

'Love Life' Problems Will Be Bared in Lecture at El Patio

Dr. Allen Will Make Amazing Revelations In Evening Entertainment. Will Talk to Women Thursday. Men Only at Friday Shows

Men and women all over 18 years of age, who seek to know the secrets of life and be better for having learned them, will be interested to know that Dr. Benjamin A. Allan's revelations on "Love Life" is coming to El Patio theater for two nights starting Tuesday, August 22. The stage presentation with human charts, and motion pictures offers a unique departure from the general run of entertainment. In fact it is so radically different, and so amazingly interesting, that no adult can well afford to miss this production.

Dr. Allan, the creator of "Love Life", was for many years engaged as an instructor and lecturer with one of America's leading medical colleges, and at the same time was deeply engrossed in research work as it regards life and the happiness of marriage. His investigations covered the entire social field from the aristocrat families to the derelicts of the underworld. He sought and found all phases of life he came to know men and women, good and bad; he sought the cause and remedy and out of this vast research he presents the solution in his revelations on "Love Life."

"Love Life" is presented in such a way as to prove thoroughly entertaining and edifying, winning the praise of public officials, educators, public welfare workers, and the medical fraternity wherever it has been presented.

The theories of Dr. Allan have been compounded into an interesting, absorbing event in the way of entertainment on what is known as the sex equation. Of such vast interest has this production been, that audiences have greeted it wherever played.

So vital is this delicate subject men and women are admitted to separate performances only. On Thursday evening two performances will be given, for women only, at 7 and 9 p. m. while on Friday the show will be for men only. A general admission of 50 cents will be charged.

Pickwick Opens Plane Line L. A. To Mexico City

New Ship Added Brings Total In Service to Nine; Three Round Trips To Be Made Each Week.

Passenger plane service between Los Angeles and Mexico City was inaugurated by the Pickwick Line Sunday.

Heavy increase in the volume of mail and express carried on the new Pickwick Latin American Airways line from Los Angeles to Mexico City and Guatemala since its inauguration last July 29, necessitated the addition of another plane to its fleet in that service, bringing the total to nine, it has been announced by Thomas E. Morgan, general manager.

The new plane is a Ryan biplane six-place, Wright J-6 motorized cabin type, similar to six others purchased late in July for the opening of service on the Latin American air mail, express and passenger system. It was delivered at Nogales, from the Ryan Aircraft company factory in St. Louis, by Capt. Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis."

Steady increase is shown in the volume of express and mail carried over the 2400-mile air route since inauguration of the new line last July 29, Mr. Morgan said. Inauguration last Sunday, August 18, of passenger service is expected to necessitate further addition to the fleet of nine planes now in operation, Mr. Morgan said.

The starting of passenger service was marked by an inaugural program Sunday at Grand Central Air Terminal, Glendale.

South bound planes of the line now leave Grand Central Air Terminal, Glendale, at 7:15 a. m. on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, and north bound planes from the same terminals arrive here at 2:30 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

According to a revised schedule, south bound planes from Los Angeles arrive at Nogales, Ariz., at 1:30 p. m. for the first overnight stop, after stops at Tia Juana and Mexicali.

North bound planes leave Mexico City at 9 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and arrive at Mazatlan at 4 p. m. The planes leave Mazatlan at 6 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, arriving in Los Angeles at 2:30 p. m. after stops at Mexicali, Tia Juana and San Diego.

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



"I ought to shake you, Curtis Morgan, but I'm going to kiss you instead!"

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, private secretary, discovers she is in love with her employer, John Curtis Morgan, attorney, and decides to resign. Her resignation is postponed because she feels Morgan will have particular regard for her in his defense of his friend, Bert Crawford, indicted for embezzlement. On the last day of Crawford's trial, little Curtis Morgan, six-year-old son of Iris and John Curtis Morgan, innocently places in Nan's hands a note apparently taken from his mother's handbag. The note is from Crawford and virtually admits his guilt, and his and Iris's intentions of eloping when the trial is over.

