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THE NEW TABLOID MAGAZINE

SHOULD
WIVES BE
SPANKED?



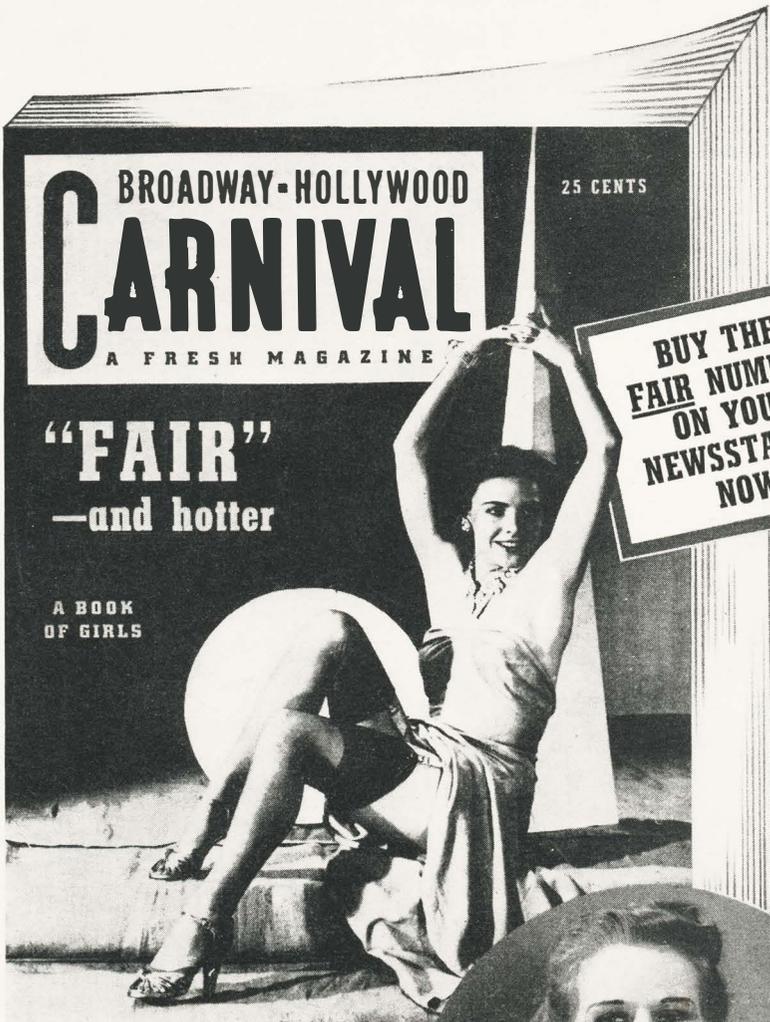
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SENSATION

THE NEW TABLOID MAGAZINE

VOL. I

NO. 1

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By LILLIAN VERGARA

THEY'VE dreamed for months . . . they've saved their pennies . . . they've planned their wardrobes . . . and a thousand times they've visualized it all—the Winter cruise, with all its gaiety, its adventure and, above all, its romance! In every hamlet and village the lovelies are agog—for the Winter days draw near and soon great ships, laden with femininity, will take off for foreign ports—with each little blonde and brunette aboard sure that THIS time she will find THE man.

But take it from Gunhild Tapper, of New York, as trim a little blonde as ever sailed the seven seas, and the only ocean-going cigarette girl in the world, distance from home does not necessarily lend more enchantment to romance—and the boy next door may prove far more satisfying in the long run than the sleek foreigner who kisses your hand on a moonlight deck.

Not that cruises aren't grand fun. As a matter of fact, Gunhild wouldn't give up her life on the briny for all of the contracts in Hollywood—and she's been offered several—but, says she:

"Shipboard romances are the most ephemeral of all. You meet a man under the most favorable of circumstances, and you attribute to him all the glamor and charm of your surroundings—only to find eventually that away from the moon and the stars and the gently lapping waves, he's just a man, after all."

A vivacious girl, Gunhild, blonde of hair and trim of figure, has the clear blue eyes which seem to belong to the sea. As she carries her tray through the swank salons and cocktail lounges of the Swedish-American liner, Kungsholm, which has employed her for several years, Gunhild, svelte and smart in tricky uniform, is the cynosure of every male eye on deck. She's prob-

ably had more dates and more proposals of marriage than any girl in the world.

"I lost count after the 100th proposal," Gunhild laughs, "and they came from every nationality."

While on shipboard the pretty blonde isn't allowed to mingle with the passengers socially, drink with them or make dates with them. But, in port! That's different. She's free to do as she pleases—and how those male passengers wait for that ship to dock! But as Gunhild recounts a few of her romances, you can see that even a sea-going blonde has her romantic difficulties.

There was Ivan, for instance—a dashing Russian officer, whom Gunhild met in Leningrad.

"Neither of us could speak a word of the

MEN
always
ASK



—“Some day I’ll marry the farmer boy next door”—
Gunhild Tapper.

other's language, but we were attracted to each other immediately. He took me out one night—to dance at one of the smart night spots. To the strains of a lovely mazurka waltz we sipped vodka and dined on caviar. Our conversation? It was amusing. With the aid of a Swedish-Russian dictionary, we carried on. And it was gay. I was especially happy when from the dictionary I had picked out the words equivalent to your American, “Where have you been all my life?” Before he had found an answer, it was over.

“Suddenly the music stopped playing. A squad of officers came into the room. Their leader walked to our table. He said something in Russian to my escort. Ivan blanched, murmured something, kissed my hand, and left without a word that I could understand. I never saw him again—and neither did anyone else.”

In lighter vein, Gunhild tells of the amorous Cuban to whom she happened to mention that she liked love-birds.

“Ten times our ship docked in Havana,” she says, “and each time Ramon was there with love-birds. Dozens of them. And each time as he presented them to me he proposed. After a while I had so many birds in my cabin, I had to get rid of them—and of Ramon, too.”

Then there was Ernest, the tall blond German. Gunhild was fascinated with him at first.

—But blonde Gunhild Tapper,
cigarette girl, tells why she is
fed up with gay gimmie swains



He had that dashing, military look which appeals to women. But it all ended when Ernest made it clear that she'd have to give up her life of freedom to become a sensible hausfrau.

"It was home-made apple strudel that Ernest wanted—not me," Gunhild reminisces.

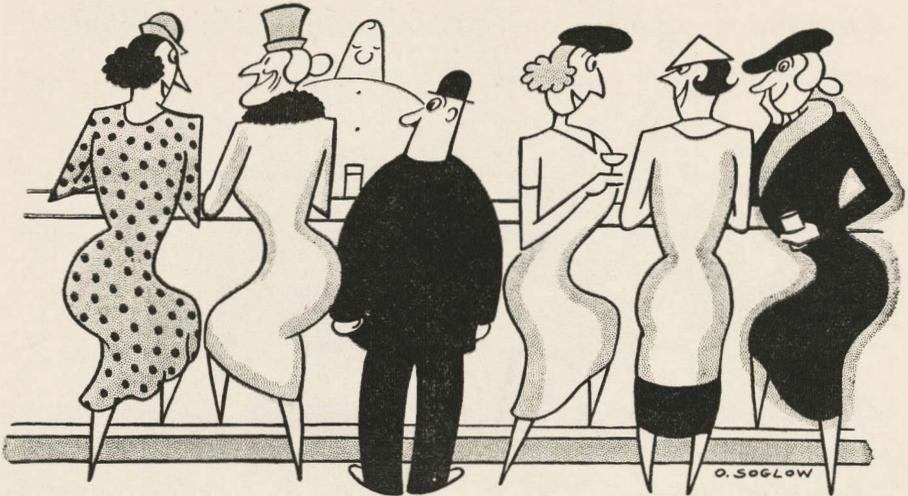
Occasionally Gunhild finds it very convenient to, "No spik English".

It came in very handy, for instance, when a dapper Frenchman, who had proposed to her several times, finally confessed he had a wife and seven children. Her astonishment that he should "propose" under these circumstances, was only met by a typical Gallic outburst that what Gunhild really lacked was "a romantic soul". It was then, that, all of a sudden, Gunhild found she couldn't speak a word of English. And, of course, that romance was quickly over.

"But some day," she says, "I'll probably go right back to that little town where I was born and marry that boy next door. He's a farmer."

And so, while she wouldn't trade her place for any other, Gunhild takes this subtle way of discouraging those glamor-struck girls who think that life as a cigarette girl, taxi-dancer or waitress in a dine-and-dance joint is a happy one. A job on a cruise ship is one thing—scarce, difficult to obtain and keep; a job in an unregulated public place is quite another. And conditions in the hot spots of America, in small town and big city alike, are vastly different from those one finds on a palatial cruise liner.

Only recently, Courtney Riley Cooper, eminent authority on crime, completed a survey of conditions in the loosely restricted dance halls and roadside taverns throughout the length and breadth of these United States. His findings were sensation-ally appalling. Beneath the surface glamor lurk dangers that the average girl never would dream exist, dangers one doesn't meet in serving the public on an ocean-going liner. So, unless a girl is fortunate enough to run head-on into such a job as Gunhild's, she should not compromise with a lesser one, but should take her advice and marry the boy next door. She may not find glamor, but it's the quickest, surest way to happiness.



It is next to impossible to encounter a men's drinking bazaar that isn't chockfull of women.

What Women Don't Want

THE theory, still popular in many quarters, that women are most greatly enchanted by literature especially composed for them by members of their own sex is as much of an anachronism as bicycles built for two or Fanny Ward's grandmother. The theory's stubborn persistence in the face of obvious fact can be explained only by the equal journalistic persistence in such captions as "Miss Snooks Honored at Dinner" when nothing more celebrative of Miss Snooks' virtue and eminence has occurred than a small meal provided for her and a couple of friends on some hotel roof-garden or in one of the doggie chup-houses.

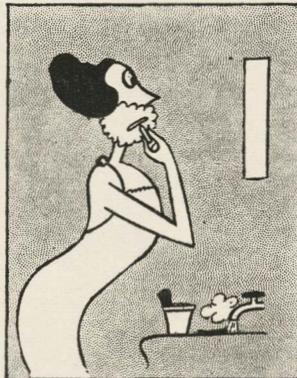
Women's addresses to women belong to the by-gone era when women occupied a sphere largely of their own and in most ways distinct from that occupied by men. Today the once separated spheres are, for better or worse, practically one. Women-manufactured counsel for women is therefore just about as sensible and workable an idea as a separate and distinct set of drinks for the two sexes.

I do not refer, plainly enough, to articles devoted to women's fashions, interior decoration, cooking recipes and the like, but to the lengthy specialized articles written by women for women in the conviction that women comprise an audience apart from men and are best understood and interested by advisers of their own gender.

If present-day women are fascinated or even remotely fetched by such rocco wham, my calendar is wrong and this is the Year of Our Lord, 1895.

The woman of today reads men's novels and men's magazines (apart from those devoted chiefly to women's styles), attends men's plays, frequents men's cafe's, restaurants, bars and smoking-cars, affects many items in men's wardrobe, practices to a greater or lesser degree the single standard of sex, is active in men's law, politics, sports and other hitherto exclusive professions and diversions, and otherwise edges in closer and closer upon the erstwhile aloof male reservation. Aside from Marie Stopes and Margaret Sanger, every sex counsel whom women seek out, admire and follow is male.

Outside of the waterfront saloons in our larger American cities, it is next to impossible to encounter a men's drinking bazaar that isn't chockfull of women. And even the waterfront saloons have tables for them somewhere about the premises. Women drive men's automobiles and even taxicabs; women smoke men's cigarettes and use men's razors; women read with avidity Hemingway and Faulkner and Caldwell and Cain; women know all the more recherche bartenders' first names and familiarly call them by them; women flock to men's prizefights, horse races, hockey matches and six-day bike



Women smoke men's cigarettes and use men's razors.

Why those articles on sex, scandal, and bachelors with slick hair have made a hit with modern Eve

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

aces: women play tennis, basketball, baseball and football and compete in the Olympics on the track and in the water: women, in short, are nowadays often distinguishable from men only by virtue of the fact that their hair is sometimes not as long. And it is to these fair creatures that the exclusive female literature is belatedly and ridiculously addressed!

The clever girls who are engaged to write this species of literature have talent but their talent is misdirected and is wasted upon thin air. In a very wide circle of acquaintances and friends among women I tell only the simple truth when I report that I have yet to discover one who confesses that she even so much as glances at any such stuff. I should as readily expect women, in this advanced day and age, to read with enthusiasm "How to Adjust Your Bustle," by Agatha Marie Simmons, or *Godey's Lady's Book*.

Women do not want to read other women's advice on how to captivate men: they want to get the dope, if they want it at all, straight from headquarters. They do not care to read articles on how to hold their husbands nearly so much as articles on how gracefully to get rid of them, albeit maybe only periodically. They do not crave photographs of Mrs. Dionne, or of Mrs. Roosevelt, or of the late Carrie Chapman Catt half so much as they do those of Enzo Fiermonte, Captain Anthony Eden and Ramon Ramirez, the rumba dancer with the dirty look. They like to read of booze and sex, of scandal and fifteen million dollar available bachelors with slick hair, and not of the way kitchens are scrubbed in Lithuania or of Mistinguette's passion for cream on her apple strudel. They are not interested in pieces telling them what a great family man the King of England is; what they are interested in are the latest didoes of the Duke of Windsor. They want, in short, not women's stuff but men's stuff—and with a bang.

I have before me, as I compose this clinical report, half a dozen of these typical women's articles. I set down the titles herewith:

1—"Is Divorce a Social Menace?"

2—"Cooking in Abyssinia."

3—"Mother Love versus Father Love."

4—"Movie Stars as Mothers."

5—"Are Pretty Stenographers Less Capable Than Plain Ones?"

6—"Are Some Jewels Unlucky?"

Imagine the modern, up-to-date woman—with or without three cocktails under her belt and with enough lip-rouge on to give the little old red schoolhouse four new coats of paint—imagine such a gal not gagging at such outmoded hooey!

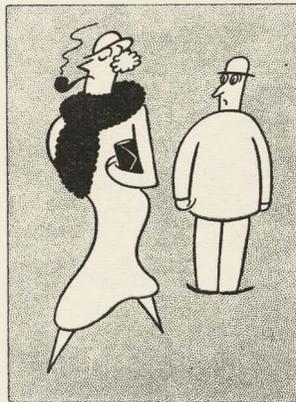
The old dividing line between the reading and other interests of men and women has disappeared. Twenty years ago, if a woman had been caught reading such a book as, say, Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," she would have been put down as something more than a mere hussy. Fifteen years ago, if a woman were to have admitted that she had a yen for heavyweight prizefights, she would have been eyed skeptically and would have been under suspicion as a secret user of chewing tobacco. And so with other diversions and pursuits. In those days, women's interests were largely cut out for them by men, and their obedience or at least amiable surrender to the dictates was socially desirable. Today, women not only cut out interests for themselves: they also often go so far as to cut out the interests for men. Only one purely woman's play has succeeded at the theatrical box office in more years than one can remember. Only one movie star

whose appeal is somewhat more emphatic in the case of women than men (Greta Garbo) has achieved any considerable success. A national magazine which announced at the outset that it was edited for men only has since found that at least half its interested readers are women. And even one of the largest metropolitan men's tobacco stores has lately had to install a women's department as has one of the largest men's sporting goods houses.

Under such circumstances it isn't women's articles for women that are called for nearly so much as women's articles for men.



Women flock to prize fights.



... distinguishable from men only in that their hair is sometimes not as long.



Haymakers sent her careening to a separation.

THE green-eyed monster, who so frequently sees red, is the real reason why Cyrena Van Gordon, Junoesque beauty and famed star of the opera stage, can give a blow-by-blow description of marriage. Twice wed, she has twice literally taken the "rap" from her big he-man husbands who might be descriptively called "swat kings" by the star of the diamond horse-shoe!

But now, Cyrena, raven-haired mezzo contralto of the Met, avers she has had "enough!" "God knows I tried," she says, her eyes turned heavenward.

Now Armageddon—in the love nest of the Howard D. Smiths—occurred, according to the court records, during a late April evening in 1938 when they and another couple played at bridge in the sumptuous drawing room of the star and her multi-millionaire clubman-husband.

All was well. Three diamonds were bid by Mr. North. Mr. Smith passed. Mrs. Smith likewise passed. What Mrs. West was about to do will forever remain the secret of an undefined destiny—for conversation broke out, as conversation will—it was all so cozy and cordial . . .

Cyrena recalls having made some innocuous

LOVES of CYRENA



"My husbands meant well, but"—Mme. Van Gordon.

remark and smiling at friend hubby. She smiled, too, at Mr. North, her partner. Then things began to happen. Again Cyrena's official complaint says she became the animated punching bag of the smiting Smithy—a mighty man was he!—and on the receiving end of a haymaker which sent them careening toward a legal separation and their marriage, after six not uneventful years, going down for the count!

But the melodic moans of the lovely operatic star should surely not have been murmured in surprise, for these alleged tactics, which Cyrena thinks may be jealousy—although just why she cannot understand—are not a new form of attack. In fact, the files of the divorce courts contain testimony that she experienced similar broadsides previously from her first husband and childhood sweetheart; Dr. Shirley B. Munns, an ear, nose and throat specialist of Chicago. Yes, Cyrena can recognize an uppercut now even before it has connected with her patrician chin!

The romance of Madame Van Gordon, then a talented youngster of 17, and Dr. Munns was climaxed by a runaway marriage at Greensburg, Indiana, on June 18, 1913. After studying for several years at the Cincinnati College of Music, she made her professional debut, late in 1913 with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, with which organization she remained until its dissolution in 1932. That same year her marriage to Dr. Munns was also dissolved, after she had testified in court that the doctor had walloped

Both husbands being six-footers they were no match for any woman.

→ *blow by blow*

her twice. On the second occasion, Cyrena alleged, she had been knocked unconscious.

The first time she was "horrified". The second she moved toward divorce, charging the doctor with cruelty, but asking no alimony as she stated she had always supported herself.

Freedom! At last she was to be immune from lefts, rights and the medico's anesthetizing acrobatics . . .

"Then," she says slowly, feeling the weighty import of her own words, "I made the wrong move. I simply went from the frying pan into the fire . . ."

Five months after her divorce she married Smith, president of Consolidated Mines, Inc., a Californian 14 years her senior.

Everything looked rosy now! (It was only later that Smith saw red—three months later, to be exact.) At long last, Cyrena felt, she would be able to sing from the very depths of her heart a paean of happiness and liberation! But she was floored again by the faintly familiar tactics of Hubby No. 1.

She was dancing, according to the papers filed by her attorney, at the Central Park Casino with, of all people, Smith's best friend when, in a perfection of rudeness, pouf! Smith planted a smack on the side of Cyrena's face which was heard 'round the world of the socially select, and from which, she alleges, it took her quite some time to recover—both physically and mentally. But, with renewed hope at Smith's "Excuse it, please", Cyrena (Continued on page 62)



Locked Out Daughters!

By MRS. JOHN S. REILLY

Author of "Common Sense for Mothers"

IT SEEMS that it's being done! Yes ma'am—or sir—as the case may be, doors are being locked, front doors and back doors and side doors, locked hard and fast and rather frequently. And not, mind you, against thieves and murderers.

No—the people I have in mind today are the parents who lock their doors against their own children!

Can you believe that would be possible? I couldn't believe it myself at first, but do you know, I've had actually a number of real live flesh-and-blood letters, from parents, telling me they do it, and some of them even taking a certain pride in the wonderful discipline they think they have over their children!

Take the case of a girl, fifteen or so, who goes to dances with boys alone—at night—dances her parents wouldn't approve—boys her parents wouldn't like. And she comes home unreasonably late, night after night.

This letter told how it all started. Way back—when daughter, at the age of three, made her first declaration of independence; announced that she was not going to bed at six o'clock any more—she was going to stay up until her poppa came

home at seven and that was definitely that. She had, it appears, an early flair for late hours. It didn't do any good to scold, to warn, to threaten—to talk at all, in fact. Daughter very quickly developed an ear which could be reliably deaf.

She threw her spinach under the table when she was six; she played hookey from school from the time she was eight; at ten she read movie magazines in bed, with a flashlight under the blanket until all hours, when she was supposed to be asleep; went to movies alone and without permission at twelve; took to late evening swimming parties at fourteen and here she is at fifteen not only staying out until all hours but going in for cocktails now and then.

A thoroughly wild, fast girl, you may say. And you'll probably be right. Only one thing to take comfort in—she does come home. She apparently hasn't any desire to run away and stay away. She likes her home and likes her parents and she always gets back to them sooner or later—mostly later. But she's never spent a night away from home.

So this father and mother while they were concerned about their daughter's wild ways, felt that she was, after all, a lovable, affectionate kind of a girl, that she wasn't hopeless by any manner of means—they had faith in her even if other people didn't. They figured her faults were mostly their fault. They'd handled her wrong somehow—but they were very fond of her just the same and she was fond of them. But the neighbors brought the thing to a head as neighbors often will. They insisted and persisted that it was scandalous the way the girl behaved—simply scandalous—until the father and mother at last took counsel with each other.

"I rode in on the bus with Bill Wilbur yesterday," he said, "and he certainly gave me a talk on Betty. Said I was spoiling her outrageously and so on. I up and asked him in the end what he'd do in my place. 'I'd be firm with her,' he said. 'If she came home late like that I'd show her. I'd lock her out, that's what.'"

"John Everett," said his wife, "you don't mean to tell me you'd lock our Betty out of this house? Never while I live!"

"Now don't get all wrought up, Mother. I'm just telling you what Bill suggested. And maybe it is a good idea—maybe it would wake Betty up and bring her around."

"I'll never agree to it," was mother's reply. "I think it's dreadful."

Well—this may be getting to be too long a story—I'll shorten it by telling you that he did lock the doors and windows on his daughter. Yes—without his wife's knowledge or consent he went and did it. I won't say that he had a peace-



Illustration by the Billmeyer

*Wild girls
of today will stay out,
drink cocktails—so what?*

ful night. He didn't sleep a wink actually, but he stuck to his point even when daughter threw gravel up at their windows to try to wake them. Finally she went away—and only then did he realize what he had done. Only then did it come over him—"Where can she go—at this hour—what will become of her?"

