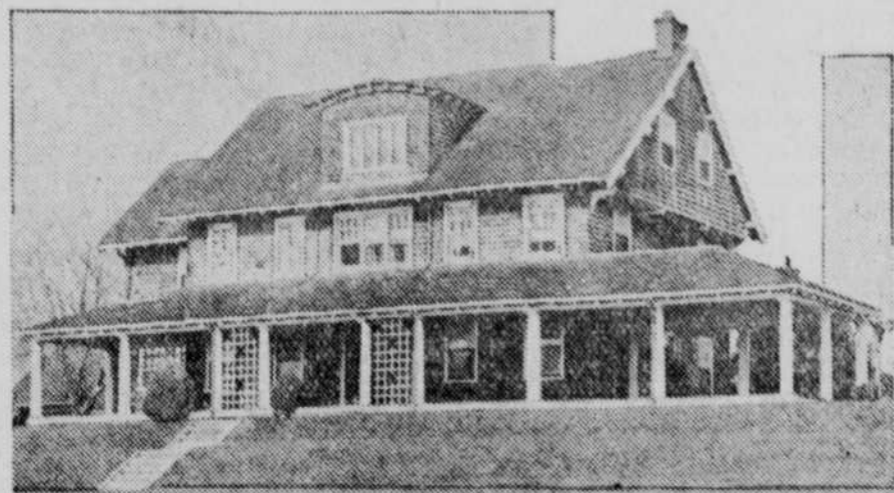


Raid Uncovers Crime Ring Headquarters

Palatial Home in Rhode Island Houses Gang

Devices reminiscent of movie thrillers were found by government agents when they raided a palatial home at Warwick, R. I., in search of a crime ring. The house was found to contain underground passages, secret sliding panels, and mechanical devices that are supposed to exist only in scenario writers' imaginations.

In a sub-basement, the agents discovered \$8,000 believed to be part of the proceeds of a \$128,000 mail robbery staged at Fall River, Mass.,



last January. Now the agents are digging up the grounds in search for the rest of the loot which they believe was cached by the bandits. Further develops are expected within a short time.

Dust Storm About to Swallow a Texas Town



This remarkable photograph was made in the Texas panhandle as a dust storm whirled toward a small town. A few seconds after the picture was taken midnight darkness covered the scene and the air was filled with choking, stinging particles of dust.

She Can Buy All the Dolls She Wants



Beverly Ann Soper, four years old, of Detroit, can now buy thousands of dolls to add to her collection, for George C. Balch, wealthy bachelor who loved children, left her one quarter of his \$250,000 estate. The rest of it was divided among two other children and the mother of one of them.

Harper Sibley Heads National Business Body

Harper Sibley of Rochester, N. Y., succeeding Henry L. Harriman as president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, is a lawyer, banker, industrialist, agriculturist, and a civic, educational and religious leader. He is fifty years old and was a fellow pupil with President Roosevelt at Groton school. Sibley is the father of six children, and finds time to run four big farms in addition to his various commercial enterprises.



