australia. Miss Nicholas is the daughter of a wealthy Australian drug manufacturer.

### HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS



Mrs. E. Roland Harriman, society trotting enthusiast, is shown aboard the high wheeled sulky which Jay Eye See pulled to a world record of 2:10 back in 1884 as she gave the ancient relic a workout over the track at Goshen, N. Y.

### Giro Lands Mail on Post Office Roof



A new chapter in air mail history was written in Chicago as Pilot Johnny Miller settled to the post office building roof with his autogiro carrying 135 pounds of mail from the Municipal airport. A feature of the program observing the twentieth anniversary of air mail flight, the demonstration showed the practicability of vertical landing and take-offs by means of the autogiro and the attendant saving in time.

### ACE JUMPING FROG



"Zip," the prize hopping frog of eight-year-old Eddie Robinson of Stockton, Calif., showed plenty of zip at the historic Angels Camp Frog Jumping Jubilee in Calaveras county recently when it pounced out 15 feet 10 inches to set a new world's record. The jubilee honors Mark Twain, who wrote a story about a jumping frog and other figures of the early days in the Mother Lode gold mining section.

### Toe Shine Boy Does Rushing Business



America's first "Toe Shine Boy" is enterprising young Keoki Kepoo, who does a rushing business of massaging the pedal digits of fair swimmers at Hawaii's popular Waikiki beach at Honolulu.