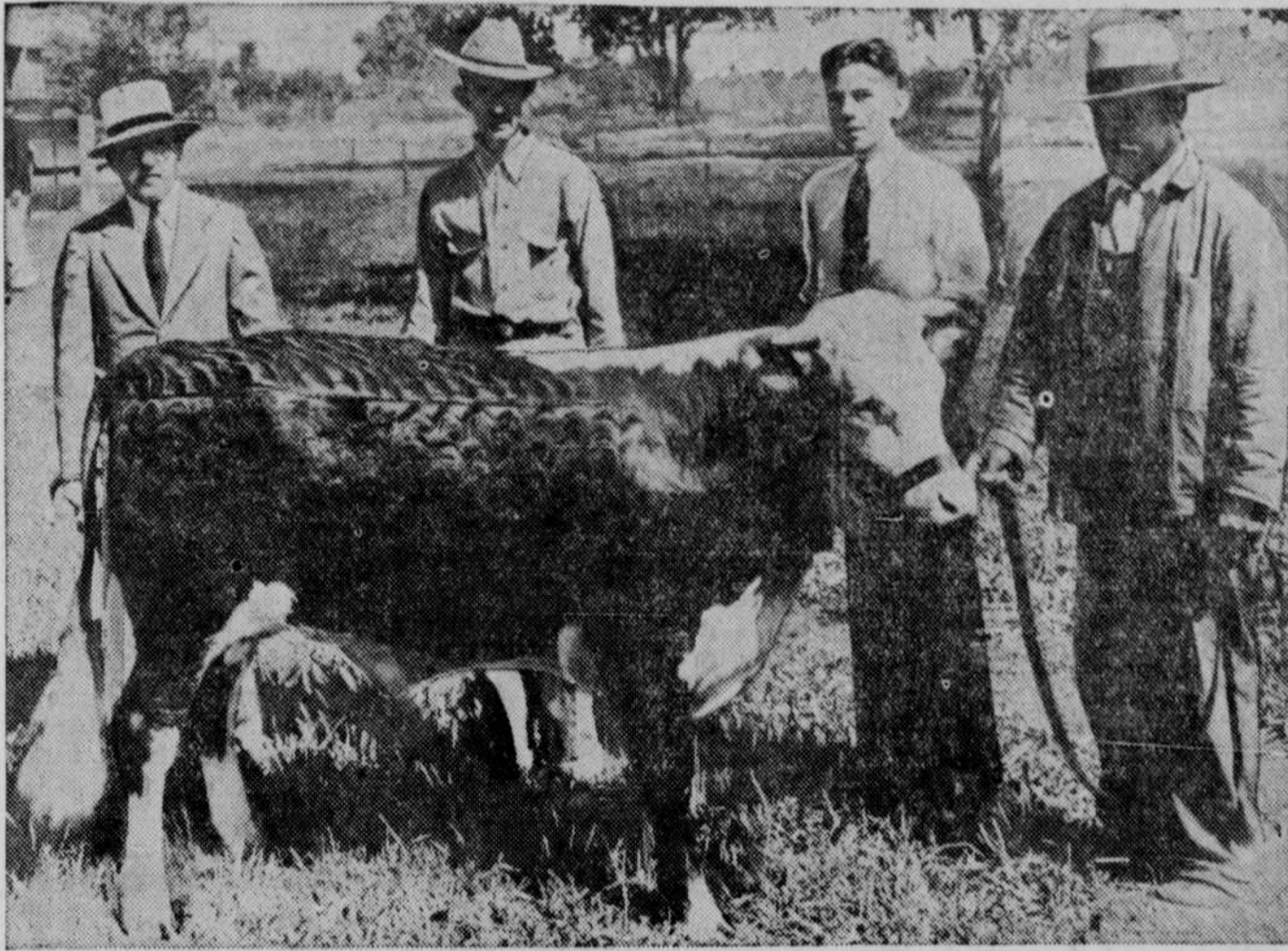


## Finger-Waved Hereford Cops the Blue Ribbon



A yearling Hereford which scored in the recent fat stock show at Montgomery, Ala., after it had been finger-waved by a "beautician" is pictured above. In the picture are Allen E. Grubbs (left), cattle breeder, A. E. Thrash, who gave the wave, Allen E. Grubb, Jr., and John Hill.

## Want Dimples? Device Will Make 'Em



It's simple now to have those charming dimples. All you have to do is apply this dimpling machine shown being demonstrated by Miss Evangeline Gilbert of Rochester, N. Y., on the face of Bobby Joyce of Hollywood. The device was on exhibition at the National Inventors' congress held in New York recently.

