

USED FURNITURE STORE STOCK MOVED

The second hand furniture store, subsidiary to the Las Vegas Mercantile Corporation, established a month ago, was being moved yesterday from its former location at Tenth and Fremont to its new site in the second store room from the corner of Second and Carson on South Second street.

The free traders are not always consistent in their arguments. In one breath they tell us that the protective tariff does not help our farmers and in the next they argue that we ought not to place a tariff on farm products because we will destroy the market for the Canadian and Argentine farmers and so make them sore at us.

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin
Author of 'The Black Pigeon'

THIS HAS HAPPENED

JOHN CURTIS MORGAN, lawyer who is madly in love with his wife, IRIS, does not suspect that his secretary, NAN CARROLL, loves him. Nan, being honorable, determines to resign, but postpones her resignation because she believes Morgan is going to need a faithful secretary during his defense of BERT CRAWFORD, supposed friend who is indicted for embezzlement. Nan distrusts Crawford and Iris. She overhears Crawford "fix" witness and she "rees" from him a promise to give up Iris.

Nan prepares to go to the courtroom on the last day of the trial when Iris Morgan rushes in with her small son, CURTIS. She leaves him on Nan's hands while she hurries to the courtroom. When Iris falls asleep Nan finds beside him a note, evidently stolen from his mother's handbag, in which Crawford protests his love for Iris, admits his guilt, and lays plans for their elopement after the trial.

Nan is faced with a bitter conflict, but at last decides to hurry to the courtroom with the letter. She arrives there too late. The jury has reached a verdict of "not guilty."

Outside the courtroom she meets an old suitor WILLIS TODD with whom she has lunch. She shows him the note from Crawford and he advises her to destroy it. She tucks it in her bag.

Over the Christmas holidays Nan is sick with anguish over the disappointment and sorrow which she knows await Morgan. When he comes into the office happy and gay, she is immensely relieved. Crawford calls and presents Morgan with a check for \$20,000 as his fee, and when Morgan refuses, Crawford suggests he give it to Iris. He tells Morgan he is leaving town. Nan waits, frightened, nervous, until after Crawford's train leaves, wondering if Iris will go with him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XV



"I'm coming down, too," Morgan's voice was saying. "It's lonesome at home, with Iris gone."

ON MONDAY, the ninth of January, the day Iris Morgan had chosen for her departure for New York on what her husband believed to be a short pleasure trip, John Curtis Morgan had to appear in court as defense counsel for Lois Downs, a pretty young nurse accused of the murder by poisoning of her patient, a middle-aged chronic invalid whose husband and fortune she was supposed to have coveted.

The case had been twice set for hearing and twice postponed, but now a jury had been impaneled.

"If he doesn't come soon I shall have to leave without telling him good-by, and it will serve him right!" Iris protested petulantly to Nan for the third or fourth time. "I only have half an hour to make my train. Careful, Curt, lover, you're mashing the pleats in mother's skirt."

"I wanna go to New York, too," the little boy pleaded.

"Mother," explained over and over, sweatheart, that New York is a horrid big place, not at all nice for little boys." Iris answered cajolingly. Nan, stealing a glance at the two, saw the mother's arm tighten convulsively about the thin little body that leaned forlornly against her knees.

"I suppose she has got something that passes for a heart," Nan admitted grudgingly to herself. "And I hope it hurts her so tonight that she can't sleep—running away to New York in a drawing room that her husband has paid for to join her lover who owes his freedom to her husband. Oh, how can she do it? And how can he love her so much, when she's rotten, rotten! Just because she's beautiful—"

hope until she thought it was dead. But it is only sunk into the very depths of her heart and lay down very quietly.

"Well! At last! I was just leaving without telling you good-by," Iris greeted her husband crossly. "There's hardly time to make my train."

"Oh, there's lots of time," Morgan reassured her. "I'm awfully sorry to be late, but I could hardly ask for an early adjournment.