Fortunately, one of the very neighbors (friends of her family) who had suggested the locking out business, happened to be up. Betty saw the light there, went over, explained that by some mistake she had been locked out, that she hated to frighten her parents by 'phoning at that hour, asked could she spend the night here? She was gladly taken in and sheltered, the neighbor realizing just as her father had for the first time what dangers there could be for a girl locked out of her home. You can imagine the tearful joy of her father and mother when she came home next morning.

As a matter of fact, Betty, who is far from stupid, saw for herself the undesirable possibilities of too late hours and made up her own mind that she'd come in reasonably early thereafter herself. It may have helped a little that she was locked out, but it's the awful risk that makes me sick at heart when I think of it. You may be sure that father and mother will never lock their doors against their child again.

To me, it's a remedy that never could succeed. Above all places on earth, children must be able to count on their homes. No matter how naughty and wild and unmanageable they've been—don't keep them out. Find some other way to handle them, to discipline them, but don't turn them over to the uncertain mercies of a heartless world. Don't estrange them from you forever.

No matter what they do, they're always yours. If you don't stand by them, who will? If you fail them, what possible chance have they in the whole wide world outside your doors to find that patient, understanding love—their only hope if they're ever to be saved from themselves.

*Is This
Your Betty?*

Balked at spinach
at 6.

Played hokey at 8.

Read late in bed.

Alone at movies at
12.

Night swimming
parties at 14.

Late parties at 15.

An occasional cock-
tail.

*And if this is
your Betty,
what are you
doing about it?*

Would you lock her
out?

Read what this very
modern mother
thinks about this
problem.



Illustration by
Charles Goerman



Should Wives Be SPANKED?

By LAWRENCE GOULD
Well Known Consulting Psychologist

IF YOU are the average husband, there have been times when you've itched to give your wife a good, old-fashioned spanking. The chances are, everything considered, that you never actually did it, but I'll guarantee you've wondered whether it would not have been a good idea. In some ways, it might, BUT—

Women—as I realize I am not the first man to note—are a funny proposition, though thanks to psychology, they are not quite as mysterious as they once were.

"I think Fred's the nicest man I know," said an attractive girl to me the other day. "We're thoroughly congenial, and have marvelous times going out together, but I simply could not marry

him. I can't stand the way he lets me push him around."

Being a psychologist, I skipped the obvious question: "What makes you push him around, then?" For my young friend was just showing one more facet of the age-old contradiction in the feminine mind which has probably done more than anything else to make a woman's mental processes seem incomprehensible to the bewildered male.

You see, no matter what else she may want, the average girl wants to make sure the man she marries is essentially stronger than she is. The need is based equally on the atmosphere she was brought up in, and her own, originally childish wish for "somebody to depend on." But the only way a girl can be sure of a man's strength is to test it, which she generally does by finding out

A psychologist examines the strange mental quirks behind ruthlessness in love

just how much she can get away with. Paradoxically, the less she succeeds, the harder she tries; and yet if she really succeeds, she loses all interest in the man who has been proved a weakling.

Naturally, different girls have different ideas of what constitutes a strong man, but few of them have entirely out-grown the feeling that sheer physical superiority—demonstrable by force if necessary—lies at the bottom of it. And while the law does not permit this superiority to take the form of violence, as it once did (the old common law allowed a man to beat his wife provided he used a stick "no bigger than his thumb"), there are few women for whom the idea of violence does not have at least a little fascination.

John Barrymore has his foibles, and there are four women, anyhow—the four wives who have sued him for divorce—who have sworn that he is pretty hard to live with. But so far as making a hit with the fair sex goes, not many men can match his record. And John never has made any secret of his readiness to "treat 'em rough," when necessary. In fact, the immediate occasion for the break-up of his latest marriage was the spanking he gave Elaine Barrie in the last performance of the play, "My Dear Children," in which they appeared together.

True, the spanking was ostensibly part of the business of the play—Barrymore, in the role of his wife's stage father, was called on to use the oldest of all forms of discipline upon her—but this time he acted so over-convincingly that it is said Elaine had to choose her chair with caution for several days afterward. Nor was this the first time he had "laid a hand"—or anyway, a foot—on her; she testified in a previous divorce suit that he had a way of kicking her under the table, even when they had guests, if she said or did things that annoyed him. Yet that evidently did not destroy his attraction for her, since she withdrew the suit and remained married to him for another two years.

Of course Barrymore is the soul of light-heartedness and normality, and never could be accused of being cruel for cruelty's sake, but psychology has developed its own terms for those persons who derive a thrill from practising or suffering violence, especially in love-making.

Those who have an urge to hurt the objects of their passion are called "sadists," from a famous Frenchman, the Marquis de Sade; while those who (believe it or not!) derive the most intense pleasure from being hurt are called "masochists," after a character in a morbid German novel. And though either of these types

abnormality is relatively rare in its extreme form, traces of them are found in most people. Most women, especially, show signs of some degree of masochism, sometimes in the rather obscure form of what is called a "martyr complex," and sometimes in direct sensuous enjoyment of roughness or ruthlessness from the man they love.

"Jimmy" Cagney is another actor who found women are thrilled by rough treatment—it was a scene in which he threw a grapefruit at his wife at the breakfast table that made him the idol of the feminine movie-goers, and inaugurated a new screen fashion. Though in fact, the fashion was not so new as they called it: before Cagney there was the original "Sheik," Rudolph Valentino, whose subtly sadistic role, though



John Barrymore takes his "daughter" in hand. She's actress Doris Dudley in this case and replaced Elaine Barrie in the role when Elaine asserted that Husband John really meant it.

acted by a man, was the creation of a woman author and reflected the innermost yearnings of millions of feminine hearts.

But where did this yearning come from? Like most of our mental secrets, it goes back to childhood—to those first impressions of life which have such a powerful effect upon our mental processes forever after. As is now known, many, and perhaps most children learn a great deal more about the so-called facts of life in their earliest years than their parents imagine. They pick up the infor- (Continued on page 60)



Well developed toe muscles and a high perfectly formed metatarsal arch—these are the characteristics which make Sonja's feet "one pair in 100,000", according to Edward Matthews, noted kinesiologist, who examined her tootsies.

By FRED MENAGH

YOU wouldn't think the trainers and keepers of Sonja Henie, that blonde, brown-eyed little queen-of-the-ice from Norway, had a thing to worry about. That is, considering the youth of the ten-times figure skating champion of the world, her buoyant health, balanced temperament, and talent for self-imposed discipline.

The truth, however, is that for some time her retinue—which includes her mother, Mrs. Selma

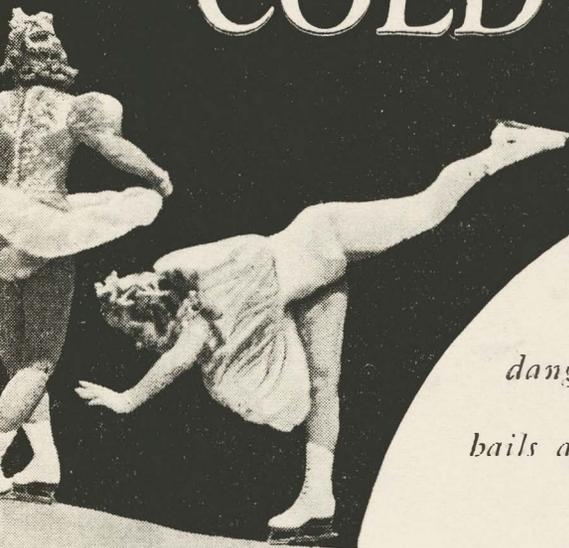
Henie, her personal maid, her masseur, and her trainer-manager, sphinx-like Hugo Quist—have been going about privately with furrowed brows and apprehensive looks.

What could be the present concern of this considerable bodyguard?

For Sonja neither smokes, drinks, stays out late—except on business—nor has any trouble with her diet.

Sonja Henie's One Big Worry

COLD FEET



It's a simple affliction, but it's packed with danger for the girl the world bails as queen of the ice

pirouetted to fame are insured for \$100,000 with Lloyds of London. The policy pays up to \$10,000 a week for total disability in case of accident.

So what else is left to worry about?

You'd never guess, even though it's something more or less indigenous to all figure skaters. It's this:

Sonja Henie suffers from cold feet!

And if you've ever tried to play the piano with fingers half numbed by the cold, you will get some idea of how cold feet handicap a figure skater. Particularly in the case of Sonja, who not only skates, but dances on the ice.

But there's more potential danger packed into this—at first glance—simple affliction than mere numbness, as the sober Mr. Quist presently explained. In fact, so aware of it is he that he has not hesitated to consult one of the country's most able kanesiologists (muscular specialist), a Mr. Edward Matthews, of Weymouth, Mass. Mr. Matthews attempted to correct the difficulty.

Mr. Quist, by the way, knows whereof he worries, to put it mildly. For he spent his life training and managing athletes, notably one of his fellow countrymen, Paavo Nurmi, the "Flying

While she has taken an occasional spill on her skates, there were never any serious consequences.

Her romantic affairs—if any—keep Hollywood press agents awake nights, rather than Sonja.

The Scandinavian Butterfly—Sonja has so been called in her native land—has no financial worries—at least no more than would any person whose income averages (roughly) about \$2,000 a day the year around.

Even those lissome limbs on which she has

Finn." Championship runners, like championship skaters, must have a minimum of foot trouble in order to exert their best efforts. So while the following views were expressed by Matthews, it didn't take the eminent kanesiologist to tell the resourceful Mr. Quist that—

"From ten to twenty per cent of Sonja's energy can be reclaimed if she uses the proper type of skating shoe. That is, one so designed that it will not cut off to such an extent the circulation of blood to her feet."

Mr. Matthews pointed out further that as it is, Sonja suffers cold feet regularly, and progressively, because her skating shoes—especially when she does a lot of toe work—must be fastened so firmly that normal circulation is seriously affected.

"Since the blood is not circulating properly in Sonja's body at these times," said Mr. Matthews, "a lot of healthy tissue is being torn down. The first symptom of this condition, of course, is lack of heat. If allowed to persist as regularly, in the future as it has in the past, this condition will result in an early hardening of the arterics, and general depletion of energy.

"For," Mr. Matthews added, "when the circulation is cut off in any part of the body, it results in an added strain on the heart, which pumps frantically in an effort to force blood into the constricted areas. And, in the case of Miss Henie, I am given to understand, she has suffered from this condition, more or less, ever since she began figure skating at a very early age. Naturally, the condition is not going to improve until something is done to remedy it."

Mr. Matthews set out to correct the trouble by inventing a pair of skating shoes for Sonja in his own shoe manufacturing plant at Weymouth, Mass. He manufactures only shoes without heels. The heel on a shoe, he believes, is one of the greatest banes of humanity today—the cause of untold suffering.

While still a Professor of Physical Education at Antioch College in Ohio many years ago, Mr. Matthews began worrying about what was best for people's feet. The obsession grew and grew, he said, until finally:

"I decided to dedicate my life to worrying about what was best for people's feet. I feel now as though Providence has given me the most unusual opportunities for carrying out my chosen work, and that if my soul is to live I must go on . . . and on. As a teacher of what is best, at least."

His idea for the heelless shoe, Mr. Matthews says, came from "an inner consciousness of what was right for humanity."

Mr. Matthews' search for truth has led him to examine countless feet, and to interview their owners.

As a palmist believes a person's hands are the key to their personality, Mr. Matthews believes he can get a better insight by a look at their feet.

Mr. Matthews has examined the feet of acrobats, tight-rope walkers, movie stars, mechanics, cowboys, business men and Indian chiefs in his pursuit of foot knowledge. One of his biggest moments came, he admits, when he was permitted

to examine the feet of the late Lillian Leitzel, famous Ringling Brothers circus acrobat. They were, he reports, among the best conditioned he has ever seen—strong, firm, with a high arch and every toe muscle tully developed.

He felt the same way about Sonja Henie after examining and measuring the ice queen's twinkling tootsies preparatory to making cases of them in order to fit the new skating shoes.

Mr. Matthews experienced just one sharp pang of regret when Miss Henie peeled off her stockings and presented her shapely ankles for his professional inspection. He picked up one of the casts later and explained to this writer what had caused it. With a pencil he pointed to Miss Henie's large toe.

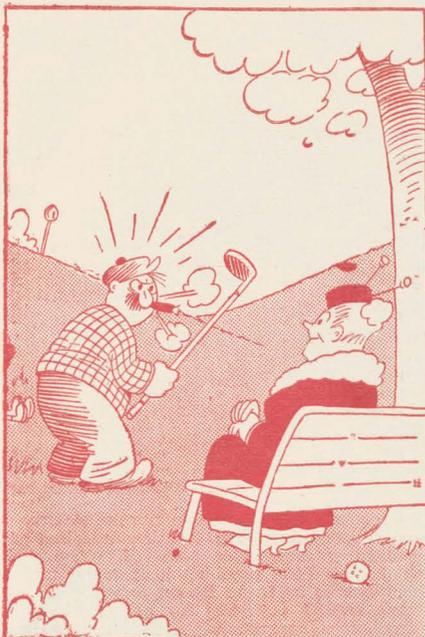
"See," he said, "how the large toe has been deformed to point inward. Pointed shoes are responsible for that evil."

He thrilled, however, to the fact that Sonja's foot was so nearly perfect.

"It is really one foot in 100,000," he beamed. "Never have I seen such well developed toe muscles and such a high, perfectly formed metatarsal arch. That comes from constant skating."

In quest of a better skating shoe for Sonja, Edward Matthews made a cast of the famous skater's feet.





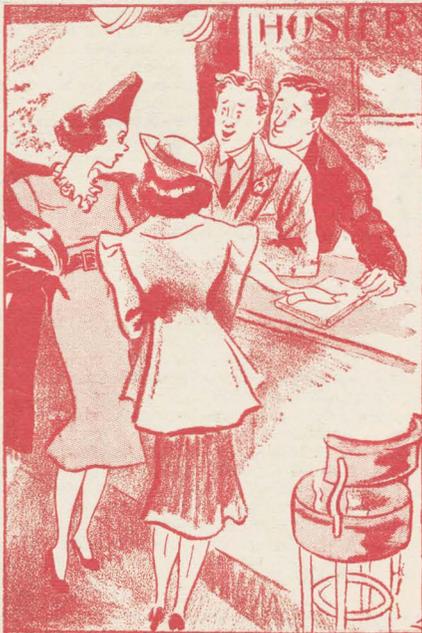
"You've been looking for two hours for your ball. Would it be cheating if I told you where it is?"



"I don't know whom I miss the most, Flo—the sailor who threw me over or the aviator who gave me the air."



"Room for just one more—and a dog."



"This is the 500th pair we've sold, so you get a bonus of dinner and a show."

Was Becker guilty?



Murderer?—Lieutenant Charles Becker.

THE thunder of the guns lasted only a few fleeting seconds as Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie, Dago Frank and Whitey Lewis poured a leaden hail into Herman Rosenthal, squealer, outside the Metropole that sultry July morning in 1912. But the whisp of smoke that floated upward from the snub-nosed barrels formed a question mark that still hovers, phantom-like, over New York's crime annals.

Was Police Lieutenant Charles Becker guilty of that brazen murder? Was he the master mind who sent the four dapper, flint-eyed "torpedoes" on their mission of death? Did the law err when it rose in its wrath and thrust Strong Arm Charlie Becker into the yawning maw of the electric chair along with the four gangsters who blasted the slugs into gambler Rosenthal's body?

There are many who believe that Becker was innocent of the crime for which he died. Guilty of levying a king's ransom on the gambling halls and disorderly houses of the Roaring Forties; yes. Guilty of being a grafter, a bully and a king-pin in the "System" that ruled the red light district; yes. But no murderer. That, at least, is the steadfast opinion of many oldtimers in the police department—ace detectives who knew the crimson New York tenderloin inside and out, and had a first hand knowledge of the strange background against which the Rosenthal murder was silhouetted.

And the facts of the case, the documented files of evidence serve actually to increase the mystery in some respects.

It was a bold, audacious murder just off Broadway. A murder that seemed like a page out of a Wild West thriller. A murder suggesting the lurid exploits of the Paris Apaches. It stirred the great metropolis as it had not been stirred in years. "Was this a staid, law abiding city?" the business men, bankers, workers asked themselves. "Was this a place where peace and order reigned? Or had the blazing Bowery and the Tenderloin seized control?"

Biggest question of all was that posed by the police department. And when that question was raised, Lieut. Charles Becker, head of the Strong Arm Squad, the man whose job it was to muffle

the roar of the Forties, came into the picture.

A few days before the murder, Rosenthal had charged in newspaper statements that raids against his little gambling joint represented a double-cross by Lieut. Becker to whom he had made regular payments for police protection. Those were dramatic charges and their publication shook the city.

Becker was a big man on Broadway then. Built like a bull, he was the trusted head of the Strong Armers who reported personally to Police Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo, the silk-socked head of the department in Mayor Gaynor's administration.

Becker was a handsome, brutal chap and smart, too. A paid press agent sang his praises,



Bald Jack Rose—He squealed on Becker.



and stories of his battering down of doors and beating up of criminals thrilled the town. He was the first to use a hydraulic jack to tear metal gambling house doors off their hinges, and he enforced the law with a gun butt. To the underworld he was the law.

When Rosenthal's story first appeared, Becker guffawed at it. "Just the screams of a small-time gambler whose place had been closed tight as a drum," he explained with a wave of his huge paw. The Lieutenant, obviously outraged and indignant, denied that he had ever taken a cent of graft or had ever asked for any. The Mayor and the Police Commissioner upheld him.

But able, ambitious District Attorney Charles S. Whitman came out point-blank with the charge that members of the Police Department had put the finger on Rosenthal to silence his rambling tongue and throw the fear of sudden death into other denizens of the underworld who might be planning to follow his example as a squealer.

Suspicion pointed straight at the bulky form of Becker. Hastily organized citizens' meetings demanded an end to the shoot-



Becker raided Rosenthal's place—battered down the doors.

ings, the vice and the crime that were outgrowths of the nefarious traffic between underworld and the law. Three gang leaders, Big Jack Zelig, Jack Sirocco and Chick Tricker had been shattering the window panes and the nerves of the lower east side with their spraying bullets. The mobsmen and their fancy ladies were staging unprecedented scenes of revelry in the dives of "Satan's Circus." "A modern Sodom and

Gomorrhah!" thundered the pulpit and the press. Something had to be done—and quickly.

Not long after, Lieut. Becker, hulking, amiable Broadway copper, was held for trial for the murder of Herman Rosenthal. Thus opened the march to the chair which has raised mysterious doubts that linger even to this day.

The slaying of Rosenthal was, in itself, so bizarre as to inevitably become the basis for conflicting stories and legends. The tale-bearing gambling hell proprietor had sauntered into the Metropole Hotel dining room at about midnight. It was a gay and sprightly rendezvous, humming with the small talk of actors, gamblers, heroes of the prize ring. Rosenthal often went there. He liked the excitement of the place, the stirring tempo of its Hungarian band.

This night it was hot and sultry, and the little gambler mopped his moist brow as he explained to his underworld cronies that he had done the right thing in babbling the details of Becker's



(Left to right)—"Gyp the Blood" Harry Horowitz; "Lefty Louie" Rosenberg; "Whitey Lewis" Seidensher; and "Dago Frank" Cirofici.

machinations. The words tumbled from his dry lips in an ever increasing stream. He seemed to be trying to convince himself rather than his close-knit ring of listeners. He was a worried man.

And in the darkness of the street outside the hotel, furtive figures out of the depths of the underworld waited for death to strike him down. In other parts of the teeming city, too, men with thin, tightly locked lips and beady little eyes slouched in unobtrusive groups and marked time until the news should come. Even within the portals of the police, it was charged later, men who should have been the first to stay the hand of death waited impatiently for the phone call that would announce the murder of Herman Rosenthal, squealer.

Shortly before 2 A.M., a message came for the pudgy gambler. Obviously worried, he slipped quietly out of his chair and made his way to the street. As he stepped through the brightly lighted doorway four lithe young men who had driven up in a long, gray touring car closed in on him. Their guns roared and spat a deadly stream of leaden slugs. The stricken gambler stumbled, tried to walk and then collapsed on the sidewalk.

Not a spectator or passerby made a move to touch the bullet riddled body. Men talked in awed whispers as they huddled in a circle around the murder spot. "The underworld has taken its revenge," they murmured. And well those men of Broadway in that era knew the fate of him who dared to question the verdict.

While the bystanders had been helplessly transfixed in the face of sudden death, the gray car and its occupants had melted into the night. But though the killers were gone, it was destined to be a long time before they were forgotten.

Bristling District Attorney Whitman took charge of the case. Clever police work soon turned up the death car. Its owner, cracking under a relentless barrage of questions, said it had been hired by Bald Jack Rose. Things were breaking now! Jack Rose, he of the shiny skull and heavy lidded eyes, was Lieut. Becker's "collector"!

A few days more, and Bald Jack sidled fearfully up to a police officer, gave himself up and admitted that he had hired the gray car used by the messengers of gangland doom.

Gyp, Whitey, Dago and Louie were named as the killers. An army of uniformed police and plainclothesmen swarmed through the city in search of them. Known haunts of the gunmen were fine-combed. Their blondined lady friends were questioned, watched and shadowed.

First to be trapped was Dago Frank who had been hiding in the Harlem apartment of Rosie Harris, a girl who still loved him despite the fact that he had unceremoniously thrown her out of his flat some weeks before.

Word reached police through the department's grapevine that Whitey Lewis was in the Catskill Mountains with his wife. A picked squad took up the trail and brought back their man. Two caught—two more to go.



Charles S. Whitman—convicted the killers and won a governorship.

A detective traced a phone call made by the wife of one of the hunted men. He learned that

Calmly ignoring pedestrians the four gunmen shot Rosenthal and drove off.



Lefty and Gyp had a dinner appointment with their wives at a Brooklyn hideaway. Police swooped down on the surprised quartette, and in an hour, the last of the four gangsters passed through the grim gates of the Tombs.

In the meantime, Becker had been arrested. Then the four gunmen admitted that they had been hired to kill Rosenthal, and had been assured of protection once the deed was done. Friends of Becker in the police department rallied to his defense, raised funds to help him. The fighting District Attorney labored night and day to marshal his array of damning evidence.

Becker was the first to go on trial. Attorneys, witnesses, even the judge had been threatened, and guards paced the corridors of the courthouse and the streets nearby.