Crawford leaves town after his acquittal and Iris departs for a pleasure trip a few days later. Iris announces her desertion of her husband in a special delivery letter. She omits mention of Crawford and begs Morgan not to seek her. Morgan is crushed. When in desperation he is about to place his son in a boarding school, Nan pleads with him to keep his home intact. While Morgan is at the capital on business, Nan stays at his home and organizes the housekeeping so the lawyer can carry on. She plans to become a long-distance housekeeper, supervising purchases, menus, salaries, etc., and leaves a dependable Irish woman, Maude O'Brien, her husband and a small boy to look after details at the home. Little Curtis, lonely since his mother's departure, tugs at Nan's heart strings. She and Curtis start upstairs for the night when long distance calls. Nan asks herself if it were Iris, would she rejoice?

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII

It was John Curtis Morgan's deep, pleasant voice that came over the wire to Nan, startlingly clear, as if the man himself stood beside her.

"I want to speak with Miss Carroll, please," were his first words. "Nan speaking, Mr. Morgan," she answered, joy surging into her heart.

"Good! Everything all right, Nan? How's the boy?"

"Clamoring to be allowed to speak to you, Mr. Morgan. I was just taking him up to bed. He's a charming host. Will you talk to him a minute?"

"In just a moment," Morgan answered. "The governor seems very favorably disposed to commuting Brownlee's sentence from death to life imprisonment, but he wants to have a talk with Dr. Ashley—the alienist, you know. I've called Ashley's house, but he's out of town and won't be back until noon tomorrow. I wish you could get in touch with him then, make the trip to the capital. His expenses and time will be paid for, of course. Put it to him strong that it may be within his power to save the life of poor Brownlee. But I can depend upon you to get him here, I'm sure."

"I'll try, Mr. Morgan," Nan promised blithely. "Meanwhile, I have your permission to make any changes of any kind here in your home that seem best to me, haven't I?"

"Go as far as you like, just as long as you don't adopt that 'boy life' in my absence," Morgan laughed, and the sound was the purest music in Nan's ears. "I'd like to speak to the brat now, if he's still clamoring."

Curtis scrambled into the chair in which Nan sat.

"Hello, Father!" Curtis piped shrilly in the voice he reserved for telephone conversations. "Betcha life! . . . Oh, Little Pat! He says it all the time. Sure! I'm going to sleep with Nana in one of the man-and-wife twin beds. . . . I didn't tease. . . . Me and Nana and Cop's having a swell time. Listen, Father—make Nana stay here all the time. She works for you and she's not to do what you tell her, haan't she?"

"Aw-well. . . . Say, Father, I wanna collar and a leash and a muzzle for Cop. A red collar with brass studs all around it, like Jimmy Powell's police dog's got. Oh, hello, Berny! I gotta police dog puppy named Cop! You can play with him when you come to see me. . . . Good-by, now."

He slumped the receiver upon the hook and faced Nan, his liquid black eyes shining with excitement. "Father's going to bring me a collar and a muzzle and a leash for Cop. . . . Say, Nana, what's your face so red for?"

"I ought to shake you, Curtis Morgan, but I'm going to kiss you instead," Nan told him, laughing shakily.

"Benny Joartha's coming to see me," he chattered, as they again ascended the stairs. "His grandma means he's the boss, don't it, Nana? . . . What's a state?" Then, without giving Nan time to instruct him in civics, he clattered on: "Benny's mother's dead. He lives with his grandpa and his grandma in the 'executive mansion.' What's a 'executive mansion'? It looks just like a house. Oh, look! Estelle's brought up my blue silk pajamas that father gave me for Christmas. Your pajamas are pink silk. Mother wears silk nightgowns with lots of lace. She says they're more fem-i-nun. What's fem-i-nun Nana?"

"Listen, brat," Nan laughed, as the boy began with proud independence, to shake off his day clothes. "Wouldn't you like to go to school and find out the answers to all your innumerable questions?"

