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

Dr. Allen Will Make Amazing Ravelations In Evening's 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 mg to El Patio theater for two nights starting Tuesday, August 22. Sunday The stage presentation with human charts, and motion pictures offers a mail and express carried on the new unique departure from the general run of entertainment. In fact it is line from Los Angeles to Mexico so radically different, and so amaz- City and Guatemala since its iningly interesting, that no adult can auguration last July 29, necessitated well afford to miss this production.

Dr. Allan, the creator of "Love Life", was for many years engaged as an instructor and lecturer with by Thomas E. Morgan, general one of America's leading medical manager. colleges, and at the same time was deeply engrossed in research work brougham, six-place, Wright J-6 of the underworld. He sought and found all phases of life! he came dies and out of this vast research Louis. work he presents the solution in his revelations on "Love Life."

The theories of Dr. Allan have tion, Mr. Morgan said. ing, absorbing event in the way of the sex equation. Of such vast in- Terminal, Glendale. terest has this production been, cawherever played.

So vital is this delicate subject Thursday evening two performances will be given, for women only, at 7 Fridays. and 9 p. m., while on Friday the



NEW YORK - Occasionally on summer evenings an adventurous 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 tresspassing upon the estate of the Rockefellers.

The crest of Buttermilk hill is now the seat of a school where boys are trained for the Catholic priesthood. The smooth-cheeked lads who stroil 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 Rockefellers have bought Buttermilk hill, the Catholic school 2 cups flour will be moved soon to a new site, and in another autumn or two the 1-4 teaspoon salt No Trespassing sign at the gateway 3 tablespoons fat to the hilltop will be supplanted by 2-3 cup milk an iron fence, and there will be 3 tablespoons soft butter guards to see that no picnickers 1-2 cup orange marmalade come through.

8,000-Acre Kijkuit

cent an acquisition.

and his son add to their acreage | Corn, Southern Style, Serving Six along the Hudson, and cut it off 2 cups corn, cut from cob with fences or brick walls from the 1 cup water

The estate now contains more 1-2 teaspoon salt than 8.000 acres. It is by far the 1-4 teaspoon sugar largest private holding anywhere in 1-4 teaspoon paprika the east, and no part of it is farther 44 tablespoons chopped green pep- ised blithely. "Meanwhile, I have than 30 miles, in a bee line, from New York's city hall.

In the neighborhood and among New Yorkers generally the Rocke- slowly, stirring frequently, for 155 1?" feller place is known as Pocantico minutes. Add the beans, seasonings, Hills, because that was the name of cream and green pepper. ook for the first village it devoured-a vil- three minutes. Add the egg and lage which 35 years ago had 1,500 cook for one minute. residents and now has a scant hun-

But the right name of the estate 4 tablespoons hot coffee (very 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 spun his story of Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman.

Family Stronghold Within the walls and fences which shelter the Rockefeller estate live three generations of Rockefellers

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 recrein this building that the Rockefellers entertain Tarrytown neighbors whom they frequently invite to

ged woodlands untouched by ax and some day as a park, but there eyes shining with excitement. "Fa- of the public school system.

cades and fountains.

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 revelations on "Love Life" is com- Los Angeles and Mexico City was inaugurated by the Pickwick Line

Heavy increase in the volume of Pickwick Latin American Airways the addition of another plane to its fleet in that service, bringing the total to nine, it has been announced

The new plane is a Ryan as it regards life and the happiness motored cabin type, similar to six of marriage. His investigations cov- others purchased late in July for ered the entire social field from the the opening of service on the Latin aristocrat families to the derelicts American air mail, express and passenger system. It was delivered at Negales, from the Ryan Aircraft to know men and women, good and ompany factory in St. Louis, buildbad; he sought the cause and reme- ers of Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Steady increase is shown in the

volume of express and mail carried 'Love Life" is presented in such a over the 2400-mile air route since way as to prove thoroughly enter- inauguration of the new line last taining and edifying, winning the July 29. Mr. Morgan said. Inaugupraise of public officials, educators, ration last Sunday, August 18, of public welfare workers, and the passenger service is expected to medical fraternity wherever it has necessitate further addition to the fleet of nine planes now in opera-

been compounded into an interest- The starting of passenger service was marked by an inaugural proetertainment on what is known as gram Sunday at Grand Central Air

South bound planes of the line pacity audiences have greeted it now leave Grand Central Air Terminal, Glendale, at 7:15 a. m. on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, men and women are admitted to and north bound planes from the separate performances only. On same terminals arrive here at 2:30 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and

According to a revised schedule, show will be for men only. A gen- south bound planes from Los Aneral admission of 50 cents will be geles arrive at Nogales, Ariz., at 1:30 p. m. for the first overnight stop, after stops at Tia Juana and Mexi-

> North bound planes leave Mexico City at 8 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays and arrive at Mazatlan at 4 p. m. The planes leave Matzatlan at 6 a. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, arafter stops at Mexicali, Tia Juana tion he is about to place his son in riving in Los Angeles at 2:30 p. m. and San Diego.

