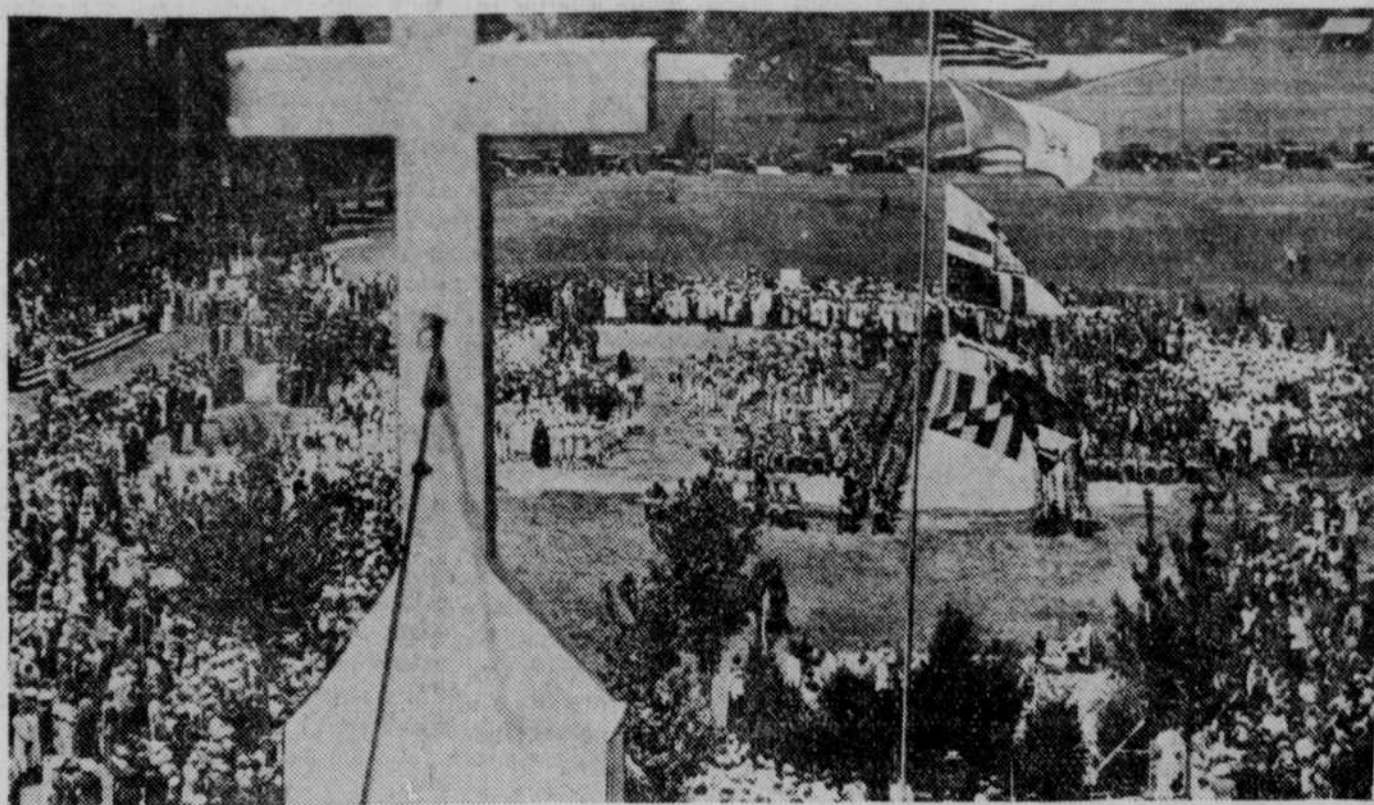


## Pontifical Mass Marks Another Tercentenary



At Leonardtown, Md., where Catholic priests landed 300 years ago to bring their religion to the North American continent, more than 10,000 persons gathered recently at a solemn Pontifical mass to celebrate the historic event. Leonardtown, that now has a population of about 1,000, was the spot at which Lord Baltimore and a small band of Catholic refugees landed in 1634.