"Sure, I want to go to school! Public school, where the kids play football and baseball. . . . I can read a lot already. And I know two times four and two times eight. Say, Nana, can I go to public school?"

"That's the big new idea," Nan assured him, turning her head away for a moment from the heart-breaking sight of his thin little body. It was up to her to see that there should be eventually—and not too eventually—a little padding upon that pitifully exposed little skeleton.

"I'm going to take you to public school tomorrow morning. Little Pat's going to live here, over the garage, with Big Pat and Maude. You and Little Pat will go to school from school together and have all afternoon to play in the yard with Cop."

"Gee!" Curtis breathed, his black eyes enormous with delight and satisfaction. "Then I ain't going to have a nurse any more, Nana?"

"Not if you'll prove to your father and me that you can take care of yourself," Nan said, choosing her words very carefully, so that no hint of unpleasant threat might reach the child. "You see, Curtis, a nurse is supposed to see that you eat the kinds of food that will make you big and strong, so that you can play football and baseball when you're bigger, and to see that you brush and wash your teeth, and think like a man."

"Little Pat says they have a Health Chart in public schools, and you write down on it when you've had a bath and washed your teeth and eat cereal and spinach and everything," Curtis explained, and the jolly air of a child who finds a grown-up strangely ignorant of vital matters. "And Little Pat's on the Health Chart Honor Roll, and Little Pat never did have a silly nurse."

"You like Little Pat, don't you honey?" Nan asked.

"I sure do, sure he's all right. He just kind of bossy because I'm little than he is," Curtis conceded cheerfully, as he climbed into bed.

The next morning was crammed with activities. Curtis insisted on wearing his plainest and sturdiest suit and overcoat to school—"so I can play with the kids," he explained to Nan, but the girl suspected that the child was actuated by instinct; if he were better dressed than the other children, or at all picturesque as his mother had delighted to make him, his prospective playmates would shun him and deride him.

The brisk, middle-aged woman principal was not at all flurried by the application of John Curtis Morgan's son for enrollment in the first grade. The child was six years old the second term of the school year had just opened that week—so of course here he was! It was as simple as that. By half-past nine Curtis Morgan had been assigned a desk among 40-odd other pupils, and was sitting in it, looking solemnly pleased with himself and his new world, and Nan had a list of the books and supplies he would need.

"He looks like a bright little chap, Mrs. Morgan," the first grade teacher, Miss Anderson, commented as Nan was about to leave Curtis to the winniness and the cruelties of the public school system.

"I'm Miss Carroll, a friend of the family, Mrs. Morgan is abroad," Nan explained. "In fact, Miss Anderson, I'm Mr. Morgan's private

Hawthorne Work To Be Begun In Several Weeks

Actual construction work at Hawthorne, where the new federal government arsenal will be built, will be begun in several weeks, according to a statement made last week in Los Angeles by S. K. Mitty, of Mitty Brothers, the firm which has the contract for the construction.

This information was brought to Las Vegas by Perry Sherman, who spent several days last week on the coast.

Getting in water mains for home and industrial supply is now getting start of the work, it is said.

River Going Down Following Flood

After a period of extremely heavy flow, occasioned by heavy rains in the upper basin, the Colorado river is now going down. From a height of more than 50,000 second feet several days ago the river had gone down to 19,500 yesterday morning, at Grand Canyon.

Reports showed her at 24,100 Saturday and at 21,000 Sunday.

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J. B. MARKHAM, Mgr.

A NEW YORKER AT LARGE

By DEMING SEYMOUR

NEW YORK—Occasionally on summer evenings an adventurous picnic party invades the brow of Buttermilk hill, and builds its camp fire among the oaks on an eminence which affords a view of the Hudson river on one hand and Long Island sound on the other.

The site is no more beautiful and no more secluded than many another in the neighborhood—20 miles north of New York as the crow flies. But most of the picnickers who come there do so for the thrill of trespassing upon the estate of the Rockefellerers.

