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Alendale, Miracle Man, to Stage Mystic Show at El Patio

Something most astounding and unique in the way of entertainment has been secured for El Patio theatre, for next Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights, manager Street has announced.

Alendale, the miracle man, astrologist, psychologist and psychoscientist, will appear in person with his company of entertainers and present what is known as the world's strangest show, in connection with the regular picture.

This wonder man claims the spirits answer his call, and that he can look into your future and tell your past. Any question which might be worrying you or that you want answered, Alen will answer absolutely free.

He has been consulted by big business men, disappointed lovers will be given advice. He will tell if danger lurks ahead. It is not necessary to go through life blindfolded, he asserts.

This is all done in a highly amusing way, accompanied by a musical program. The act is refined and well presented, it is promised.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—Air bubbles in the easel line of two motors were to blame for the crash of the San Diego bound passenger plane Wednesday. Pickwick Air Lines officials stated today. In the accident ten were slightly hurt.

RIVAL WIVES



"It has always been hard for me to excuse the weakness of suicide—the easiest way out of trouble."

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, discovers she is in love with Norman, being honorable, she decides she must resign, but postpones her resignation when she learns that Morgan is taking his professional honor to defend his friend, Bert Crawford, indicted for embezzlement.

Nan believes Crawford is guilty and also suspects him of being the lover of Iris Morgan, beautiful wife of the lawyer. On the last day of the trial she finds convincing proof of his guilt and his intention to elope with Iris.

Believing there is but one course open to her, she hurries to the courtroom, but finds she is too late, as a "not guilty" verdict has been brought in. Crawford announces he is leaving town. When Iris Morgan departs a few days later on a supposed pleasure trip to New York, Nan believes Iris is deserting her husband and child.

While she and Morgan are working on Morgan's next case, the defense of Lois Downs, a nurse, accused of murdering her patient, a special delivery letter comes from Iris telling Morgan she does not love him and that she will not return. The letter omits mention of Crawford and begs Morgan not to search for her. Morgan is crushed. Nan, the friend to whom he turns in his trouble, reads the letter at his request. She wants to comfort him but words are futile. Her fingers in the outside office waiting.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVIII

John Curtis Morgan raised an uncertain hand and brushed it across his eyes, as if to clear away the impenetrable black fog of despair in which he had moved since he had read his wife's curt announcement of her desertion.

"The Lois Downs case?" he repeated mechanically, as if the words rang no bell in his memory. His hand went to his eyes again. His long, thin fingers pressed hard upon his eyelids, but when his hand dropped Nan Carroll almost burst into tears of relief and joy to see the faint flicker of a smile across his gray-white face.

"You are a slave-driver, Nan. I'm not to be left off even tonight, am I? You're right. Tomorrow will surely come," he added with a sight of infinite weariness.

Nan looked up at him through thick tears, but she had a smile to answer his. "My secret's out," she admitted, with an excellent imitation of her old impudence. "I'm Simon Legree in disguise—also Sherlock Holmes. You be Watson, like a nice, obliging boss, and try to pick flaws in my deductions. Pull up a chair. I'll be right back," she ordered briskly.

She whisked into Morgan's private office, snatched up his pipe, filled it with coarse-cut tobacco from the humidor which she always kept stocked for him, found a card of matches and hurried out.

She found Morgan seated beside her desk, his face dark with brooding, his mouth bitter with pain.

"You always say you think better when you smoke," she announced cheerfully. "That's Sherlock's prerogative, so we'll pretend that it's my head that wreathed in smoke clouds, if you'll furnish the clouds." She thrust his pipe into his hand, then struck a match, so that he was forced to put the stem between his lips. She waited until the first puff of smoke and the first hint of relaxation on Morgan's tight, gray face rewarded her strategy.

"Well?" Morgan asked, another strained smile flickering across his face. "Who murdered Mrs. Andrew Ward, my dear Watson?"

"Nobody murdered Mrs. Andrew Ward, my dear Watson!"

