

When Gov. Landon Vacated in the West



Estes Park, Colo.—Gov. Alf M. Landon and his family, pictured on the lawn of their summer home in Estes Park, where the Republican nominee spent several weeks recently. Left to right: Gov. Landon, Peggy Landon, John Cobb Landon, Nancy Jo Landon, Mrs. Landon.

Salt Lake City Girl Sets World's Record for Fastest Typing

Miss Gioconda Zumpano, twenty, of Salt Lake City, shown with her trophy after she won an amateur typing contest held in Chi-



cago under the sponsorship of the International Commercial Schools association, and set a world's amateur record of 106.7 words a minute. Typists from many states competed.

Admiral Hepburn Commands U. S. Fleet



Admiral Arthur J. Hepburn (left) who took over the post of commander-in-chief of the United States fleet from Admiral Joseph M. Reeves (right). Admiral Reeves had held the post for two years. The ceremony took place aboard the battleship Pennsylvania, flagship of the fleet, at San Pedro, Calif.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Comptroller General John R. McCarl who has retired from his post. 2—Conclave at Vatican City in which Pope Pius conferred red hats on six new cardinals. 3—Scene in Marseilles, France, during recent marine strike.

COLLEGE GOLF CHAMP



Charles (Chuck) Kocsis of the University of Michigan carried winning honors for his school in the National Intercollegiate golf tournament at Glenview, Ill.

Detects "Sour" Notes in Music



The "Oscillograph," a new machine something like a "Lie Detector" now being used in musical education. It will not only detect a "sour" note, but will prove the guilt of the person or instrument from which the faulty sound came. Miss Doris Whyman of Chicago is shown playing the violin as the instrument "listens." The device was invented by Prof. Gordon Hanneman of De Paul university.

A Prince Can Laugh

By R. H. WILKINSON
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WNU Service.

A WEEK after I established residence in Seabrook, Ray Quimper, my next door neighbor, took time off to drive me around the town and show me the points of interest. Toward evening he stopped his car before a driveway that led up to a huge brick house on top of Drybridge Hill.

"The home of Prince Alexander Moisevich Deborin," he explained. I looked at him curiously, sensing that this was a proud moment for Ray. He had saved the brick house until last, like a child relishing the last morsel.

I asked the questions that I knew Ray wanted me to ask, and learned that Prince Alexander was a member of a once flourishing Russian nobility, exiled, young, prodigiously wealthy. In Seabrook he was a figure of awe and wonder and humble respect.

"Of course," Ray explained further, "he has a city home too. But the fact is he spends the greater part of his time out here. He craves solitude."

"Are you sure? I mean, wouldn't it be fitting to let the man know you're glad to have him as a citizen?"

"We've tended to that," Ray said importantly. "Three days after his arrival a committee made up of leading citizens waited on the prince and extended him a formal welcome." He regarded me sagely. "We're smart enough not to antagonize the man by pestering him to death. Now that he's here we want him to stay. It gives the town an air of distinction."

I wasn't convinced or quite as much impressed as Ray would have liked, though I took pains to hide my true feelings. Somehow the picture of Prince Alexander didn't seem human.

A month passed before such an opportunity presented itself. During this time I had thought of the prince frequently. In fact, I was not allowed to forget him. The townspeople never tired of discussing him. The prince was seen doing this, he was seen doing that, he had been overheard to remark thus and so.

On the day of which I write I was removing the storm windows from my house, for spring was near and the day was bright and warm. The prince came strolling along my street and stopped, oddly enough, at the end of my drive to watch. I perceived him from the corner of my eye, though I gave no indication that I had seen. After a moment or two, much to my satisfaction, he turned in at the drive and came slowly toward me. At this precise moment the step-ladder on which I was standing tilted precariously and the window I was removing threatened to tumble to the ground.

I uttered a cry of alarm, turned, perceived the prince as if for the first time, and shouted to him for aid. Involuntarily, he leaped forward and steadied the ladder until I had descended.

"Phew!" I grinned. "That was a close call."

"It was indeed," he replied in very exact English. "Would you mind holding the ladder for me on this window over here?" He seemed a little surprised, but agreed to lend his assistance.

Presently the task was done and I turned to him, grinning. "Thanks a lot. I don't know how I would have managed without you."