The city buzzed with excitement as the "trial of the century" opened. In swanky clubs, staid business offices, quiet homes, gambling houses—everywhere that men and women gathered, the pros and cons of the situation were hotly debated. Becker's friends insisted that he was the victim of a frame-up by means of which the guilty parties hoped to escape punishment for their cold blooded murder. Associates of the accused policeman hinted darkly that politics entered into the fury with which the prosecution was pressing its case against him.

Herman Rosenthal's glib tongue had been stilled, but Bald Jack Rose was there to point a skinny, trembling finger at his former boss and

push him toward the electric chair. Bridgie Webber, Harry Vallon and others of Broadway's flashy set painted in such details as Bald Jack may have left out.

They were a furtive, shifty-eyed lot, these witnesses who were talking a man's life away, and those who ask today "Was Becker guilty?" are not too certain that their testimony was entirely accurate.

Rose, fidgeting nervously upon the stand, testified that Becker had been a partner of Rosenthal's. There had been a dispute about money, he said, and the police Lieutenant had raided his partner's gambling house. Rosenthal had squawked long and loudly at this "double cross." Finally, Bald Jack swore, Becker had become exasperated and had asked him to arrange for the "rubbing out" of the gambler.

Deftly, Rose built up the picture of Becker as the master mind in the brutal murder. He told of calling the Lieutenant after the job had been done, and of Becker's terse:

"Good work—congratulations!"

In a steady stream, the accusations fell from the lips of the unshakable witness. On and on Bald Jack droned, with scarcely the flicker of an eyelash to indicate that he showed any emotion at dooming a man to death in the electric chair. Becker's high powered legal battery conducted a relentless cross-examination. The little man's shining pate glistened with perspiration, he mopped his brow and winced as the rasping questions were shot at him. But he never faltered in his testimony.

Becker was convicted of first degree murder. Lefty, Whitey, Dago and Louie were convicted, too. The witnesses who testified against them were granted immunity and freed.

Becker promptly appealed and was granted a new trial by the Court of Appeals. Of the tainted State's witnesses, the Court said:

"In the presence of such dangerous and degenerate witnesses, the defendant was certainly entitled to a scrupulously fair trial . . . he was on trial for murder and not for official misconduct and corruption."

Note that phrase, say those who today raise the question of Becker's guilt—"dangerous and degenerate witnesses."

At any rate Whitman, with bulldog tenacity, strengthened his case and brought Becker to trial again. And again he was convicted of buying murder—\$1,000 was the price, they said.

As the battle to save the doomed man roared down the stretch, the old doubts began to reassert themselves in the minds of many who had watched the wheels go 'round. Big Tim Sullivan, political leader extraordinary, and head of the Sullivan clan of Bowery satellites, was charged with having been the man who had really put Rosenthal on the death spot. To the day he died, Becker himself maintained his innocence and declared that not he but Big Tim, who was known as a protector of gamblers, had ordered Rosenthal's death.

Nevertheless, Becker marched to the chair early in the morning of July 31, 1915. The four trigger men died with him in the brightly lighted chamber of doom.

Justice had been done in the eyes of the law. And yet . . . and yet after all these years the question still persists:

Was Becker guilty?



Mrs. Becker—she stuck by her husband.

FOOTBALL FIXERS

By AUSTEN
LAKE



A plunging halfback takes a bump—no spectators hurt!

THIS is a story of what happens to college sport heroes when the last white line is crossed, the last whistle blows and they become Joseph J. Alumni. It happens every year. It is the story of what ails varsity athletics.

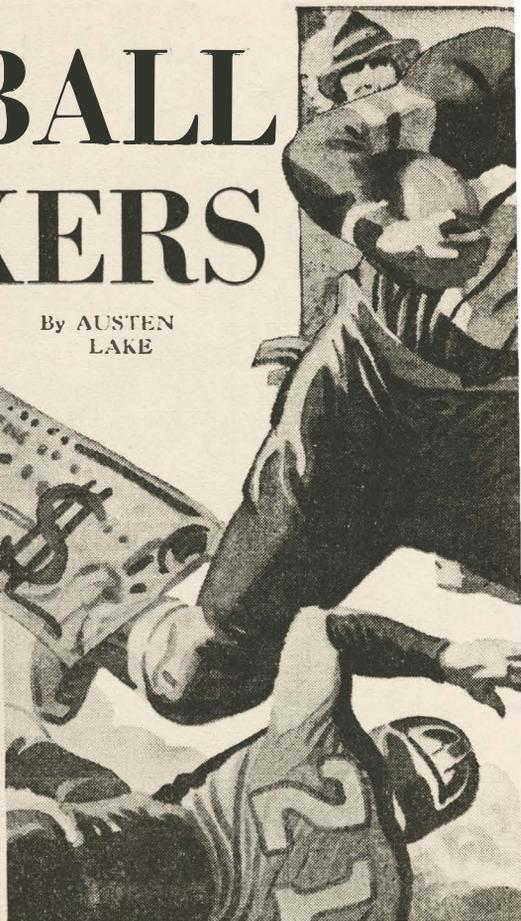
Recently this writer and Francis Wallace, the movie scenarist, novelist and magazine writer, sat talking football and drawing pencil scrawls on the tablecloth of a downtown crust-and-thimble parlor. Wallace was telling about the kids he had flushed from the farms, mines and woods and shipped, freight free, to universities.

There was no bombast in his talk. Another man might collect mustache cups, old whiskey flasks, postage stamps and kindred curios. Wallace collected husky sons of yokel fathers and promoted them to varsity berths. He liked to watch them grow and, perhaps, visioned himself as a modern Haroun al Raschid spreading Arab-

ian opportunities to the underprivileged. As a hobby it was inexpensive, causing harm to none and happiness to all. The coaches and kids were grateful and some of his proteges developed into upstanding mathoids.

Wallace estimated that there must be a thousand football "fixers" in the country, mostly successful business men who liked to tinker with human fate and watch the raw product flourish or sometimes fail.

This is a question which lies with the college's conscience. Last year a burly, bright-faced youth came to my office at the instigation of a friend. He had graduated from a nearby school with cum laude football honors and barely passable college entrance credits. Could I recommend him to some college offering opportunities? I did. And just recently I received a letter from the college's athletic director, stating: "I regret that young Whosis, whom you sponsored, has withdrawn his application. Our facilities for assistance, while adequate, did not match those of





Whosis University."

As a "fixer" I'm a flop. I will fix no more youths with bull shoulders and bony bulges. Modern football youth has learned to barter too shrewdly for advantages. It is rarely content with tuition, free books, a hall room bed and a lunch cart job. It wants a spending allowance, a haberdasher's credit, and a Summer's vacation with pay. So, as we sat, Wallace related the incredible story of a halfback of a prominent Eastern college who married during his sophomore year, was divorced during his junior and demanded the amount of his alimony from the college A. A. "Nonsense!" I scoffed. "Honest," said he, naming names, dates and data. "But then," he added, "that's the fun of 'fixing', to see how few duds you throw."

Late next month young Joe College will sit in his varsity locker room after the big objective football game. It might be Yale, or Michigan, or Southern California or South Subway Teachers. The result in any case is the same. Joe College

strips off his canvas pants, unslings his leather shoulder harness and his sweat-stained jersey and leaves them in a moist puddle on the floor. He tip-toes in the shower room, soaps, rinses and towels himself. Finally he dresses and goes out into the Autumn dusk, through with college football forever.

At that instant a strange thing happens. Instead of one person, Joe College, the football hero, becomes twins. The flesh and blood hero goes into the gloaming, graduates next June, grows rich or poor, becomes fat or lean, marries and feels sad about it or stays single and feels sad about that.

The ghostly hero, his legendary half, stays behind as part of his college folk lore, never growing older in the memories of his classmates. Always the current graduating classes will recall the Hero—the Clint Franks of Yale, the Vernon Strucks of Harvard, the Whizzer Whites of Colorado, in terms of today's youth, still gay, dynamic and virile as when they romped through the college scene.

But the real-life heroes—products of our high-pressure college sport system, go forth. A few join professional football teams, perform briefly and fade. The rest have little use for their finely



The hero passes and the crowded stands watch in silence.

developed musculature and specialized knack. Whether they be ex's in track, rowing, baseball, hockey, wrestling, boxing, basketball or football, the result is usually the same. They find desk jobs or practice sedentary professions while their magnificent chests slip into the laps, their scrub-board stomachs grow inner tubes of lard and their fundaments grow large as watermelons. Compensating Nature fills the Hero's flats and hollows with bulges and curves. Disintegration creeps swiftly over the inactive athlete.

So, the college sport program flunks its obligation to youth, because it has too little "carry-over" value into adult life. Joseph J. Alumnus must find new games—handball, golf, badminton, squash. There aren't many to choose from. Alas, the Galloping Ghosts, the various kinds of human hurricanes, tornadoes and trainwrecks have

(Continued on page 61)

IF marriages are made in heaven, where and when are most of the divorces made?

I'll tell you where a lot of them are made. On sun-baked beaches, and stuffy drinkeries and cool hotel bars in cities during vacation period between July and October when every city husband who has the price urges his weaker half and family to flee the hot pavements for the cooling breezes of sea, country or mountains.

Most of the male providers have to continue to live and work in the city and can make week-end or occasional trips only to their nearest and dearest possessions.

The old perennial question of Summer separations are good or bad for marriage has never yet been satisfactorily answered.

In one recent year the Midsummer marital separation season netted a total of 109 divorces for the New York Fall calendar. Of these, 105 were brought by wives who returned from care-free Summer siestas to discover a triangle in the shape of a shapely blonde had reared its peroxidized head during their absence.

At the same period divorce judges in Reno

Can I Trust Him in Town?

and in every large city were flooded almost out of their courts by hundreds of ladies clamoring for freedom to enable them to march altarwards with a Summer separation-found thrill.

This year, to judge by the numbers of handsome, tanned, marauding males in the vacation centers, taking the bore out of boredom for lonely wives—not to mention the cute, wide-eyed, on-the-loose sirens doing the same for husbands in the cities—the all divorce percentage is expected to be even higher.

According to Judge Bruce Cobb, of the Legal Aid Society, marital separations that are too long are extremely dangerous to conjugal bliss.

"This fact should be obvious to every wife and husband," said he.

Another legal luminary in the same organization put it this way:

"During the Summer separation period husbands and wives, freed from the restraint of home associations, drift very easily into temptation and 'guilty romances.'

"While Summer separations are not always the sole cause of these divorces, the absence tends to intensify and bring to a head many of the little irritations which come up in most such marriages. Both husband and wife, if their temperaments incline in that direction, can brood over slight differences—and make mountains out of molehills—so that on their return to the domestic hearth a full-blown quarrel is in prospect.

"But don't let me give the impression that Summer separations are all bad. Far from it,



"When the wife's away the husband will play' is the worry bug that chains them to sweltering heat and husband.

Brief separations, for the majority of people, are excellent. A week or two of absence is sometimes a very good thing for the marriage, providing the tie that binds the husband and wife is not too tenuous. That's where much of the trouble is caused. If the absence is protracted the little things that hold a man and a woman together might disappear, and when they meet as strangers, with this addition—that the glamor

Illustrations by R. Van Buren

to realize that despite straying from his vows of fidelity he really loves her. That's where the real difference between men and women lies in this matrimonial Summer complaint. The man is always prepared to drop the affair at the end of the Summer, but the woman usually keeps on dreaming of the Prince Charming. She doesn't seem to realize that there is very little difference between the men. She sees the Summer menace at his best, endows him with all the good qualities her husband seems to lack, and her dissatisfaction with her married life then reaches a point where an explosion must occur, so she sues for divorce."

Most wives embark on Summer separations with no thought of anything worse—or more exciting—than a slight Summer flirtation that will be discarded when the bags are packed for the return to the city.

But five days a week or longer in a husbandless Eden with nothing more stimulating than gossip, bridge or golf with other Summer widows are liable to upset the equilibrium of the best-intentioned wife in the world.

Is She True at the Shore?

And the average husband—what happens to him when his wife checks out of the city? For a week, or maybe two, routine and marital discipline make him live and behave as though his wife were sleeping under the same roof.

The serpent to destroy his marital bliss usually bears the form of an unattached man friend who invites him for a drink or a meal "And I want you to meet Sally—she's a swell person."

From then on his fidelity rates a fifty-fifty chance only. The lonely lad means to be good. As a matter of record most husbands are. Some are not, but are very secretive and get away with it. Other Summer widowers can't take it. They lose their heads—later their wives.

What should women anxious to keep their marriages intact do? Should they stay in town no matter how stifling the heat, or should they keep health and tempers and risk the loss of a husband by going away?

There are two schools of wifely thought on the subject. There are those who wouldn't leave their mates alone in the city for a reward of a million dollars.

"When the wife's away, the husband will play—with another woman." is the worry bug that chains them to sweltering heat and husband.

But those more brave or conceited—or careless, whichever way you like to put it, are just as sure that Summer separations are what the institution of marriage needs most to increase its longevity.

Who is right and who is wrong?

There are large numbers of handsome, tanned, marauding males ready to take the bore out of boredom for lonely wives.

of a first meeting is not there—that the wife sees a complete stranger with many bad points, and with all the romance of budding acquaintanceship gone.

"Biologically, man was not made to be left alone for any considerable length of time. Most men whose wives' divorces we handle are really fond of their wives, but they get into trouble when the wife's away—and the wife doesn't seem

Illustration by
Louis Biedermann

Hiram Percy Maxim, noted scientist, predicts the ultimate wiping out of large cities as Old Mother Earth settles

By HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

Late author of "Life's Place in the Cosmos"

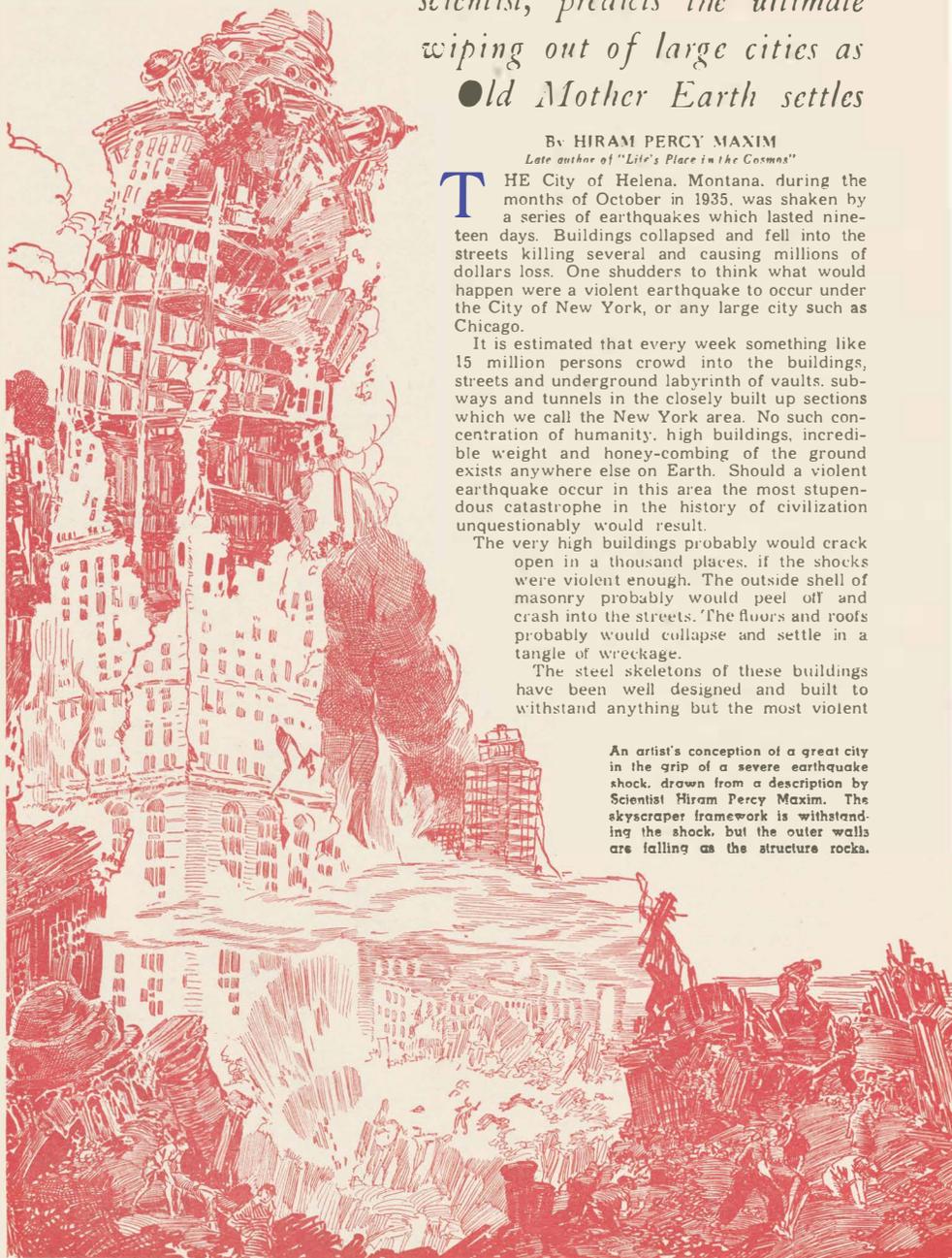
THE City of Helena, Montana, during the months of October in 1935, was shaken by a series of earthquakes which lasted nineteen days. Buildings collapsed and fell into the streets killing several and causing millions of dollars loss. One shudders to think what would happen were a violent earthquake to occur under the City of New York, or any large city such as Chicago.

It is estimated that every week something like 15 million persons crowd into the buildings, streets and underground labyrinth of vaults, subways and tunnels in the closely built up sections which we call the New York area. No such concentration of humanity, high buildings, incredible weight and honey-combing of the ground exists anywhere else on Earth. Should a violent earthquake occur in this area the most stupendous catastrophe in the history of civilization unquestionably would result.

The very high buildings probably would crack open in a thousand places, if the shocks were violent enough. The outside shell of masonry probably would peel off and crash into the streets. The floors and roofs probably would collapse and settle in a tangle of wreckage.

The steel skeletons of these buildings have been well designed and built to withstand anything but the most violent

An artist's conception of a great city in the grip of a severe earthquake shock, drawn from a description by Scientist Hiram Percy Maxim. The skyscraper framework is withstanding the shock, but the outer walls are falling as the structure rocks.



If a REAL Earthquake Hit New York

shocks. They also are well anchored to bed rock. They probably would not tip over and crush neighboring buildings for a distance of several blocks, as one might think would be the case when their height is compared with the size of their base. Instead, they probably would disintegrate, and settle down into a heap of ruins. The vast number of old brick buildings and tenements which exist in the New York area probably would behave as structures usually do in an earthquake. They would collapse and break up into individual bricks.

A single quake, which consists of a series of back and forth oscillations lasting from one to five minutes, could be bad; but a long continued series of quakings, such as Helena passed through, and as many other cities have suffered, would be indescribably awful. Quaking can continue for long periods as has been demonstrated in countless cities in the past. The Calabrian quake of Italy continued for four years.

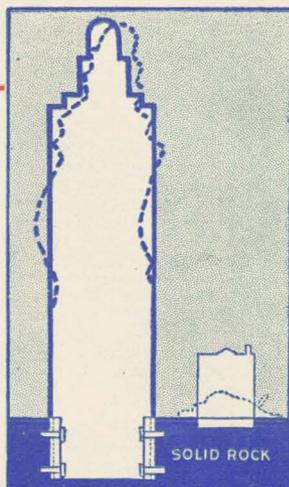
If anything like this were to occur in the New York area, from the Battery to Yonkers, from Coney Island to Newark, the narrow streets would become filled with masonry debris and tangled masses of steel to the depth of many feet. In Manhattan, from Central Park to the Battery, where most of the buildings are very high, the debris would probably fill some of the streets to a depth of as much as 100 feet.

The dust and poisonous gases from ruptured gas mains would probably stifle the few persons who happened to survive. The escaping gas would be ignited in a million places by the breaking of the live electric service mains, and fires would break out everywhere. Burst water mains would drown most of those who escaped the fires and the deadly clouds of gas.

No escape would be possible for most of the people below the Harlem River in Manhattan. Even were they lucky enough not to be crushed and buried under the collapsing buildings, progress through the streets would be impossible. The two rivers would cut off escape to the east and west. It is several miles from downtown New

Deep foundations into solid rock enable skyscrapers to withstand ordinary shocks.

While an ordinary tenement, right based on loose earth, would collapse.



York to Central Park and several more to the nearest open spaces in the Bronx. Every mile would be through broken masonry and twisted steel.

The ruined city probably would never be rebuilt completely. The cost of clearing away the millions of tons of debris would be prohibitive. In places, where great concentrations of gold and silver and valuable papers existed, such as bank vaults, recovery would probably be undertaken. In most of the afflicted area, however, no recovery would be undertaken. As in past history, a new city would be built upon the ruins of the old. In Arabia and Persia, we find as many as ten levels of ancient cities, all on the same site. This indicates that nine times had a new city been built over the ruins of its predecessor.

In these archeological excavations it has been found that a city frequently will live for many centuries before it is ruined either by earthquakes or an enemy army. Some of the excavations indicate continuous habitation for a thousand years. The lowest level of the latest discoveries dates back to 7,000 years before Christ.

New York is only a little over 300 years old. It has been a great city for only half this time. That it has never had a serious earthquake is no argument that it never will have one. It has not yet had time.

New York is built upon bed rock which has shifted profoundly many times in the past. It has sunk below the sea, it has raised to hundreds of feet above the sea and it has been covered with several ice sheets that may have been hundreds of feet thick. The sea once extended up into the state as far north as Lake Ontario. At another time dry land extended out to what is now the open sea off Long Island. (Continued on page 62),



By HILDEGARDE DOLSON

SHOOT him if you must, but don't laugh in his face. Men would rather be shot than ridiculed. Many's the girl who bragged about her sense of humor and lived to regret it. One ill-timed snicker has blasted many a romance to bits. Because men hate to be laughed at.

It's all very well for you to sit there and say the conceited things need to be taken down a peg or two. Maybe they do, but laughing at the wrong time isn't the way to go about it. Your smile might freeze on your pretty face if you heard what men have to say about it. One disillusioned young bachelor gave us a start when he said: "It's more than a matter of vanity, with men. A woman who laughs at him may be showing up her own hard-boiled meanness. And that's the toughest jolt a man in love can get." He went on to tell us about taking his girl to the movie of "Mayerling". The final scene between the lovers before their suicide moved him so deeply he reached over and took his girl's hand. "Maybe I was sentimental," he said, in telling us about it, "but remember, I was in love, and somehow it got me. When we left the theatre and got in my car, I tried to tell her how I felt. She burst out laughing and called me an old softie. I felt as though I'd been hit below the belt, and I think I fell out of love right then and there."

