

Bright Prospects For Reno Bank

That definite consideration is being given to plans for reorganization of the Washoe County Bank, which voluntarily closed its doors Friday...

"I would expect," the State Bank Examiner said, "that it will take a week or ten days to sufficiently check the accounts of the bank so that parties now considering a reorganization can make a definite decision."

Seaborn expressed the opinion that the prospects for such a reorganization are "very bright." He explained that the work during the period of accounting would "entail a careful study of the assets."

A count of the cash on hand was completed by Seaborn and his assistants. The count balanced with the books Seaborn said.

Following the check the money was transferred to other Reno banks, including the Reno National Bank and the Scheeline Banking and Trust Company and the First National Bank.

An account was to be opened with the Riverside Bank for the deposit of collections to be received, according to the plans announced.

The State Bank Examiner expressed complete confidence in the general banking situation in Reno and added that he believed the depositors of the Washoe County Bank would be protected and would only suffer from the inconvenience caused by the temporary closing of the institution.

When the bank closed its doors at the end of business Wednesday the deposits amounted to \$885,301.92 in the commercial accounts and \$2,543,297.95 in the savings accounts.

The loans at the same time amounted to \$2,336,034.50, of which about \$1,000,000 is in so-called "frozen loans," mostly on farm and ranch lands adjacent to Reno—Nevada State Journal.

COLORADO RIVER IS STILL ON DECLINE

Continued rapid falling of the Colorado was reported at Grand Canyon for the last two days.

From 40,500 second feet on Monday, the volume went down Tuesday, at Grand Canyon, to 38,400 and yesterday to 35,900.

Clark County Farm Grows From Old Man's Shack Into Institution Where Inmates Given Expert Care

From a small, meagerly-furnished dwelling in which the several elderly inhabitants "kept house" for themselves, the Clark County farm has grown into a well-appointed, neatly kept eleven-room building in which a conscientious, hard-working couple carry on the work of caring for eight men between the ages of 59 and 98, who have passed their best years and who are dependent upon the county for their livelihood.

Under the guiding hand of J. P. King, county road supervisor, and with the able help of Miss Louise King in planning the building, the new home was built a year ago last month, a mile and a half southwest of the center of the city, across the road from the Ellis ranch, and now lies peacefully in the sun, surrounded by trees and a small garden, and furnishes shelter for those who were in their prime half a century ago.

While the indigent fund of the county does not permit of sumptuous living conditions or extravagant fare, yet half a dozen gray-haired inmates put their feet under the plain, new table the Fourth of July and enjoyed chicken dinner, Frank W. Bressette killed the two chickens and Mrs. Bressette cooked them with all the trimmings, and a good time was had by all, a representative of the Age was informed Sunday during a visit at the farm.

"We'll have to get a larger table soon," said Mr. Bressette.

Mr. and Mrs. Bressette took charge of the home some months ago. It was formerly in the care of Frank Quereau, who lived with the other men when the home was a shack at Stewart and Main. The building was moved out to the location of the present new home five years ago.

Bressette was formerly assistant superintendent of the county poor farm in Denver county, Colorado. Asked whether he likes his work on the small farm here better, he said:

"I certainly do. I enjoy my work here much more, because I'm having the satisfaction of building up a new place." He ran the Weiser ranch in the Moapa valley for a time before coming here.

Mr. Bressette raises corn, turnips, squash, watermelons and cucumbers, while he is not working about the building and caring for his charges. "I'm Mrs. Bressette keeps the place as tidy as a new pin, and makes the place a real homey home. She is a skilled nurse having worked for years in similar institutions.

One of the Weiser's most venerable pioneers, Elias Samuel McGinnis, ate his 98th birthday dinner with his aged cronies at the farm several weeks ago. He is one of the more physically fit of the inmates, always rising at 4 in the morning and coming in to town once in a while to visit around with friends. Although rather deaf, his memory is remarkably clear, and he recently sat in the Age office and recounted happenings around Southern Nevada of 65 years ago.

Likes Travel: Ed Slattery, formerly cared for by Mrs. Betsy O'Reilly Garbale, and who has been at the home since May 22 of this year, craves to travel, and has run away several times, one time "escaping" through the window of his bedroom during the night and heading for town "to see Mack."

"I can always talk him out of his notion for going traveling, and get him to postpone the trip, if I see him in time," said Bressette. His room now has strong screening which makes night-time escapes impossible. As a general thing he is well-behaved enough, and sits contentedly in the court or his room.

Keeping the farm is not without its excitement. One of the greatest problems was presented when Eleanor Nichols was housed at the farm several months ago, allegedly suffering from a broken hip, and when she climbed out of the bathroom window and faded out of sight.