"Really?" He seemed to appreciate my compliment. "Frankly, I've enjoyed it, not only the work, but our little visit." He hesitated. "You are new in town, aren't you?"

"Comparatively," I said. "It's a mighty nice town. Folks are all like yourself. Ready and willing to lend a hand when help is needed."

He smiled a little wistfully. "Some people," he said, "are born at a disadvantage. They aren't allowed to lend a hand even though they would like to. There is no real happiness in this world except that resulting from helping some one else and being treated as a human being. I am convinced of it. Should I tell you my name I believe I could prove my statement."

I smiled happily. "The fact that I know your name, Prince Alexander, proves a little theory of my own."

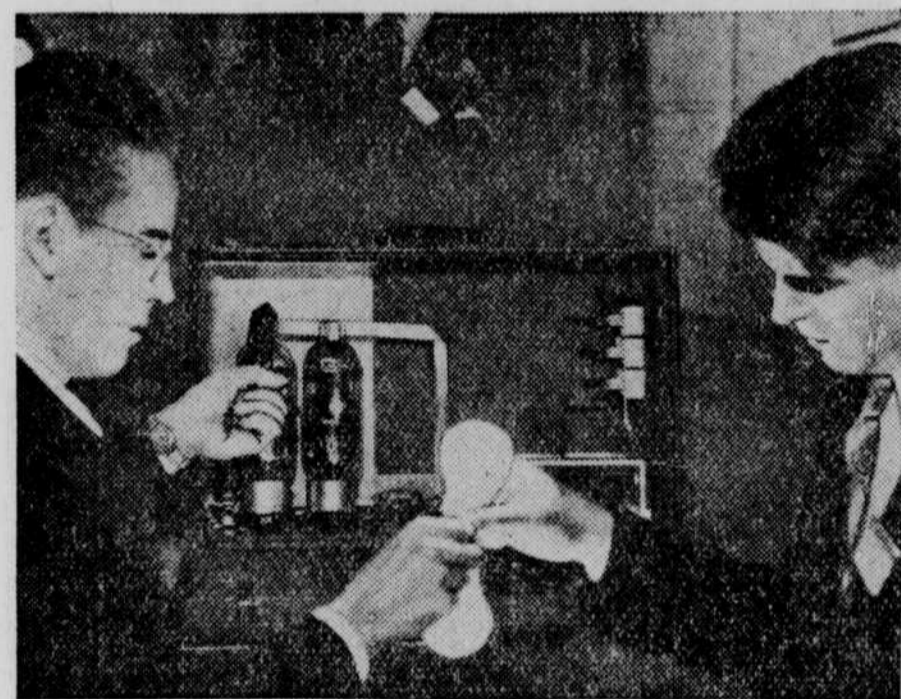
He stared in astonishment. "You know who I am? You knew when you asked me to help remove the windows?"

I nodded. "Your philosophy and mine have a good deal in common, Prince. And that is, that you're no different from the rest of us. I'd even venture to say that you are quite unhappy living up there in your castle so far removed from everybody. To prove that I am right, I'm going to ask you a question. Tomorrow I'm going fishing. How would you like to come along?"

Prince Alexander gaped at me. "I'd like to very much," he said. "But we must keep it a secret from the rest of the people. It would be a pity to destroy their illusion."

I agreed, winking at him knowingly, and the prince and I then and there shared a hearty and very human laugh.