Say all you like about men being calloused brutes, but who are we to throw rocks? One of the reasons they adopt that hard-shelled attitude is to defend themselves from our laughter.

A man in love is hyper-sensitive, and especially vulnerable where you're concerned. Use every ounce of tenderness and tact you possess to protect his vanity. A writer told us about having his dream girl at his apartment for dinner one

Laugh and LOSE HIM!

*Revealing the dangers
that lurk behind those
icy tinkles of disdain*



More suitable for a cockfight than a cocktail party.

night. He said: "We were sitting beside the wood-fire that evening. She had her head on my shoulder, and I was so crazy about her I couldn't think up enough words to tell her. So I quoted some verse that said what I wanted to say. Instead of giggling and saying, 'You're so funny', she put her arms around me. I think if she'd laughed just then, I'd have strangled her."

Certainly, men sound like moon-struck schoolboys sometimes. Take it as a compliment, and not an occasion for sarcastic glee. Another thing—let a man babble on about his dreams and ambitions, even if they include cliches like a rose-covered cottage or a retreat in the South Seas. He expects understanding, and one cutting laugh will shut him up for good.

One older bachelor told us he went to see a girl one night thirty years ago, for the express purpose of asking her to marry him. She'd shown very plainly that she was waiting to coo, "Yes". While he was trying to get up nerve to broach the crucial question they started talking about hobbies. He said he was crazy about dogs, and hoped someday to have kennels of his own. The girl, a sharp-tongued little piece, promptly let out a snort like a buzz saw, and proceeded to



"I was in love and she burst out laughing."

make fun of his mythical kennels. Not just one amiable crack, but a withering barrage that made him sound like a fool. The man walked out her door, and for all we know, she's still an old maid.

We heard one wife tell a roomful of people about how her husband got breakfast one morning. She was sick in bed, and he wanted to fix her a tray before he went to the office.

We'll admit she made a good story of it—the bacon she thought was charcoal—the oatmeal full of rocks and the coffee like cough syrup. She

went at it hammer and tongs for ten minutes, while her audience roared, and her husband sat with a sickly grin. That's what our masculine critic meant when he said women carry it too far.

Granted that men often make fun of our scatter-brained notions, our pretty terror of mice, or the way we hold a golf club. But they're seldom cruelly sarcastic, and they seldom over-do it.

Another sensitive point we stress again is hobbies. If his 3-foot-square garden produces only weeds and inedible vegetables, don't wither him with biting laughter. If he wants to diddle around his stamps, or turn out surrealist paintings, or invent a better rat-trap, try a little encouragement instead of razzing him ragged. If he goes fishing for tarpon and comes home with a tadpole, don't entertain your dinner

guests with amusing accounts of his failure.

And if you're a smart woman, you'll realize that men are surprisingly sensitive about their clothes. Don't scream with laughter and tell a man his shirt and tie are more suitable for a cock-fight than a cocktail party. Even if he appears in a derby that makes his ears flap in the wind, don't go into happy hysterics. The professor of a big Eastern university told us about going to his first faculty dinner party.

Being young and broke, he wore an old, too-small dinner jacket, and felt uncomfortable about that to start with. Half-way through the evening, he looked down and realized with horror that he'd worn tan shoes by mistake.

That was ten years ago, but he said it still made him break into a cold sweat when he remembered the way the women snickered that evening. Little incidents like that can increase the ranks of women-haters overnight.

And there's another kind of laughter that makes men grim with

rage. That's the icy tinkle of derision when you try to discredit another woman. For example, if a man admires the toothsome blonde at the adjoining table, don't proceed laughingly to tear her into tatters.

And have you ever been guilty of laughing at the wrong time in public? If your man pulls a boner, or stumbles on a dance floor, or in any way lays himself open to ridicule, stand by and help him regain his pose. Don't hoot with laughter. Remember, it's the laughing hyenas that get left.

HANGED the punch-crazed PLAYBOY



The noisy crowd about the prison watching the posting of the notice of execution while a sound-truck played "Abide with Me."

SOMETHING a bit beyond the ordinary liaison between brain and hand seemed to drive the pen furiously onward. They called it a letter at the trial, but courts are dispassionate, unimaginative, aloof from reality. It wasn't a letter. It was an ode to hate, an indictment of a girl, 18 years old and pretty, who was soon to die:

"I'm not a fifth of the man I was. Through you, I've got such a beating I'll never be well again.

"My head turns, the brain I have left is the brain of a 'chunk' man. You're going to a night club for the last time. This is the end."

So the tormented pen raced on, its outburst to be produced later as a defense for Del Fontaine, a boxer who fought the best in America, who came into the London flat of his sweetheart, Hilda Meeks, found her (at least, so he thought) making a telephone rendezvous with another man—and began shooting. She ran into the street to die. Her mother ran after her and was shot through the body.

"Punch Drunk," the defense said. Too many beatings in the prize ring, it went on, had left this caricature of a man stumbling and fumbling and bereft of common reasoning. It produced the above letter in testimony of the man's disordered mind, the outpourings of a soul so distraught that even this written rebuke became no more than a colloquy. The letter, never delivered, was found on the man when arrested.

Usually, the pen becomes the weapon of the plaintiff. But this was no ordinary trial. It was unprecedented, it became something of a cause célèbre to all England—and in the end, it presented the sublime and the absurd in equal portions.

Were the man's hoarded letters the ravings of

a warped mind? Had he really been punched by experts like Mickey Walker, Rene De Vos and Dave Shade until the brain became a shapeless, unreasoning pulp? Or was it only the madness of jealousy, justified or deluded?

All anyone rightly knows is that there was no delusion about the death sentence at Old Bailey and even less about the hanging of Fontaine, born Raymond Henry Bosquet, of French-Canadian parents, at Wandsworth, outside London,



Mrs. Van der Elst and her sound-truck. She never misses an execution.



Del Fontaine—
the man who
killed and died.



him to "return to her arms." He did, finally, and apparently found them empty.

Plenty of testimony was introduced at the trial, tending to show that Fontaine was far from normal.

But Justice Parker said it was not insanity, under the legal interpretation, for a man "to be depressed when jilted by the girl he loves"—and the conviction followed, with the jury out twenty minutes.

On the day he died, loud speakers, playing "Abide With Me," made a carnival occasion of the event for the crowd around the prison. The crusading Mrs. Van der Elst, foe of capital punishment, harangued the crowd, crying: "They are hanging an insane man." As Fontaine was being led to the scaffold, the father of the slain girl was occupied elsewhere. With bared right arm, he was having the ceremony memorialized in tattoo, as follows:

"Death Before Dishonor.

"In loving memory of my daughter, Hilda, shot by Del Fontaine."

Below was a tasty design, showing a heart pierced by a dagger and underneath a single blood spot in red. At the lower extreme was a snake, a symbol of vengeance.

while humble townspeople knelt in the dust and prayed.

Broadway, Chicago and the Canadian cities knew Fontaine well as the middleweight champion of Canada. They are agreed that, by the tragedy, he "must have been walking on his heels." Handsome, lithe, his hair parted in the middle, his features were regular; at the end, they were shambled, puffed, disordered.

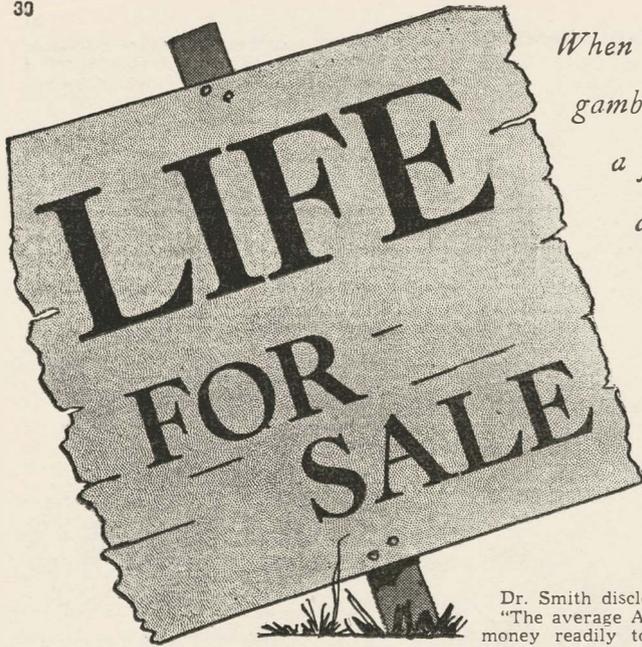
He liked to punch, as Jimmy Johnston and Sam McQuade, of Madison Square Garden, remembered him. He would take two to give one and, for a time, he prospered. In 1925, he knocked out seven; the next year, five. In 1927, only three and then, the following year, just one. He was beginning to lose to men he had once beaten with ease. The good ones in the middleweight division were giving him a frightful slathering. Lou Scozza made him look as though a tractor had run over him. Walker knocked him out. Night life took its toll.

Next, we find him in the British provinces, grimly taking it—punches, punches, always punches, eternal, everlasting. It was like an all-night rain beating on a tin roof.

Hilda Meeks, the child with wisdom sometimes denied her elders, came into his life at this time. He eluded her later in those undelivered letters; how, for instance, she knew he had a wife in Canada, yet although told "to lay off," she had enticed him to his doom. When he went back to Canada, she wrote him entreatings letters, urging



Hilda Meeks lured him back and he killed her when her love cooled.



By CHARLES NEVILLE

WHY should anyone want to live longer now? What's the use of living longer, with conditions what they are, the infernal noise of cities and machinery running away with us? H. G. Wells called modern civilization a monkey behind the wheel of an automobile headed for destruction at breakneck speed—not a bad analogy!

Lord Horder, Physician-in-Ordinary to King George of England and the Queen and princesses too, thus raised the question of life's value, not long ago, on his American visit. But even while he was speaking, an American millionaire, ten years older, was living on time that he had not borrowed but literally bought.

William G. Potts, of Chicago, a shrewd, farsighted businessman, paid a doctor \$50,000 to keep him alive for six months. High the price may seem but the buyer got a bargain—he lived eighteen months, getting thrice what he paid for.

Racked by heart weakness, dividing his days between bed and a wheel chair, basking under Florida sun all year round, the doomed manufacturer retained a sense of humor and a sense of responsibility, too. He virtually bet his physician \$50,000 to nothing that he would not survive a half year. And he laughed when he lost the wager and won life!

Revelation of the claim came when Dr. Milton L. Smith, of Chicago, filed a claim against the Pott's estate—\$50,000 for general medical services, \$50,000 for the bet or bonus promised. And it was no mere word-of-mouth wager. William G. Potts entered into a written contract with the physician and placed securities for more than \$100,000 in a bank with a copy of the contract.

What prompted the doomed man to pay so

When this rich man out-gambled the doctor for "just a few months more" he added new zest to the debate "Is Life Worth It?"

high for an extension of less than one per cent of the time he spent on earth when that time must be spent in suffering? Why should a hard-headed American businessman find time so precious when a British peer regarded it as worthless?

Dr. Smith discloses the reason.

"The average American," he says, "will spend money readily to prolong his life if he can benefit those near and dear to him by doing so. But—he will not spend his fortune merely to afford him more years to enjoy himself.

"The average American man reasons that he has no guarantee that medical service will prolong his life and that, anyway, he has lived that life and that he owes the money to his dependents.

"Mr. Potts was a meticulous man and he desired to live only long enough to put his affairs in ship-shape condition. His sole reason for enlisting me to prolong his life was that his estate should be in order for his family."

But, after the patient made the contract for six months of life for \$50,000, he enjoyed the hazard as a gambler enjoys a bet on a big handicap in a future book.

"Bill Potts was a grand old man," Dr. Smith says. "He got a terrific thrill out of winning anything. He was a great humorist, too. Love of winning and a sense of humor contributed to his entering the agreement with me."

"A woman came to me," he says, "suffering from heart weakness, like Mr. Potts. She had been told she had only six months to live. Like Mr. Potts, she was old, so old that within two years she would be married fifty years.

"So anxious were she and her husband to celebrate their golden wedding that he offered me \$1,000 to prolong her life until then. She lived for the celebration and past it. The husband offered me \$1,000 a year for every year I kept him alive. But—he would not pay more. He did not want to beggar others, dependent on him, by using up the money he desired to leave them—even though that money might have prolonged his own life."

But can money actually prolong life? Assuredly the use of it has done so, often. Fred Smithe, another famed Chicago invalid, indubitably

Science says modern, controlled diets can ward off illness and lengthen life 10 per cent.



would have died four years ago were his father not wealthy enough to spend almost \$2,000 a day keeping the spark of life glowing in the boy in the Iron Lung, as the respirator is called. The late great John D. Rockefeller survived into his ninety-eighth year largely through the intelligent guidance of medical science. And many another aged man may attribute longevity to science.

Yet science itself is fighting and searching for a means to prolong all life toward, into and past a century without expense so that not merely age but activity and usefulness may be within reach of the poorest. And there are sound reasons to believe the feat can be performed. Aply enough, the Rockefeller Foundation has given \$42,500 to Cornell University to study prolongation of the life span and already the expenditure and investigation is in justification.

Authenticated illustrations of paternity at extreme age are ample. William Mathues, of Gradyville, Pa., became a father twice in his eighty-fourth year after begetting an even dozen progeny in twenty years of marriage. George Hughes, of New Bern, N. C., at ninety-four, became the father of a child whom he named after President Roosevelt, who gave the astonishing infant a White House blessing. The venerable patriarchs ascribed their powers of endurance to simplicity in diet and moderation in exercise.

At Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, experiments have been conducted recently with a new fluid, testosterone, which seems to be at least a partial answer to the search for youth that has been going on since the days of Ponce de Leon. Use of this rejuvenation fluid on seventeen patients at Johns Hopkins brought results that are characterized as "extremely satisfactory and in some instances astounding". Dr. Samuel A. Vest pronounces this chemical compound "the most promising thing ever brought out" in the quest for youth. It is a synthetic hormone that substitutes for the transplanting of animal glands into humans.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. reports that married men live longer than single men—and not that their lives merely seem longer.

Experiments with mice, fleas, water bugs and humans apparently have convinced scientists that the surest road to longevity is not extreme exercise of the faculties in youth and hearty eating, but rather careful diet and very moderate exercise in early years, with increased activity and food as age advances.

Prof. Arthur M. Banta, Drs. Lester and H. Howard Dunham, of Brown University, demonstrated that theory by extending the life of water fleas tremendously and continuing their reproductive powers to extreme age. Other investigators made similar discoveries. The sustained theory seems to be that a human possesses a limited amount of vitality which should be conserved through the early years, increased by careful diet and moderate exercise. By so doing a man or woman may live "on the interest" of health up to middle age and after that eat more food that is nourishing but light in bulk and carry on toward the century mark on the piled up principal of life. Truly, you do not have to spend all your money in old age to prolong life. Indeed, a hundred years may be life's average span, soon.

Astounding Worshipers

Revealing the details of Aleister Crowley's unholy rites, his power over women, his weird drug orgies and his startling adventures



And Crowley was bending over her, burning magical symbols on her chest with the point of a heated dagger!



*Beast or poet?
Monster or moralist?
Genius or madman?
Charlatan or magician?*

These are questions Europe asked for years about Aleister Crowley, one of the most complex characters in the modern world and one of the most extraordinary in human history.

You will read of a man—

Who has won fame by sublimely beautiful religious poetry, yet has committed blasphemies and sacrileges such as the world has never known.

Who has reviled in orgies that astounded Paris, yet has sat motionless for months as a naked yogi, begging

his rice under the hot sun of India.

Who steeped himself in opium, yet never became enslaved.

The following chapters will contain the intimate revelation of this astounding character by the writer, who knew and studied Aleister Crowley most closely during his four years in America.

By W. B. SEABROOK

ALEISTER CROWLEY, already notoriously famous in England, Europe and the Orient—called by his friends and enemies everything from "immortal genius" to "inhuman mon-

Aleister Crowley in the regalia of high priest of his cult, the religion that has "Do what thou wilt" as its motto.

Secrets of the Devil 's Mystic Love Cult

ster"—arrived in America from nobody knows where.

He may have come from a cell in some Chinese Buddhist monastery—from a tent in the middle of the Sahara—from a scholarly library in London—or an opium dive in Montmartre.

They were all equally his "home".

My first glimpse of this man who has been described as a "poet, mystic, mountain climber, big game hunter and general lunatic", came at a very social party a few years ago at the Metropolitan opera.

Crowley appeared during the first entre-act intermission. He gave the impression of a punctiliously correct Britisher in conventional evening clothes—a big man of heavily athletic build, who looked as if he had spent most of his life outdoors. But the conventionality was only on the surface. On being presented to each member of the party, instead of murmuring the usual "How do you do?" he said:

"DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW."

And thereafter, for the entire evening, he sat like an incarnation of Buddha, staring straight before him, saying nothing at all. The women of the party, I noticed, seemed strangely fascinated by this man—a fascination mingled with a sort of repulsion and fear. Their eyes were on him more than on the stage. He paid no more heed to them than if they hadn't been present. At the end of the evening he said.

"Every man and woman is a star."

He said it precisely as you would say "Goodnight," or "It

has been a pleasure to meet you," and quietly he took his departure.

My next meeting with him was an experience which left a more indelible impression on my brain than the most vivid and fantastic novel I have ever read.

It began in Crowley's New York studio, then at No. 1 University Place. Imagine an immense room hung with Oriental tapestries, enormous divans on the floor covered with dull cloth-of-gold, eastern images and idols and statues everywhere—some exquisitely beautiful, some hideous beyond belief.

Imagine a cosmopolitan gathering of a dozen men and women, invited by Crowley, "for after-



Betty May Loveday who returned to London from Crowley's "abbey" in Sicily and whose sensational allegations stirred up feeling against the cult leader in England



dinner coffee and an evening of conversation." Imagine Crowley himself, in a coat and trousers, made in pajama style of very heavy corded silk, swathing him in black, sombre as a priest.

That night Crowley was brilliant, witty, talkative. The only person who did not join in the general talk was a girl between twenty-five and thirty, named Lea Hirsig, pretty but dressed with the utmost quietness and dignity, with a face that seemed a bit sad, a bit disdainful. I learned afterward that she was a teacher.

After a time, this girl added a few words to the conversation, and as she began to speak a remarkable change came over Crowley. I was watching his face, and it became, as you have seen the faces of actors become, the face of a man I had never seen before. I do not mean anything supernatural, but a kind of power blazed from it.

"You have spoken," he interrupted, and curiously enough, his voice was a monotone like her own. "You have spoken, but I am Baphomet, and by my power your dead soul shall wake. You are Lea the Dead Soul. You shall become Lea, the Scarlet Woman."

Her answer came like a dash of cold water in the tense silence:

"Mr. Crowley—I believe that is your name—you are absurd. You have no power over me. I am not interested in your absurd pretensions."

Crowley was now standing, looking down at her. He stretched out his arms and began to recite a formula in some curious Hindu dialect. It lasted less than a minute.

Not another word did he speak to her the entire evening. The guests, including myself, left about midnight—all except Lea. Without a word to Crowley, and without a word of explanation to anybody, she simply stayed.

Four days later I went back one afternoon to see Crowley. I was drawn by an irresistible curiosity. I did not believe in magic. And you can interpret the events as you please, calling it hypnotism, charlatanism, as you like. I shall merely resound them.

Crowley's big studio was on the main floor. The street door was opened by a porter. I knocked on Crowley's own door. His voice said, "Who is it?" I told him. The voice said, "Come in."

The door yielded to the simple turn of the knob, and the scene that greeted me was so amazing that I might not now believe the evidence of my

own eyes if there were not others—reputable people in New York—who know it to be true.

Lea, the "Dead Soul," was kneeling in the center of a chalked circle, in the middle of the floor. She was barefooted, like a penitent nun, clad only in a loose robe drawn back over her shoulders, and Aleister Crowley was bending over her—burning magical symbols on her chest with the point of a heated dagger!

Why didn't I interfere? Why didn't I call the police? The girl was not bound, not held in any physical way. If she wanted the scene interfered with she could have stopped it by raising her voice—once.

I looked at her face. She was not drugged. She was not in a stupor. She was obviously in pain. But it was equally obvious that she was—where she wanted to be. An amazing thing in the New York of the twentieth century. But there it was. And it was her affair and his.

The girl must have suffered, but she did not make a single murmur until he was finished. Then, with his help, she got to her feet and retired to an adjoining room.

Though I wanted to ask a thousand questions I asked none. At the end of an hour Lea emerged, calm, smiling; talked interestingly on more or less ordinary subjects, and said when I left, as if her permanent union with Crowley was a matter of course: "I hope you'll drop in often to see us again."

I did see her often after that, lying like a queen or princess of the Arabian Nights on a great cloth-of-gold divan in Crowley's studio—dressed in a robe of purple silk, her little white



After this the affair rapidly degenerated into an indescribable orgy. Men and women danced to the whining of infernal music.

feet encased in slippers of scarlet vaire.

"I am happier than I ever dared to hope," she told me. And as you reflect on Crowley's mystical adoration of Lea you may think that any romantic girl might be intrigued and pleased by such wooing. But wait.

One afternoon I visited Crowley's study. This time the door was locked, but he let me in. In the center of the room was an enormous easel, so massive it was almost a scaffold. And bound to this easel, facing it, was Lea—fastened by the wrists and ankles, her arms outstretched like a woman crucified, her dress stripped from her shoulders, her white flesh criss-crossed with red stripes.

Seeing my amazement, Crowley greeted me with a diabolical grin and tossed a broken dog-whip into the corner. "I have been awakening the Dead Soul," he explained cheerfully. "She doesn't object. If you are troubled with chivalrous scruples, you can ask her. Permit me to explain that the efficacy of pain as a spiritual stimulus is a subject misunderstood and neglected by modern woman. Sit down."

And while Lea stood there, still bound, like a picture of some unwritten martyr, Crowley calmly made me a learned discourse on the importance of asceticism and whipping and fasting.

If I convey the idea that Crowley was occupying himself with the domination of one woman. I am giving you a wrong picture. The man's energy was terrific. At this period he was writing, painting and bringing under his psychic influence, in one way or another, many women, some of whom were destined later to figure in his strange career.