The crest of Buttermilk hill is now the seat of a school where boys are trained for the Catholic priesthood. The smooth-checked lads who stroll among the trees in cassocks and birettes, or who cling to their trailing robes as they engage in a game of baseball in a clearing, pay no heed to visitors.

But the Rockefellerers have bought Buttermilk hill, the Catholic school will be moved soon to a new site, and in another autumn or two the No Trespassing sign at the gateway to the hilltop will be supplanted by an iron fence, and there will be guards to see that no picnickers come through.

Helping the Homemaker

By LOUISE BENNETT WEAVER

SUNDAY MENUS

BREAKFAST

Cantaloupe
Bacon and Eggs
Coffee

DINNER

Roast Beef
Browned Potatoes
Corn, Southern Style
Bread Plum Jam
Stuffed Tomato Salads
Mocha Cake
Iced Tea

SUPPER

Roast Beef Sandwiches
Horseshradish
Chocolate Cookies
Iced Coffee

Orange Rolls
(Delicious with hot beverages)

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1-4 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons fat
2-3 cup milk
1-2 tablespoons soft butter
2-3 cup orange marmalade
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Mix the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the fat with a knife. Add the milk slowly. When a soft dough forms, pat it out until 1-2 inch thick. Spread with the butter, marmalade and cinnamon. Roll up like a jelly roll. Cut off 1-2 inch slices and place, flat side up, on a greased baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

Corn, Southern Style, Serving Six
2 cups corn, cut from cob
1 cup water
1 cup cooked lima beans
1-2 teaspoon salt
1-4 teaspoon sugar
1-4 teaspoon paprika
44 tablespoons chopped green peppers
1 egg, well beaten
Mix the corn and water. Cook slowly, stirring frequently, for 15 minutes. Add the beans, seasonings, cream and green pepper. Cook for three minutes. Add the egg and cook for one minute.

Mocha Cake
4 tablespoons hot coffee (very strong)
1 sponge cake
1 tablespoons butter
1-4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1-2-3 cups sifted confectioner's sugar
Cut the cake in four slices cross-ways. Mix the rest of the ingredients and beat for two minutes. Use as a frosting on the layers of cake. Serve cut in wedge shape pieces.

8,000-Acre Kijkuit

Buttermilk hill is one of the few parts of the Rockefeller country estate which is still subject to invasion, and that is only because it is so recent an acquisition.

Year by year John D. Rockefeller and his son add to their acreage along the Hudson, and cut it off with fences or brick walls from the public.

The estate now contains more than 8,000 acres. It is by far the largest private holding anywhere in the east, and no part of it is farther than 30 miles, in a bee line, from New York's city hall.

In the neighborhood and among New Yorkers generally the Rockefeller place is known as Pocantico Hills, because that was the name of the first village it devoured—a village which 35 years ago had 1,500 residents and now has a scant hundred.

But the right name of the estate is Kijkuit, meaning in Dutch, the Lookout. The parcels of land that now compose Kijkuit were once the farms of Dutch settlers. A little Dutch church and its cemetery lie nearby, and not far away is Sleepy Hollow, around which Irving Spaulding's story of Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman.

Family Stronghold

Within the walls and fences which shelter the Rockefeller estate live three generations of Rockefellerers and several of their kin.

On the original estate are the homes of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and John D., Jr., who was given title to Kijkuit by his father four years ago. There, too, is a big recreation building with gymnasium, auditorium and swimming pool. It is this building that the Rockefeller family entertain Tarrytown neighbors whom they frequently invite to call.

There are hills and valleys, rugged woodlands untouched by ax and formal gardens with artificial cascades and fountains. Irving Spaulding believes that the State of New York will be given the estate

SRTASBOURG, France, Aug. 18.—The French cabinet this year refused to give the usual subsidies to here because the mayor and city council are all autonomists and some of them are also communists. Frenchmen criticized the action as detrimental to the effort to teach Alsations to use the French language.

some day as a park, but there seems to be better reason to believe that it will remain, for several generations more at least, a barren seat of the Rockefeller family.

secretary, and I wish you'd communicate with me, in care of Mr. Morgan's office, the Sanderson building, if you have any special problems or difficulties with Curtis. He's an only child, you know, and—

"Of course, I understand," Miss Anderson agreed.