"You're not trying to be funny, are you?" the lawyer demanded, with an anger that was not all faked. And Nan was grateful even for his anger.

"Not any funnier than old Mrs. Ward was, when she committed suicide and made it look like murder," Nan began to defend herself spiritedly.

"Suicide? Well, I'll be—!" Morgan, whose attention she had undoubtedly captured, ran his fingers slowly through his thick silver-flecked hair.

"Damned!" Nan finished for him

cheerfully. "Listen, Mr. Morgan—it's as clear as day, once you get used to the idea. Looking for the criminal Siamese twins—motive and opportunity—we were up against a stone wall all the time. The only person apparently, who had both was Lois Downs. I don't blame Brainerd for being so cocksure of convicting her. There was literally no one else, except the mysterious female who made fingerprints on two bottles of poison in the medicine cabinet in the bathroom, and on the medicine cabinet itself.

"But we couldn't find a soul who had seen any woman other than Lois Downs herself enter Mrs. Ward's room after 11:00 o'clock that night. Therefore, who had an opportunity to slip old Mrs. Ward a strychnine and bromide cocktail and leave telltale fingerprints behind her except old Mrs. Ward herself—always excepting Lois Downs?" Nan demanded.

"In the bathroom?" Morgan scoffed. "Aren't you forgetting that the old dame was paralyzed? To leave fingerprints on the medicine cabinet she would have had to walk at least 20 feet from her bed to the bathroom—"

"Which is exactly what she did!" Nan contended excitedly. "Brainerd had her doctor on the stand—he reached the old lady's bedside just before she died—and he reeled off a swell medical line in answer to the question Brainerd asked him, as to what ailed the old shrew before she was poisoned. It was paralysis all right, in the doctor's opinion, but a sort of psychological paralysis, if you know what I mean. She couldn't walk because she didn't think she could. You can call Dr. Holzmamm back to the stand and make him admit that if she had tried hard enough and suddenly believed that she could walk, she could have walked, all right. And I'll bet you can make him admit that he'd told her so. Then when she wanted to walk, so that she could reach poison with which to commit suicide, she remembered what he said, and—walked! Are you with me?" she challenged, her brown eyes very bright.

"Limping along slightly in the rear," Morgan grinned faintly.

"Let me reconstruct the crime as I believe it happened," Nan urged. "And crime is right! That old female fiend ought to be brought back to life, just so she could be hanged! She married a gay young dog of 26 when she was 49. Two years later she knows that he's going to kick over the traces; he left her, you know, and she brought him back by playing paralyzed."

"She wanted him around, no matter how she belted him, and she figured he'd stick it, he thought she might die any time. Then after three years of pretended invalidism she has the bad luck to draw a pretty nurse that Andrew Ward goes crazy about. He's pretty careful at first, of course, but one day the old lady sees him making love to the girl and she has an awful row with him about it. He admits that he's in love with the girl, and the old woman won't believe him, when he tells her that the girl can see him at all. Mrs. Ward goes off her head—"

"Hold on!" Morgan commanded. "Isn't the old dame's motive for suicide the pretty week? Why not simply fire the nurse and—"

"And see her husband walk out of the house the same day?" Nan scoffed. "Don't you see? Mrs. Ward honestly thought that the nurse and Andrew were in love with each other, that no matter how she belted the nurse Andy would simply wait until his paralyzed old wife kicked the bucket to marry Lois. Imagine how Mrs. Ward felt—old, just as much condemned to invalidism as if she were really paralyzed, because she would be too proud to admit that she'd been shamming, jealous to the point of murdering Lois Downs. She didn't have a leg to live for, did she? Maybe I'll end up by being sorry for the old lady yet!"

"I think I can understand his motive for committing suicide," Morgan said slowly and with significance that Nan's heart throbbed with fear. Then he added, as if obliquely giving her reassurance:

"I suppose I questioned your theory because it has always been hard for me to excuse the weakness of suicide—the easiest way out of trouble."