I have told you that I could produce the evidence of reputable witnesses to substantiate the extraordinary facts of Crowley's unbelievable career. One of these witnesses was Harry Kemp, famed poet and novelist, who has actually attended and seen with his own eyes one of the Satanist ceremonials.

Here is how Harry Kemp describes the "Black Mass" which he watched while sitting beside the "high priest" in Crowley's studio:

"Black curtains parted, and one by one the worshippers entered. They were mostly women of the aristocratic type, their delicate fingers adorned with costly rings. Everybody wore a black domino with a hood which concealed the upper part of the face making identification impossible.

"Suddenly the flame of the single candelabra that lighted the place went out, and there was

a subterranean noise like the sound of a violent wind moving innumerable leaves. Then came the monotonous chant of the 'high priest': 'There is no Good; Evil itself is Good.' I could hardly believe my eyes as I observed what followed.

"Amid floating clouds of nauseating incense, a great crystal sphere rose slowly from the floor, and from it ascended a shape like a white puff of cloud. It wafted off, alighting on the floor, and assumed the form of a diminutive nude black being. Other clouds arose, to materialize in the same manner. These were supposed to be

the incarnations of evil spirits. In absolute nudity, they wove a grotesque dance in the gloom to the music of a hidden drum and flute.

"A woman cried out hysterically. Tearing off her mask, she revealed the fair face of a girl of pure Anglo-Saxon beauty. She was quickly led away and the other worshippers began to moan and sway. The candelabra suddenly became lit again. Aleister Crowley, in the role of 'high priest', stepped forward to the altar, from which he took a short, curiously shaped knife. His eyes bloodshot and stony, he began gashing his chest. His disciples came forward and he made a mystic mark in blood on each of their foreheads as they knelt.

"After this, the affair rapidly degenerated into an indescribable orgy. Men and women danced about, leaping and swaying to the whining of infernal and discordant music. The moral ideas taught for centuries were thrown to the winds. All I desired was to escape unobserved."

I quote Harry Kemp because his corroboration will help you to believe the even more startling revelations I have to make about this hidden sect. More startling? Yes! Because Harry Kemp did not see the real "Black Mass", the amazing ritual which is the central ceremonial of the Devil-Worshippers the world over.

I have seen the real "Black Mass." I have studied its ancient origins.

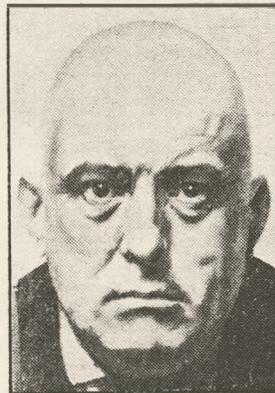
Imagine a large studio, hung with black curtains to represent a chapel. The "worshippers", men and women, in black hoods, are seated as solemnly, on benches, as if they were in a real church ready to hear a real service.

At the end of the room, hidden by a veil, is the "altar", a wooden block about four feet high and three feet across the top, covered with black velvet. Lying upon this altar is a girl, nude.

Her head thrown backward at right angles to the body, her arms and streaming blonde hair hang down perpen- (Continued on page 63)



When Aleister Crowley first came to America he appeared as shown above.



Some years later Crowley is shown after his expulsion from France. Note his changed appearance as compared with photo above.

I'm
THE LAST
of

HOLLYWOOD'S SUICIDE CLUB

WHEN I began this business of risking my neck that I might live, there were 75 of us engaged in the stunting profession—75 in the original "suicide club" of Hollywood. Of that 75 I am the only one left today to tell the story. As time went on in the film town 75 others joined our ranks to jump from speeding trains, swing from diving planes and leap through flames to put the thrills in pictures.

And out of the combined group of 150—seven of us are left today. Now you know why Hollywood calls it the "Suicide Club."

This mere handful represents all that is left of the pioneer film stunt-men who came to Hollywood in 1915 to pursue one of the most dangerous professions this century has known. And each member of the so-called "Suicide Club" resigned the same way—death, violent death. All died during some phase of their work before the relentless cameras, which kept grinding while the stunt-man performed his last trick.

During my career I have made 580 separate parachute jumps, ninety plane changes in the air, 175 dives from heights above ninety feet, wrecked

more than 200 automobiles, rode horses over cliffs almost 100 times and staged fights atop ninety foot ship masts and made the proper fall into the water countless times.

In all that time, I have only been in a hospital once. That was recently when I broke a small bone in my foot during a scene which I played with Eddie Cantor in Samuel Goldwyn's latest picture, "Shoot the Chutes." Perhaps that capricious lady known as Fate is catching up with the survivors, for two others of that original group were injured about the same time.

Perhaps it is destiny that has saved me so far—

but I think it has been close adherence to the precepts laid down by the greatest stunt-man of them all—Houdini.

The famous magician once said:

"Do every stunt scientifically. Don't go on nerve. Don't do a stunt if you are afraid. Stunt work must be done on the same basis as sure-fire gambling. You've got to have the feeling that it's a cinch."

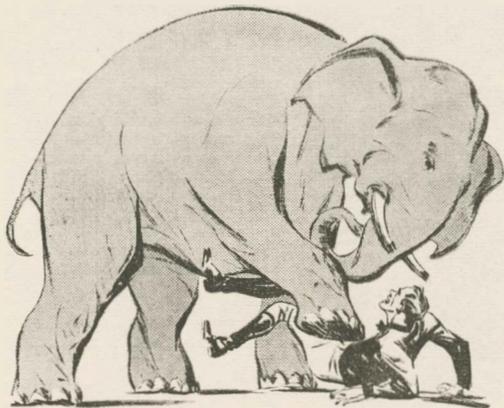
But the day of the stunt-man in Hollywood is doomed. We are of a rapidly-vanishing brotherhood and when we have met our fate the day of the stunt-man will have passed.

Miniatures and other devices of trick photography are replacing us. And they are not breaking in any new stunt-men now. Of course, there will always be what we call "bump men." They are recruits from the extra ranks, who, having watched a stunt-man go through with a fall or dive and come out uninjured, decide that it's easy money. Instead of receiving \$10 for a day's work—they would like to make a stuntman's pay which ranges anywhere from \$50 to \$150 for the day.

When a director needs a stuntman, the "bump man" goes to him and claims he is well-qualified and able to perform the most dangerous of stunts. Many amateurs have paid with their lives for such ambition.

In the years I have worked in Hollywood, I have doubled for Mary Pickford, Claudette Colbert, Tom Mix, Charles Ray, Carole Lombard, Mahel Normand and a host of other stars. I have frequently doubled for women stars because I am small of stature and can be made up easily to resemble a woman.

Looking back over the years I recall seeing a mean elephant trample Curly Stecker to death out of revenge; how Maj. Campbell refused to use any but his old chute, the harness of which ripped, letting him slip to his death on the ground 5,000 feet below; watching the arc lights near the camera blind Aviator Omar Locklear and his mechanic as they did a low dive and crashed to their death before the lights; how Dick Curwood



Curly Stecker met his death by being trampled to death by an elephant.

weakened and fell from his ropeladder under a plane, and how the studio heads called it "suicide"; how Frank Mays, when his parachute ripped, fell to his death on a tombstone; how Bill Harbo, after doing plane stunts safely all day for a studio cracked up and died while flying home; seeing Gene Perkins get it in a change from plane to train because an inexperienced pilot had bluffed his way into the job of flying Perkins for the stunt.

The superstition of "three times and out" is the only one a stunt-man allows himself. Contrary to popular belief, we cannot afford to have superstitions; they unnerve a person at the vital moment thus often resulting in loss of life for the stunt-man and time and money for the studio.

I remember seeing Ray (Red) Thompson, Jerome Bauten and Howard Daughters die in the Abercrombie Rapids of the Copper River in Alaska during the filming of the "Trail of '98,"

because they tried to stunt once too often. I was shooting the same rapids in another boat. Gordon Carveth, an old pal of mine, was in the death boat—but it just wasn't his time. He swam to shore, missing the boulders that smashed the other men to pulp in the thirty-five-mile-an-hour current.

Most accidents to stunt-men, however, are due to the negligence of others. This has cost the lives of many of them—and almost accounted for me several times. Once, in a film called "The Haunted Valley," I was burned about the feet and legs when another stunt-man made a mistake.

I was supposed to be helpless on the ledge of an imitation volcano, and the other man was to swing on a rope from the opposite ledge. When he swung close to me, I was to grab on to him—and then we were both to swing back together to safety. Everything went nicely until we reached the other side. When we landed, my partner, with me on his

back, staggered backward a few steps and I was flung into the volcano pit. I found out later that he had been ill but was working anyway because he needed the money.

Probably the closest shave I've had was during the filming of "The White Eagle." I was in a crow's nest atop a tower over a house which was to burn under me. The house was situated on the edge of a cliff ninety feet above the shore line of the ocean. My part was to fall with the tower into the sea in escaping from the flames.

It so happened that a strong wind was blowing in from the ocean, so they strung piano wire from the top of the tower to a boat in order to offset the breeze which blew the tower landward. They were to pull this wire when the flames got too close to me, so that I would fall out to sea, instead of to land.

The wire had been put up several days before my stunt was to be done, and it corroded from the salt water. I demanded new wire and was told new wire would be strung up immediately I began the stunt, the building burst into flames and they pulled on the wire. It broke. Some assistant director had forgotten to replace it. The flames started to climb up toward me. I made a shallow dive into a small shallow inlet, close to the beach at this point—and miraculously I suffered only scratches.



Smashing through glass is a nightmare to stunt-men—one never knows what the flying splinters will do to eyes—or arteries!

By DAVIS J. WALSH

LIKE something from the baton of an Edvard Grieg suddenly gone mad with the violence of his own woe, the strange, unlovely symphony courses on in a series of dissonances, hateful, harsh, unreal. They have the beat of wings by affrighted bats, the eerie coo of an owl and somewhere far off, as though across infinite darkness, the lament of the lost.

The prelude is tranquil. It is early October and the high road from Carlisle to Edinburgh is vivid with the Autumn tints of the British countryside. At Moffat, Dumfrieshire, a young, eager girl is walking with her mother.

(The woodwinds pipe and trill.)

On the bridge over a gorge, the "Devil's Beeftub", it is called by the home-folks, 80 feet deep, they pause and gaze below, touched by its arresting beauty. Stately trees, blending into the background of the rugged hills and, deep down, the aimless, soothing flow of a stream . . .

Crash! The brasses roar and shriek. They assault the senses with the impact of a blow.

There is a severed, human arm below, a ghostly curio in this sylvan spot. The tempo mounts, the mad, unreal fantasy races on as two frightened women, trembling and almost incoherent (woodwinds, woodwinds!) hurry for help.

The girl's brother returns. (Slower, now. The bassoons are throaty with their deep, measured

at that time, they are even uncertain as to how many bodies the bundles held. At last, they are able to make it two, although with some difficulty.

The scalping is only a minor item in the frightful business. Eyelids, ears, noses are fearfully scathed; fingers are missing, so are feet. In the hair of the unscalped victim are found traces of arsenic. One torso is not found at all, therefore greatly delaying the investigation. But the English are as the steam roller: not swift, thorough.

They do not find the torso, only a bed sheet and a woman's blouse, the latter being the more important.

It brings part of the truth home at last. The victims are two women, one young, the other verging on middle age. The bed sheet means nothing, except by implication. The police suspect that it bound together the thirty bundles but burst horridly in mid-air when hurled into the gorge from the bridge. The verdict is that only a frenzied lunatic or a man of su-



MURDER

in the

Devil's Beeftub

note.) The man is climbing down, step by step, peering anxiously ahead, more than half-convinced that nothing can be amiss. The strangled instruments are rising in theme, slow, too, and harmonious. They race a little, the blood pounds, sickeningly.

It is a human arm, after all. And (silence so sudden that it comes with a shock) the man gasps. That rock over there—that's a human head. Brasses, brasses! Woodwinds, strings, cymbals, they unite in an insane, breathtaking blast. It ends on a shrieking high note of malice.

The police, now. They're searching the ravine, dolefully collecting its morbid testimony. (Deep tones from the bass viols.) There are thirty bundles, each with its grim cargo of skillfully dissected human fragments—eighty-seven in all. They are painstakingly assembled and reconstructed by pathologists in the employ of the police and the English papers continue to refer to the matter as the "Tragedy of the Devil's Beeftub."

The English are naive, but thorough. After some days the papers make bold to state that murder is suspected. One head has been literally scalped, leading to an original belief that the bodies are those of a man and a woman. Actually



Mrs. Isabel Ruxton, identified as one of the victims of Scotland's tragedy of the "Devil's Beeftub."

*They solved the ghastly mystery
by assembling 87 human fragments*



Artist's conception of the scene in the police laboratory where one dismembered body was reconstructed.

preme strength could have handled such a burden unaided.

The doctors remark upon the "semi-skill" and the "brutality" with which the dismemberment is consummated. It is so complete that they are unable to state the cause of death in either case, but they add:

"It (the dismemberment) was done by someone who undoubtedly might be described as mad."

But somehow the original horror and madness have spent themselves. The fantasy sinks to the



Dr. Buck Ruxton with the eldest of his three children. He was hanged for the crime.

lower registers, drags a little, lingers--and is still.

The First Movement is ended . . .

Comes the Interlude and the tempo quickens to a brighter pace, in keeping with a swift change of scene. We are now at Dalton Square, Lancaster, a serene little spot, bisected by a grove of trees and a plot of grass.

Dr. Buck Ruxton lives (here, quietly) with his family: a boy, two girls--and a mother? Well, no: not in the first week of October. Mrs. Ruxton had gone away on September 15 but just where isn't quite clear, even with the doctor. It seems he was in the bath at the time and hadn't noticed. "She's a very temperamental woman," he says, glumly. "When she leaves me, there is no knowing where she may go."

So, ruefully, we find the doctor making the best of things. His dispensary is crowded, his visiting hours taken up. The doctor's practice is large and, as a women's specialist, quite remunerative, but this situation cannot go on. He is seeing after the three (Continued on page 58)



Men patients do fall in love with their nurses, but the usual duration is about two weeks. A marriage takes place about once in every ten thousand cases.

By
MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

WHILE the wide-eyed, winsomely curved chorus lovelies and artists' models and screen stars are fooling themselves that as glamor girls they can't be beat—

Who, under all their pretty noses, walks off with the biggest matrimonial catch to date?

Who but a demure little trick in a starched uniform and a saucy cap—Nurse Adah Wilson, who carried off Harold McCormick, chairman of the board of the International Harvester Company, and rated as one of the five wealthiest men in America! A trained nurse—and not for the first time—proves herself the inconspicuous but irresistible Cinderella who wins the prince.

Harold McCormick, especially in his native

Chicago, has long played the double role of prince of good fellows and Prince Charming. Man of many millions, he has been a magnificent patron of the arts, an equally ardent and magnificent worshipper at the shrine of beautiful women. Like everyone else, they have found him a fascinating and lovable personality who, even as he passed out of their lives, never failed to make a generously gracious parting gesture.

If the nurse who has become his third wife were not glamorous, how could she fill the place vacated by two women who were both out of the ordinary and both of whom Harold McCormick married for love? He has always followed his romantic star, whether in demanding and winning as a youth the hand of Edith Rockefeller, daughter of the world's richest man, or in choosing as a second mate Ganna Walska, Polish operatic

How the pleasant little nurse from Idaho won the very rich Mr. McCormick, after his life with glamor women

beauty and siren. Her, he met through his association with Chicago's grand opera, and the lovely lady's vain yearning for a prima donna's laurels dented even the McCormick bankroll.

Since Harold and the gorgeous Ganna parted, his name has been linked with such Circes as Mary Garden and Pola Negri, but for seven years no woman carried him off to the altar. In the effort to retain his freedom, he is said to have made a substantial out-of-court settlement of the breach of promise suit for \$1,500,000 brought by Rhoda Tannen Doubleday, attractive New York divorcee.

However, in the traditional nurse-and-patient romance, a girl-in-white, who hails from a small town in Idaho and whose chief beauties are a candid brow and a happy smile, won Harold McCormick against the field. She took his pulse and temperature. Then she sent 'em up!

The acquaintance began when she nursed him through an illness in 1930, and, as she now admits, "from the first we were good friends". If Adah Wilson lived up to professional traditions, she not only adjusted pillows and administered cool drinks but was a confidante to whom a weary and perhaps disillusioned man could pour out his troubled soul. Of such a young woman the

No wonder, as the girl-in-white smilingly confessed when the engagement was announced, "our friendship just grew". Sitting beside Harold McCormick's bed in the Los Angeles hospital where he was recovering from an attack of arthritis, she blushing proclaimed the depth and fervor of their love and her assurance of their supreme happiness. Adah was formerly Jean Harlow's nurse and confidante, and the late screen star's views on romance were echoed by the happy nurse.

"Jean placed a high value on love," Adah recalled. "She said that love and love alone was the reason for marriage. That advice has stuck."

This is only the latest instance of an R. N. raiding the ranks of distinguished and eligible males who might have married anybody—and frequently have done so! Indeed, the men once devoted to fortune's pampered darlings seem especially susceptible to the brand of glamor surrounding the girl who works in one of the most exacting professions.

Only four years ago, Senator William G. McAdoo, of California, who's second wife had been Eleanor Wilson, daughter of a President of the United States, chose as his third bride a former trained nurse, petite, brown-haired, blue-eyed

Cinderellas In White

poet Scott wrote what many men, not poets have thought in their hearts:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

Long after recovery, there must have lingered in the back of Harold McCormick's mind the memory of the little nurse with the cool hands and the sympathetic eyes—the woman who gave instead of the woman who demanded, the woman unlike so many of the others. Here was no daughter of wealth born to command, no spoiled professional beauty to set her favors at a high price.

Here instead, was a comely, competent, cheerful girl not asking for gallantry but earning her way in the world by generous service to others in their weakest and most miserable moments. To a man with imagination, the contrast between Adah Wilson and some of the charmers McCormick had known must have seemed astounding and arresting.



The demure little woman who carried off the industrial prince—Adah Wilson McCormick.

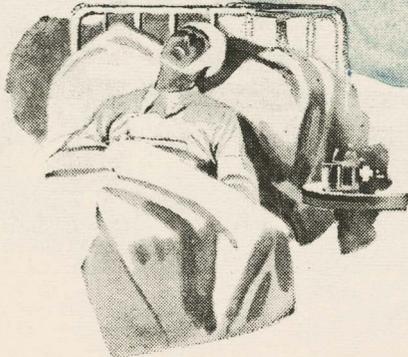
Doris Cross. He met her while she was still a student in Santa Barbara, but at his request she received an appointment to the Public Health Service in Washington. Since their wedding, the statesman and the former public health worker appear supremely happy, entertaining lavishly at the beautiful McAdoo estate in Santa Barbara and frequenting a near-by beach club.

The late Dr. Joseph A. Blake was likewise a hero of front-page romance to find in a nurse's arms his last and greatest reward. His marriage to the former Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay seemed to be Grand Passion No. 1, in New York's social world, yet, eleven days after it ended in divorce, he became the husband of Nurse Florence Drake, a witty brunette, nicknamed "Ducky" by her friends. The two had met first in the operating room at St. Luke's Hospital, when she was in training and he was consulting surgeon. Before his death last year he often declared that in this third marriage he had learned for the first time in his life what happiness really meant.

Still another glamorous trained nurse of interest to New York society is the second wife of the millionaire sportsman, Clifford Vail Brokaw. After a Reno divorce with a record financial settlement of \$2,700,000, he promptly wed the tall, slender, blonde nurse who now is so charming a mistress of his Long Island estate and—like the third Mrs. Blake—the mother of two small children.

As for the nurse and doctor hospital romance, probably the most famous, beautiful and long-lasting was that of the girl who became the tremendously popular novelist, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Dr. Stanley

His sentimental impulses are stirred because of his pain, and the nurse seems to be the one person who can help.



M. Rinehart, her late husband.

She herself tells in "My Story" how that love-story began, when, as a pretty eighteen-year-old at the Pittsburgh Training School for Nurses, she worked in the operating room with a slender, black-eyed, severe young house surgeon—not too severe to arouse her admiration by playing with the little patients in the children's ward! It was against all rules for a staff doctor and a nurse to fall in love. She wore her engagement ring on a ribbon around her neck until discovery overtook the sweethearts and Dr. Rinehart indignantly informed the Hospital Board of Directors that he was going to marry Nurse Roberts and what business was it of theirs?

The end of their happiness came only with his death after a quarter century of marriage, concerning which his wife could say:

"We are like two halves of the same thing. We have grown together, like two branches of a tree."

She has told me how her husband was her most intelligent and encouraging critic, her indefatigable business manager, her strongest moral support without whom the successful books might never have been written. He, on the other hand, could depend entirely upon her care during his final illness. Theirs was a mutually helpful and rarely perfect friendship.

Now arises the question as to whether these conspicuous cases of the all-conquering disciples of Florence Nightingale prove a rule—or an exception.

Is the trained nurse a natural as a glamour-girl? Does she always marry a rich patient or a successful doctor? Is no man safe with her—or from her? If so—well, all the other girls are out of luck. To say nothing of the wives!

To clear up these points I have talked to many nurses. Their attitude is admirably summarized by Luciel McGorkoy, the girl who won the eight-hour day for nurses in New York City hospitals and who is director of the hospital division of the State, County and Municipal Workers of America. Says Miss McGorkoy, with a twinkle:

"Men patients DO fall in love with trained nurses—and I give the average Great Love of this sort a duration of two weeks! You see, trained nurses do NOT fall in love with their patients, except in rare instances. I should say a marriage between nurse and patient takes place about once in 10,000 times.

"While she has all the sympathy in the world for a sick man, her feeling is devoid of sex. How can any girl feel romantic about a man whose face she washes or whose childish crossness she welcomes as a sign of (Continued on page 59)



Loretta Young as a nurse.



"Are you fixing up to go out, or go to bed?"



"Headache?"



"You thief! There was just enough in it to buy me a new hat."



"Is there anyone you'd prefer, dear?"

Clever Crime Coup of the Hillbilly Sheriff



Sheriff Champ Crawford, Whose Ferret-Like Detective Work Solved the Riddle of the Poisoning.



Monroe Larrimore, the victim, and, left the whiskey bottle from which he drank.

MUSIC and liquor, twins of almost every "good time" in the Arkansas Ozark hill country, flowed freely at the mountain-surrounded home of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Waits.