## INDUSTRY'S ADVOCATE



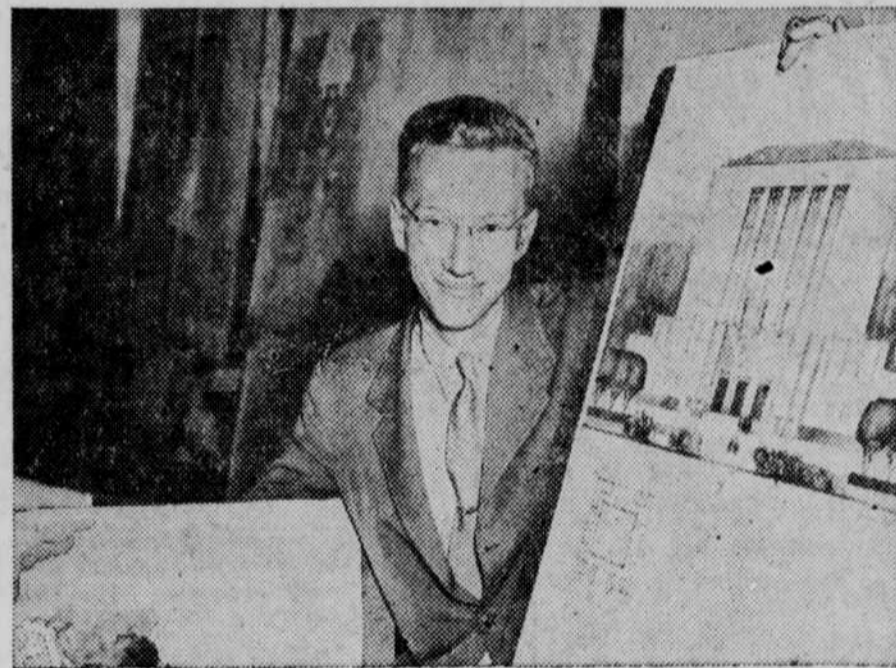
Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson, playwright, author and associate editor of Woman's Home Companion, who has just completed a 100,000-mile trip throughout the United States, talking to women's groups and conventions, explaining the constant efforts of industrial and business research experts to perfect products for the American home and American health. Says Mrs. Richardson: "Anyone who reads the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines can see the romantic story of what industrial research and mass production have done to make this country the best on earth in which to live."

## HIGH SCHOOL GRAD



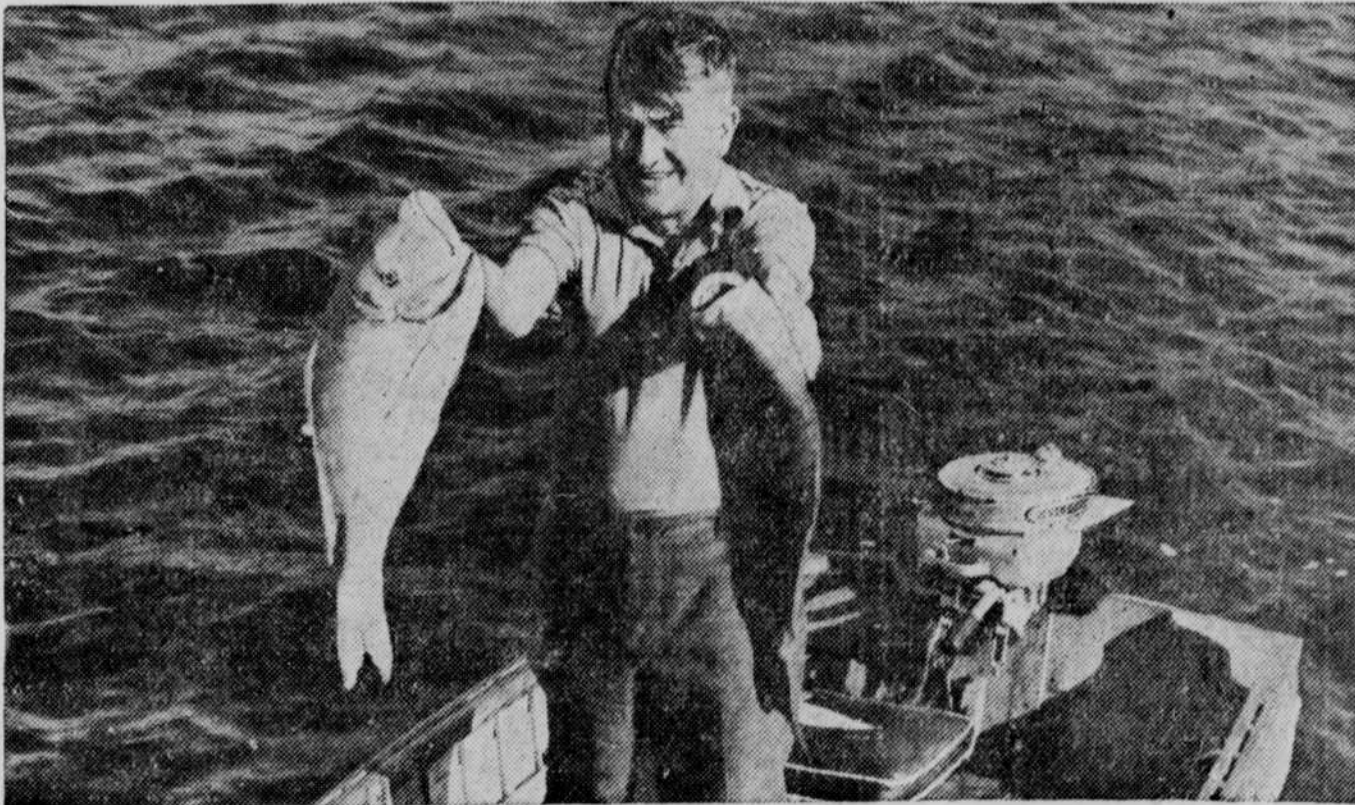
Edward P. Kearney, thirty-six years old, father of two children, a successful business man, and holder of several town offices, who was one of 16 seniors graduated from the Bellows Free academy of Fairfield, Vt., recently.

