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Clark County's Club Kids Win Canning Contest

First, Second & Third Places Won by Moapa Valley Farm Youngsters at State Camp; Lincoln Also Scored

Clark County's farm youngsters reign supreme in the realm of canning at the annual club camp being held this week in Reno. The Moapa valley girls team won all three places in the canning competition, first, second and third. Lincoln county's delegation took first place in livestock judging. Southern Nevada thus capturing more than her share of laurels.

These two counties have ranked high, especially in canning for the last two years, and Miss Orpha Miller stated several weeks ago that their record had become so good it was almost too much to expect it to be sustained against clubs from all over the state.

Yesterday the boys at the camp, being held at the university livestock farm, studied methods of packing horses and mules, fire prevention on the farm and use of paint on the farm, while the girls took up home improvement, food preparation and applied handwork. A visit to the state capital also was scheduled for yesterday.

Today a similar course of study will be followed, and tomorrow, the last full day of camp, there will be a trip around Reno, the University of Nevada and the Southern Pacific Company's shops at Sparks.

J. H. Wittwer and Miss Orpha Miller, both of Las Vegas, are helping conduct the club camp, in official capacities.

RIVAL WIVES
by Anne Austin
Author of 'The Black Pigeon'

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, discovers she is in love with her employer. Being honorable, she determines to resign. Her resignation is postponed when she learns Morgan is staking his professional honor on the innocence of his friend, Bert Crawford, who is indicted for the murder of a woman.

Nan dislikes Crawford, distrusts him and Iris Morgan, because a wife of the lawyer. Nan overhears a conversation in which Crawford "fixes" a witness and "fixes" interest in Iris. Nan confronts him with the facts, telling Crawford the price of her silence is that he give up Iris Morgan at once.

On the last day of the trial, Iris finds convincing proof of his guilt and his intention to elope with Iris in a note which little Curtis Morgan has evidently stolen from his mother's handbag. She arrives in the courtroom just as the jury brings in a "not guilty" verdict. Morgan refuses the fee of \$20,000 which Crawford offers him and Crawford cleverly suggests he give it to Iris.

Crawford announces he is leaving town. When Iris Morgan leaves later on a supposed pleasure trip to New York, Nan believes she intends to desert her husband and child, she throws herself vehemently into assisting him with his next case, the defense of a nurse who is accused of murdering her patient, an elderly woman whose shell husband is known to be in love with the nurse, Lois Downs. A special delivery letter comes from Iris while they are working. Morgan's heart stops as she watches Morgan open it.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XVII



Her voice was husky and rough with tears. "Is there—anything—I can do?"

Nan wanted desperately to run from the room, so that Morgan should be spared the added humiliation of having a witness to his shock and grief. But he, so pitifully unprepared, had told her to stay while he read his letter from his wife. And now, before she had time to collect her wits and make an excuse to go to her own office, Morgan was drawing the crackling sheets of expensive note paper from the big square envelope addressed in Iris's handwriting.

Out of sheer decency and pity she hid close her eyes, so that when he looked at her—as at length he must—she would think that she was still concentrating on the Lois Downs mystery, would be grateful that she had not seen his face before he had time to control it.

Nan never knew how long she sat there, with her eyes screwed tightly shut and her mind reeling drunkenly from thought to thought. However long it was, there was no sound at all from the man who sat less than two feet from her, until his voice, unrecognizable in its restrained hoarseness, called to her: "Nan."

"Yes, Mr. Morgan." She tried to make her voice sound normal, cheerfully expectant. In case he was looking at her, she blinked her eyes rapidly and smiled.

But the bit of acting was unnecessary. The man's long, thin body was hunched forward against his desk, his face shielded from her sight by a cupped hand.

His words came jerkily, with the sound of labored breathing between phrases. "I'm sorry—but I don't think—I'll work any more—tonight. Tomorrow—" But he could not drag his voice past that word, which can be the most terrible in the English language.

Nan could feel in her own heavily throbbing heart the man's horrified recoil from all that the word meant—days stretching endlessly ahead—The need to annihilate those two feet of space between them—that small yet infinite distance that had always separated Nan Carroll, private secretary, from John Curtis Morgan, employer and married man—became such an unbearable ache that the girl was impelled to her feet, was bending over him, her arms outstretched in a passion of tenderness and pity to clasp his beloved head to her breast, when Morgan straightened in his chair.

Nan's arms dropped to her sides. She stepped backward just in time to prevent his head striking her. Thank God, she hadn't betrayed herself; he hadn't seen. He would think she was simply leaving the room at his implied bidding.

"I apologize—for accusing you—of curiosity, Nan."

Amazed, then more profoundly moved than she had ever been in her life, Nan halted on her way to the door, waited, scarcely daring to breathe. He was not buckling up weakly under the blow. Not he! Not he! Oh, she might have known he would be like this.

His voice was jerking on. "But I—want you—to know, I'm afraid I can't—talk about it—yet. Will you—read this letter, Nan?"