"Hello, Sonny-Boy! Know what we're going to do as soon as Mother's on the train?"

He knelt beside the little boy, who was still drooping forlornly against his mother's knees, and put his arms about the two of them hugging them close. Nan, before she turned sharply away, saw one of Iris' hand flutter to the boy's black head; saw Morgan lay his cheek against his slim whiteness.

"I wanna go to New York, too!" Curtis sobbed.

"And leave Daddy all by himself!" the father reproached him tenderly. "Listen, Man-Child! You and I are going to a wild West movie and then we're going to drive out to the Banbury kennels and you're going to pick out a—guess what!"

"A dog!" Curtis shouted, happy again. "I wanna German police dog, just like Strongheart!"

"Oh, Jack, think of the furniture!" A police dog galumphing through the house!" Iris exclaimed petulantly; then she must have remembered that the house would no longer be any concern of hers, for her voice softened, grew a little husky: "Oh, all right, lover! You can have any kind of a dog you want. Just be sure he isn't vicious, she rose abruptly, disengaging her slim body from her husband's embrace.

"Isn't she the most beautiful thing you ever saw, Nan?" Morgan asked as he rose and stood beside his wife. "Don't you think I'm foolish to let her go off to New York without me along to see that no one steals her?"

"I certainly do!" Nan made her voice sound gay, but in her heart was a rage of anger against the woman and pity for the man.

"Silly Jack!" Iris laughed, and Nan hoped fiercely that she would never hear those scornful lips utter that phrase again—those two words with which Iris Morgan always answered her husband's adoration and reduced him to absurdity. "Tell Nan good-by, lover, Good-by, Nan. You'll look after those two bad boys of mine while I'm gone, won't you?"

Nan flinched from the kiss which Iris' velvety red lips laid on her cheek, but her brown eyes were very steady as they met and held for a moment the blue-green eyes of John Curtis Morgan's wife. "I'll do my best," she said clearly, but no one else in the room realized that a solemn promise had been given.

ALTHOUGH she hated Iris Morgan with every throb of her own honest loyal heart, Nan Carroll had denied or underestimated the other woman's beauty.

"I'm pretty, too," Nan reflected bitterly. "But do you suppose he knows it? I might as well have a harelip and greasy, mouse-colored hair, for all he sees—or cares. But she's leaving him; he may never see her again, after today," her love, audacious with hope, dared whisper in her heart.

Then shame made her flush scarlet. "No, no, I'm not that bad! I'm staying in only because he's going to need a friend so badly. Afterward, when it's all over, I'll go away. . . . I will, I will!" she reiterated sharply, desperately, stamping upon that treacherous

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WHEN THEY were gone, Nan sat idle at her typewriter, her frightened eyes fixed on the little desk clock. Had she committed an unforgivable crime in not warning Morgan that his wife was leaving him for Crawford? But, as she had told Willis Todd, she would rather have died than to have shown him that letter of Bert Crawford's, which proved that Crawford was not only a thief but Iris Morgan's lover. And as Willis had pointed out to her, Morgan's knowing would not have stopped Iris, and if it could have, Morgan would not or should not want her.

But Willis didn't know how much Morgan loved her.

The minute hand of the clock moved slowly and inexorably. Train time! Too late now! Five minutes past train time now. . . . John Curtis Morgan and his child, happily ignorant of the fact that they were deserted, would be turning toward the theatre now. Curtis shrilling excitedly about his police dog.

"Will he know tonight? Did she leave a letter? Surely she wouldn't

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Tenants Await Completion of New Structure

Professional Building To Be Finished By August 15; Stucco, Flooring, Plumbing Work Rushed.

Prospective tenants of the new professional building, to be completed by August 15 by L. Andrews building superintendent, for Carr Ray, at 415 Fremont street, are ready to move into the new two-story structure as soon as it is finished.