The winter moon shone crisply through the sharp air of that night of Dec. 23, making the flickering kerosene lamps that lighted up the three-room house of Waits almost unnecessary. Ozark hillmen, wives and sweethearts had donned their best, for dances were not common in the Watalula community and, anyway, the event was more or less in honor of Monroe Larrimore, spare, lank, 44-year-old neighborhood favorite on furlough from a CCC camp at Morrilton, 100 miles east.

In a way, Larrimore's trip to his home, which he had visited but seldom during the year and a half he had been in CCC work, was a sad one. Two days earlier, he had buried his father. But Larrimore was one of the merriest of the dancers taking part in the holiday revelry. He was willing to forget his bereavement in the joy of the moment.

He "swung it" in true backwoods fashion around the circle, releasing Mary Waits, then grabbing Luna Kate Cagle, his 17-year-old step-daughter, from the arms of her boy-friend, Haskell Belt. 19.

When a break came in the music as the players paused to wipe brows, Arch Doss, 26, a stalwart hillman with a reputation as a Romeo, walked over to where Larrimore was talking with his step-daughter.

"I'm really glad to see you back," shouted Doss as Julia, the wife to whom Larrimore had been married 15 years, also walked over to join the group. "Let's all go outside and have a drink."

Taking Larrimore by the arm, Doss steered the older man out on the front stoop where, in deference to the feelings of more straight-laced elders, the liquor was kept. They were not by themselves in tipping-up bottles. Other dancers, too, were finding vigor for the next dance session in liquor.

"The five rejoined the dancers inside, and the "swinging" became more boisterous as the liquid fire took effect. After a time, however, the whiskey began to wear off and the dancers felt the need for more stimulation. In small groups, they drifted to the porch to fill up again.

After a time, Doss again sought out Larrimore and the two of them, arm in arm, went out. A few minutes later, the pair returned. Bystanders heard Larrimore say in a thick voice: "That liquor sure has a powerful kick! Reckon that's what makes it taste kind of funny."

Larrimore's husky swig began to have its effect. He was the life of the party.

Then, Larrimore's face suddenly turned white. He staggered through the door muttering: "That whiskey; that whiskey!"

Those on the porch stood as though paralyzed while the stricken man slowly collapsed and fell in a heap.

Then Noah Waits dug frantically at Larrimore's clothing to lay his ear near the heart. He rose slowly. "Well, I reckon the dance was too much for Monroe's heart. He's dead."

A moan from Mrs. Larrimore rose above the murmur,



At Left, Hunchbacked Arch Doss, 26, Who Admitted Purchasing the Strychnine That Caused His Neighbor's Death. Right: Mrs. Julia Larrimore.

Soon a strange troop, carrying the body of Larrimore, trailed across the hillside.

Larrimore had been a preacher at one time and, in that following, he had gained a wide acquaintance. So, it was not unexpected that news of his death should travel fast and far.

One thing puzzled his closest friends. The folk who had seen Larrimore in convulsions said he had died in a "fit." They had never heard of his having any epileptic tendencies.

Sheriff Champ Crawford and his chief deputy, Will Walls, heard talk of Larrimore's death next day in the square of Ozark, seat of Franklin county, where all news of the hills comes sooner or later.

"Hmm," was the Sheriff's only comment—then.

He drove Walls to the Larrimore house where they found a dozen neighbors gathered, talking in small groups.

The Ozark hill folk are a clannish lot and they did not like the "intrusion" of the officers.

Questions of the two officers were met with stony silence or out-and-out evasions.

The officers noticed a strong odor of camphor about the body.

"Arch put camphor on Monroe's face to smooth out the death agony," a neighbor reluctantly answered their query.



Young Luna Kate Cagle, Mrs. Larrimore's daughter by a former marriage, witnessed her stepfather's death.

"Were these the clothes Larrimore wore last night?" asked the sheriff.

"No," replied one of the group. Arch cut the others off and re-dressed him."

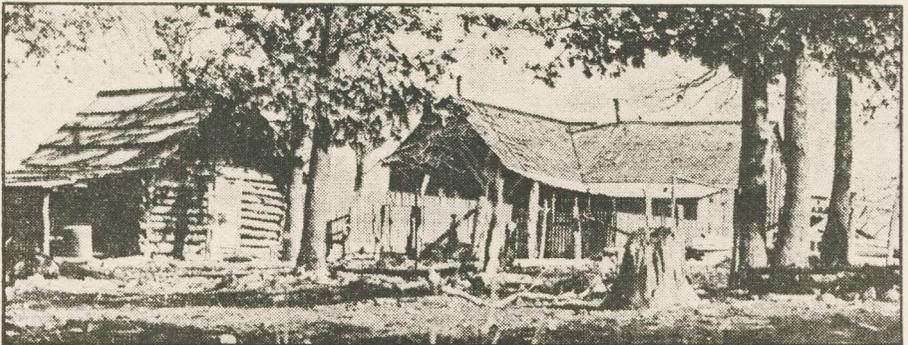
Crawford and Walls walked to Wait's home, where they discussed what they had learned.

"It doesn't look right to me," said the sheriff. "Arch Doss' name pops up in it too many times."

"Well," said Walls, "the CCC isn't taking in any men with weak hearts who'd strain them dancing."

"You know, that's the way strychnine takes them out—fast and horribly," Crawford commented.

The Waits house and yard still bore evidence of the interrupted festivities. They had not been cleared up since the (Continued on page 64)



A view of the Larrimore house, where tragedy struck.

20,000 Cases in a
Marriage Clinic
Prove:

Girls Must Fight to Win—and Hold—the Right Man

By
DR. PAUL
POPENOE

(Noted authority on human relations and General Director of the Institute of Family Relations and the Human Betterment Foundation, both of Hollywood and Pasadena, who has personally studied the domestic, romantic and marital problems of more than 20,000 men and women.)

"GIRLS: There are not enough husbands to go around!

"HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS: Now, while you are in your teens, is the time not only to decide between marriage or a career but to pick your man or career.

"COLLEGE GIRLS and girls of college age: You are nearing the 'danger line.' After the age of thirty your chances of a happy or successful marriage are quite slim."

These are my sincere warnings to the girls of America who want happiness—real happiness—and bought with "pieces of eight" and too often the bigger price of spinsterhood and broken health.

Life—happiness—sex—marriage—
They are severe taskmasters, demanding our best.

It is all too easy to flutter away girlhood awaiting a so-called "love at first sight."

Records show that only one-half of one percent of the happy marriages come from such loves.

True love—deep and lasting—is cultivated, planned, charted to the degree of a blueprint.

And another important item to remember: don't be too ready to condemn the girl who seems to be "boy crazy." That is a natural, healthy inclination.

Of course, some particular girl may show poor judgment but her thinking apparatus is functioning quite normally and sanely,

The girl smitten with "boy craziness" does not need our worry or sympathy half as much as the girl who manifests little or no interest in boys.

For the past ten years I have been managing director of the Institute of Family Relations and the Human Betterment Foundation, working mostly in Pasadena, Los Angeles and Hollywood. It is a non-profit organization financed by E. S. Gosney, a wealthy cattleman and lawyer. We have discussed family relations and marital problems and romantic angles with more than 20,000 men and women, married and single.

We believe we know what goes into the pattern that makes for a happy, contented family. We have made a scientific study of the countless obstacles that arise in the lives of men and women.

It is from the background of this true-life experience that I speak.

We believe that girls in high school should take stock of their assets, mental and physical. They know just how far they wish to gamble with life.

At the age of sixteen a girl should know what kind of a man she wants to marry. She should know what she wishes him to look like, the kind of work she wishes he would be engaged in, the amount of money he should be earning.

These thoughts and decisions should not include a lot of day-dreaming about Clark Gables, George Rafts and John Barrymores. They should be rock-bottom estimates: things that can come true.

The age of thirty is the danger line and, more often than not, the deadline. Records prove that few girls, not more than ten per cent, find happy marriages after that milestone.

It is natural for women to believe, due to false conceptions, that a woman knows a man better than a man knows a woman.

This is untrue. Men are just as smart, just as jealous, just as "love conscious" as women. Girls could learn a great deal by studying and absorbing masculine psychology.

It isn't smart to skip dates, break dates, keep dates waiting. The wise girl, after she has found the right man, sticks to him—learns how to get





Six rules for success in love which are proven true by Dr. Popenoe's 20,000 cases.

along with him.

Girls should cultivate the acquaintanceships and friendships of marriageable men.

High school girls should go with college men. College girls should go with business men.

It is folly for high school girls to go with high school boys. It will be years before they are ready to start earning their way in the world. It is equally foolish for college girls to be going with college men. It will take them a number of years before they are capable of making their way in the business world.

In connection with girls who graduate from college there is a tragic fact: only a few more than half ever marry. Instead of educating them specifically with a view to marriage—as the case should be—the colleges have in general educated them either in a nebulous and purposeless “liberal culture,” so-called, or for jobs. Neither walk of life leads toward meeting marriageable men.

Marriages are not made in Heaven. They are

made on earth and carefully, wisely planned.

It is my contention that a girl who primps, who watches her diet, who tries to make her legs as attractive as Marlene Dietrich and her body as alluring as a glamor girl, is not a fool but a very clear-headed youngster.

If more girls in America realized that the basis of sex attraction is her own personal appeal through her personal appearance we would have more happy marriages. Sex appeal is still stronger than brain-appeal.



THE DYING MOUNTIE



Constable Harrison saved two comrades as he lay dying.

THIS is the stark, simple story of a week-end—the last week-end—in the lives of three young Doukhobor lads. And how the famous Canadian “Mounties” got their men, even if three gave up their lives in proving the legend.

This week-end began, harmlessly, with a dance at Benito, Manitoba, a Friday evening in October. It ended when a rifle bullet smashed through a log just outside the Banff National Park, 600 miles away in Alberta, and ploughed through the stomach of the last survivor of the three. That was Tuesday morning, just after dawn.

The aftermath was seven funerals—one sergeant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, two constables of that famous force, a war veteran who was village constable of Benito, and the three Doukhobor lads, buried together in nameless graves in an obscure Alberta village.

Up in the northern wooded area on the Manitoba-Saskatchewan boundary, six aged Doukhobor parents shake their heads and wonder why.

There isn't any explanation.

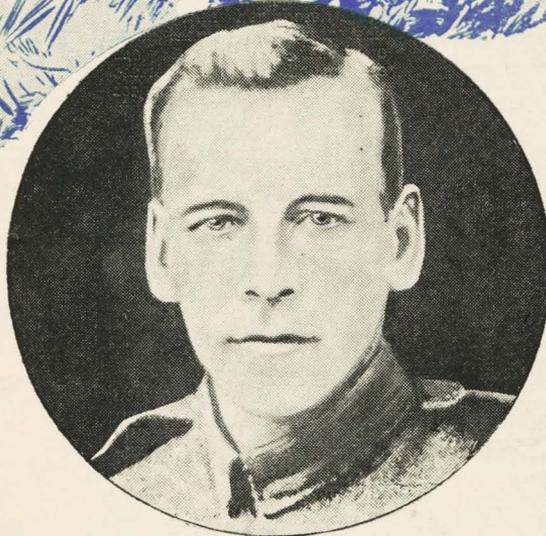
The Doukhobor lads were Peter Voykin, 19, John Kalmakoff, 20, and Joe Posnikoff, 21. Posnikoff, the eldest, was polite and spoke exceptionally good English. Voykin, the youngest, was a quiet, well-mannered youth. Kalmakoff, too, was popular.

KEPT THE RECORD CLEAR



DON ALLEN

He calmly shot out the headlights of the bandit car.



Constable William Wainwright, one of seven victims of three boys' week-end lark.

One Friday afternoon, early in October, the three young men borrowed an old car at Arran, Saskatchewan, the nearest village to their homes. Early that evening a store in Arran was robbed.

The same Friday evening Pete, Joe and John arrived in the old car at Benito, Manitoba, and took three schoolgirls to a dance. The village constable of Benito, William Wainwright, veteran of the Royal Flying Corps, noticed they were driving without license plates and ordered them to report to Benito Saturday.

Later, the three drove back toward Arran.

Constable J. G. Shaw, R.C.M.P., was patrolling

the road in a small sedan, looking for the men who had robbed the store at Arran. He had picked up Constable Wainwright. They stopped Pete, Joe and John on the road, questioned them, and ordered them out of their car and into the police car. The three then were taken toward Pelly, where there is a jail. The two constables were presumably riding in the front seat, the other three behind. This was a fatal error as it turned out, but the boys, then, were known only as nice boys out on a lark.

Saturday morning about 11 o'clock three men drove up to a farmer's house near Pelly. One wore a Mounted Policeman's Sam Brown belt. All carried revolvers. They asked for breakfast, and said they were detectives looking for the murderers of Constables Wainwright and Shaw. At that hour, though the two constables had been reported missing, nothing was known of their whereabouts. On Saturday night Joe, Pete and John took three girls at Preeceville, in the same district, to a dance.

On Sunday morning John Kolienchuck, Doukhobor farmer near Arran, was driving a team to work in his fields. The team balked on the road, refused to pass a wooded stretch. He found, lying in a slough near the road, the bodies of the two constables. The Mounted Policeman had been shot through the chest. Wainwright had two bullet wounds through the body.

Then started another of those famous hunts by the Mounties. All the resources of the famous force were called into play. Early Monday evening, three men in a car drove up to the eastern entrance to Banff National Park. They refused to register and drove eastward again toward Calgary. Banff is 650 miles from Preeceville. But the description of the car and the trio, circulated everywhere by the Mounted Police, fitted.

Half an hour later (Continued on page 64)

HIS LAST \$2,000 WON A Princess



The handsome American staked his heart against jewels and coronets—and won.

A GLAMOROUS, beautiful princess—a bona fide one who had the late King of Greece for a husband—has been won by a man with \$2,602 jingling around in his thinning pocket.

The gallant King Alexander, once ruler of the famous kingdom in the southern part of the Balkan peninsula, gave Princess Aspasia a palace in Athens, a title, and 2,000,000 drachmas.

But John W. Harris, who right now can't give her anything much but love, has captured her affections in one of the most romantic hearts-

across-the-sea alliances of recent years.

Royalty comes cheap these days. Time was—and you needn't tear many years from the calendar to reach it—when it took a sizeable checkbook to buy a claim on a duke or a duchess, or even a count. Now, with monarchs tumbling from their gilded thrones, even a queen may use love as her rate of romantic exchange.

Princess Aspasia is tall and slim and dark. She is vivacious. Ever since she visited New York and Palm Beach in 1929 she has been an American favorite. She has the same sort of glamor, so

How a dashing Yankee established love as a new exchange for titles

they say, as an American woman whose love was worth an English crown to the present Duke of Windsor. It has been 18 years since her husband, King Alexander of Greece, died after being bitten by a monkey. She hasn't remarried. Now an American business man, who recently filed a petition in bankruptcy, may marry her.

John W. Harris's name is much more at home in financial columns than romantic news items. He hasn't always listed liabilities, either. He used to have quite a lot of money to spend when he went to Paris. As an executive of a big American company, he was a builder with vision and capital. He played an important part, for instance, in the building of the new American Embassy building on the Place de la Concorde, in Paris.

Paris . . . chestnut trees in bloom along the Bois. The white Arc de Triomphe. The Eiffel Tower, slim and bright against the blue sky. Paris has changed the plans of more than one man and woman, and it had its bearing on the brick and mortar ideas of the building man. Here he fell in love with Princess Aspasia.

The story began four years ago, Mr. Harris says.



Princess Aspasia, of Greece—she chose love in a cottage.

"After I was separated from my wife in 1935, the Princess became my fiancée and my interest," he asserts proudly. "My wife and I discussed a divorce. When I get it, I will marry Aspasia."

An American business man, practically broke, and the most glamorous princess in Europe!

Look back four years for just a moment. The romance had pecuniary backing at first. In the bankruptcy court the builder discussed it freely. He gave Princess Aspasia \$250,000 as a friendly token. He sent her \$1,500 a month, too, he said. It was done as casually as his assistant bookkeeper

might have ordered yellow roses for his girl every other Wednesday.

When John W. Harris filed his petition in bankruptcy a year ago he had liabilities of \$719,682. The assets—\$2,602—are rather up against it.

However, money, today, has little to do with love and marriage in court circles, it appears. The builder is going to marry a dark-eyed princess who is waiting along the Grand Canal. Although the Princess has denied the existence of the romance, friends insist it is of the gilded variety.

Princess Aspasia isn't a titled woman of remote or unimportant rank. The American business man has won a princess who played a dramatic role in continental history.

Princess Aspasia was the reason a king defied his advisers in Greece, years before a monarch in Great Britain had the same idea.

King Alexander had fallen in love with Aspasia, the daughter of Col. Manos, his aide-de-camp, and married her. He asked the Greek Parliament to recognize the marriage, but the request was refused. It was not until after the king had died as the result of a monkey bite that a belated parliament in October of 1922 passed a royal decree recognizing the marriage as valid, thus lifting Aspasia to a royal rank.

A court decision gave Princess Aspasia now called Princess Alexandra—immediate possession of her husband's property, jewels and money valued at 2,000,000 drachmas, or about \$400,000.

Of course, suitors came riding. Princess Aspasia, however, did not yield to romance. Not until John W. Harris came along. And then, according to her friends, she completely broke with the past, forgot her bereavement and became the gay, glamorous woman that international society now knows.

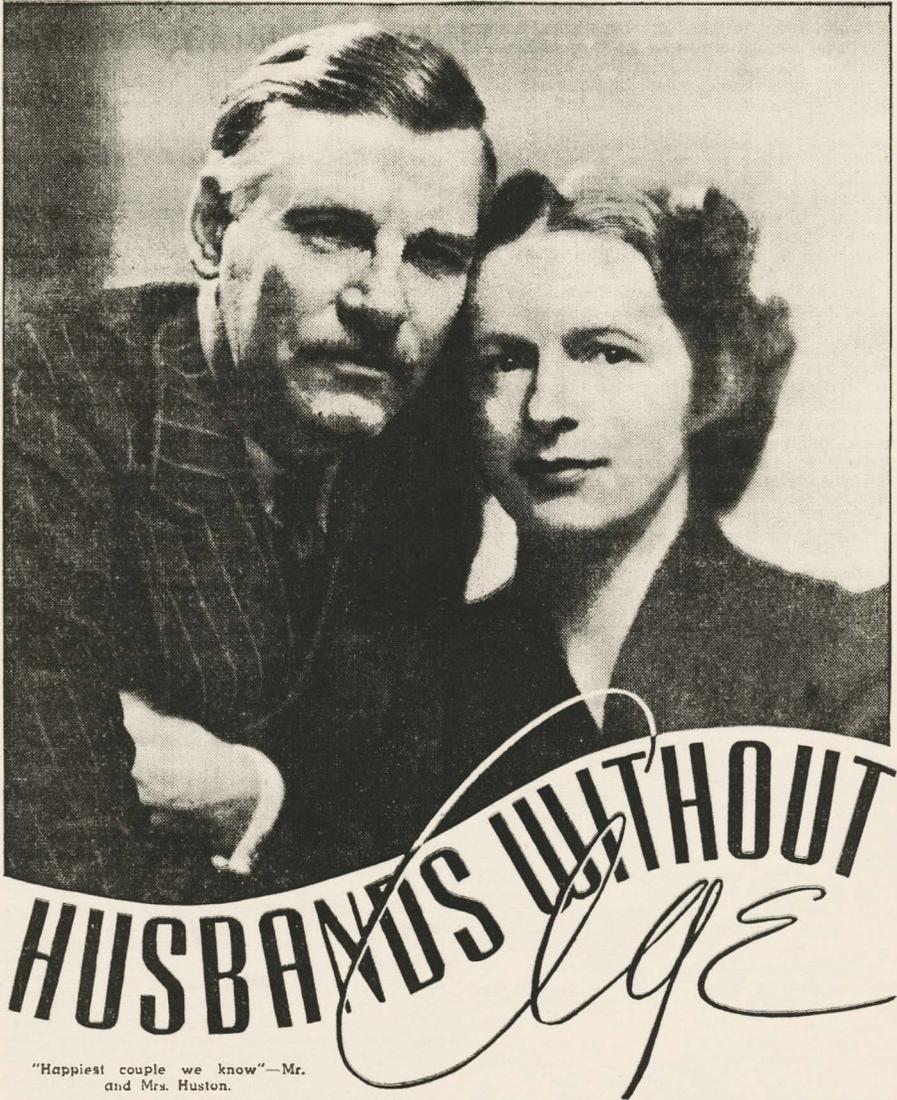
The Grecian princess is by no means the only member of royalty who has found romance with a commoner recently. It is quite the thing to do, since boundaries and maps are no longer dependent on royal alliances between nations.

There is Princess Windischgraetz, the granddaughter of the proud Franz Joseph, patriarchal Hapsburg ruler, for so long, of Austria Hungary. Today the princess is a school teacher's wife.

Take the case of Assunta, daughter of Archduchess Bianca, of the same proud family. She was forced to flee from a Barcelona convent, where she was a nun, when the Spanish revolution came. Disguised as a man she went to Vienna. There she sued her mother for a small income.

In other days she never would have been permitted to enter a place of religious peace. She would have had a brilliant marriage.

On and on the list goes and grows. Royalty has ceased to marry within its now so narrowed circle. It doesn't pay any longer. Love is enough. It is all that Princess Aspasia—and the rest—ask.



"Happiest couple we know"—Mr. and Mrs. Huston.

By ANN PINCHOT

TIP to the Tired Business Man who sees youth flying away on his last top hairs and thickening waist line: the gay primrose path with a blonde at the Paradise just won't work! It'll only give you a sour stomach, a flat pocketbook, and suit-cases under the eyes.

Forty's no time for a last and pathetic snatch at youth: no more than forty is the time to slide into carpet slippers and to retire from a romantic life. Tommy Manville, notwithstanding, there's no better fountain of youth than a full-time,

permanent wife, who, if she's clever and smart and a few years younger than her husband, can mold him into a good lover as well as a good provider.

Walter Huston the actor, is one of the youngest men around, even though his age in cold mathematics, totals somewhere in the early fifties.

Starting life a lank, gangling youth, with ruggedly chiseled Lincolnian features, Huston is today erect and muscular, down-right handsome, possessed of a tremendous vitality which John Barrymore, near his age, must envy. His skin is brown, but has none of the stringiness associated

with a weather-beaten skin: his eyes are bright and keen.