Nan carefully kept exultation out of her voice. "Me, too," she agreed. "But there's nothing to show that Mrs. Ward was a nice old woman, and I believe she did commit suicide, with the deliberate intention of making it look as if Lois Downs had murdered her."

"Lois sleeps in the adjoining bedroom, with her door closed. The old lady has never kept her night nurse in the room with her. It's my opinion that Mrs. Ward sneaked a good many chances to walk, but however that may be, her determination lent her energy."

"She gets up about one o'clock, long after Lois has gone to bed and probably to sleep, creeps into the bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet, leaving a nice set of fingerprints, thank heaven; hesitates between bichloride of mercury and the strychnine which is given her in very small doses as a heart stimulant; decides against the bichloride of mercury after touching the bottle; takes a big quantity of strychnine, also a bromide tablet that she could have to make her sleep, merely by asking the nurse for it; and then, taking a glass, fills it with water, creeps back to her bed, dissolves the bromide tablet in the water and drinks it along with the strychnine, to make it look as if the nurse had given her the whole dose."

"And remembers just in time that the nurse's fingerprints are not on the clean glass left in the bathroom by the maid, and wipes it so that there will be no fingerprints at all on it," Morgan contributed, nodding slowly. "She probably figured also that that would be just one more black mark against the nurse—that it would look like a clumsy attempt on Lois's part to destroy evidence. Well, my dear Holmes, he smiled almost naturally at Nan. "I'm going to risk making a fool of myself by asking the court in the morning for permission to exhume the body and take the old lady's fingerprints. Your beautiful theory stands or falls on what we'll find out then."

"But you—do you think my hunch was a good one?" Nan insisted, as he rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe into her empty metal wastepaper basket.

"Nan," John Curtis Morgan said huskily, laying his hands on her shoulders, "you had two good hunches tonight, my dear. I can't thank you. But I think you know what you've done for me tonight. Good night, junior partner. See you in the morning."

She knew he meant those last words as a solemn promise to her and as a challenge to his own courage.

"I'll be here," Nan answered unsteadily, but smiling through her tears.

When he was gone, she gazed at herself. "So this is how I resign because I'm in love with a married man. But—he's not really married any more!"

(To Be Continued)

Russians Ready For Next Leg Of Hop to U. S.

NOVOSIBIRSK, Russia, Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—The Russian airplane "Land of the Soviet," landed here late this morning and is expected to depart Saturday, resuming its flight to New York.

The plane, manned by four aviators, arrived from Omsk at 11:20 a. m., after a flight of 400 miles.

The flyers said they expect to continue toward the Pacific coast of Siberia at dawn Saturday.

OMSK, Siberia, Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—The Russian airplane "Land of the Soviet" en route from Moscow to the United States via Siberia and Alaska, took off from Kanoyarsk, Siberia, at 3 a. m. today.

The soviet plane hopped off from Moscow at 2:50 a. m. Thursday. The plane will make the 12,500 mile voyage in easy stages. The flyers expect to fly across to Alaska and then follow down the Pacific ocean until they reach Seattle.

From Seattle the flyers probably will proceed to New York, via California and Chicago.

Senate Tariff Session Delayed For Re-Writing

By PAUL R. MALLON
United Press Staff Correspondent
WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—A gentleman's agreement has been worked out between Republicans and Democrats to delay the opening of the Senate tariff session from August 19 until September 3, because the Senate finance committee Republicans now rewriting the House tariff bill will not have it ready for Senate consideration until two weeks after the date set originally.

Republicans have arranged to finish all rates in the bill by August 15 and turned over to the Democrats for inspection. This courtesy was granted in order that the Democrats might be ready to debate the bill September 3, the two weeks being allowed in order that they may familiarize themselves with its new details.

Schmeling Fight News to Dempsey

SANTA MONICA, Calif., Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—Jack Dempsey has not heard anything of a proposed fight between himself and Max Schmeling in Agua Caliente, he said here today.