## Michigan Quadruplets Celebrate Sixth Birthday

Four Girls  
Mark Their  
Sixth Milestone

Four famous children, the Morley quads, are here shown on their sixth birthday, in their home in Lansing, Mich., with books received as birthday gifts, and dressed in their new birthday clothes. Left to right are: Edna A., Wilma B., Sarah C., and Helen D. Morley. The middle initials of the quadruplets form the first four letters of the alphabet. Bearing a striking similarity to each other and dressed identically, the quadruplets are difficult to distinguish apart. Even their parents have a hard time.



### Bar Couples on Faculty

Logan, Utah.—Utah State Agricultural college trustees decided recently that when a man and his wife both are on the faculty, the one most capable will be retained and the other dismissed.

## Fair Warning to All Motorists



The town of Randolph, Mass., doesn't wish to have any injured motorists on its hands, for there is not a single hospital in the place. Travelers are warned to be careful by this sign at the town's border line.

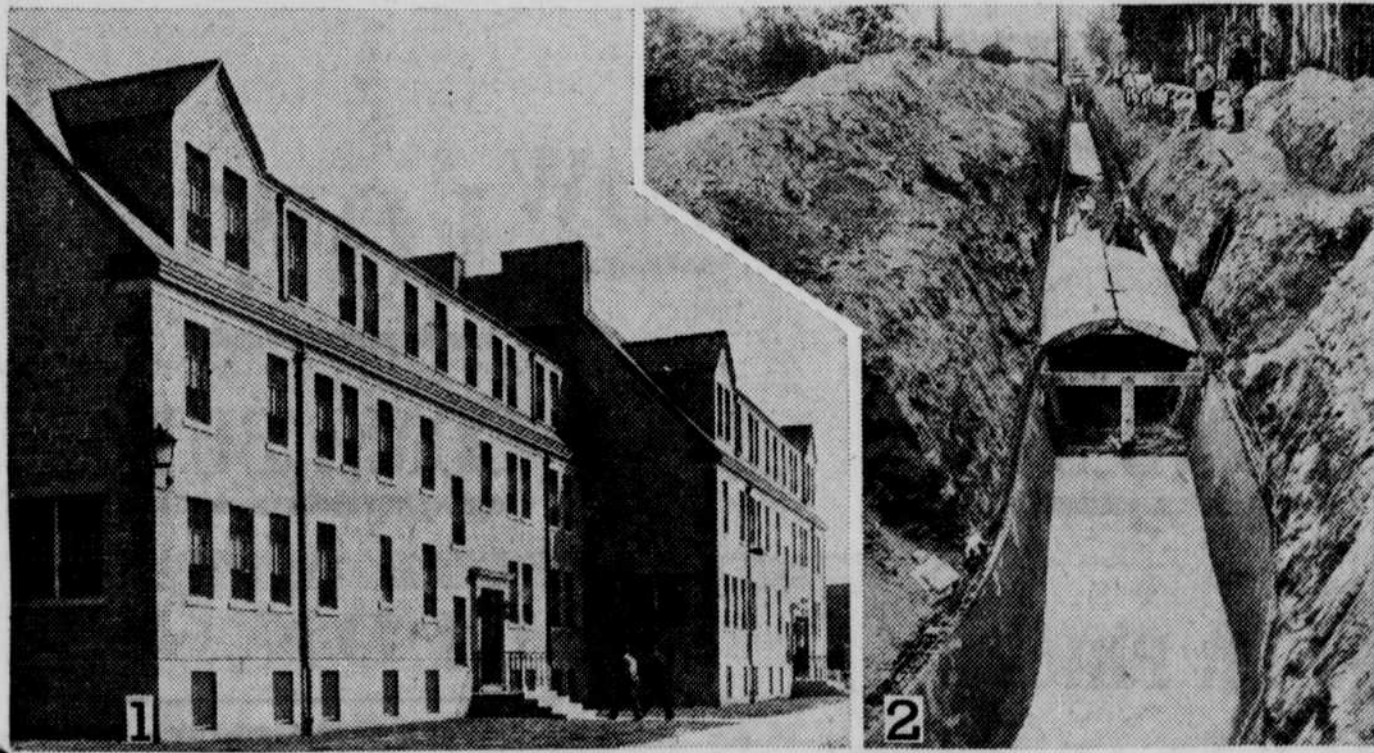
## Dr. Macfarland President of Women Medics

Dr. Catherine Macfarland of Philadelphia is the new president of



the Medical Women's National association which held its annual convention in Kansas city.

