

Mayor La Guardia Doesn't Like Slot Machines



Mayor La Guardia of New York swinging an ax to destroy some of the 2,000 slot machines seized by the police. The machines, representing an investment of about \$200,000 by racketeers, were smashed and dumped into Long Island sound.

All That Was Left of the City of Nome



This photograph shows what was left of Nome, Alaska, after the recent disastrous conflagration that nearly wiped out the famous city.

And He Calls Himself a Hermit



"I feel 50 years younger already," declared Dad Jowett, seventy-five-year-old World War veteran of Jackass Mountain, Ore. He had gone to Miami, Fla., for the sixteenth national convention of the American Legion. He is a self-styled hermit up Oregon way but lost his status when Paula Roberts and Frances Jones, local bathing beauties, came out to greet him. "This must be the fountain of youth," said Jowett.

COUGAR QUARTERBACK



Boyce Magness, who hails from Texas, is quarterback of the Washington State college team at Pullman, Wash.

NOBEL PRIZE WINNER?



Sir Norman Angell, economist, author and former member of the British parliament, who probably will receive the 1934 Nobel Peace prize, according to M. Olden, president of the Norwegian Peace society.

The Drago Doctrine

When in the winter of 1902-03 Germany, Britain and Italy blockaded the ports of Venezuela in an attempt to make the latter country settle its debts, Dr. L. F. Drago, a noted jurist of Argentina, maintained that force cannot be used by one power to collect money owing to its citizens by another power. Prominence was given to the contention by the fact that it was officially upheld by Argentina and favored by other South American republics. The principle embodied has become generally known as the Drago doctrine.

Treasure

By MADELEINE DIAZ
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WNU Service.

SUN reflected hotly from the yellow, low, sandy beach of the little island where Crandon Hawley and Helen Gregory walked.

Crandon was conscious of Helen's beauty.

But: "Steady there!" he said to himself. "Girls like that aren't for little boys like you, Crandon, my man."

To the girl he was a charming, light-hearted, not at all serious companion. Her pretty wiles seemed to get her nowhere with him. For Helen exerted herself as she had never before to gain the real interest of this strange man beside her.

They were—and had been for a week—guests at the same house party. Crandon, just through medical school, was taking a month's rest.

Helen was the daughter of wealth. It was obvious that Crandon must not give in to his love for Helen. It wasn't that she was well-to-do, alone, that held him back. But to him she seemed about the most useless girl he had ever seen.

"Was buried treasure really found here?" she asked, as they rounded a point of the tiny, uninhabited island.

"That's the story. Might as well believe it. Some of Captain Kidd's. He blew down this way and packed it here somewhere. And there's supposed to be some of it still here."

"Yes, Mrs. Ellis told me. A man and a girl will find it—"

"Yeah—so she said. Nice story for a hostess to keep tucked away in her box of tricks. Come on, race you to that next pine tree. Maybe it's there."

Better get away from anything sentimental, thought Crandon, as he watched the fleet little green figure skimming the sand at his side. Suddenly he was furious with her—furious with her for being so lovely, so alluring. And so utterly useless.

And furious with himself and with that year of hard work and little money ahead of him. Furious, too, with himself for turning away from it, he thought bitterly, just as he was running away from Helen. Out of the corner of his eye he could see her gradually lose distance as he really tried to outrun her. He turned his head to look back—and didn't see a sand hummock in front of him, tripped over it and crashed.

The next thing he knew he was lying in an uncomfortable jumble on the sand, and sharp pains in his ankle told him that at least a bad sprain would pay him for his carelessness. In a second Helen was at his side.

"Are you all right?" she asked, as he sat up dizzily.

"Yes. My ankle's a bit done for, though," he answered.

Helen looked at his drawn, paling face, and then knelt down beside him, putting her arm behind his shoulder. For a moment Crandon felt his head sink against her soft, warm body—and for a moment he forgot the pain in his ankle as well as his vow that he would leave Helen and the house party without letting her know he loved her.

But she didn't hear his inarticulate murmur of endearment. All her attention was fixed on his ankle.

"It needs bandaging, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Yes—but—"

"You think I can't help—can't do anything useful, don't you?" Her tone was a bit scornful. "Wait and see." She was gone like a flash and in a few seconds came back with the lunch basket Crandon had been carrying on his back. "It spilled off, but it isn't hurt," she said, rummaging in it. Quickly, with the help of a knife, she tore two big damask napkins into good bandage material and then, under Crandon's directions, bandaged the swelling and very painful ankle. Crandon, relieved by the taut bandage, became less tense.

"That's a darned good bandage. Where did you learn how to do it?" "Where did I learn how? Oh, first aid classes at school." She flushed with pleasure. "Now you wait here till I get help." She gave Crandon a drink of cold water from the thermos bottle, scooped and piled up sand into a fairly comfortable rest for his back, and told him she would go back to the speed boat that had brought them to the island—they had tied it in a little cove half a mile up the beach—and take it to the mainland for help.

"I'll be back soon," she said, smiling at him. "And here's the thermos of coffee and the cold water. You lie quietly and don't worry about me. I'll manage the boat."

Help came in an hour. His host, the chauffeur and a handy man with an improvised stretcher, and Helen. They got him on the boat without much trouble. Helen sat beside him on the trip home.

"Are you afraid to be poor, Helen?" he said softly, capturing a small, cool hand. He had realized, in that dreaming, waiting hour, what her answer would be.

"No," she answered. "And you realized—that I'm not just—useless?"

"Yes—I saw that. But that's not what really matters," he said. "We found the treasure on the island, didn't we?"

"Yes," said Helen, bending swift lips down to his.