From the expensive pale-gray sheets rose the faint but unmistakable odor of Iris's favorite perfume, a lagoon of which had been one of John Curtis Morgan's Christmas gifts to his wife. Now its seductive odor was helping Iris to ensnare the senses of another man.

Hot anger cleared Nan's vision. Her eyes leaped down the page.

"Dear Jack: I am not coming back. You must have suspected for a long time that I did not love you. My chance for freedom has come at last; and I have taken it. You told me the \$20,000 was mine to do with as I pleased, and I am using it to start life over again. You must not worry about me, for I am safe and happy. If I told you my plans you would try to find me, and that you positively must not do. Of course I wanted to take Curtis with me, but I know how deeply you love him, and I did not think it would be fair to take your son from you. I know that you will take the best care of him and that you will not teach him to hate me. No man could have been a better husband than

you, Jack. It is not your fault that I do not love you. But it isn't mine either, is it? Do one last generous thing for me, Jack: do not try to find me. It would be worse than useless. Iris."

Nan's first reaction to the letter was a deep, quivering breath of relief. Whatever her motive—and Nan knew that Iris Morgan had not been actuated by pity—the desisting wife had not mentioned Morgan, Bert S. Crawford. Morgan was still spared the supreme humiliation. He need never know now that the man he had called friend, and whom he had defended against a criminal charge, had been planning all the time to use the freedom which Morgan had won for him and the money he had stolen to run away with his defender's wife. For that Nan was profoundly grateful.

But oh, the diabolical cleverness of the woman! In a red flare of anger, Nan saw Iris's motive as clearly as if Iris had written it out in a detailed postscript. If Iris had mentioned Crawford, either by name or anonymously, as the man who had won her love from her husband, Morgan would have hurried down his false friend, and the despoiler of his wife, if it had taken him the rest of his life to do so.

Iris must have been sure of that, if not, Crawford himself standing over Iris and censoring the letter she wrote, had taken no chances. She had not even dared suggest that her husband get a divorce, for fear he would jump to the conclusion that she wanted legal freedom in order to marry another man. Do one last generous thing for me, Jack. Oh, the bitter cruelty of her—holding his love, making demands upon it, even as she flung it back at him as a burden she could no longer bear!

Morgan's swivel chair creaked as he straightened his bowed back and squared his shoulders slowly, like a man adjusting himself to receive and carry an intolerably heavy load. The faint sound aroused Nan from the welter of emotions and speculations into which Iris's incredible letter had plunged her. She stepped softly to the desk, laid the stiff sheets of notepaper upon the edge of it. She must say something, of course. It was to his friend, not to his secretary, that he had shown the letter.

"I'm—sorry, Mr Morgan." Her voice was husky and rough with tears. "Is there—anything I—can do? I'm so—terribly sorry—Nan hated words then; they were such silly, futile things. If only she could touch him, hold his head against her breast, so that he could feel how her heart throbbed with compassion and love. But that was silly, too. Only one woman's arms and love could comfort him now.

"Thank you, Nan. I—thought you'd better know. Sorry to distress you." He did not look at her as he spoke in a flat, dead monotone. "I'm afraid there isn't anything—you can do—just now. Good-night, Nan."

The ache to touch him was too great to be borne. His right hand lay clenched upon the desk, the knuckles gleaming white through the tightened skin, and before discretion could stop her, her own hand went out, felt gently upon his, her little cold fingers pressing tight for a breath-taking instant. She was about to withdraw her hand after that fleeting contact when Morgan's fist unknotted and his long, thin fingers reached up and imprisoned hers.

There were no spoken words between them, as Morgan's hand clung to Nan's, the grip of his fingers almost crushing hers, but if the man had only known it, one woman was dedicating her heart and her life to his service, while he was striving to realize that another had deserted him.

When his clasp was loosened, Nan withdrew her hand gently and

Rout The Crooks Before Next Influx—Harmon

Drive Against Undesirable Element Announced by District Attorney; "Keep Them Moving," He Says.

"Right now, just before the influx of population that is due in Las Vegas in the fall, is the time to clean out the undesirable element here and let crooks and bad men in general know that this is an unhealthy place for them to come."

These were the words of District Attorney Harley A. Harmon yesterday in commenting on the drive which he and local peace officers have started on lawlessness in and near the community, following commission of two killings and other disturbances within a period of a week.

"The idea of keeping them moving is best, and the sooner we get the word started out among the underworld that it's a good idea to avoid Las Vegas, Nevada, the sooner we'll have a lessening of our crime."

"The hunting, prosecuting and carrying for these fellows after they've done their dirty work is a great expense to the taxpayers, and we're going to cut down on this unnecessary drain on public funds by stopping it at its source."

"We're going to round them up or keep them moving. These fellows who live off the public without contributing anything in return."

"Word soon travels in the underworld and we're going to prosecute the limit and establish a reputation which will keep the undesirables away."