## Varied Projects Aided by PWA Allotments



Here are three examples of the many and varied projects that have been made possible by allotments of funds from the Public Works administration: 1—New barless state prison colony at Norfolk, Mass., which received \$763,000. 2—Storm drains in the orange country of California, being constructed with PWA money. 3—The new Point of Pines bridge carrying New England resort traffic from Lynn to Revere, Mass.

## Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Scene in the Socialist convention at Cleveland, Ohio, where Norman Thomas was nominated for President of the United States. 2—President Miguel Mariano Gomez of Cuba, behind the chair, accepting the transfer of office from Provisional President Barnet in Havana. 3—Impression machines in the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington stamping the official seals on the bonus baby bonds.

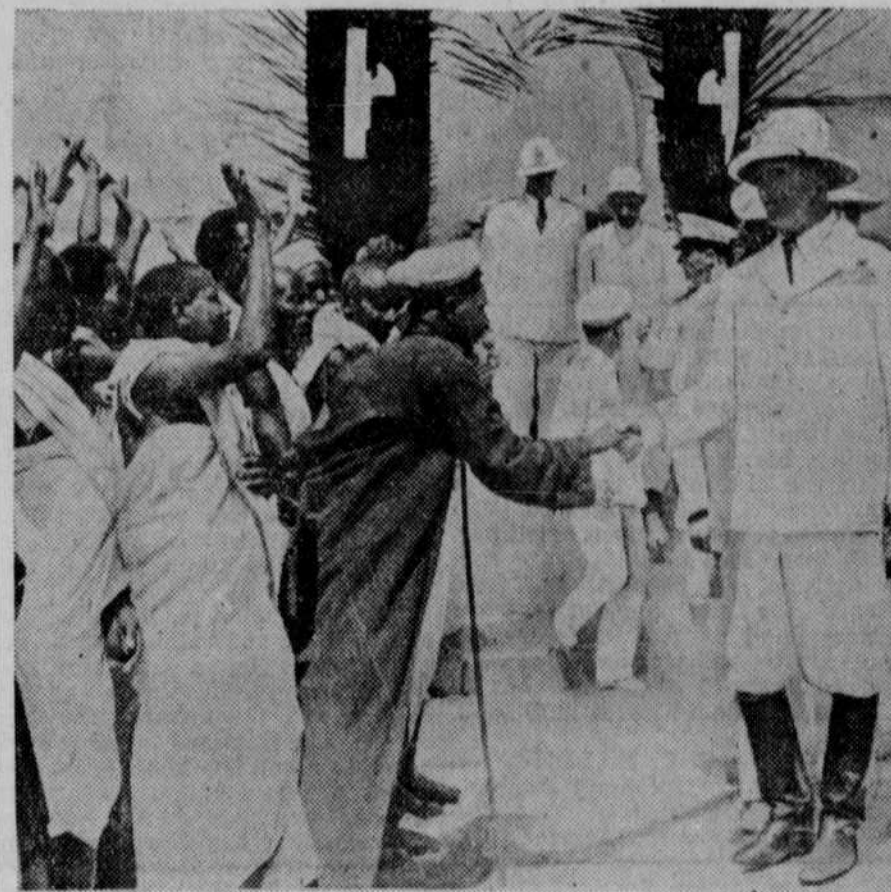
## Kiwanians Make Plans for 20th Annual Meeting

Harper Gatton of Madisonville, Ky., president of the Kiwanis international, who will preside at all sessions of the service organization's



twentieth annual convention to be held in Washington, June 21 to 25. Delegates from every state in the Union and from foreign countries will be present at the convention which will be addressed by nationally known speakers.