## Wins Coveted Architect's Award



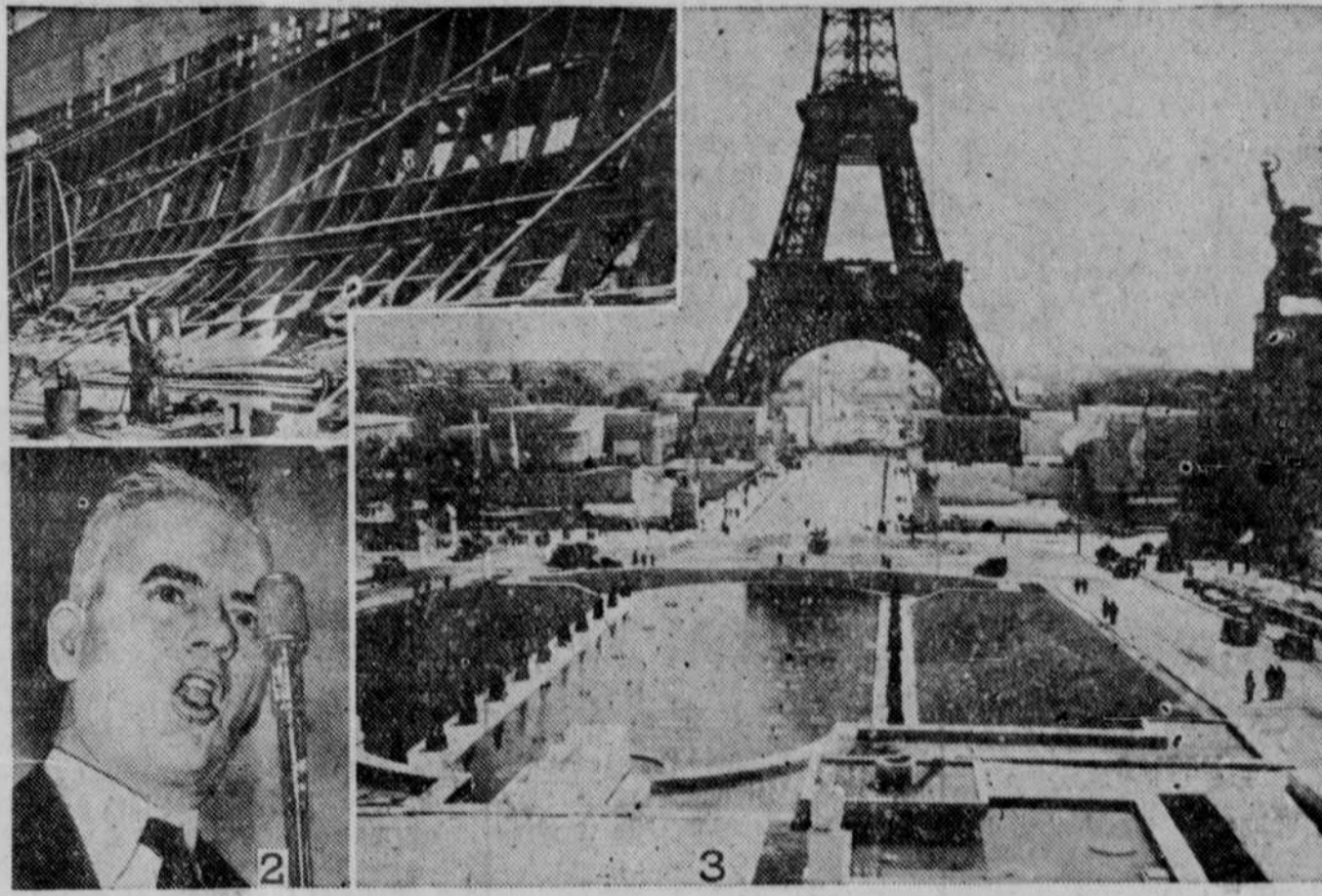
Henry A. Jandl of Princeton university and Spokane, Wash., is pictured with some of his prize-winning works after he was awarded the thirtieth Paris prize scholarship in architecture at the headquarters of the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects in New York.

