

NEON SIGN COMPANY IS NOW IN NEW LOCATION

The Las Vegas Neon Electric Sign Company is now doing business at its new location, Third and Charleston Boulevard. It has been announced by Barrett and Clout.

19,500 Foot Parachute Jump Claimed Record

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Aug. 12. (U.P.)—A world record parachute jump from altitude of 19,500 feet was claimed here today by Jimmy Donohue, who landed three miles from the point where he was cut loose from an airplane. The drop took 19 minutes.

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin Author of 'The Black Pigeon'

TRIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, private secretary to Attorney John Curtis Morgan, discovers she is in love with her employer and determines to resign, but postpones her resignation when she learns Morgan is staking his professional integrity on the innocence of his friend, Bert Crawford, whom he is preparing to defend.



"Won't you help me dig up a good housekeeper that will take an intelligent interest in my boy? God knows I want to do the right thing by him."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XIX

Late Tuesday afternoon, the first day of court after the two-day adjournment which had been granted to defense counsel for the exhumation of the body of Mrs. Andrew Ward, for whose murder Lois Downs, her nurse, was being tried.

John Curtis Morgan entered his office with a gleam of triumph in his despair-hunted eyes. "Well, the defense rests, Nan," the lawyer announced to his secretary. "Want to hear all about it, or have you been reading the extras?"

"Why buy extras when my boss is the manager of the show and can tell me all about it himself?" Nan retorted as she followed him into his private office.

"Brainer knew he was licked long before adjournment today, but he stubbornly refused to admit it," Morgan began eagerly, and the girl, whose big brown eyes searched his beloved face intently, knew that he was grateful for the chance to talk, that he dreaded to be alone.

"He tore into our fingerprint expert savagely on cross examination, but he couldn't budge Cornwall a hair's breadth. Cornwall made it plain enough for an imbecile to see that the fingerprints found on the bathroom cabinet and on the poison bottles had been made by Mrs. Ward and that at least two of these prints had been superimposed upon prints made by the nurse's fingers, indicating that Mrs. Ward had handled them last."

"Good point," Nan nodded, her face glowing with interest. The man opposite her could not know that she was visualizing that day's dramatic scenes in the courtroom, where again the man she loved had played the hero's role, even though the heart in his breast was heavy with humiliation and despair.

"I didn't call Dr. Holtzmann until after my fingerprint expert had testified, but I let him hear Cornwall's evidence. Fortunately, the doctor is a brilliant, fair-minded man. When I asked him if it would have been physically possible for Mrs. Ward to walk, he said that it would have been, if her desire had been enough. Her paralysis was due to a psychosis, or, possibly, was shammed, he admitted, while Brainerd positively clawed the air."

"I wish I'd seen him," Nan chuckled. "Did you call Lois Downs' young man, Chester Parks?"

"Yes, Parks testified that he and Lois were engaged to be married, that she had complained to him of Andrew Ward's unwelcome attentions. His testimony will go far toward destroying the motive which Brainerd has tried to pin on the girl, especially as Ward himself has admitted that Lois did not return his love."

"Brainer rested without calling any witnesses in rebuttal, but he'll make a stab at saving his face before the jury tomorrow in his summation. Naturally he'll contend that the old lady's fingerprints in the bathroom don't necessarily mean that she killed herself, even if she did toy with poison bottles, but the jury will be glad enough to believe that the unpleasant old lady committed suicide, rather than that a pretty young thing like Lois Downs committed murder. And so—that's that!"

The moment which Nan had been dreading and pushing away since Friday night had come at last. His only big case on the court calendar at present was won, or practically so. There was nothing to keep him from sinking into the slough of despond.

The telephone rang with that peculiar long-drawn-out insistence which heralds a long distance call. "Maybe," Nan thought gloatingly as she swooped for the instrument before Morgan could reach it, "there's a nice, juicy murder, just dripping with mystery which will keep him so darned busy—" Then, aloud, "Hello! Yes, John Curtis Morgan's office. Oh! Yes, he's right here!"

She cupped her hand over the receiver and whispered excitedly to Morgan: "It's the governor's secre-

tary. Says the governor wants to talk to you."

"Governor Hogarth?" Morgan was eager again. "About that Brownlee case, I hope. Hello, hello! Morgan speaking. Yes. . . . Oh, hello, Governor! Yes, still trying to keep 'em out of jail. . . . Not so's you'd notice it! But I'd like to flirt with the trout with you this summer, if you can get away."