## Paying Homage to the Conquerors



Led by their aged chieftain, these conquered Ethiopian natives give an awkward attempt at the Fascist salute as they greet the smartly garbed general, Rodolfo Graziani, leader of It Duce's southern armies in Ethiopia.

## "Wall Paper" Stocks Come Back



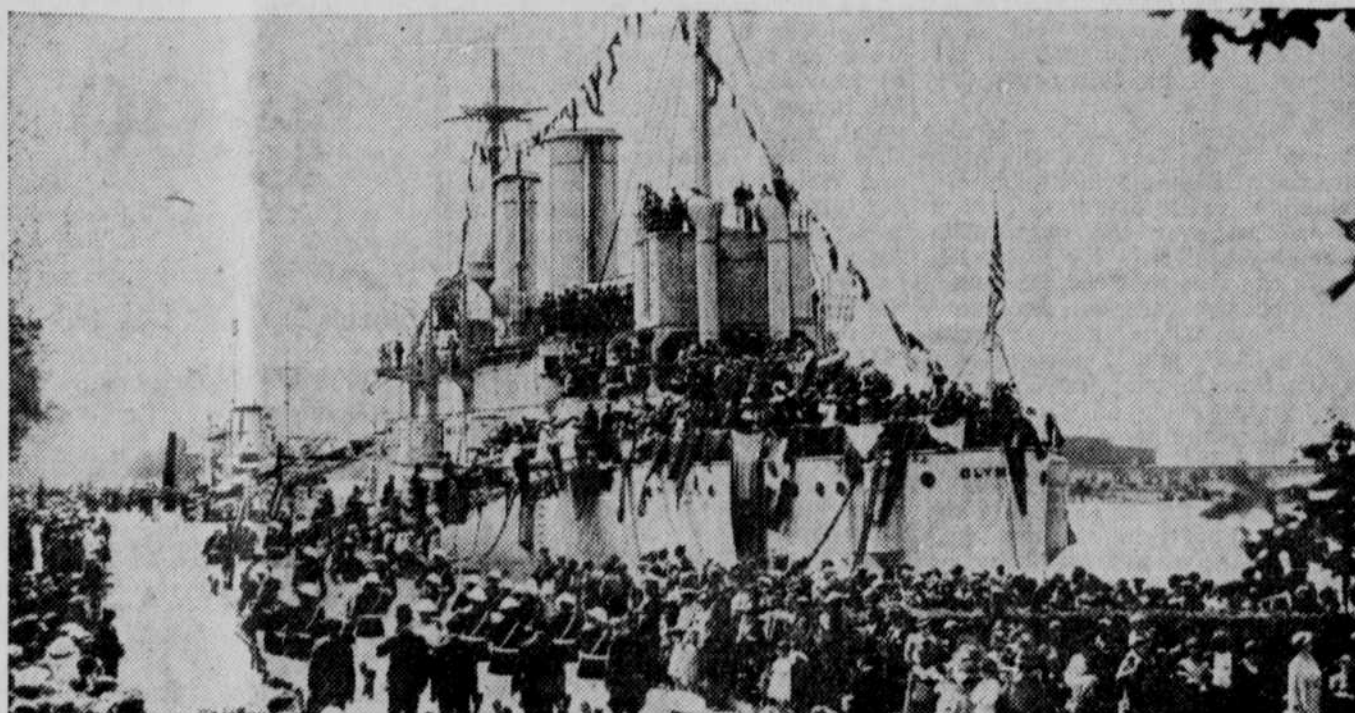
## "Gold King" of the Philippines Visits Washington

John W. Haussermann, so-called "Gold King" of the Philippines, arrived in Washington from Manila. Declaring that the island commonwealth is the richest country in the



world, Mr. Haussermann expressed the hope that the United States government would be liberal and helpful during the first years of the commonwealth.

## Commemorative Exercises on Dewey's Flagship



Philadelphia, Pa.—Part of the crowd that watched the Dewey day parade also joined in the exercises aboard the flagship Olympic. The ceremonies commemorated the thirty-eighth anniversary of the battle of Manila bay.

## Fortunate Honesty

By ANN SAVILLE  
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WNU Service.