"She didn't know the difference between what was going on in her imagination and what actually was happening, it seemed," said Mrs. Bressette. "She had some sort of spells, hysterics or epilepsy, or something akin."

Dan Martin, formerly a blacksmith for the U. P., is one of the residents of the home.

"Boy" 59 Years of Age: "Lafe Utley is the boy of the crowd," explained the caretaker. "He's 59, and the youngest of all of them. He had his leg cut off by a train April 18 near Dry Lake. For a month and a half he was a bed patient here, after his leg had been amputated. His sister is going to take him to California after awhile."

One of the residents of the home, T. C. Ferguson, receives money occasionally from a brother in South Dakota. It is his old love for poker asserts itself at times when his "allowance" arrives, and if he can get into town with the money he sits in on a game.

"I always try to get him to buy himself something worth while before he gets a chance to gamble it away," said Bressette.

Ferguson entered the home last September.

Jim Murphy is another of the patients. He has paralyzed legs, but gets into town occasionally in spite of this handicap. Albert Zindars, formerly of Goodsprings, has been at the farm since September last. Martin came to the home in April, 1918.

A one-story stucco building, the home is about 52 by 40 feet. The dining room, sitting room and keepers' apartment are in the front. The kitchen is in the middle just back of the dining room, and opens into a roofed-in court on either side of which is a row of rooms, one being a ward for four, the other four single bedrooms. This court is shaded in summer and protected in winter, although it is screened at the back, and gives the men opportunity for exercise outside their rooms without undue exposure.

There are two large bathrooms, with absolutely modern equipment. A small additional dwelling recently was moved to the lot, and will house seven of the more able bodied inmates as it is needed.

Incorporation Papers Are Received Here

The following articles of incorporation have recently been recorded here in the county court house: Robert C. Bruce Talking Pictures, Inc.

Spanish Stone Company. "Gesell-Plan" Service Company. Las Vegas Nevada Radio Corporation. Carrara Ace Gold Mining Company.

Florence Carrara Ace Mining Company. Virgin Oil and Mines Corporation. Waller Manufacturing Corporation, Ltd. Sugar Creek Mining and Milling Company. Lankerwood Holding Corporation. Associated Metals, Inc. Health Food Products Corporation.

Western Borax Company. Pacific Homebuilders, Inc. Northern Club, Inc. Grandview Water Company, Ltd. Nu-Enamel Stores, Inc. Ltd., of California. California Vegetable Concentrates, Inc. Mohawk Ace Mining Company. Old Arizona Gold Company. Las Vegas Nevada Airport, Inc. Gold Belt Mining Company.

RIVAL WIVES

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Since her graduation with honors three years previously, NAN CARROLL has been private secretary to ATTORNEY JOHN CURTIS MORGAN.

While they are at work, IRIS MORGAN, haughty, beautiful wife of Morgan, arrives, accompanied by her handsome child, little CURTIS. She peevishly demands a large check to finance a shopping expedition and leaves little Curtis on Nan's hands while she goes out to shop. Nan bitterly resents being thus treated as a nursemaid, and her dislike of Iris troubles.

That evening Nan dines with WILLI STODD, who for the fifth time proposes marriage to her. When Nan insists she cannot give up her prospects for passing the bar examinations, Willis accuses her of being in love with Morgan. After Willis leaves, Nan tries to dismiss his outburst as a gesture of jealousy, but her heart tells her differently and at last she admits that she, Nan Carroll, who has always prided herself on being honorable, square as a man, is in love with another woman's husband.

The thought is so intolerable she sees to the office next morning determined to resign. There in the morning mail she finds a blackmail note directed to Morgan. Nan is torn with conflict: Shall she give him the note and let him learn the truth about his cold wife, or shall she withhold it?

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER V

Nan took his brief case from John Curtis Morgan, rifled through a sheaf of memoranda and found—as she had known she would—the McTeague deposition. How helpless he was, how dependent upon her! And how happy she was to serve

for having deserted the office, but her eyes were still shining with excitement when she knocked upon the door of a small fraithe house on the outskirts of the city.

"I want to see Mrs. Crayfish, please," Nan told the plump, homely woman who answered her knock. "Mama ain't home. Could I do anything for you, Miss? I'm Annie Crayfish."

"Annie Crayfish? Nan almost sang the unmetrical syllables. "Then you're the very person I want to see. You used to work at the Riverside Country Club as a chambermaid, didn't you, Annie? Will you tell me why you left your job?"

"Yes, Miss. I been out to Arizona, staying with my sister who was sick with T. B. She—she died last week, and I buried her out there and come home. I just got home today. Me and Mama are feeling awful bad about Madge, Miss, so I hope there ain't going to be no trouble."

"I'm awfully sorry about Madge," Nan said softly. "But it was awfully nice you had saved up enough money, to go away out there and stay with her until the end."