University Posts Ban on Knitting in Classes

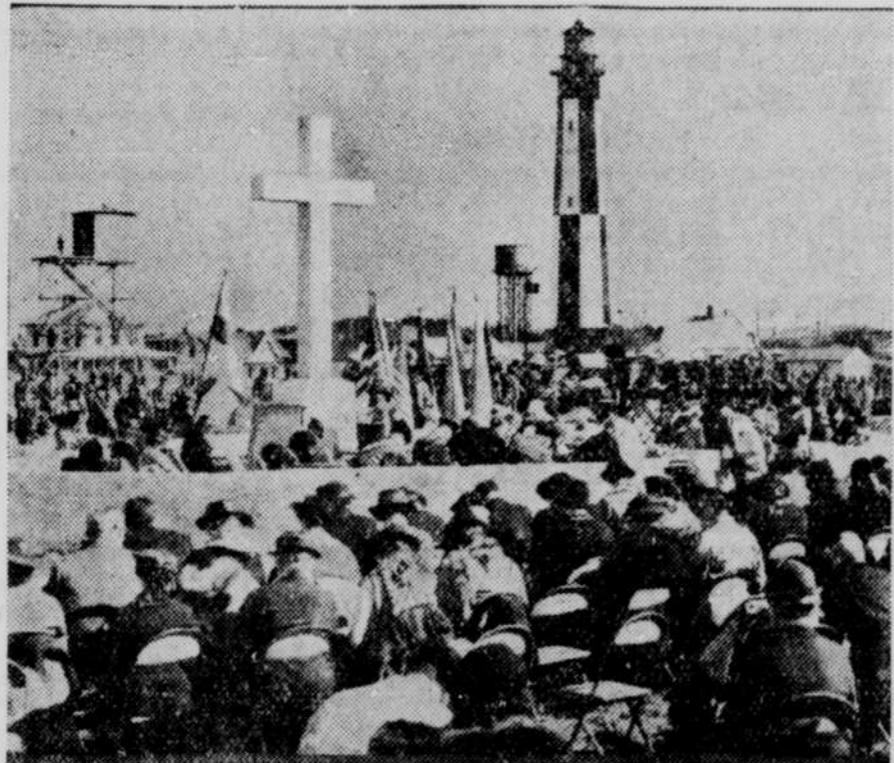
Boston.—There'll be no more "knitting one, purling one" in Boston university's classrooms. After the professors complained that the knitting students distracted attention from their lectures, a notice was posted reading: "Absolutely no knitting will be permitted in classrooms."

Newcomer Is Pitching Sensation



Johnny Whitehead, Chicago White Sox pitcher, is one of the most successful of the rookies this year so far. Coming from the Dallas team of the Texas league, this is his first major league campaign.

Dedicating Cape Henry Memorial



Virginians and many visitors from other states, gathered at Cape Henry, Va., for the annual ceremonies commemorating the landing of the first settler, dedicated a permanent memorial which stands on the spot where the Cavaliers first set foot in the New world.

The Four

By WALDO L. CLEMENT
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WNU Service.

IT WAS during our senior year that the rest of the class began to call us "The Four." Whether this name was intended for good-natured kidding or otherwise I don't know, but anyway it stuck.

We were together a great deal those flying months; Tom and Laura, Anne and I.

Tom was broad shouldered and lean of hip. His hair was the color of corn silk and his eyes blue. The girl called him "The Viking."

Laura was like him; big boned, red haired and good natured.

Anne was different; she was slim and dark haired and quiet. I never went in for athletics like Tom. A good book interested me more; an hour in the lab, burning holes in my shirt and concocting villainous chemical smells suited me better. A thin body on long spindly legs had something to do with it.

Tom and Laura were the life of any gathering. The fact that they were seniors didn't bother them a bit. They chased each other up and down stairs in the most undignified manner and hurled insults at each other with friendly grins. They were good pals. Anne and I laughed at their pranks but couldn't do these things ourselves; we weren't built that way.

Tom never took any liberties with Anne. He never washed her face in snow or called her a bow-legged bum the way he did Laura. He never appeared at ease when alone with her. They both acted funny that way.

Once I saw Tom kiss Laura when they were dancing and the lights were low. She laughed and pushed him away and five minutes later they were quarreling animatedly about the correct way to spell cantaloupe.

The inevitable happened, of course. Those fool tongue-wagging sophists started the story that they were engaged. It burned me up.

Just before the holidays we had a class sleigh ride; all the usual fixings including four horses, jingling bells, fur robes and a long sleigh filled with straw.

On the long ride over the snow-packed country roads we sung lively college songs as we snuggled down under the robes and thrilled at the touch of soft hands in our own.

Coming home the moon was just dropping over Sawyer's hill when we reached the long steep grade by the mill pond. I remember we were singing something about "Soft and Low," when a big black dog jumped over the wall barking furiously. We felt a sudden jerk that threw us backward and the singing stopped; then came the thudding roll of hoofs and a biting wind filled with clods of snow blew over us.