ALTHOUGH customers seldom came into the store at night, it was part of Jadd Baines' job to keep it open until nine. He often decided laconically, as he seated himself before the coal stove, that it was lucky for him he could spend so much time dreaming. And he enjoyed it, too, this dreaming of the day when he could get beyond the hill-country into the cities where there was laughter and music the same as you heard over the radio. Of course, it wasn't so pleasant when his dreams were inevitably grounded by a grim reality—money. At least five hundred dollars he would need to go "in style." Such an impossible amount that it was fortunate the store cash never exceeded fifty dollars.

He was thinking along these lines when a couple, typical of the hardy hill-folk, entered. Wizen, they were, and you noticed it all the more because their eyes were so bright.

The man spoke first. "Is thar a courthouse hereabouts where we can get married?"

"Why, yes, there's a courthouse 'cross the way, but it's too late to-night. You'll have to stay over until tomorrow mornin'."

The old man wiped his brow in fatigue. "We come a long way. Couldn't make it no earlier."

His bride-to-be patted his hand consolingly. "One more day ain't much. We can stay up to Cousin Tillie's over night."

"Tain't the stayin' part that worries me," the prospective bridegroom said, then paused as his eyes roved about the store until they rested on a safe in the corner. He looked at it a while, then turned back to the clerk and studied him carefully.

Jadd was becoming uncomfortable when the old man spoke. "Young feller," he said, "you 'pear honest to me. I want to put this money in the safe 'til mornin'. I don't trust Cousin Tillie's man a mite." He took the purse from the woman and handed it to Jadd.

Jadd took it, knowing perfectly well that he couldn't put it in the safe; that was beyond his domain.

The man was saying wistfully, "Thar's nine hundred of 'em in that. We saved quite a spell for that."

Jadd muttered something unintelligible as the trusting pair made their way off. He was left standing with the nine hundred. Four hundred dollars more than he needed! He looked at the clock on the wall. Its ticking was suddenly like a volley of rhythmic hammers. Eight-fifteen—thirty minutes until the only night train to the city pulled in. The train would take him to the city that had music and lights.

He stood there, a solitary figure, his imagination picturing the new scenes that were now within his reach. His eyes saw streets crowded with friendly people and shining with lights of brilliant hues. . . . And all at once another sort of light came into his vision. Lights that had been soft and stary, lights that shone from the eyes of a wizened old lady—a bride-to-be. And still again appeared a different sort of light, proud, defiant, that had accompanied the words of the groom. "We saved quite a spell for that."

But something that had always threatened the cash register still persisted. It was saying that, the little hill-town had a heart; a great big heart that would shower the poor couple after he was far beyond apprehension.

The purse was still clutched tightly in his hand. He wished suddenly that the train might come at once, so that he need hesitate no longer.

Suddenly he whirled around. The door had opened and the old man was again entering. Jadd dropped the purse into his pocket.

The old mountaineer leaned on the counter. "Jes' thought I'd run back 'n ast ya to go 'long to the courthouse tomorrow," he said, then added confidentially, "I never liked Cousin Tillie's man nohow. He's got wicked eyes, not straight, like most fellas—like yourn are."

Jadd Baines' eyes fell, then lifted suddenly as a train whistled shrilly. The eight forty-five!

The engine had stopped and was panting impatiently at its inactivity, Jadd stood fascinated until the panting began to quicken. Bells rang warningly, and then the panting became a steady purr.

Then, to the old man's astonishment, he laughed. A laugh that held a world of relief. He stretched his neck and ran his handkerchief around inside of his collar.

"What'sa matter—" His trusting friend wanted to know. "That train." Jadd motioned in the direction of the station. "I'm just glad it wasn't early."

The old fellow's brow wrinkled in puzzlement. Then he, too, laughed in a bewildered manner. He had dismissed it as something he couldn't understand.

And he was right about that. But the next morning, when a happy old man opened a decrepit purse to pay for his marriage license, and nine hundred pennies rolled out, Jadd Baines blinked at the pile of coppers and then understood many things. Among which was that honesty—even fortunate honesty—pays.