"Yes, I suppose so. Presidential year is a God-send to the long-suffering trout, at any rate. . . . Yes, Governor? Of course I'm mighty anxious to see Brownlee get a commutation of sentence to life imprisonment. . . . That's mighty decent of you, Ben, but I don't see how I could get away just now."

Nan laid an eager hand on his shoulder shook him slightly. "Of course you can go tomorrow night. I'll look after everything."

Morgan shook his head at her and frowned, then grinned with wry humor, as he turned back to the telephone. "All right, Ben. I'll arrive at the capital tomorrow evening. . . . Oh, don't bother Evelyn. . . . Oh, all right, and thanks, Ben. My best to Evelyn and the future president of the United States."

When he hung up the receiver he turned to Nan ruefully. "The governor insists on my staying at the executive mansion. Ben and Evelyn Hogarth are both good scouts, and usually I'd enjoy a visit with them, but right now—" He paused, passed a hand wearily across his eyes, and Nan knew what that unfinished thought was that it would be almost unbearable for him, a man whose wife had left him because she did not love him, to go into a home that was nationally famous for its domestic felicity.

"But it is awfully decent of them, and you'll enjoy more than you think," Nan insisted with forced casualness. "Isn't it splendid that the governor's got around to the Brownlee case so soon? I'm sure you can make him see that this is one case where the granting of executive clemency is a high privilege, not merely an act of mercy."

Morgan's mouth twisted in the wry, humorous smile that she loved to call forth. "I think I'd better send you to the capital in my place. Poor Brownlee has always been your special pet, anyway."

"Thanks, awfully," Nan grinned, "but it would be very inconvenient for me to get away right now." "And so it is for me," Morgan remembered gloomily. "I had intended to spend most of this week after the Downs case goes to the jury, in hunting for a boarding school for Curtis."

"Oh, Mr. Morgan, you can't mean to shut him away in a boarding school! He's so little, so young! Why, he's just a baby—six years old! Do you think it's fair to—" "Whoa, Nan!" Morgan interrupted. "I admit it's not fair to the boy, but I've been watching him rather more observantly than usual since—since Friday." He still could not bring himself to utter Iris's name. "He's a spoiled little devil. No nurse will stay more than a couple of weeks. Yesterday when I got home I found Clara, the nurse that I—that we hired only ten days ago, just waiting to get her money and walk out on the job, and I couldn't blame her. Curtis had flung a fork at her head and cut her cheek pretty badly."

"Why?" Nan demanded. "I suppose you cross-examined her vehemently, but she saw that he was grateful for her implied championship of the child. It seems that he insisted on having his dinner with his father, rather than in the nursery with his nurse."

"You see!" Nan triumphed, rather obscurely. "He should have dinner with his father. I'd fling forks, too! And he shouldn't have a nurse—great big boy of six—" "You were just saying that he's a baby," Morgan reminded her, smiling. "Well, a baby as far as being sent away to school is concerned, and a big boy as far as having a nurse goes," Nan explained impatiently.

"He belongs in public school, along with other six-year-old boys. Put him with a bunch of other young hoodlums and they'll knock selflessness out of him too quick to talk about."

"The primary grades only have half-day sessions," Morgan reminded her. "Someone would have to be responsible for him until I got home. Besides," and she sighed heavily, "there's the nuisance of keeping up a big house, just for a man and a child—" "I think," Nan broke the silence hesitatingly, laying the words down gently so as not to anger him, "that Curtis has a right to a real home to grow up in. And since he's been left to you alone, it will have to be your job to make that home for him somehow. It won't be easy. But seeing him grow up, your companion and friend as well as your son, will pay you, I believe—Oh, can't you see the other side of the picture?—a poor, lonely little misfit, shuffling from boarding school to summer camp and back to school again, homeless, parentless, except for a father whom he sees two or three times a year and who is worse than a stranger, because he takes liberties and scolds."

"Lay off, Nan! I'm not like Brainerd. I know when I'm licked. Will you help me a bit—dig up a good housekeeper that will take an intelligent interest in the boy? God knows I want to do the right thing by him."

Nan considered a moment, her capable, slim fingers twisting a lock of her short brown hair. "You'll be at the state capital several days, I imagine. Would you think it awfully cheeky of me if I suggested going out to your house and staying nights with Curtis while you're gone? I could get things in shape with the cook and the maid. I could also get Curtis started in school and housekeeper—" "Would I think it cheeky?" Morgan interrupted. "Good Lord, Nan, I'd think it angelic of you, and you know it! Curtis will be tickled to death, too. You're the only human being that can do anything with him."