"I didn't have enough saved up," Annie Crayfish confessed. "I never coulda gone if Mrs. Fleming hadn't sent me. It was funny, too," she added in a burst of confidence. "I didn't know she was so kind-hearted. And I didn't think she liked me very much. One time she scolded me something fierce—"

"What for, Annie?" Nan scarcely dared to breathe.

"Why nothing a-tall, Annie bridled. "I went in to clean her room—you know, lotsa the members keep rooms out there and stay week-ends—and I seen her a-writing at her desk, and I said, 'I never noticed before you was left-handed, Mrs. Fleming,' and I thought she'd take my head off. And—funny thing!—she wasn't left-handed, Miss! I took pains to notice after that."

"Of course," Nan said casually, to keep from frightening her witless, "you never happened to notice what it was that Mrs. Fleming was writing with her left hand that day, did you? Just as a matter of curiosity, such as anyone would have felt?" she suggested subtly.

"Well, yes, Miss, I did," Annie Crayfish flushed. "It hurt my feelings the way she carried on just because I made an innocent remark like that and so when she was called to the door to sign for a telegram I stooped real quick and slipped the book off the letter she'd been writing with her left hand—she'd covered it up soon as I came in—and it was the funniest writing—almost lying on its back, and square, like a kid's just learning to write—"

Nan gasped involuntarily. Handwriting experts, learnedly analyzing the queer script in which the now famous blackmailing letters were indicated, had not been half so vivid as Annie Crayfish!

"Did Mrs. Fleming see you looking at the letter?" Nan asked, dizzy with joy.

"Yes, Miss," Annie confessed. "And she slapped my face. But the next minute she was apologizing and trying to make-up to me for her hot temper, as she called it. She seemed so awful sorry that I couldn't stay mad, and when she offered to send me out to Arizona to stay with Madge—I'd told her all about Madge, long before that—why, I was just tickled to death, of course I couldn't let false pride stand in the way of going to my sister, could I, Miss?"

"Of course not," Nan agreed heartily. "Listen, Annie, do you think Grace Cox is guilty?"

A puzzled look spread over the chambermaid's pleasant face.

"Guilty of what, Miss? Miss Cox that's the switchboard operator of the club? An awful nice girl, not a bit stuck-up—"

"Haven't you been reading the papers, Annie?" Nan marvelled.

"Grace Cox is accused of having blackmailed several wealthy members of the country club, including Mrs. Fleming herself. And the letters were in the funny handwriting you've just described to me, Annie! They're trying to send Grace Cox those letters, Annie!" she emphasized to the penitentiary writing sized slowly.

"But—I don't understand," Annie Crayfish protested dazedly. "I ain't seen any papers from here or hardly anywhere else since I left home. Im not much hand for reading and Madge—But I seen Mrs. Fleming writing one of them letters Miss! The full truth dawned on the woman's slow intellect.

"Don't you understand, Annie?" Nan exclaimed. "Mrs. Fleming bribed you to leave the state, so you could never testify against her! She's a wicked woman, Annie, and they may send Grace Cox to prison for a crime Mrs. Fleming committed, if you don't come with me right now and tell the court exactly what you've told me! Will you, Annie? I know you didn't mean to commit a crime yourself in accepting a bribe, and I know you don't want poor little Grace Cox to suffer for a crime she didn't do. Come, Annie! Hurry!"

(To Be Continued)

from the Bellaire Grill, and you can eat it while you go over your notes," Nan planned cheerfully.

Of course, she had had no opportunity to resign, she scolded her conscience, when Morgan had departed for court. "Besides," she reminded herself "I've decided to write him a note of resignation, but I'm certainly not going to bother him with it until this case is settled. It ought to go to the jury by Friday night, and Saturday morning will be time enough. Maybe if he finds out I held out this anonymous letter he'll fire me and save me the trouble of resigning."

She tried to forget the blackmailing letter, with its unspeakable insinuation against Iris Morgan, but her mind tugged and worried at the thing, while her heart followed John Curtis Morgan to the courthouse.

Evans, the middle-aged, sour-mouthed clerk, arrived just as Morgan was leaving, and Blake, the young lawyer on salary, raced in and cut again in time to catch his chief at the elevator.

If only she could go with him, could be there to ward off evil—If she, not that silly Blake, sat at his elbow, she could sense a trap before it was sprung, warn him, save him the ghastly humiliation which, if the anonymous letter-writer was to be believed, awaited him at the courthouse today. He had told her often enough that he counted on her intuition—

A messenger boy with the court stenographer's transcript of the case interrupted Nan's milling thoughts. She seized upon the bulky transcript, fiercely determined to winnow the prosecution's evidence so thoroughly that no clue to the real truth, however infinitesimal, might escape her.