Scrambling to our knees, we saw the driver sawing furiously at the bits and over the heads of the galloping horses the deep valley flowing up to meet us. The road was narrow and curved to the right at the foot of the hill.

The sleigh began to rock dangerously and skid from side to side like the lash of a whip. Some of the girls screamed and stood up preparing to jump. I could feel Anne trembling as she buried her face on my shoulder.

Then I heard Laura's voice ring out clear and confident. She staggered across the bouncing sleigh and mustering all her superb strength hurled the frightened girls flat, "Crawl to the right side and hang on," she cried. "We'll make it!"

It was a miracle that we did. The sleigh tipped perilously as it rounded the curve and it seemed an eternity before we settled back and the floundering horses gained the road to plunge forward again. But Laura had gone over the side. I saw her fall, clutching at space, and forgot Anne. Leaping feet first and praying I wouldn't strike her, I followed.

A pine tree took care of me; a burly pine that cracked two of my ribs and knocked me unconscious with one blow.

When I opened my eyes Laura was bending over me. She was crying and I knew she had just kissed me. Her mouth was trembling. "Bob," she whispered hoarsely, then choked up and began to cry again. My side was aching but I put my arms around her and kissed her. I kissed her many times and thrilled at her heart beating against mine. "I love you, Laura," I said holding her close. "I don't care if you and Tom are engaged, you're mine."

"Tom?" she eyed me queerly, "that clumsy clown?" The old ready laugh bubbled in her throat, then suddenly serious she stepped back and shook her head. "But Anne?" her eyes were probing into mine. "I thought you—that she—"

I was still attempting to describe just how it was when we overtook the rest of the crowd. They were paired off, walking slowly, and the very last ones were Tom and Anne. She had her head on his shoulder and was talking and laughing softly. It surprised me, knowing how quiet and reserved she was. "The Four"—"One for all and all for one!"—and they hadn't even missed us!

Need for Faith in Trying Times

Permanency of Nation and of Home Depends on High Resolve.

This is an era of curtailments, of economies and limitations in financial matters in the United States, and such a state of affairs bears direct results in the home and on the family. It is a period which should be met with firm purpose and steady determination to wrest success from difficulties. Such things have been done in former years. They can be done today.

It is interesting to note the high place which faith holds. We have heard much about the misery which lack of confidence has brought to the masses. We have been urged to discard fears, and thereby restore confidence. And the good old word "faith" has come into its own. Those who have not cherished faith and who have discounted it, have overlooked the fact that faith does not apply to religion solely, but to all things in which reliance upon others is involved. One of its synonyms is confidence. Those who have an abiding faith and confidence in a Supreme Power are those who can meet emergencies without the depressing elements which are so ready to crowd around. They have a Foundation Rock on which to stand. The waves may beat about them and times be turbulent, but they are not dismayed.

The stability of one's country is dependent upon the faith and confidence the individual citizens have in it. Such faith and confidence is the rock of the nation. However much of a ferment certain specific issues cause, the belief that they are but evanescent and that the high fundamental principles of the country will not be shaken beyond its ability of recovery must remain inviolable. Such a belief and confidence is the greatest reviving element. Such is the faith that is ours behind and below the existing clamor about de-

pression. Such is the faith that becomes knowledge of our country's ultimate power of readjustment and future success without exhausting delay.

In the home, faith is its foundation also. The confidence of an abiding love which can surmount transient disagreements and disturbances is imperative. The home is wrecked where faith is lacking. It grows into a stronghold of happiness when faith is fostered, and confidence is invincible.

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Best Tools to Use

Work with the stuff that's above your eyebrows.

MOSES KNEW

The demand for rest on the Sabbath goes back to the days of Moses, who was the greatest medical officer of health and sanitary inspector that ever lived. He realized that mankind could not work continuously seven days a week. I agree with that, and that is why I have always been afraid of any serious derogation from the observation of the Lord's day. I know that once you get a serious breach in this respect we may all have to work seven days a week. I certainly do not believe in that doctrine. I would like to have a whole day of recreation also on the day previous to the Lord's day.—F. A. Macquisten, K. C.

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