"I haven't been approached," the former heavyweight said, "and I don't think Schmeling has, either. I think Agua Caliente was doctoring for the Schmeling-Jack Sharkey fight for Thanksgiving day, but Sharkey was under contract to Madison Square Garden in New York and I guess they had to give it up."

"So far as I know a fight between myself and Schmeling hasn't even been considered."

Dempsey said that he would leave Southern California Sunday for Chicago to prepare for promoting a series of bouts at the Coliseum.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—Promoter Paddy Harmon of the Chicago Stadium yesterday received acceptance of terms for a bout here this month from Phil Scott, British heavyweight.

Harmon immediately wired an offer to Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling, to meet the British boxer.

Kelly's Sales Trebled In Last Four Years

"Our company's progress in the tire manufacturing industry," said Mr. Morton, manager of the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company's branch in Salt Lake City, "is an instance of how unceasing efforts to maintain and better the high quality of a product must in the long run obtain recognition from the buying public."

"It may be of interest to some to know that in the last four years Kelly has trebled its sales—this in the face of the keenest kind of competition ever experienced. Certainly we must attribute part of the increased business to increasing car registrations, but the greatest factor is a growing appreciation by car owners that it pays to buy the better class of tires."

"The public's recognition of the Kelly reputation was proven recently, when our company went into production on the new Kelly REGISTERED balloon tire. The demand for this new tire has been overwhelming, and this in the face of the fact that its price is considerably higher than that of the regular Kelly line. The public, through years of experience with Kelly products, has accepted at its face value our company's statement that the REGISTERED balloon is 'the finest tire that money can buy.'"

ELKO, Nev., Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—Nevada wool growers will conduct their annual wool show here September 12 to 15.

J. H. Fitzgerald, district manager of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, has donated a silver loving cup to be awarded the sheepman having the best exhibit.

The Pacific co-operative wool growers of San Francisco will enter an extensive exhibit of Nevada-grown fleeces.

Through the co-operation of the Smith Creek Livestock Company several grades of range ewes will be on display.

Boys Tried to Wreck Train to Get New Thrills, They Admit

SAN BERNARDINO, Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—Two Mexican youths broke today and confessed they had attempted to wreck the Santa Fe passenger train, the Chief, near Fontana last week, "to have a little fun."

After more than 24 hours of denials, the boys, one Juan Acosta, 14, and Marian Alvarez, 20, made a written confession in which they admitted putting four rails across the track in a deliberate attempt to cause a wreck, the district attorney's office announced.

The boys said they wanted the thrill of seeing the cars pile up and the people in confusion.

The train hit the rails at a speed of more than 50 miles an hour, but its progress was not hindered. When the train arrived in San Bernardino, the presence of one of the rails disclosed the attempt to wreck the train. The other three rails had fallen off.

Alvarez was held in the county jail tonight and Acosta in the detention home.

Seattle Has Big Bank Merger

SEATTLE, Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—Bringing together mass deposits and resources estimated at one hundred and twenty million dollars in the Pacific Northwest, the merger of four of Seattle's major banking institutions and six subsidiaries was declared completed late yesterday.

Plans for the merger were announced several weeks ago. Rumors in financial circles indicate the merger may identify itself with a coastwide chain in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane and Portland.

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Wills, Jacobs, Win For U. S. in Tennis Matches

WEST SIDE TENNIS CLUB.
FOREST HILLS, N. Y., Aug. 9.—(U.P.)—The United States started brilliantly in the Weightman cup tennis match today, winning both of today's singles matches.

Miss Helen Wills, the national champion, defeated Miss Phoebe Watson, 1-6, 4-1, while in the second match, Miss Helen Jacobs, the No. 2 United States player, defeated Bever Beth Nuthall of Great Britain, 7-5, 8-6.

The British No. 1 women's doubles team, Miss Phoebe Watson and Miss Helen Jacobs, defeated the United States team of Miss Helen Wills and Miss Edith Cross 6-4, 6-1.

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