## Big Ones Are Biting This Fishing Season



Two fine fish such as these are enough to account for a happy smile on any fisherman's face. Lakes and streams are yielding bigger catches than in recent years, sportsmen report, and fishermen find their angling made easier when a little outboard motor eliminates the backbreaking effort of getting to the spot where the big ones are biting.

## Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—View of Number 552, new superliner that will be sister ship of the Queen Mary, now under construction at Clydebank, Scotland. 2—Phillip Murray, chairman of the Steel Workers Organizing committee addressing a massmeeting of workers during the steel strike at Canton, Ohio. 3—General scene of the Paris International exposition which opened recently.

## First Lady in Role of Godmother



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, holding baby Eleanor Ruth Armstrong, and Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, former U. S. minister to Norway, with baby Robert Furman Armstrong, pictured during the recent christening ceremony of the twin children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong, Jr., at Washington, D. C., at which they served as godmothers. Standing between them is Mrs. John Nance Garner, wife of the vice president. The Armstrongs are Washington newspaper correspondents.

## DUST BOWL WORKER



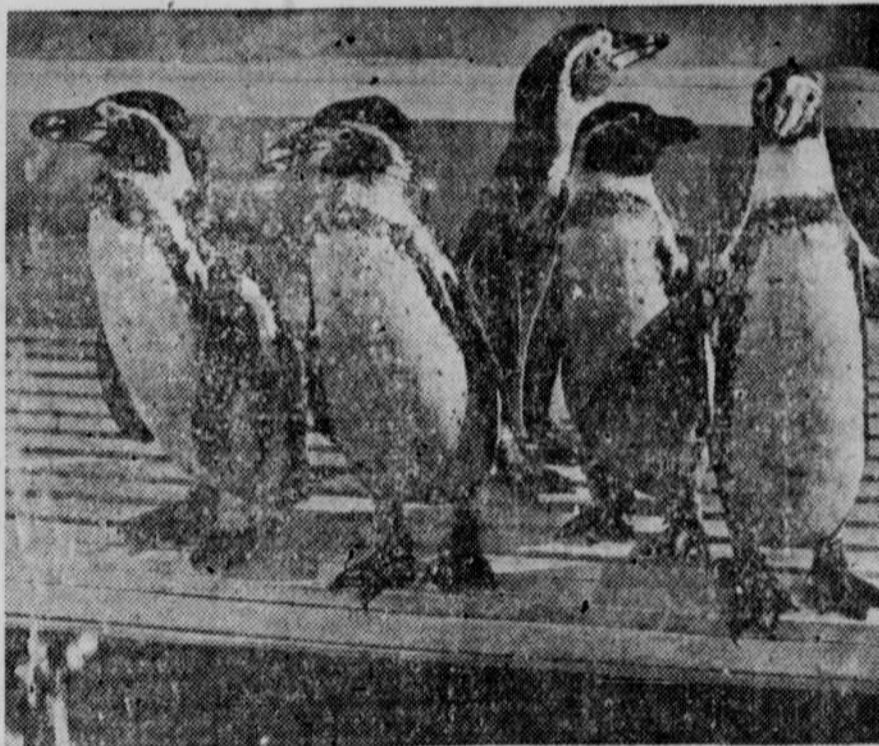
Roy I. Kimmel, whom Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace has appointed to direct a long-range coordinated program to prevent the Southwestern dust bowl from becoming a desert, in a plan which follows closely the recommendations of the President's great plains committee in erosion prevention.

