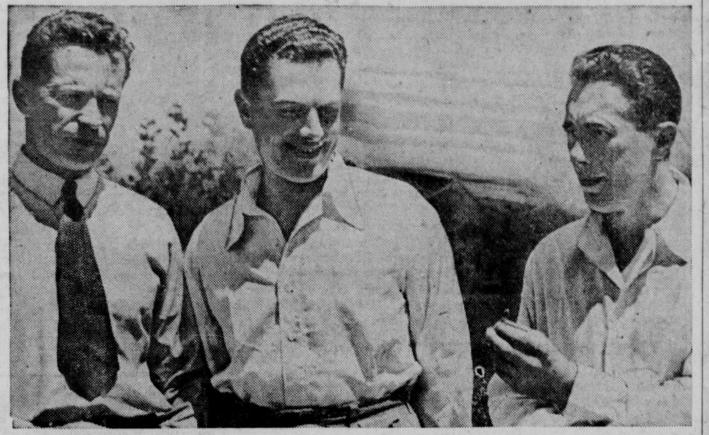
# **Russian Flyers Feted After Record Breaking Hop**



Jubilant after their record-breaking non-stop flight of 6,262 miles from Moscow to a cow pasture near San Jacinto, Calif., three Soviet flyers were feted and congratulated on their remarkable feat. Photograph shows, left to right, Pilot Michael Gromov, Co-Pilot Andrei Yumachev and Navigator Sergei Lanlin. The flyers, who were in the air 62 hours and 17 minutes, exceeded the record of the Soviet trans-polar expedition of three weeks previous by nearly 1,000 miles.

#### BRITISH GOLF ACE

Swedish Prince and Commoner Bride



Henry Cotton, who was acclaimed as the new British Open champion at Carnoustie, Scotland, recently, after defeating leading amateurs and professionals from all parts of the world.



Prince Charles, nephew of King Gustaf of Sweden, with his bride, the former Countess Elsa von Rosen, pictured soon after their recent wedding in Stockholm. By marrying a commoner, Prince Charles lost his title and prerogatives as a member of the royal family,



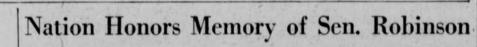
Scenes and Persons in the Current News

1-Mrs. Elizabeth Walker Harrison appears before the senate claims committee to ask a pension for her mother, Mary Lord Harrison, widow of the late President Benjamin Harrison. 2-Severe fighting between Chinese and Japanese troops around Peiping presaged a major war in the Orient. Photograph shows a detachment of Japanese troops arriving at Tientsin. 3-Lieut. Gen. Sir Arthur Wauchope, high commissioner for Palestine, under whose direction British troop reinforcements continue to enter the Holy Land in view of possible trouble between the Arabs and the Jews.

### Chicago Cadet Is West Point's First

Arthur W. Overbeck, who was cited by Gen. Malin Craig as the No. 1 man of the 1937 graduating class of the West Point Military





#### Doors Fly Open By H. HVING KING McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

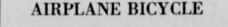
DWARD TURNER was not quite sure whether Edith Alden would have him or not-he rather thought she would. But there was another question-ought he to marry her? Edith had everything desirable in a wife-except money. And Edward had been brought up to consider that in choosing a companion for life money should be the first consideration. This had been instilled into him by both of his estimable and prudent parents. Their own marriage had been what they called a 'prudent" one. And did Mr. Turner love Mrs. Turner any less because she brought with her a large dowery? Not a bit of it; and they jogged along through life very comfortably together, neither of them being of a sentimental turn of mind, and both having an eye to the main chance. As a business proposition their marriage might be considered a success, and they were both satisfied with the co-partnership. True, Mrs. Turner would, now and then, when in a reminiscent mood, recall, with something like a sigh, that very prepossessing young man whom she had met some years before she had met her husband, a young army officer who had no money except his pay, a youth from whose dangerous society her parents had whisked her off to Europe and finally married her to Mr. Turner. She smiled to think how utterly silly she had been for awhile over the matter-then sighed once more and told herself how lucky she was that her parents had been sensible people. And Mr. Turner would, at rare intervals, have something cause him to wonder what in the world had become of that farmer's daughter he had been so fondly foolish over, away back in the days he was in college. She was pretty as a picture, he remembered, and good as she was pretty. And he thought of the apple orchard in bloom, and the path they used to take through it down to the brook where the great oak stood. "Golly," he would say to himself, "that was a close call. I wonder now if I had - but nonsense-I must be getting into my second childhood." And he would bullyrag his office staff for the rest of the day. These cabinets which Time constructs for us; the cabinets with pigeonholes wherein we stow away, out of sight, such a very considerable portion of our lives, are wretched pieces of workmanship: the doors of the little cubbyholes are constantly flying open