The next day the Lois Downs case went to the jury just before noon, and within five minutes a verdict of "Not guilty" was returned. John Curtis Morgan, with another sensational court victory to his credit, boarded a train at two o'clock to visit the governor of the state and at half-past five Nan Carroll walked up the steps of the home which Iris Morgan had abandoned. A small figure hurtled out of the door and into her arms.

"Hello, Nana! I wanted to see you. Nana, Estelle's an awful liar. She says my mother ain't coming back. If she ain't, are you gonna stay, Nana?" (To Be Continued.)

**Conscientious About Obeying His Orders**  
SACRAMENTO, Aug. 12.—Installment of the bong bong of the fire department gong sounded 31 times at headquarters recently.

When the apparatus reached the scene of the alarm a man was found standing by a small blaze. He explained his action by saying the alarm box bore the number 31 and he presumed that he had to ring it that many times.

**Soudenberg Keeps Wrestling Title**  
WATERLOO, Aug. 12. (U.P.)—Soudenberg successfully defended his wrestling title tonight, winning two falls from Stanley Tinta, Canadian champion.

The first fall was won in thirty-one minutes five seconds with a flying tackle. The second took but four minutes twenty-five seconds, and was secured by means of a bar arm lock.

Hope Still Held For Success of Reparation Meet

By FREDERICK KUH United Press Staff Correspondent

THE HAGUE, Aug. 12.—(U.P.)—After virtually all hope for a successful outcome for the reparations conference here had been abandoned early today, an adjournment of the financial commission, in which the crisis rests, was voted until Wednesday morning.

The virtual abandonment of hope for success of the conference followed publication by the English delegation of a message which Premier Ramsay MacDonald sent to Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden, sternly and stalwartly backing up Snowden's position before the conference.

Louis Loucheur, French minister of labor, cleverly obtained another lease of life for the conference when at the close of Curtis, and Pirelli's speeches before the financial commission on deliveries in kind, he explained that his own declaration was so long that it would be impossible to finish it today and suggested the postponement until Wednesday. Snowden readily agreed to this.

It was expected that in the meantime redoubled efforts would be made through private negotiations to find a solution for the critical problem which confronts the conference.

**Boeing Pilots to Open China Air Mail Line**  
OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 12.—(U.P.)—Officials of the Boeing Air Transport, which proposes to establish air mail service in China between Shanghai and Hankow today announced Steve Kaufman and Ernest Allison, veteran transcontinental mail pilots, would sail from San Francisco on August 20, to inaugurate the new service.



A spider's web has no commercial value, says a scientist. It is a little too heavy, of course, for feminine apparel.

Many telephone subscribers are said to disfavor the new dial system and are seeking a return to the old way. The wrong number, perhaps, is better than no number at all.

An escaped insane patient was captured in a tax collector's office the other day. Even a sane mad has trouble there these days.

Chicago's police commissioner has requested members of the force to eat more spinach. Maybe he thinks they need more iron in their systems. Well?

Professional pugilism in Mexico is said to be gaining in popularity. If the boxing situation down there is anything like that north of the Rio Grande, that's a sure sign that the country has gotten down to business.

People who have no theories whatever about raising children usually are the parents of several. Copyright, 1929, NEA Service, Inc.)

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Michigan Sets Aside Forest to Be Burned in Fire-Fighting Research

LANSING, Mich., Aug. 12 (U.P.)—In two gigantic laboratories, one of them containing 2,700 acres and the other 1,400 acres, the state of Michigan and the federal government will learn how to combat the red menace of forest fires.

Fire fighting apparatus and methods will be tried out under conditions as nearly as possible duplicating reality; weather conditions will be recorded, explosives and gas will be given trials and new methods of "back firing" under varying conditions will be tested.

When the work is completed—probably in two or three years—long strides will have been made towards curbing timber losses due to fire. H. J. Andrews, head of Michigan's fire fighting forces, is confident only a start will be made this year, Andrews said, but in the spring of 1930 and during the summer the tests will be carried on fully.

"When we have completed our work," the warden said, "we will have burned over about one-third of the area which was set aside for the purpose by the conservation commission. Our work this fall will be the division of the land and timber into lots. We shall probably work in units of two, burning one block of timber and saving the other adjacent to it for comparison. We will also burn similar pieces of timber at different times of the year to compare damage and re-growth."

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