Though he has been in the theatre for 37 years, he has developed a technique always a pace ahead of modern stars, many of whom he showed the way to realism in "Desire Under the Elms", 14 years ago.

When you meet Huston, you realize immediately that the old wordage: "Show me the man and I'll tell you about his wife", holds good. The Hustons don't talk much about their marriage, yet they go on year after year being the happiest couple we know. Miss Nan Sunderland, (Mrs. Huston) thinks that if more husbands and wives would share their failures, as well as their successes, Reno would be just another city.

The Hustons met 14 years ago when Walter was packing them in, in O'Neill's brilliant play "Desire Under the Elms", and Nan was playing in something awful called "Baby Cyclone". Huston was 40 then, rather a matinee idol, despite himself. After a successful career in vaudeville, he was separated from his first wife and he was emotionally at loose ends.

When he met the very tall, very thin Sunderland girl, he thought, "There's a nice red-headed girl," and said, "What about having supper with me?" a bit diffidently, because Walter is essentially ill at ease with the average woman. From the moment they sat to that memorable supper together they clicked! Huston, an established figure in the theatre, Nan was very young and worldly. They knew then it was something more than a casual meeting of a famous actor and admirer.

But marriage was impossible. The first Mrs. Huston refused to consider a divorce without specifications that Huston could not then meet.

Nan Sunderland does not talk about those days, but the faint, harassed lines that guard her eyes, must have started then. It was hard to see the man she loved. It was much harder to stay away. Finally, she went off on a trip, a trip around the world, but that was even worse. Burma and the dancing girls, Vienna and the Mediterranean were too poignantly lonely without him. Paris was just another drab spot, where the rain and the sun played a perpetual checkerboard.

She stayed in Paris a year, a dreary unforgettable year, then at last she got a wire from Walter. The divorce had gone through! Now, they had a mutual agreement not to fly, but the day Nan Sunderland arrived in New York, she found a telegram from Walter asking her to take a plane to the Coast. That was in 1932, and they've been together since. He relies on her opinion, consults her, always. Her wishes come first, but she never takes advantage of her power.

They work together and play together, take long walks—though Walter is so active that walking is altogether too slow for him; he prefers bicycling or horseback riding. They ride together, play tennis together and swim together. His one lone hobby is cabinet-making. There Nan is the appreciative audience.

They are together practically 24 hours of the day, which is the test of any relationship, when you remember that most wives see their husbands over a hurried cup of coffee and a newspaper at the breakfast table, and then not again until dinner time. Except when in New York or Hollywood, the Hustons do not allow even a

How the private lives of the Walter Hustons prove the romantic adage that a man's as young as his wife

servant to intrude on their perfect days.

They both detest the conventional life they must live in New York. While Walter is in Times Square on business, Nan takes fencing lessons or has fittings.

Nan Sunderland is considerably younger than her husband, a point usually helpful in any marriage, for despite Miss Arden and Miss Rubenstein, women mature more quickly than men.

Nan Sunderland is an unusually beautiful woman, the kind of blonde that is neither hard nor glittering. Her skin has the close-pored, healthy luminosity that comes from standing on a windy hill in the bright sun. Clothes have always been the bane of her existence, for despite her fine figure, she is not at her best in conventional garments. Sometime ago, when she finally had enough money, she put herself into Valentina's hands (and Walter said cheerfully that for the first time she was well dressed). Now Valentina makes all her clothes.

The only thing that occasionally irks Nan about her husband's fame is the recognition, the curiosity, that greets his every move, the pictures, 24-sheet, and fan mail. Sometimes she wonders what it would be like to dine in a small restaurant with a John Doakes, so she could stare instead of being stared at!

Walter doesn't read much, so he plays cribbage patiently, while Nan, who is an omnivorous reader, finishes her books. They both complain there aren't enough hours in the day to suit them. Neither cares much for money. In town they live at the Waldorf, but there isn't one servant in their own retreat.

The like simple and conventional foods, soft boiled eggs, hot toast and plenty of ham sandwiches. Nan's a good cook and she makes all their meals when they are at home.

Their house in California is a beautiful cedar structure, perched on a mountainside, looking down a mere 7,000 feet to the San Bernardino Valley. It's one hundred miles from Hollywood (a place which Nan Sunderland loathes.)

Walter hauls wood, Nan cooks, and keeps house. They live an idyllic life, alone, with no servants at all and no neighbors within four miles. It takes an unusual script to wean them away from home.

Huston has a romantic baritone voice which charmed vaudeville fans for years. Just a season ago, in "Knickerbocker Holiday" he sang and clogged a bit and under his uncanny projection old Peter Stuyvesant, hard-drinking, hard-cussing, Manhattan's original dictator, came to life, a clear picture for his descendants.

A man isn't as old as his arteries. He's as young as his wife.

THE howls of the coyotes lifted from the mountain on which the mile-high resort city of Prescott, Arizona, is perched, to mingle with the screams of two humans—two humans in agony, bludgeoned with insane fury by a man driven mad by jealousy.

Undersheriff Bob Born, of Yavapai County, received an urgent phone call from his brother, Dr. Ernest A. Born, who spoke from Prescott's Mercy Hospital at eight o'clock on the morning of May 11, 1933. "Toh! Marcus Lawrence, the young millionaire who owns the V-Bar-V ranch, just died. I brought him to the hospital from the Lira place. I don't know what happened there but I think he was MURDERED!"

Both brothers, Doctor and Undersheriff, knew that, five years before, wealthy Marcus Jay Lawrence had come from Washington, D. C., to Prescott, where he had purchased one of the largest ranches in the Southwest. His fondness for night life brought him into the social circle of Ernesto Lira—big, jovial, happy-go-lucky gambler and sportsman, who lived with his young, darkly beautiful wife, Odessa, on Grove Street. So intimate had the youthful rancher become with the couple that he was assigned a room in their home in which he stayed overnight three or four times each week.

Undersheriff Born, Deputy George Ruffner and Justice of the Peace Gordon Clark immediately sped to the Lira home. On the threshold they stopped aghast—wall, furniture and doors were splashed with crimson!

The bedroom was a wreck. Lira lay sprawled across the floor. At

first the officers failed to recognize the seemingly lifeless form on the bed as Mrs. Lira, so badly had she been beaten. Born, stunned, shook himself into action. After a hasty examination he said:

"Well, at least they're not dead. My brother would have taken them along with Lawrence if their condition had been critical. Let's get them to the hospital and then have a look around." After what seemed an eternity, the ambulance arrived and took the Liras away.

At this point Dr. Born arrived. "I don't know much about this," he began. "I got a cryptic message early this morning telling me to get over to the Lira place; it was urgent. The house looked just as it does now, except that Lira was lying on the living room floor, suffering so from shock that he was half hysterical. Mrs. Lira was also dazed and I treated several superficial cuts about her face and body.

"But young Lawrence was in a pretty bad way. He was lying unconscious in the middle bedroom with a towel over his face and another over his abdomen. I didn't have the necessary equipment

THE Crimson CAMERA CASE



Marcus Jay Lawrence—wouldn't pay and died.

to treat him, so I cleansed the wounds, stopped the bleeding, gave him a stimulant and called an ambulance to take him to the hospital."

"Could any of the wounds have been gun-shot wounds?" asked Ruffner.

"No. I'm sure they couldn't," the doctor replied. "I will perform the autopsy shortly, and I'm satisfied it will prove that a cerebral hemorrhage, caused by a blow from some heavy instrument, resulted in death."

The undersheriff began a minute examination of the house which consisted of two other bedrooms, kitchen, dining room and living room. In every room there was evidence of violence.

In Lawrence's bedroom, in mocking contrast to the remainder of the cyclonic state of the room, was a pair of black oxfords sitting neatly side by side. Lying alongside the shoes lay a shattered electric bulb which drew the absorbed attention of the detective. Finally he dusted the bulb fragments into a box; this he carefully deposited in his car and drove to the hospital. Lira had regained consciousness and was able to talk. A half hour later the tight-lipped, grim faced detective left the hospital to head for his office at the courthouse.

Early next morning the undersheriff was closeted with Deputy Ruffner. "At the hospital yesterday, Lira told me that he surprised his wife and young Lawrence by coming home unexpectedly. He says that what he saw caused him to go berserk. He claims he grabbed the first object that came to his hand and attacked Lawrence who fought back but who finally succumbed, and that his wife was hurt in the melee. He is confident that the 'unwritten law' will protect him. And I am inclined to believe that is so, if it wasn't for one thing—

"Everything in the house fits the picture Lira drew for me with the exception of an exploded light bulb, the fragments of which I found on the floor of Lawrence's bedroom. This was no ordinary light bulb. I had a newspaper photographer examine it and he assured me that it was a camera flashlight bulb, and due to the discoloration of the glass he could tell that it had been used. This bulb has flashed a suspicion in my mind. What was this bulb doing in his bedroom? There was no camera, no films, in fact nothing of a photographic nature. This is the only object in that house of shambles that does not fit. It doesn't belong there and I intend to find out why it was there. And I have my suspicions.

"Question everybody you can find who knows the couple, and check on their activities for the last forty-eight hours. I am going back to look for a CAMERA!"

It was late that same night when the deputy reported back to find his chief examining a battered camera. The undersheriff glanced up to answer the deputy's unasked question.

"Found it behind a hedge in the back of the house. It's bloodstained. Probably was the first weapon Lira used. He didn't expect Lawrence to fight back after a blackmailing photo had been obtained. No picture (Continued on page 60)



Odessa Webb—She faced the camera in the prelude to a murder.



Ernesto Lira played the roles of hunter and outraged husband.

Love Begins at Home



Exploding the myth
that romance usually starts
in an office, as many a
sighing Sally has found

By HELEN WELSHIMER

HOME girls get there first. To the lily-banked altar, we mean. The carpeted aisle, the frocked minister, "I do", "I do", and back down the aisle.

Yes, they get there first. Whether their working sisters are stenographers, nurses, lawyers or chambermaids, the home girls leave them at their posts.

A national survey, based upon a consensus of opinion from scores of ministers, justices of the peace and marriage license officials in all parts of the country, backed by an examination of marriage licenses, reveals that girls who live at home, who have leisure and opportunity for social contacts, top the marriage license tables.

But as a social group, leading authorities doubt that the home girl makes the most understanding, most companionable, most enduring wife, especially in this modern world.

Learning to work in a workaday world does much to fit a girl for a life alliance with a man in the comparative economic struggle today, they say.

Because girls, don't kid yourselves, there are few endowed lads around these days. The Galahad pillars of matrimony are disappearing.

Dr. Valeria H. Parker, director of the Bureau of Marriage Counsel of New York City, and widely-known as a leader in social and health problems, will tell you that a working girl makes the most successful wife.

"The girl who worked before marriage has an advantage in that she is not so chained to household machinery. She knows how to eliminate the unimportant. She has learned how to make contacts and relieve monotony. Since she understands the world where her husband works she can discuss it with him and becomes a more in-

teresting companion in his leisure hours.

"Then, too, she is less restless than the home girl, for she is not curious about the outside world. She has worked in it. Now she is appreciative of the comfort of a home. But the home girl, uninformed, wonders about the chances at happiness in the economic fields. Today both husband and wife are employed often, and they are happy as they face their problems together."

Yet, though authorities agree with Dr. Parker, for every office girl who gets her man there are three home girls who trip up the bridal path.

A survey of 5,000 marriage licenses, taken in order, at New York's City Hall, reveals that from that number, there are 1,840 non-working brides many of whom sign briefly as "home girls". That is considerably more than one-third of the marrying group.

Examination of other groups of licenses in other places, and the verdict of those who watch the license trend verifies the statistics.

Next come the cooks, parlor maids, chamber maids of all work. Domestic service is their classification. They provide 640 out of 5,000 brides.

"People marry naturally in their own social group," Dr. Parker explains it. "These are the men these girls meet. Many marriages are made between boys and girls who attended the same college. They have the same background of friends and memories, which make for success. Usually a marriage is happy when a nurse chooses a doctor, for she understands his work and can enter into it. Or maybe two people with like interests will form a partnership in a project that runs parallel with their matrimonial union."

All this, she relates, in spite of the fact that it is the home girl who has the grip on the matrimonial market!

With more than half of the marrying men gobbled up by home girls and home servants what does that leave? Every girl who earns her



Illustration by
JOS. SCHNEIDER

The home girl welcomes the glamor boy next door. She lacks the ability of the girl who works to judge a man's ability, or possibilities.

living outside the home.

Yet these are the girls who are in daily contact with men. They meet three of them to the home girl's one. What is the handicap?

Take the girl in the office.

"Not many secretaries marry their employers," Dr. Parker explains. "Men who can afford secretaries are usually married by the time they attain such a position."

Contrary to romantic expectations the junior partners and boss's sons do not select office wives once in a blue moon. Such men are the home girl's prey, the marriage licenses reveal. She meets men in a background more conducive to romance.

There is another barrier to her marrying. The secretary looks for a counterpart to her boss, who is an able, successful, wealthy man quite often. She forgets he stepped from the ranks of contemporaries much like the younger men in the firm. She doesn't see possibilities.

A younger man, when compared with her boss, more often than not seems to lack the poise, the drive that have carried the boss to the top. She forgets he acquired them.

Murder in the Devil's Beefstub

(Continued from page 39)

little ones, with only a substitute maid to help out.

A substitute maid? Oh, quite. The regular maid, Mary Jane Rogerson, aged 20, has gone away, too. Yes, Mrs. Ruxton and Mary Jane must have gone away together. It seems that he missed them both at the same time.

There is no thought in the doctor's mind about connecting their disappearance with the fragments in the gorge. He is glad to be of service, though, and once or twice when an emergency seems to impend he rushes hatless and coatless to the police station, which is happily convenient. It is directly across the tiny park in Dalton Square.

He thus may quickly return to his patients. Fortunately, too, he is a young man in his thirties, with no trace of pallor or lines of fatigue showing beneath the strangely dark complexion. Strangely dark, anyhow, for one with the Anglican name of Ruxton.

Oh, hasn't he told you about that?

His real name, yes, is Hakim Bakhtyai Rustomji Ratanji and he was born in Bombay of



Police gazing over the parapet of the old stone bridge at Dumfriesshire, Scotland, into the ravine where the dissected bodies were found.

Indo-French parentage. His eyes are black.

His wife? Oh, yes, he had met her in 1928 in an Edinburgh restaurant where she was man- ageless. What was her description? She was strong, well muscled, had broad, flat features and a marked Scottish accent. And, yes, protruding teeth. He wished he could get her back. Perhaps Scotland Yard could help. (The bassoons again, deep, soft.)

"It is unfortunate," he says, "that my wife and maid have chosen such a time (coincident with the gorge mystery) to go on a holiday. Tomorrow I go to London to find them."

His voice sinks confidentially (viols thrumming a deep obligato). He tells how his wife twice before has left him without warning or explanation. She is, it seems, a very temperamental woman.

But what's this? The gorge again and our tempo is rising, the brasses so clamorous as to almost snarl. There are bloodhounds ranging over the gorge, giving tongue to their eagerness as they follow the trail. Suddenly, the sounds grow muted. The bloodhounds have found something . . .

That was October 12. The following day Dr. Ruxton is not able to go to London to search for his wife. Instead, he goes thrice across the tiny park in Dalton Square to talk to the police. They are very inquisitive, especially the Chief Constable who even brings Dr. Ruxton back at midnight and continues to ply him with questions until daylight.

Then at 5 A.M., the world crashes down (cymbals, brasses, drums!) and—

"Dr. Ruxton," says the Chief Constable, in a sudden hush, "I charge you with the murder of your maid, Mary Jane Rogerson, between the dates of September 14 and 29th."

The Second Movement begins on a solemn, impressive passage. It is the following day and sixteen magistrates, two of them women, sit black-robed on the bench as the doctor is arraigned. He is remanded for trial within six minutes, but first we must hear what the accused replies when the charge of murder is first made in the police station.

He is startled, a little shrill. The clarinets, for a moment, are bickering with the oboes.

"Certainly not," he says. "Most emphatically, no. Of course not. The furthest thing from my mind. What motive and why? What are you talking about?"

The weird, wild minors end as abruptly as they begin, giving way to a brief interlude. It has to do with a scene before the doctor's stoop, where gather a crowd of the curious, mouthing wordlessly the message Dr. Ruxton, has left for them while being unexpectedly detained elsewhere.

It is a placard he has carefully tacked upon the door before going away with the police.

It reads as follows:

"To All My Patients:

"I appeal to you most humbly to remain loyal to me in this hour of trouble. I am an innocent victim of circumstances. Please do not change from my panel list, as well as my private list. My deputy will conduct all business as usual.

"Thanking you in anticipation of your loyal support.

"(Signed) B. Ruxton.

"October 14, 1935."

The crowd in the doorway murmurs audibly,

Murder in the Devil's Beefstub

Something is said about the last day when the doctor went across the street—and didn't come back. He had seemed much as usual, conducting his surgery in the afternoon and evening.

They cross the square at midnight of the sixteenth and, by the eerie light of hurricane lamps, they dig diligently in the doctor's backyard, seeming to unearth something which they guard jealously.

The drums roll, the muted brasses mourn . . . It is the day of the twenty second. Once more, the deep-voiced bassoons sound, the solemn march before the bench begins.

It ends discordantly, violently, a jangle of sounds that seem to bear no form or relation, one to the other. The Chief Constable is saying something. By his side is a crumpled garment and, oddly, he speaks of bloodhounds and a blouse.

"You are charged with the murder of your wife, Isobel Kerr Ruxton."

From the doctor's mouth, words come in a torrent, a crescendo:

"It's a positive and damnable lie. It's all prejudice. I cannot bear the thing. Is there no justice? Who is responsible for it? My home is broken up . . . my happy home."

It is only a preliminary hearing, but the British never err on the side of laxity. Suddenly, remarkably, there are upward of 200 witnesses present on behalf of the prosecution. And some very strange exhibits, which fill an entire anteroom . . . unassorted bits of human anatomy, stray pieces of cloth, a sliver of linoleum, an unrelated chair leg, all from the doctor's home.

There is also some talk of Missing Torso No. 2 having been found, but it is not produced. A restless discomfort seems to settle upon the more than 200 witnesses . . . pathologists, photographers, police, microscopists, analysts, surgeons, dentists, architects, surveyors, whenever the doctor vouchsafes an outburst which is often.

There is some testimony to the effect that he often exhibited marked jealousy of his wife. Whereat, he exhibits some more, jumping to his feet and dramatically pointing an accusing finger at friends.

"Blackguard!" he shouts and the brasses roar again . . .

He mutters and glares and, when his attorney rushes to his side, admonishing him to be quiet, his indignation flares anew.

"The damned rascals," he says, leaving some doubt in the minds of his auditor as to whether he refers to the police or to some unseen and unknown—or fancied—opponents.

"Control myself?" He seems incapable of crediting his ears. "How can I control myself? My blood is boiling now. One damn thing after another."

This last is a low growl, deep as the note of a tuba. Then, silence. The Second Movement ends.

Editor's Note: Dr. Ruxton was hanged at Strangeways Jail, Manchester, England, two months after his conviction and within seven months of his arrest. He denied his guilt to the end.

Cinderellas in White

(Continued from page 42)

convalescence? Of course, his sentimental impulses are stirred because, in his weakness and fever and pain, the nurse sees the one person who can help—and the uniform is becoming to most girls, pretty or not.

"For a fortnight after an operation he may babble all his secrets to his nurse and yearn to marry her. When he gets well it's good-bye to all that. She never listened to him seriously—besides, she probably is in love with someone else."

So let girls who are not R. N.'s take heart—they still have a chance. As for the jealous wife, many a nurse has found it a major diplomatic problem to lull the lady's suspicions without telling the untactful truth that she, the nurse wouldn't accept the patient as a gift if he were the last man on earth!

That was curly-haired Nurse Nora T.'s feeling about Henry King, whose name is something else, but whose story is true. Half-bald and double chinmed, Henry still fancies himself as a ladies' man. His wife, haunting the hospital room after his appendectomy, begged the doctor to discharge Nora as a glamor-girl who might wreck her home.

She never knew the debt owed to the nurse who, out of pity for her, forestalled bedside encounters between Henry's wife and the girlfriends coming to visit the man Nora herself despised as a conceited little bounder.

The doctor-nurse romance, too, I am told, is the exception which proves the rule. From the first day in training, the timid little probationer is taught that the doctor is always right—in fact, that the doctor is always God, to be humbly and silently served. The result of this conditioning is that even the graduate nurse continues to think of him as a superior being, with whom it would be sacrilege to fall in love—or else in revolt she decides that he is a snob and an old crab, whom a nurse must humor but of whom she can have her own opinion!

I know of one charming young woman in cap and uniform, Kitty K., with whom the millionaire oil operator she nursed through double pneumonia, fell madly in love—really in love.

"Any girl who says she isn't tempted by a nice man plus a million dollars is kidding," Kitty assured me.

"I thought it over—I wouldn't say yes and I wouldn't say no. But in the end I sent Jim away for good. I was afraid to become his wife! I told him:

"I've nursed scores of women who were dipsomaniacs, or drug fiends, or nervous breakdowns on the verge of actual insanity. Do you know what was really wrong with every one of them? Just the basic fact that she had married a man she did not love."

"Because I've seen how loveless marriage destroys a woman I take no such risks for myself—not even for a million dollars!"

If trained nurses are all as wise as this, perhaps when one of them does make a glamorous match the gilt on the gingerbread is pure gold!

Should Wives Be Spanked?

(Continued from page 11)

mation, partly from observing animals (this is true particularly of farm children) and partly from watching their fathers and mothers at times when they are supposed to be asleep, or "too young to take notice." A lot of these observations seem to be forgotten as the children grow up, but that does not wipe out the impressions they created.

In particular, the average child's impression of adult love-making is that it is an attack upon the female, in which the male is both ruthless, and apparently furious. Thus a girl—without the least idea why—may feel after she has grown up that a man who never "gets rough" or loses his temper is not quite a real man. Most girls, of course, would deny any such feeling, but the fascination of the caveman for most members of their sex proves its existence beyond question.

