

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE

AMERICAN AGAR COMPANY. Rooms 3, 4 and 6, Clark Building, No. 16 Fremont Street, Las Vegas, Clark County, Nevada and corner of Hancock and Harasty Streets, San Diego, San Diego County, California.

There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment levied on the 20th day of June, 1929, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

PREFERRED STOCK

Table with columns: Name, Number of Certificate, Number of Shares, Amount. Lists various shareholders and their preferred stock holdings.

Table with columns: Name, Number of Certificate, Number of Shares, Amount. Lists various shareholders and their common stock holdings.

Table with columns: Name, Number of Certificate, Number of Shares, Amount. Lists various shareholders and their common stock holdings.

RIVAL VIVES

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Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, attorney, discovers she is in love with her employer and determines to resign. Her resignation is postponed when she learns Morgan is staking his professional integrity on the innocence of his friend, Bert Crawford, indicted for embezzlement.



Nan found Curtis living before the fireplace, his eyes gazing upward at the life-size portrait of his exquisite mother.

adoring him at sight, could have hugged him. "Hello, Big Pat and Little Pat," she sang out gaily.

"Of course you like to make some money—a dollar a week?" "Betcha life!" Little Pat replied promptly, his broad grin almost reaching his ears.

"If you and your mother and father took the rooms over the garage, do you think you'd like to take Curtis to and from school—the nearest public school, of course—and play with him in the afternoons? He has a wonderful police puppy, you know."

"No, miss. There's my husband and me boy, and we can't be separated, cheerfully, 'I did make so bold as to ask Mrs. Morgan to let the three of us live in the servants' rooms over the garage, seeing as how Big Pat—that's me husband, miss, called that because of Little Pat, me boy, you know—tends the furnace here nights and mornings."

"How old is Little Pat, Mrs. O'Brien?" Nan interrupted. "Ten he is, and smart as a whip. If I do say so as I shouldn't, full of spirits, miss, but not a mean streak in his whole little Irish body."

"You see, miss, I have a job day-times, but the extra money comes in handy, so I tend the furnace in this house and the next. Me and Maude's saving to send the boy to college. He wants to be a doctor, and doctor he'll be if we keep our strength."

"I really haven't known exactly what to do," Nan confessed frankly. "Mr. Morgan thought I'd better try to find a housekeeper, in addition to the cook and maid, but it does seem rather ridiculous to have three grown up people all working for one little man and boy, doesn't it? So I've been wondering, since talking to you, Mrs. O'Brien, if you and Estelle between you couldn't manage to look after Curtis the evenings that Mr. Morgan will be working late or dining out. If you could, that Mr. Morgan will be glad to pay you both a little more salary than Mrs. Morgan arranged for, as well as one afternoon a week out, if you could arrange with her to be here the other evenings, or at least when Mr. Morgan asks you to stay. What do you think, Mrs. O'Brien?"

The cook considered, as she unrolled her sleeves, her work done for the night. "The part about Curtis is easy, miss. Lord, I can keep an eye on two rascals as well as one. But I'm just thinking, miss, if you don't mind me saying so, that a house without a woman bossing it is like a ship with mutiny on it. Estelle's a nice enough girl, and I guess I'm fair-to-middle'n' easy to get along with, but neither of us knowing which one is to take hold and give orders, like . . . Me, for instance, I like to have the lady if the house write out the meen-us for me, not having much gift that way, though being a fair cook—"

"You're a wonderful cook, Mrs. O'Brien," Nan corrected her warmly. "But I do understand what you mean, and I think it's awfully nice if you put it so honestly. I wonder if you and Estelle would very much mind my keeping an eye on things? I could give you the menus for the week every Monday, and you could be responsible for the

marketing. I'm sure you would try to be as economical as if you were buying food for your own table," she flattered the cook. "That I would, miss, and glad to do it for the poor lone man," Maude O'Brien agreed heartily. "It's a grand idea, miss, if you could spare the time."

"Then suppose we figure on that basis," Nan beamed. "I'll have all tradesmen's bills sent to me at the office, and will check them with your duplicates once a month. I'll pay salaries, too, and see that raises come when they're earned. Men don't notice about such things, you know. And I'll do the shopping for the house, if you and Estelle will keep a list and give it to me once a week. Curtis' clothes, too, of course. Does the laundry go out?"

"No, miss. Hattie, a colored woman, comes two days a week—Monday for washing and Tuesday for ironing. 'She keeps the clothes in order, as well as the linens. She's good, Hattie, is.' "Fine!" Nan cried, seeing the last of her most pressing problems slipping away. "When could you move into the rooms above the garage?" "Tomorrow, miss," Big Pat answered, grinning his approval of her quick decisions. "I take it you'd like to see the little shaver settled while you're here, miss. With me and Maude and Little Pat on the premises you won't need to worry much about the lad, miss."

War Is On In Wichita; Girls Oppose Woman's Battle to Ban Bare Legs

WICHITA, Kans., Aug. 16.—(U.P.)—Wichita's bare-legged flappers are taking arms—or pens—in opposition to Myra McHenry, former lieutenant of Carrie Nation, who seeks a city ordinance compelling women to wear stockings in public.

They are trying the same weapon Myra has found so effective in the past—publicity and ridicule. A letter received by the Evening Eagle today was the latest development of the "bare leg battle." It reads:

"We can't blame Mayor Lawrence for siding in with the position of Myra McHenry against the stockless fad. The Mayor undoubtedly had a vision of Myra's spindle shanks uncovered and exposed to the world at large.

"We do question, however, Mrs. McHenry's right to reproach, however gently, two girls who evidently were tending to their own business. Had we been those two girls we would have opened a counter attack against the well known 'leader' by asking her where she gets the bloom of youth which she wears on her cheeks and why it is brighter on one side than on the other, and isn't she ashamed of herself?"

Myra today was continuing her drive against the "nude limbbers," shouting at them as they passed her in the street, declaring they were a menace to civilization and common decency.

Arizona Continues War on Fruit Fly

PHOENIX, Ariz., Aug. 16.—(U.P.)—Five new quarantine inspectors have been added to the State staff to aid in Arizona's fight against the Mediterranean fruit fly. Dr. Oscar Bartlett, state entomologist, announced today.

An appropriation of an additional \$35,000 was urged for the emergency by the state commission of agriculture and horticulture. About \$3,500 of that amount would be used to eradicate foulbrood from Yuma county apiaries, it was said.

Auto Kills Man; Driver Faces Trial

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 16.—(U.P.)—Frank Jensen, 17, was in jail today booked on suspicion of manslaughter following the death last night of Charles Crothers, 63, after being struck by Jensen's automobile. Jensen was evidently going at a high rate of speed, officers said.

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NOTICE

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WM. L. SCOTT, Clerk San Francisco, Cal. 2172 Mission St. 96-97-98

IN THE TENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF CLARK. IN THE MATTER OF THE GUARDIANSHIP OF THE PERSONS AND ESTATE OF JOHN LISLE, PHILIP LISLE, RALPH LISLE, AND CELESTA LISLE, MINORS.