Students' Bodies Light Bulbs



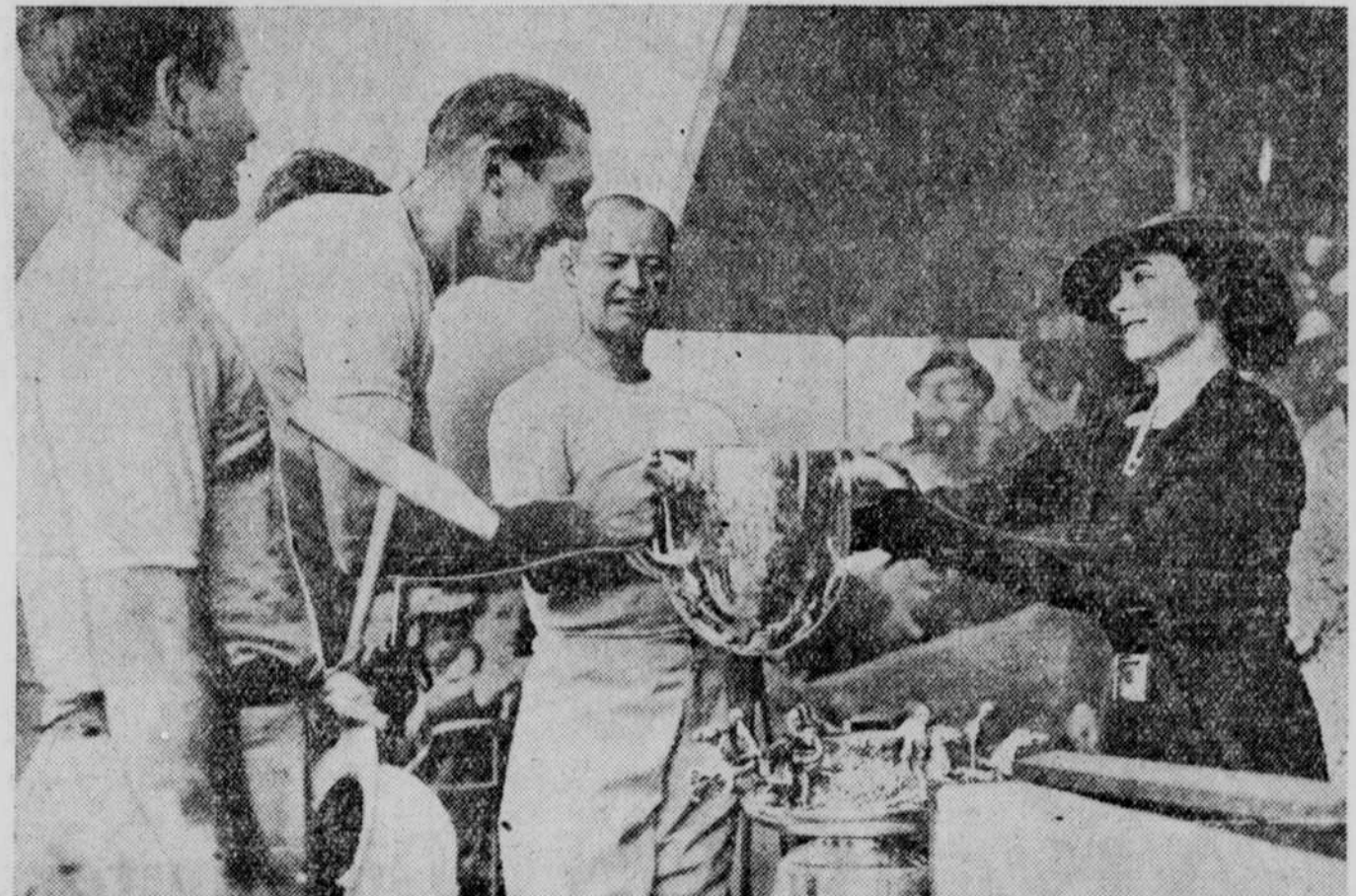
University of Utah students demonstrate a unique machine they designed and built. Using their bodies as wires and their hands as light sockets, they illuminate lamp bulbs and neon tubes. Leonard G. Walker (left) and Glenn G. Davis (right) are co-builders of the machine.

NURSES' PRESIDENT



Miss Amelia Grant of New York was re-elected to the presidency of the National Organization for Public Health Nursing without opposition.

American Poloists Retain Westchester Cup



H. R. H. The Duchess of Gloucester presents the Westchester cup to the captain of the United States polo team, Winston F. C. Guest, after the second match of the series won by the Americans 8 to 6 at the Hurlingham club in London.