The clue, when she did find it, almost escaped her, it was so tiny; just a name, an odd name, and for some obscure reason, familiar to



"Haven't time to read a single letter, Nan. You handle all of it if you can, and let the rest ride. Nothing of life-and-death importance, I suppose?"

him. Would his next secretary be as alert and intelligent as herself, as eager to wait upon him?

He loathed detail, wanted to have his mind free for concentration upon the bigger aspects of the legal problems which he was called upon to handle. And yet incompetence in those who were responsible for detail made him nervous and impatient, even ill. It took a lot of understanding and patience and intelligence to work for John Curtis Morgan.

"If his next secretary serves him as faithfully as I have done, it will be because she loves him," Nan decided, and hot jealousy of her prospective successor flooded her already tortured heart.

Nan followed him into his private office, the anonymous letter tucked into the pocket of her blouse, the other mail, or such of it as required his personal attention, in her hands.

He lifted a warding hand, his black eyes pleading with her humorously for indulgence. "Haven't time to read a single letter, Nan. You handle all of it if you can, and let the rest ride. Nothing of life-and-death importance, I suppose?"

Nan decided irrevocably then. The anonymous letter should stay in her pocket. She had her orders—

"No, Mr. Morgan, nothing of life-and-death importance. Anything special you want me to do today?"

"Nothing special," Morgan answered absent-mindedly, his eyes on the memorandum in his hand. "Oh, yes! When the complete transcript of this Grace Cox case comes from the court stenographer this morning, I'd like to have you read through it carefully. I can depend upon you to see light where apparently all is dark. I'm pretty sure of making Brainerd look like a fool before the day is over, but I'm not taking any chances. That's a slippery crowd. I'll phone during the morning if I have an opportunity, and will come back here when court recesses for lunch."

"I'll order a nice lunch sent up

Nan. The name occurred in the testimony of a chambermaid of the Riverside Country Club.

Q (District Attorney): How long have you been employed as a chambermaid in the Riverside Country Club?

A Since September 5, Annie Crayfish recommended me for the job when she was leaving, sir—

Q (District Attorney): Please confine yourself to answering questions. Now, Bertha, what were your hours on duty?

Nan knitted her brows. Crayfish! Why was the name so familiar? She herself had written that name, had laughed at it—Oh! Of course! The head cleaning woman of that very office building was named Crayfish! Nan had learned her name at Christmas time last year, had written it on the envelope containing Morgan's Christmas gift of money for the woman. Undoubtedly Annie Crayfish, former chambermaid of the Country Club, was related to old Mrs. Crayfish of the Sanderson building.

Impulsively, her brown eyes shining, Nan called the superintendent of the building on the telephone. "This is Miss Carroll, of John Curtis Morgan's office, Mr. Bennett. I very much want to see Mrs. Crayfish, head of the cleaning staff. Is she on duty now?"

"Not until four o'clock. The old dames work until 10, you know," Bennett answered.

"Could you give me her address, please, Mr. Bennett? Its terribly important, really, or I shouldn't bother you." Nan pleaded in her sweetest voice.

Five minutes later, Nan, having left a resentful and bewildered clerk in charge of the front office, was on her way to the address which Bennett had supplied. Mrs. Crayfish had no telephone; there was no time to be wasted on telegrams or messenger boys. She was playing a long lunch, at the risk of incurring Morgan's displeasure

Eagles May Go To California For Ball Games

Local Team Probably Will Play P. F. E., Gurr Smith and Redcaps in San Bernardino, Los Angeles.

The Las Vegas Eagles ball team will play the Pacific Fruit Express in San Bernardino on Labor Day if present plans are completed, it was stated yesterday by one of the Eagles.

A game also with the Southern Pacific Redcaps of Los Angeles is in the offing, and it is hoped it can be arranged for some time in August.

The Gurr Smith outfit of San Bernardino, which played here a short time ago, probably will have the local boys down for a friendly little spat in the middle of September, it is believed.

The local team has announced it probably will bring no more teams in from outside points to play here this season, because of the expense of this and the lack of support given by the public.

PAYNE IS APPOINTED ELECTRICAL INSPECTOR

Lloyd Payne was named city electrical inspector Tuesday by the city council. He will be paid fees collected for inspections, up to the amount of \$200 a month, for his duties.

FOUR-LEGGED CHICK

ANTIGO, Wis.—(U.P.)—F. J. Pawlischek of near here has a Rhode Island Red chick that is going to grow up to be an ideal fowl for table consumption. It has four legs.

bers of the country club, including Mrs. Fleming herself. And the letters were in the funny handwriting you've just described to me, Annie! They're trying to send Grace Cox those letters, Annie!" she emphasized to the penitentiary writing sized slowly.

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(To Be Continued)

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