"The maid will call for him today, but after this one of the boys will see that he gets to and from school safely," Nan added. She waved away the small, teakwood desk considered worthy to be taken on her wicked adventure.

"In here, Big Pat," she called to the man. "And thank you, I wonder if there's going to be half enough room? There seems to be lots of pairs of shoes, as well as stacks of hats. Will you begin packing the dresses, please, Estelle? Big Pat has opened the trunks."

As the maid obeyed, Nan went grimly about the luxurious bedroom, collecting every article that had been dedicated to Iris's personal use. In the small, teakwood desk she found a mass of correspondence—invitations, announcements from shops, a sheaf of unpaid bills of which Morgan would ultimately receive duplicates with an indignant "Please remit," and letters. There was one envelope addressed in Bert Crawford's bold, dashing hand, and this Nan slipped into the pocket of the little brown velvet suit she was wearing. She would burn it, unread, grateful that it was she and not John Curtis Morgan who had found out of evidence of his wife's illicit love affair.

Nan and the maid had finished their attempt to banish Iris Morgan's ghost from her husband's home.

"I don't believe I'll dress," Nan reflected with the unaccustomed look and the strain of suppressed, conflicting emotions.

Then she remembered, with a grin at her own susceptibility to flattery, Curtis's naive compliment the night before: "Oh, I didn't know you were so pretty!—and I determined to go again for feminine beauty. There was no reason at all why she should not use a generous handful of the violet bath salts that Iris had so thoughtfully provided for her guests, never dreaming that it would be her husband's secretary and her own successor as a housekeeper—however "long-distance"—for that same husband, who would eventually use them.

So Nan bathed luxuriously, even giving her bright-brown soap and a vigorous shampoo and rubbing it dry with one of Iris's extravagant bath towels. The only dinner dress she had brought with her besides the amber chiffon she had worn the night before was a demurely sophisticated little frock of sapphire transparent velvet, with rhinestone buckles where her hips would have been if she had not been built like a schoolboy. Above the rich, deep blue of her brown eyes, wide as an excited child's, looked almost black, but her new-washed hair flamed like fine-spun copper.

"I do like my legs," she commented to herself with patronized satisfaction as she gazed before the full-length mirror in her closet door. "If only these super-sheer gun-metal stockings didn't cost three whole dollars! And \$15 for black antelope pumps! There ain't no justice—Iris with her 21 pairs of shoes! Ah, well! Poor but honest! That's me!"

She was giving her flushed cheeks—"Don't need any rouge tonight!"—another careful dusting of rachel-tinted powder when Curtis hurried breathlessly into the room.

"Hey, Nana! Guess what!! My father's come home! And I'm telling him all about school and Big Pat and Little Pat and everything! And he said, 'Where is that incredible girl? What's incredible, Nana? Are you incredible?'"

Nan gasped. She suddenly went down on her knees and swept Curtis into her arms, holding him close against her wildly beating heart.

"Listen, Curtis! Stop patting! Tell me—was he angry when he called me 'that incredible girl?'"

"Why?" Curtis was plainly amazed. "Is incredible a cuss word, Nana? He didn't say it like he was cussing. He—he said it like—like—the child groped for descriptive words beyond his vocabulary—like he could kiss you if you were right then!"

"Oh!" Nan sprang to her feet, her face flaming. Of course Curtis did not mean that as she would have liked him to mean it. He was merely trying to tell her that his father had looked tenderly amused and grateful, but. . . . "Let's go down, honey. Dinner must be ready, and Maude has something very special tonight. Guess what? . . . No, you'd never! It's Hidden