Some months ago I discussed the dangers of hypnotism with a world-famous psychiatrist, and he pointed out one danger which most people never thought of. "It is quite true," he agreed, "that even in the hypnotic trance a person will do nothing that is contrary to his essential nature, but, at least in her unconscious mind, the average woman has a wish to be ravished which an unprincipled man could easily take advantage of." And while in most women this wish is so deeply buried that they never know it exists, it often reveals its presence by the craving to be "mastered"—by violence, if necessary—by the man whom they love.

Certainly the converse impulse exists in men, and essentially for the same reason; but with us Americans it generally has been smothered more or less effectually by the years of "petticoat government" to which we are subjected, both in school and at home. At heart, most of us are too much in awe of our wives to be capable of showing violence toward them except under the stress of such overwhelming rage that we are likely to go too far with it. And the situation is still further complicated by the fact that *theoretically* the American woman is too busy trying to prove her equality with men to admit her masochistic yearnings—except in her choice of movie heroes.

On the whole, then, while a lot of wives would probably be happier if their husbands gave them an occasional spanking, a psychologist can hardly recommend the practice. Except in the course of something like a psychoanalysis, the primitive feelings of both men and women are best left in the dark corners of the mind in which civilized life has confined them. As a modern husband, your best plan is probably to make your wife feel that you would not be afraid to spank her if you felt that she deserved it, but love her too much and are too chivalrous to do it except under extreme provocation. A hint of ruthlessness in love-making is another matter: the man who is too weak or too timid to achieve that will both disappoint his wife and frustrate part of his own manhood.

The Crimson Camera Case

(Continued from page 55)

though—light ruined it . . . What did you learn?"

"Plenty, Chief. I made a round of the late spots. I got a tip from a waiter at the Bungalow Cafe. On the night of May 1, Mrs. Lira spoke to this waiter over the phone and asked if Ernesto had been inquiring for her. When he answered in the affirmative she said to tell Lira, if he asked again, that she was in Williams on her way to Winslow. Now Williams is 75 miles northeast of Prescott and Winslow is ninety miles farther. I checked with the Prescott telephone exchange and that long distance call came from a restaurant in Cottonwood, only about forty miles from here. I got the restaurant proprietor on the phone and he said he recognized Mrs. Lira.

"Later, I talked with the night bartender of the Tivoli—and here's premeditation for you, Chief. A few hours before the death struggle, Lira says to the bartender, 'Be sure to tell anyone who telephones for me that I'm here busy playing cards and can't be bothered!'

"And then, sure enough, just after he left, a lady calls and gets the message as Lira left it. The bartender is sure the call was from Mrs. Lira. Then I checked the taxis, and found the driver who told me he took Lira home."

"This outraged husband planned coolly for a crime of passion," remarked the undersheriff.

"Outraged husband, my eye!" cried the deputy. "Listen to this: You know that Arizona does not recognize common law marriage. I'll knock his 'unwritten law' defense into a cocked hat. I grilled a girl friend of Odessa and she told me that six years ago Odessa came to Prescott with the name of Odessa Webb."

Lira was taken into custody and, following the coroner's inquest Saturday, May 14th, he was charged with first degree murder. He denied his guilt when he was brought before Justice Clark but the Justice bound him over for trial.

Attractively outfitted in a brown jacket dress with matching hat and gloves, the fascinating Odessa Webb confessed to the crowded courtroom her dual role—with Lira and Lawrence.

At his trial Ernesto Lira sought mercy from the jury by relating his many acts of kindness to Marcus Lawrence.

County Attorney Charles Ewing and C. B. Wilson, who was assisting Ewing, reminded the Court that Lira had no right to refer to the breaking up of his home, since he and Odessa were not legally married according to the laws of the State. Pointing out that Lira had known of the association of Odessa and Lawrence, Ewing charged that Lira had encouraged the affair purposely in the hope that he could snap a picture and blackmail Marcus Jay Lawrence.

The jury was out three and one-half hours. At 3:15 on the afternoon of July 16, it instructed its foreman, Robert McCoy, to hand in a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. Judge Lamson sentenced the gambler to serve from 30 to 40 years in the State penitentiary.

Football Fixers

(Continued from page 21)

the choice of going sissy or soft. His college has given him no game.

Do the colleges realize this lack? Are they doing anything about it? They are not.

Next Winter at the usual alumni biscuit and beer rallies, some faculty sage, imported for the occasion, will rise and deliver a personal holler about the football octopus. His beef at the gradual strangulation which is overpowering the fine old collegiate idealism will be in proportion to his own team's lickings during the past season. The ratio of yowls are thus kept constant. There is always a football Octopus.

Who is at fault? The athletic directors? The coaches? The kids? The public?

It can't be the A. D.'s. They are hired by the college trustees after careful culling of many candidates from which is chosen the one best fitted to operate the college sport plant profitably. His job is to keep the shirt of income and the pants of expense together with no nudity in between. So he must cater to the public by keeping his varsity shows up to turnstile standard. No victories, no crowds, no publicity, no profits, no jobs for athletic directors.

It can't be the coaches' fault. They are hired by the athletic director for smartness in the head. It can't be the kids' fault. The coaches pluck them from the schoolboy weeds for the breadth of shoulder and thickness of neck. So, by elimination, that leaves the trustees and college presidents.

Yes! It's their fault.

The cure is simple and harsh—one that few college presidents have dared to attempt lest they soon be college presidents no longer. Let them tear down their concrete stadia to fit the size of the student enrollment plus guests, abolish admission fees and levy an athlete head tax on the scholars. Immediately the mardigras aspect of college football would shrivel to wieldy size, big budgets would stop, big team guarantees and intersectional fanfare would cease, and as the spectacle diminished the sport page glorification of adolescent youth would keep pace. Recruiting of beefy schoolboys, goal-post riots, bottle tipping, high-salaried coaches and expensive gear would be one with the snows of yesteryear.

The size of the freshman class in many institutions depends in no small measure on the success of the last varsity football season. The kids come flocking in proportion as the team bounced the opposition around. Which is why the coaches are called on to tour the alumni centers during the Winter season and spill after-dinner gems of wisdom to the old grads, or drop off in some hay-mow town to inspect a barrel-bodied schoolboy who wishes to exchange a lot of brawn for a little culture.

What harm, asks the average football fan, if the colleges lasso schoolboys from the bushes? It doesn't hurt the boys. The college profits. The students find healthful outlets for emotions. The alumni are lured back. Who gets hurt?

The answer to this question is divided equally between those colleges which smuggle athletes through the freight entrance and those which

piously leave their gates ajar in the trust that, if heaven is kind, some shaggy or husky halfback tackle will wander in. The first group goes and gets 'em. The second group doesn't. But the second group, to balance sports budgets, often schedules games with the first group, and submits their less physically blessed amateurs to such poundings that they sometimes arrive in later life with creaky knees, heart flutters or pronated feet.

Let us suppose you, as the reader, are father of a growing boy who promises to play football with average skill. As a discerning parent you realize football is a pretty significant part of college life. You have three choices. If you send the boy to a major football institution which conforms to a rigid amateur code, but which, to meet its huge sports expense, plays high-pressure rivals which are covertly professional, the kid is sure to take a licking. Among teammates of his own physical calibre he is bound to be overmatched by opposing gorilla types. The result may, you fear, mean flat arches, wry neck or facial disfiguration. For he will, like any normal kid, be swept by the tides of college loyalty and play to the very death. So, as a careful parent, you thumb that choice down.

Will you refuse to let him play? Then he may nurse resentments, either rebel or pass through early manhood feeling cheated from the full flavor of college life.

So you decide to enter him in some institution where athletic equals meet equals, a college which has no concrete crater to support from the hides of its scholars, no coach who is forced to trim his conscience for his job, no treasurer's report to show a profit and no danger of over-loading the boy with sport. There are still a number of such institutions.

Now, what about the first group which herds the vocational-amateurs direct from the slag heaps, wheat fields and foundries, but plays rivals of its own kidney. The boys have hired out for a full conscientious dollar's worth of effort. Troglodyte meets anthropoid. Where is the harm in that?

Experience shows that such types attend college primarily to play football. A survey of their post-college careers shows that they seldom make use of the curriculum they chose in order to stay eligible. So they usually wander through adult life feeling superior to the work they can do, but not competent for employment they deem fitting for cultured persons. The result is dreams without a method of meeting reality.

Thus the football colleges which round up annual herds of freshmen mavericks and pay them a wage, whether it be in cash, the stadium peanut monopoly or the local laundry concession, sometimes play the objects of this beneficence a dirty trick. The attempt to put a marble polish on curbstone surfaces often spoils the material for both purposes. Such colleges run a circus as truly as Ringling Brothers, turning out boys who drift back to the level from which they rose.

So what to do about the football "Octopus"? Unfortunately, very little. Because the great body of college presidents and trustees, who are the only people able to do anything, are satisfied with intermittent Winter yells. Like Grand Hotel—seasons come and go, nothing ever happens.

If a Real Earthquake Struck New York—

(Continued from page 25)

and the Jersey Coast. As far as we know, there has been no serious change for about 20,000 years. Whether it will be another 20,000 before the next shift occurs, or whether it will come next month, no man knows.

To better understand these constant uplifts, subsidences and tremors in Earth's crust, we have only to consider what this crust really is. It is believed that originally, Earth was a ball of white hot gas, as hot and as bright as the Sun, of which it was once a part. In the course of a thousand millions of years it gradually cooled and there came a day when a solid crust began forming on the outside surface.

As time rolled on this crust continued to cool and thicken. By the time it had cooled enough for life to exist, a primordial organism evolved and the long process of evolution of living things started. As the cooling continued and the crust thickened, shrinkage occurred. This shrinkage caused the crust to pucker and wrinkle in the weaker places. While of small moment to the whole Earth, these puckerings and wrinklings were cataclysms in the lives of the living things which existed at the time. The puckerings and wrinklings caused such structures as the Rocky Mountains, the Alps, the Himalayas, Andes, etc. Not only did they rip and tear asunder the surface of the Earth and create mighty volcanoes which belched molten lava over the landscape, but they altered the winds, which changed the climate, bringing suffering, death and destruction to countless living things.

When we intelligent humans finally evolved, the crust of Earth had become about 30 miles thick. Instead of belching volcanoes dotting the land and violent earthquakes occurring several times a day, the crust had become thick enough to resist shrinkage strains for considerable periods of time.

A crust averaging 30 miles in thickness is regarded by us little humans as something so firm and strong as to be permanently immovable. It would seem to be amply able to control the white hot molten interior of the Earth, especially since the latter is vented by several volcanoes. But our ideas are small. If we were to reduce the Earth to the size of a large apple, this 30-mile-thick crust, which we think so strong and safe, would be just about the thickness of the skin of an ordinary apple. If an apple were a lump of molten metal and rock, and it were covered with a crust only as thick as the skin of a regular apple, we would not think that crust very thick nor very safe. It is therefore apparent that when we modern humans come upon the scene and find matters comparatively calm and steady, we nevertheless are skating on very thin ice.

There are two principal causes for earthquakes. One is the constant shrinkage and wrinkling which is going on as the Earth continues to lose its internal heat. The other is the shifting of weight on the surface.

The loss of heat causes the shrinkage. Shrinkage causes puckerings and wrinklings. A break occurs at some weak spot. And as a result a

more or less violent tremor is created.

The weak spots are usually where some previous break has occurred. We call these "faults". These faults exist all over the Earth, and as might be expected, they usually are found in the vicinity of mountain ranges, or wrinkles, where the uplift has fractured the crust in many places. An ancient fault runs up our Atlantic Coast from the Carolinas, turns near Long Island and runs east under the sea to a point off Nova Scotia. It is this weak spot that probably holds the fate of New York in its grasp.

The other cause of earthquakes is erosion. Every drop of rain, every babbling brook, every big or little river is constantly gnawing away the hillsides and mountains, and carrying debris down to the sea.

The result over a long period of time is a profound shifting of weight. The hills and mountains waste away and lose weight. When their weight decreases beyond a certain limit, the molten and plastic interior of Earth pushes up. A weak spot yields and something snaps. A more or less violent tremor results.

Thousands of millions of tons of stone and steel have been concentrated in the New York area. One falls to wondering if such weight concentration is good.

Loves of Cyrena Blow by Blow

(Continued from page 7)

decided to forgive and forget, or at least, to get back and start all over . . .

It was nice going—but not for long.

According to the court records, incident No. 2 occurred just after Cyrena had given her first cocktail party of the season. At a rather late hour—when the last of their 200 guests had left—the Smiths and another couple decided to go out for a snack of supper.

Cyrena had changed into street costume when the couple sauntered into her room to talk about the party, "the best ever", they assured her. Suddenly, she alleges in her court complaint, Smith strode in, out of nowhere, and, not being one to telegraph his blows, struck out at her—effectively! In the melee which followed several neutrals became involved, including their butler, who came to her assistance, the police, who were called, and finally the physicians and nurses summoned because Cyrena's finger had been so badly bitten by her loving spouse that it required a surgical operation!

Yes, in all truth, it had been most diverting. "My husbands," says the temperate Cyrena, "were both highly nervous, quick-tempered individuals immediately 'sorry' for their unpredictable actions—if one may judge by the flowers and gifts which followed those fist-fests. But both being six-footers they were no match for any woman!"

However, these classic encounters have not warped the lovely Cyrena. "Because I have had two unfortunate marriages," she says, "is no reason to believe that it is a life pattern. I'd like to get around to having a child of my own some day, for I'm a home woman as well as a singer."

Astounding Secrets of the Devil Worshippers' Mystic Love Cult

(Continued from page 35)

dicularly along the right side of the block; and her lower limbs, bent at right angles at the knees, hang down the left side. She lies motionless in the dim light, like a figure cut out of marble.

The girl is beautifully formed, apparently nineteen or twenty years of age. I do not know who she is. I do not think I have ever seen her before—or that I shall ever see her afterward.

As if in a trance, she lies motionless while violins play and the "priest" intones his profane ritual, the worshipers joining in the responses.

At the culmination of the "Black Mass", the "priest" lifts a golden cup, drinks wine from it, and sprinkles a little on the girl's body, where it gleams like tiny drops of blood on the white skin.

The girl lies motionless on the "altar", untouched by the "priest" throughout the cere-

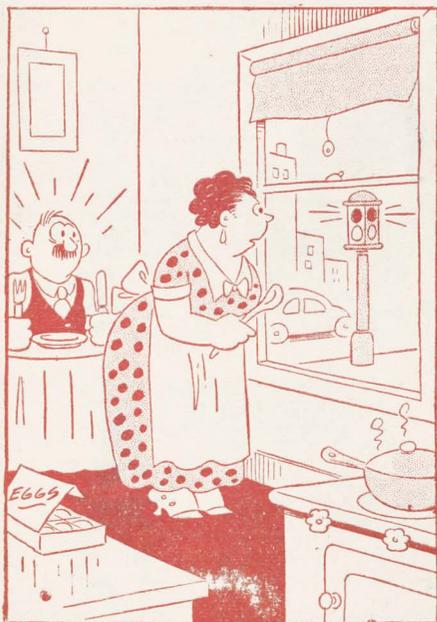
monial. The curtains are drawn and the abominable performance is ended. This is the real "Black Mass". No "magic", no orgies. Unholy, blasphemous, but quiet and solemn.

The orgy which Harry Kemp witnessed, and at which I was not present, was a different sort of ceremonial. The only part of his evidence which I have found it difficult to reconcile with the facts—in the light of my intimate knowledge of Crowley's practices—is his description of the materialization of the dancing figures of evil spirits. I have seen Crowley try to do that—and fail. Perhaps he didn't expect to succeed. One never knew when the real mystic ended and the charlatan began. He sincerely believed that he was able to invoke demons and spirits and actually make them do his bidding—but he declared to me that he had never been able to make them physically visible. I asked him outright about the materializations Harry Kemp described, and Crowley admitted that they were illusions—partly explained by the hypnosis of the spectators and partly by tricks which Crowley had learned during his long stay in India.

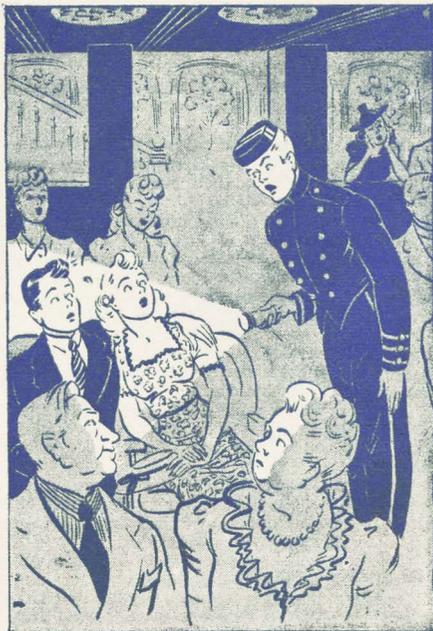
Nevertheless, Crowley's command of powers of some kind is a fact admitted both by his followers and his enemies.

In the next chapter I shall tell how I became acquainted in New York with Leila Waddell, who had been the "high priestess" of Crowley's cult in England, and how I learned more of its mystic seances and alleged "crucifixions."

(To Be Continued in the December Issue.)



"Two more green lights and your eggs will be done, dear."



"Jane Jones! You told me you were staying home with your mother tonight!"

Clever Crime Coup of the Hillbilly Sheriff

(Continued from page 45)

party. The officers went over both carefully. They found empty whiskey bottles—and something more significant. A small bottle with a label:

Strychnine Sulphate.

Arkansas law requires that purchases of poison be recorded with the name of the purchaser and the date.

At the Ozark store of C. R. Counts, records showed that strychnine had been sold on Dec. 10 to a man who gave his name as Roy Brown and said he wanted it as a rat-killer.

The description he gave caused the officers to look at each other and nod.

Earlier, at the Larrimore home, they had learned Doss had gone into town to buy a coffin for the body. They found him at the undertaker's.

Doss stuck to his story, substantially the same told by others. "If it was liquor that killed Monroe, why ain't I dead, too?" he demanded.

As though suddenly making up his mind, Crawford said: "We'll soon know if Larrimore was poisoned, Doss. We are sending his intestines to Fort Smith to be tested by a chemist. Meanwhile you're going to jail."

The findings of the laboratory, reported by telegraph, confirmed what Crawford and Walls believed. There were "positive" findings of strychnine in the viscera.

When the officers told Doss of the analysis report, he shrugged his shoulders: "How does that concern me?"

But when the sheriff said: "We've found out about you buying that strychnine two weeks ago." Doss gasped; then confessed, according to Crawford and Walls.

The officers also quoted him as saying he had met Mrs. Larrimore at just such a community gathering as that at which her husband met his death. Since she was lonesome, her husband being away, they started riding around together in Larrimore's car. He fell in love with her and began to cherish hopes of supplanting Monroe in her affections, the officers contended, thus establishing a motive for getting rid of the lanky Ozark ex-preacher.

Then Larrimore was called home by his father's death. The dance was deliberately arranged to provide a setting for the murder, the officers declare.

Doss' testimony before the coroner's jury seemed to supply the answer to the question of how Larrimore apparently had been poisoned by a bottle from which others drank.

A pint of whiskey was passed around to all in the party, thus averting suspicion.

The jury quickly returned a verdict that Larrimore "came to his death from poisoning at the hands of Arch Doss."

Sheriff Crawford was congratulated all around for detective work worthy of big city investigators.

The Dying Mountie

(Continued from page 49)

a Calgary motorist driving to Banff found a car drawn across the road. With revolvers three men held him up and took \$10. The police were already on the move to Banff and Calgary.

Sergeant T. S. Wallace, of the Banff detachment—hundreds of American tourists have snapped his picture at that famous mountain resort—took Constables G. E. Coombe and Gray Campbell in his car and headed east. At the park gate they were joined by Constable G. E. Harrison, who had come in from Calgary. At the spot the Calgary motorist had indicated they found Joe, Pete and John—cornered rats now.

A light rain was falling.

The headlights of the stolen car played directly on the police car as it drove up. Without warning, the trio opened fire.

Sergeant Wallace—who fought through the war with the Gordon Highlanders, and wore the Mons star—was driving. A bullet went through his chest, and he slumped over the wheel. Constable Harrison, seated beside him, got a bullet through the throat. Falling from the car he rolled to the ditch, and lying on his stomach calmly shot out the headlights of the bandit car. He emptied his revolver, loaded it and emptied it again in the brief but furious battle. Constable Harrison saved the lives of Constables Coombe and Campbell by his bravery and marksmanship, even as he lay dying.

The fugitives jumped from their car and took to the woods. The two unwounded constables took their dying comrades into the car and hurried for Canmore, a little foothills town near by.

Back with the forces now converging on the hunted trio went Constables Coombe and Campbell. The cordon was drawn tight, in spite of the darkness and the rain in that wild mountainous country. A detachment of Mounted Police had arrived from Calgary, together with a number of Calgary city policemen. Game wardens and park attendants had been sworn in as a posse. The net was spread over several miles of heavily wooded country, cut by bare rocky ridges.

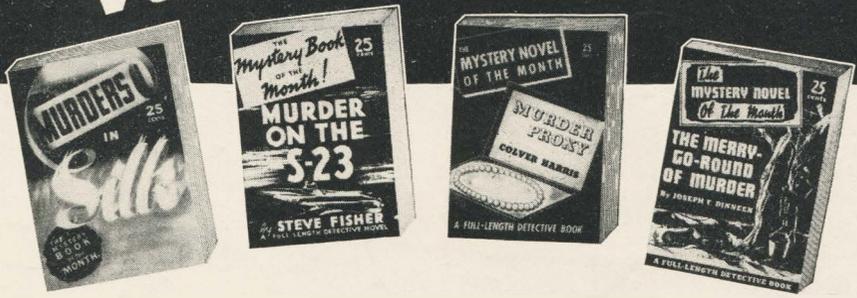
Twelve miles east of Banff the three were cornered again. In the beam of a flashlight Constable Coombe discovered Joe Posnikoff. Three rapid shots stabbed the darkness, and Joe dropped in his stride, dead with a bullet through the heart.

In the darkness the other two escaped. Snow fell in the early morning.

Shortly after dawn, Pete and John were spotted making their way along a ridge, under cover of the timber. William Neish, veteran game warden, sure shot with a rifle, fired three times. The first dropped Pete with a bullet in his stomach. The second missed. The third ploughed through a heavy log behind which John Kalmakoff had dropped and penetrated his stomach. Desperately wounded, they offered no resistance when the police approached. Both had revolvers, and Kalmakoff had a rifle. They were taken to the hospital at Banff and died there.

The week-end party for Joe and Pete and John was over.

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