Homemaker

SUNDAY MENUS BREAKFAST Cantaloupe Bacon and Eggs

Orange Rolls DINNER Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Corn, Southern Style Plum Jam Stuffed Tomato Salads Iced Tea Mocha Cake SUPPER

Roast Beef Sandwiches Chocolate Cookies Iced Coffee

Orange Rolls (Delicious with hot beverages) 4 teaspoons baking powder

1 teaspoon cinnamon

dough forms, pat it out untily have a talk with Dr. Ashley—the Buttermilk hill is one of the few 1-3 inch thick. Spread with the alienist, you know. I've called Ashparts of the Rockefeller country seat butter, marmalade and cinnamon. ley's house, but he's out of town which is still subject to invasion. Roll up like a jelly roll. Cut off 1-2 and won't be back until noon toand that is only because it is so re- inch clices and place, flat side up, morrow. I wish you'd get in touch on a greased baking pan. Bake in with him then personally and per-Year by year John D. Rockefeller a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

1 cup cooked lima beans

pers 1 egg, well beaten Mix the corn and water. Cook

Mocha Cake

sponge cake 4 tablespoons butter 1-4 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon vanilla 1 2-3 cups sifted confectioner's

Cut the cake in four slices crossways. Mix the rest of the ingredienst and beat for two minutes. Use as a frosting on the layers of cake. Serve cut in wedge shape pieces.

SRTASBOURG, France, Aug. 18. -The French cabinet this year refused to give the usual subsidies to national and municipal theaters here because the mayor and city council are all autonomists and ditorium and swimming pool. It is some of them are also communists. Frenchmen criticised the action as detrimental to the effort to teach Alsatians to use the French language.

formal gardens with artificial cas- seems to be better reason to be ther's going to bring me a collar seems to be netter reason to be live that it will remain, for several and a muzzle and a leash for Cop. family. Mrs. Morgan is abroad," husband and child for another man ready, and Maude has something generations more at least, a ba
... Say. Nana, what's your face so

Correct the woman who had abandoned down, honey. Dinner must be the woman who had abandoned dow Some believe that the State of generations more at least, a ba-New York will be given the estate ronial seat of the Rockefeller family, red for?"





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

THIS HAS HAPPENED employer, John Curtis Morgan, at- shakily. torney, and decides to resign. Her resignation is postponed because she need for her in his defense of his Crawford's trial, little Curtis Morgan, six-year-old son of Iris and John Curtis Morgan, innocently places in Nan's hands a note aphandbag. 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 an- silk nightgowns with lots of lace. nounces her desertion of her hus- She says they're more fem-i-nun. band in a special delivery letter. What's fem-i-nun, Nana?" She omits mention of Crawford and gan is crushed. When in desperahim to keep his home intact. While innumerable questions? it were Iris, would she rejoice?

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY school tomorrow morning. Little do.

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 stoo dbeside

"I wante to speak with Miss Car-Horseradish roll, 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 an-"The governor seems very swered. Mix the flour, baking powder and favorably disposed to commuting salt. Cut in the fat with a knife. Brownlee's sentence from death to Add the milk slowly. When a soft life imprisonment, but he wants to suade him to make the trip to the 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 get him there," Nan promyour permission to make any changes of any kind here in your home that seem best to me, haven't

"Go as far as you like, just as long as you don't adopt that boy with activities. Curtis insisted or of mine in my absence." Morgan wearing his plainest and sturdies laughed, and the sound was the purest music in Nan's ears. "I'd can play with the kids" he explained like to speak to the brat now, if to Nan, but the girl suspected that he's still clamoring."

which Nan sat. shrilly in the voice he reserved for make him, his prospective playtelephone conversations. "Betcha mates would shun him and deride Oh, Little Pat! He says him. life! it all the time. Sure! I'm going

Oh, hello, Benny! I gotta police supplies he would need. dog puppy named Cop! You can play with him when you come to chap, Mrs. Morgan," the first grade see me. . . . Good-bye!"