James A. Fleming, architect, already has moved into his office in the new building, on the second floor and announces he is ready for business in the new location. He was located formerly in the Age building next door.

C. E. Pembroke is ready to move his Frigidaire and electrical business into one of the three store spaces on the ground floor, and the White Cross drug company will establish a store in one of the others.

Various lawyers and doctors, including one dentist, will move into suites on the second floor.

An army of workers is working toward the early completion of the structure, which "must be finished by the middle of the month, if we have to work nights to do it," according to Andrews.

Stuccoing of the outside was started yesterday, and probably will be finished some time Sunday or by Monday at latest. Cement floors will be finished about Monday, as will also the wood floors on the second floor.

Painters are working on the interior, and plumbing being installed. The electrical wiring is completed, and the window frames will be installed late next week.

We noticed the other day by our teeming want advertisements that somebody had lost a handbag containing three gilt bangles, an enamel and silver cigarette case, a cigarette holder and a vanity case, and that's another day we never expected to live to see but did.—Ohio State Journal.

COLORADO SHOWS DROP

The recent swelling of the Colorado river is going down, it is indicated by reports received the last two days from Grand Canyon.

Thursday's volume was 57,600 second feet and yesterday's 44,300 second feet.

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Siebert Death Grieves Many

Frederick John Siebert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Siebert, formerly of Reno, died at White Plains, New York, Tuesday, July 30, from spinal meningitis, which followed an operation for sinus trouble.

Word of his untimely death brings sorrow to many friends of the family here. It will be remembered that the Sieberts resided in Las Vegas for a time about the year 1910. The only knowledge we had of the illness of Frederick was a report several weeks ago that Mr. Siebert had been suddenly called to England because of the critical condition of his son. The family had just moved from Reno to White Plains, New York.

Mr. George Henry (Eleanor Siebert, sister of Frederick) was teacher of mathematics in Las Vegas high school for two years before her resignation in 1927, prior to her marriage to Dr. George Henry, a member of the staff of Bloomington hospital at White Plains.

A brilliant student at the University of Nevada, from which he was graduated with the class of 1927, Frederick Siebert was appointed Rhodes Scholar from Nevada and went to Oxford in the fall of 1927. He returned to the United States a few weeks ago to visit his parents and his sister at his sister's home in White Plains. He intended to return to England within the next few weeks to resume his final year's studies at Oxford. Recently a book written by him was published in England.

Siebert, while a student at the University of Nevada was a member of the Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity and took a very active part in student affairs, especially on the publications board. He was editor of the Desert Wolf and a member of the Artemesia staff. He was also a member of Cofin and Keys honor fraternity.

He was a native of Reno and would have been twenty-five years old on October 19 of this year.

Besides his parents, who are now in White Plains, he leaves a sister, Mrs. George Henry and a younger brother, Thomas Tasker Siebert, Senator Tasker L. Oddie, is his uncle.

Ice Cream Co. Incorporates

Papers were prepared yesterday by Attorney B. J. Engle for the incorporation of the Las Vegas Ice Cream Company, with a capital stock of \$25,000.

The new corporation, a part of the Engle interests, will engage in the manufacture and sale of ice cream and similar products.

Attorney Engle, who is acting as secretary and treasurer of the company, states that they plan to put up a building for their factory.

WALLACE GOES TO ISLAND

Mickey Wallace, erstwhile Las Vegas boxer, went last week with one Mr. Love of Los Angeles, to the Island of Guadalupe, 75 miles southwest of San Diego off the coast of Lower California, where he will remain indefinitely in the employ of the MacArthur Livestock company, in which Dr. Roy W. Martin is interested.

Love operates a radio set on the island, and it is hoped communication can be struck between Pat Mahoney, local radio man, and the island.

WASTED AND FOOLISH

and that Iris would come back to the security and honor of John Curtis Morgan's wife, those questions were answered as she had known in her heart that they would be.

(To Be Continued)

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