Former A. A. A. Head Assumes New Job



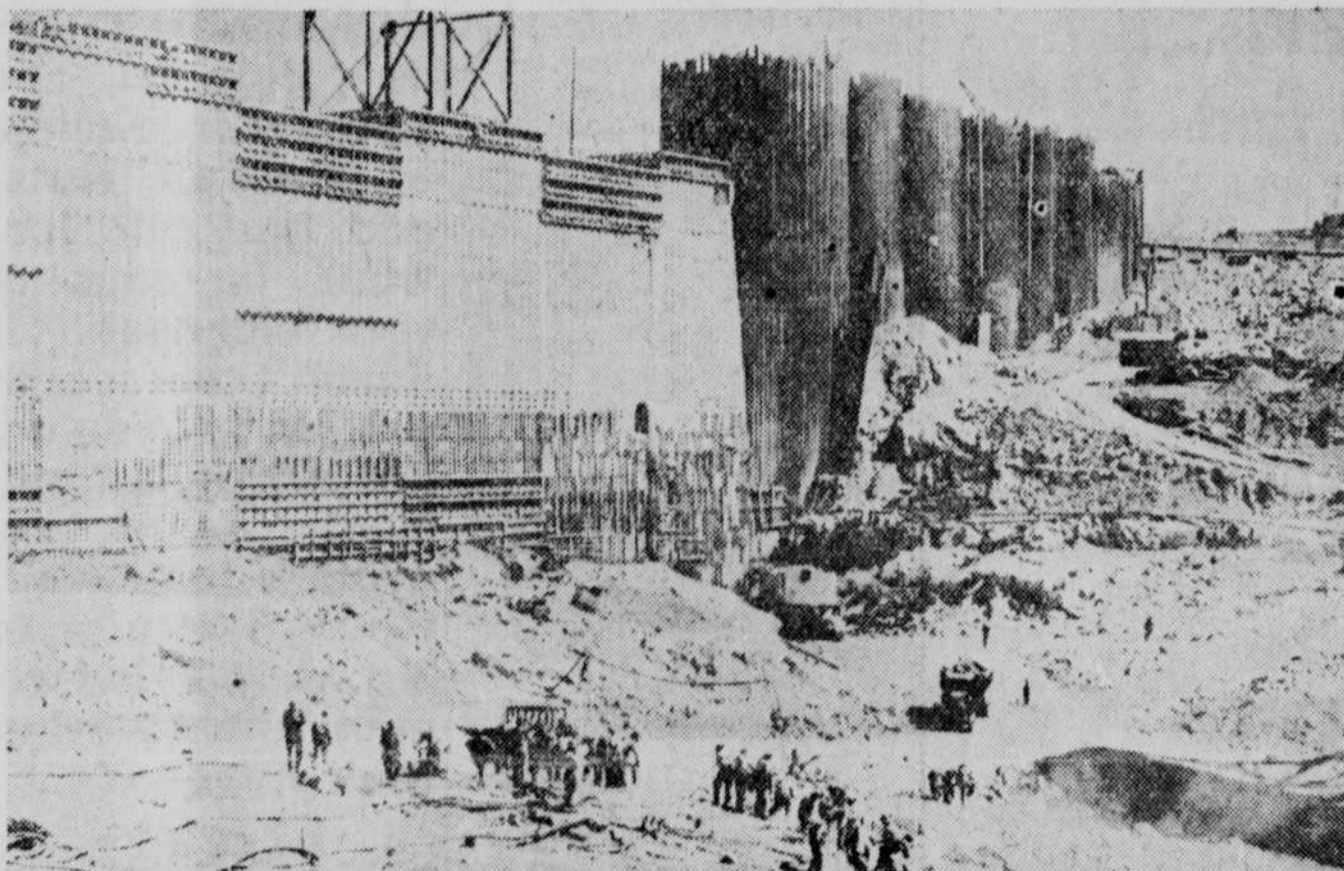
Chester Davis, who was administrator of the A. A. A., is seen here being sworn in as a new member of the Federal Reserve board. Oliver E. Foulk, fiscal agent for the board, is administering the oath.

FRANCE'S MUSSOLINI



Danger of a Fascist coup such as overtook Italy 14 years ago when Mussolini's Blackshirts marched on Rome, menaced strike-torn France. Colonel De la Roque, often called the potential "Mussolini of France," who claims 700,000 followers in his Croix de Feu, and 100,000 in similar Fascist leagues.

Workers Lay Foundations for Grand Coulee Dam



The foundations of the Grand Coulee dam on the Columbia river which will stretch 4,300 feet from cliff to cliff and rise 550 feet in height, on which an army of men are now at work.