Recalling Rule of the Druids

Scotland Has Many Spots Where, It Is Believed, the Weird Brotherhood Held Their Sacrificial Ceremonies in Oak Groves.

In ancient Celtic days certain feasts were celebrated by great bonfire ceremonies. In more recent times it was the custom for country girls to rise early on summer mornings and go out and bathe their faces in dew, writes Nan Muirhead Moffat in the Glasgow Herald. In pre-Christian days, however, it was not always to a young woman's advantage to be good looking, for, if she attracted the attention of the Druids, her beauty might lead her to the altar—not of love but of death.

The weird brotherhood, who held their councils in groves of oak trees, had a curious hold over the people.

They considered themselves seers, scientists, and philosophers, and instructed their young followers in the study of nature and the stars. Among them the bards were the hymn-makers and poets.

The word of the order was law, for the Druids were judges in private and public disputes; they awarded damages and penalties, and, although non-military men, often decided for war or peace. With them excommunication was a terrible punishment, for it meant that the expelled person was excluded from witnessing the sacrificial ceremonies and regarded as an outlaw.

Now, when a tribe was suffering from an epidemic, or was about to engage in some hazardous enterprise, the Druids offered human sacrifices to propitiate their gods. Generally criminals were made the victims, but if a battle-sacrifice was required, the first prisoner of war was considered the most suitable. Sometimes perfectly innocent persons were slaughtered, and on certain important occasions the most promising youth and maiden in the community were chosen.

Scotland has several sites where, tradition says, the Druids were wont to hold sacrificial meetings. There is, for example, the altar stone of Callernish temple, in Lewis. Also at the Serpent Mound, Skelmorlie, a French excavator claimed to have discovered a hillock built up by the Druids in a form resembling a coiled snake, and having on its summit a semi-circular platform, on which,

presumably, the ceremonies were performed.

The name of this mound may also be connected with the veneration with which the reptile was regarded by the Druids—the exact opposite view being taken by their supplacers, the priests of Christianity, who looked on the serpent as the original form assumed by the devil.

On Craigmaddie moor, Baldernock, near Glasgow, are three large stones, supposed by some archeologists to have been brought there by glaciers,

and later used by the Druids as an altar. The stones—two of which support the largest, which is 18 feet long, 11 feet broad, and 7 feet thick—are centrally situated in a natural amphitheater on the hillside and are known locally as "The Auld Wives' Lifts."

As Craigmaddie's ancient name, "Gartna-Bannmachd," means "Field of Blessing," and as remnants of the roots of oak trees, which might have formed a sacred grove, were found near the Lifts, the belief in their association with the ancient priests seems credible.

It is a "far cry" to the dark ages of the Druids, but even today, in remote and secret places of the earth, black magic is still practiced.

Household Hint

A square of canvas on the bread board and a tight cloth cover for the rolling pin will hold flour evenly and help to prevent dough from sticking.

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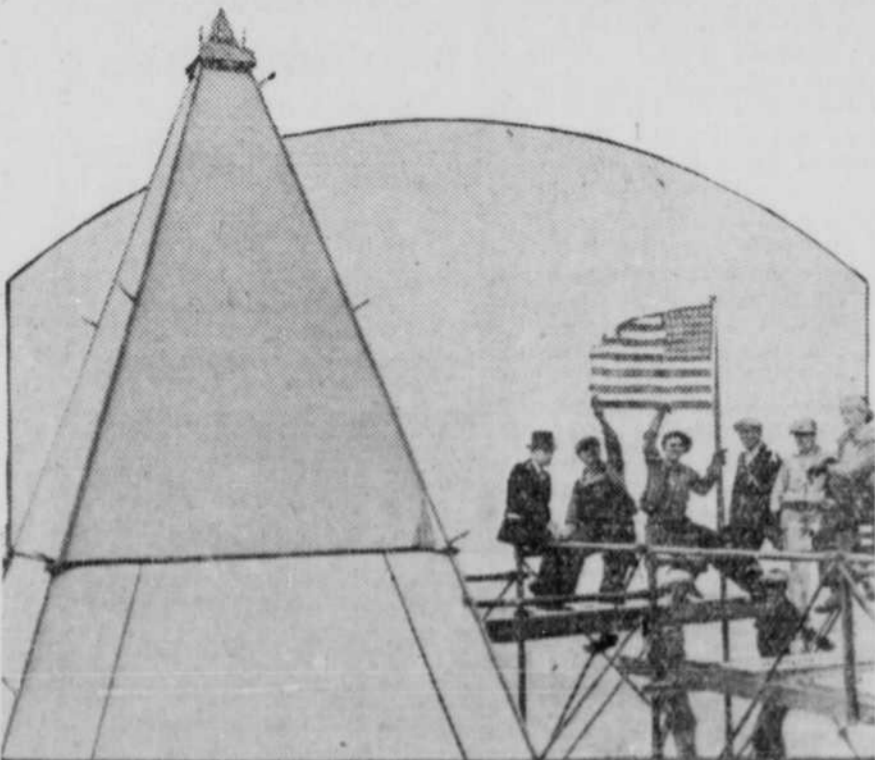
TO BE SURE, many people find that coffee does not disagree with them. But others—and there are lots of them—cannot and should not drink it at all. You may be one of these—without realizing it. The caffeine in coffee may be working night and day to rob you of sleep, upset your digestion, or undermine your nervous system.

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Flag at Pinnacle of Washington Shaft



With the last support in place, and the final bolt tightened in the structure, Old Glory was placed atop the scaffolding that has been built about the 555-foot shaft that is the Washington monument in the National Capital, and the work of renovating, repairing and refurbishing the great obelisk now goes forward. The erection of the scaffolding was a major engineering feat.