## MISS ECCLES TO WED



A recent photograph of Miss Eleanor May Eccles, daughter of Mariner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve board, whose engagement to Harold J. Steele, of Houston, Texas, was announced recently. Miss Eccles is a junior at the George Washington university, Washington, D. C. Steele is associated with the electric home and farm authority. They will be married in September.

## Penguins Star at Cleveland Fair



These white-vested, black coated penguins are among the most popular attractions with crowds at the Great Lakes exposition at Cleveland this summer. Exhibited on Admiral Byrd's Antarctic ship, the City of New York, they constitute a third of the present penguin population of the United States.

## Londoners Ride Buses Again After Strike



Long queues form at the London Bridge station as the first buses appeared on the streets after a month-long strike recently, thus ending one of the most unpopular and unsuccessful walkouts in the history of the British trade union movement.

## Brute Force and White Flannels

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD  
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WNU Service.

GLORIA GRAHAM from her perch on the rocks where, comfortably seated with a best seller, she had been passing a rare unengaged hour, looked across to the life guard pacing the sand, his bronze shoulders gleaming.

She had talked with him more than once—knew that his name was Jerry Crane and that he held a partnership in the busy garage up the street near her hotel. She had realized that he presented an attractive picture of husky, well-developed young manhood, but now she was looking at him from a new viewpoint inspired by the words of the heroine of the aforesaid best seller.

"Brute force—the embodiment of it—is what I shall demand of my husband. If a man lack that, he is less than a man."

Certainly young Crane embodied brute force! And, involuntarily contrasting the two men, she thought of lazy Derek Goodrich, tall, rather thin, always immaculately the aristocrat. Yes, what had the forensic heroine gone on to say? "None of your white flannelled youth for me who think battling or knocking about a silly ball sufficient outlet for their feeble energies."

Gloria visualized Derek as he had seen him last night, as he stood before her in the moonlight and smiled as she once more refused his wistful proposal. Why had she never yielded to him? Was it because some instinct within her made the same sort of demand as the heroine of this really thrilling novel?

During the next few days the little colony of Shady Rock beach were highly edified to see that Gloria Graham had taken up that Crane fellow—spent a great deal of time on the sand with him and, yes, my dear, we saw them having supper together in the Pink Parrot Tea-room!

What Derek Goodrich's thoughts on the matter were might have been interesting. Calmly enough he appeared to accept Gloria's constant preoccupation with another and her inability to spare him an afternoon for golf or an evening for a hop. Regularly he sent her flowers, called on her and her mother, made himself useful whenever the rare occasion arose.

Then came the day of the annual regatta, an event which called out the entire colony either as participants in or spectators of the varied water sports and contests.

Gloria customarily raced with Derek in the canoe events and, discovering that Jerry had promised to go with another girl, held to the old plan.

However, she felt inwardly that Jerry, who was new on the beach this year, would walk off with all trophies through sheer physical superiority. And Gloria loved a winner.

Finally, the moment for the canoe races for doubles arrived and Gloria and Derek, in the girl's brilliant red craft, took their place out by the buoys. There was a rather turbulent sea and they maintained their place with some difficulty till the pistol shot that started the race.

Next to them tossed the green canoe of the girl with whom Jerry was to race in the bow while young Crane himself, massive shouldered and muscular, filled generously the stern.

Jerry's partner was no expert and her rather wild sweeps together with the wind-tossed waves boded first ill for their chances of coming in early and, secondly, a real danger of capsizing.

A sudden lurch and the bow of the green canoe collided with the stern of the red one. Both tottered, righted, seemed about to resume their balance and then turned completely over, submerging their four occupants.

Gloria, who was as much at home in the water as on a tennis court or a dance floor, struck out at once and took in the situation. Jerry, of course, would look out for the girl whether she could swim or not, while Derek would right the canoes.

But—what was the matter? Derek was struggling with the girl while Jerry was nowhere to be seen. In an instant, Gloria, sensing something wrong, was at Derek's side. "Look after her," he said hoarsely. "Crane hasn't come up!"

And Derek, plunging after the vanished Jerry, brought him to the surface, gasping but conscious.

"All right now," he sputtered, "thanks to you. Whacked my head on the confounded rock and got knocked out for an instant."

That evening, Derek sauntered around to Gloria's hotel and found her standing alone at the further end of the veranda.

"Derek," she said without preamble, "I've changed my mind and decided to marry you."

Derek looked swiftly about, took her in his arms and kissed her twice, which led Gloria to reflect that there is a little of the cave-ma in every male.

And later, strolling down the esplanade with Derek, she saw Jerry, resplendent in white flannels, and the girl of the green canoe.

"And cave-men sometimes wear white flannels," murmured Gloria, but only laughed when Derek begged her to explain.