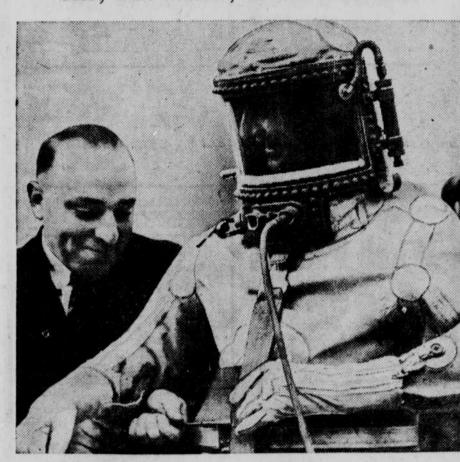
## Families Pick New Homes as Town Starts Moving



Mayor Fred Howell of Shawneetown, Ill., right, helps Clifford Durham and his family select their new home on the model of the new town. Fourteen hundred citizens are going to move to a new site three miles to the west and 400 feet above sea level. The re-location project, expected to take two years, was undertaken as a result of last winter's floods that completely inundated the community.

Air, Not Water, Is His Province





He looks like a deep-sea diver about to go down, but instead, he's an aviator about to go up. This is Flight Lieut. M. J. Adam of the British royal flying corps, being fitted with a special high altitude pressure suit before his recent attempt at a high altitude record. Lieut. Adam reached a height of 53,937 feet, setting a new high altitude record.



The addition of a propeller which controls the speed of his streamlined "aerocycle" makes it possible for Dominick Devincenzi of Chicago to drive his bicycle at the rate of 45 miles per hour.



**KEEPS COOL** 

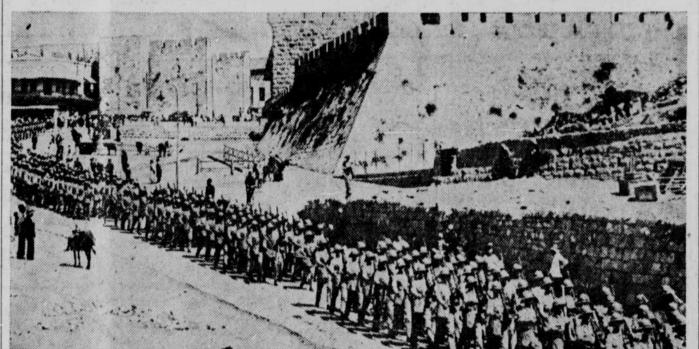
academy. He led 298 future generals in his class with a general average for four years of 94.6. He is the first cadet from Illinois to graduate with top honors. Honoring the memory of Senator Joseph T. Robinson, who died suddenly in Washington at the age of sixty-four, President Roosevelt, cabinet officers and members of congress attended the state funeral in the senate chamber. Funeral services were held later at Little Rock, Ark., where the body was interred.

### It's Good-by to Wash Day "Blues".



Arlene Causey shows how easy it is to hang up clothes with the aid of a new canvas clothes basket suspended on the clothes line wound on a new automatic self-tightening reel. The devices were on display at the recent Summer International Homefurnishing Markets at the Merchandise Mart in Chicago.

War Clouds Threaten Peace of Holy Land



An impressive array of British military might, pictured with an old fortress for a background outside of Jerusalem. Outbreak of fighting between the Jews and Arab population was feared as a result of the recommendations of the British royal commission that Palestine be divided into separate Jewish and Arab sections with a British neutral zone between them. Neither Jews nor Arabs desire such a partition.

in the most unexpected and annoying manner and exposing to our view "the things that might have

### SHORT SHORT STORY Complete in This Issue

been and never were," until we slam the little door to again and go about our business. Now, if it sometimes not infrequently happens that even sentimental people, who have married for love themselves, are most sternly opposed to a repetition of the proceeding on the part of their offspring, what could be expected from people ilke Mr. and Mrs. Turner with regard to the marriage of their son Edward? They had carefully trained Edward in the path to a "prudent" marriage with wealth as the chief consideration to be observed.

E DWARD had responded to his bringing up in a most creditable manner-until he met Edith Alden! Those clear blue eyes, those rosy cheeks, those laughing lips-girls like Edith have been a disturbing factor in the lives of the wellbrought-up youths since Cupid learned to shoot-and that is a long, long time ago. Edward strove manfully to be true to the faith wherein he had been raised, but struggled in vain; and one night he forgot everything else but Edith and asked her to marry him. And when she had said "Yes," instead of feeling remorseful over his slip he felt exultant. The reckless youth had cast aside the shackles of parental precepts and rejoiced in his deed. There would be a row when he told the "old folks"; but what of it? Edith was worth any number of rows. Edward informed his father and mother of his rebellious step at dinner. The explosion was terrific!

Turner actually swore and Mrs. Turner burst into tears. Edward got up and left the house, slamming the door behind him.

"John," said Mrs. Turner at last, "how much money have we got?" "You ought to know as well as I do," replied Mr. Turner. "With your money and mine we ought to be worth—" and he named a sum which I won't betray on account of the income tax.

"Well," said the mother, "don't you think we could afford to let Eddie marry for love?"

"Oh, I suppose so," replied Mr. Turner. "Guess he will anyway." You see, in the short space they had sat gazing at each other, after the departure of Edward, each had heard a little click and the doors of the pigeonholes wherein they had so carefully placed away the romances of their pasts had flown onen.