Graf Zeppelin Takes Off For World Cruise

(Continued From Page One)

The five great motors still could be heard droning in the distance for a time.

The final boom of good weather forecast were extended the Graf-just before she sailed.

"The forecast is for generally good weather from New York to the Grand Banks Thursday," the station reported. "Winds will be southerly just east of the Grand Banks, southwesterly in mid-Atlantic, and northwesterly as the ship approaches Europe."

By LYLE C. WILSON
United Press Staff Correspondent.

NAVAL AIR STATION, LAKE HURST, N. J., Aug. 7.—(U.P.)—The gongs of ships' clocks striking midnight will summon the Graf Zeppelin to her greatest adventure tonight.

During the first minutes of the new day the largest airship in the world is scheduled to soar eastward from this naval station on a trip around the world.

The Graf Zeppelin's mission is to pioneer a commercial air route from west to east. Upon the reputation for air safety which is expected to be earned on this journey, Dr. Hugo Eckener hopes to found a regular trans-atlantic airship service.

Within two years, Eckener believes, his trans-atlantic airship service will be resumed. He is starting his round trip journey here in order to attract attention of financiers in the world's richest country.

Delays in refueling the Graf were overcome during the night hours with the prospect that her tanks would be full well before time for departure. The final inflation of hydrogen began today and there remained only to load lubricating oil.

Storing of mail, baggage and freight was postponed until today. Thousands of pieces of mail matter have been received here, with postage at the rate of \$3.55 per ounce. The Graf's greatest revenue comes from mail and freight. Passengers require attention, entertainment and food, all of which is expensive. Even when they pay \$9,000 for passage, as on this trip, Dr. Eckener would prefer other cargo.

The Graf is undertaking a 21,000 mile flight with stops at Friedrichshafen, Germany; Tokyo and Los Angeles en route back to this hangar. Between 50 to 70 hours are allowed to the flight across the Atlantic to Germany. Because adequate weather data is not available, no estimate is made of the time likely to be required for the flight from Germany to Tokyo. It is this leg of the journey that most perturbs Eckener. Eastward from Japan, Eckener will fly to the Aleutian Island chain, an interrupted prolongation of the peninsula of Alaska, and strike the American coast near Seattle, Wash. Los Angeles is the first American stop. The Zeppelin then must prove herself equal to surmounting Rocky mountain peaks.

Delayed Bomb Plane To Rejoin Squadron

SAN DIEGO, Calif., Aug. 7.—(U.P.)—Forced down last night at Winslow, Arizona, Captain George Palmer, and Lieutenant L. F. Harmon, pilots of the ninth plane of the army bombing squadron which arrived here last night, were enroute to join their formation at North Island today. The bomber was not damaged in the landing.

The planes will remain here for three days before pointing north to Oakland, Calif., from where they will go to Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Denver, and back to Langley Field, Va., where they will end their trans-continental tests.

New S. F. Dry Officers on Job

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 7.—(U.P.)—Resignation of Edward R. Bohner, prohibition administrator for San Francisco for the last two and a half years became effective today.

William G. Walker, chief of police at Fresno, whose appointment to succeed Bohner was announced by Commissioner J. M. Doran, is expected to arrive here today.

Las Vegas Soar Over Clouds, Enjoy Speedy Airplane Trip From Reno

"It's a great trip." That's what W. J. Hooper, local U. S. Commissioner, thinks of the airplane flight from Las Vegas to Reno by Nevada Airlines ship.

Hooper soared above the clouds literally and figuratively yesterday on the return trip from the up-state city. Although the air was bumpy, and there was "rough sea" for parts of the trip, Hooper maintains steadfastly now that is the only way to make the journey.

Two hours and forty minutes from Reno here! Nothing to it, said the commissioner yesterday.

"Why, Jim Cashman and I just sat there yesterday and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, looking down on all those hills and valleys, and thinking of the fourteen or fifteen hours of work driving a car winding along the road between those hills.

"Sit there and go to sleep if you want to. It's a rest instead of a task, and it's no time at all before you're there. We flew at more than 12,000 feet a good share of the time."

Hooper went to the northern cities Saturday by plane on business in connection with his commissionership and the U. S. Land Office.

Other passengers on the return trip yesterday were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Norville, stepson of J. F. Henry of Las Vegas. Mrs. Norville was formerly a nurse in the Las Vegas hospital.

On the trip to Reno Saturday Frank Garside was a passenger as far as Tonopah, where the plane stopped. There was no stop there on the return trip yesterday.

A woman never gets really old until she quits worrying about whether she has her hair combed in the proper way.

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Tel. 390
- DOPE PEDDLER IS JAILED HERE**
(Continued From Page One)
Johnson and W. Utzig.
Deputy Haskell of Tonopah, took a Mexican, wanted in Tonopah for robbery, and started for that city yesterday morning.
- A. A. HINMAN**
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR
Suite 18-20, Clark Bldg.
Phone 22 Las Vegas, Nev.