"I-ought to shake you, Curtis secretary, and I wish you'd commu-Nan Carroll, private secretary. Morgan, but I'm going to kiss you nicate with me, in care of Mr. Mor-trunks. discovers she is in love with her instead," Nan told him, laughing gan's office, the Sanderson building, to know that Morgan had not spent if you have any special problems or difficulties with Curtis.

"Benny Hogarth's coming to see feels Morgan will have particular me," he chattered, as they again ascended the stairs. "His grandpa's friend, Bert Crawford, indicted for the governor of this state. . . That embezzlement. On the last day of 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 parently taken from his mother's his grandpa and his grandma in the What's a 'xe-'xecutive mansion. . . cutive 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

> "Listen, brat," Nan laughed, as "Wouldn't you like to go to school

"Sure, I want to go to school!

boy to look after details at the away for a moment from the heart utation with nurses. I'm afraidhouse. Little Curtis, lonely since his breaking sight of his thin little spoiled and dictatorial." mother's departure, tugs at Nan's body. It was up to her to see that heart strings. She and Curtis start there should be eventually-and not for him." the doctor nodded.

ton.

"I'm going to take you to public Pat's going to live here, over the garage, with Big Pat and Maude, had come to work for John Curtis You and Little Pat will go to and Morgan more than three years befrom school together and have all fore, Nan Carroll worked with her afternoon to play in the yard with eyes on the clock that afternoon.

have a nurse any more, Nana?"

"Not if you'll prove to your father | When she did arrive at the Morwords very carefull, so that no hint the child. "You see, Curtis, a nurse kinds of food that will make you big and strong, so that you can play Nan a thought. football and baseball when you're

like that' "Little Pat says they have a you write down on it when you've the stairs. had a bath and washed your teeth and eat cereal and spinach, and everything," Curtis explained, with the 10-year-old son of the cook unthe lordly air of a child who finds questioningly, eagerly. a grown-up strangely ignorant of vital matters. "And Little Pat's or the Health Chart Honor Roll, and Little Pat never did have a silly old nurse.

"You like Little Pat, don't you honey?" Nan asked. "Oh, sure, he's all right. just kind of bossy because I'm little than he is," Curtis concded cheer fully, as he climbed into bed.

The next morning was cramme suit and overcoat to school-"so the child was actuated by instinct-Curtis scrambled into the chair in if he were better dressed than the other children, or at all picturesqua "Hello, Father!" Curtis piped as his mother had delighted to

The brisk, middle-aged woman to sleep with Nana in one of the principal was not at all flurried by man-and-wife twin beds. . . . I the application of John Curtis Mordidn't teass either!" indignantly, gan's son for enrollment in the first Sure! Me and Nana and Cop's grade. The child was six years old having a swell time. Listen, Father the second term of the school year -make Nana stay here all the time. had just opened that week-so of She works for you and she's gotta do what you tell her to, hasn't she? as that. By half-past nine Curtis Aw-w! . Say, Father, I Morgan had been assigned a desk wanna collar and a leash and a among 40-odd other pupils, and was muzzle for Cop. . A red collar sitting in it, looking solemnly pleaswith brass studs all around it, like ed with himself and his new world, Jimmy Powell's police dog's got, and Nan had a list of the books and

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 the man. "And thank you. I won- lifted the crust with an impatient see that he gets to and from school

safely." Nan added. She waved to Curtis, but apparently he was afraid to appear demonstrative and therefore a sissy, for he acknowledged her farewell with a stiff little nod of his head.

"So that's that!" Nan breathed a deep sigh of relief. "I believe he's and then get hold of Dr. Ashley."

Dr. Ashley not only agreed to take the two o'clock train to the state which Morgan would ultimately re- and again his eyes had that look begs Morgan not to seek her. Mor- the boy began with proud independ- capital, but insisted on Nan's reence, to shuck off his day clothes. maining to lunch with himself and 'Please remit,' and letters. There ored to describe. "Curtis, an inhis wife. During the meal she be- was one envelope addressed in Bert credible girl is one who can solve a boarding school, Nan pleads with and find out the answers to all your came suddenly and unusually confidential, telling the great doctor this Nan slipped into the pocket of yer work like the very devil, bring just what she had done that morn- the little brown velveteen suit she order out of chaos in someone else's

she plans to become a long-distance lines lour and two times eight. Morgan is going to be abroad bit of evidence of his wife's illicit Nan's "hidden treasure." dependable Irish woman. Maude O'Brien, her husband and a small of several months, Mr. Morgan love affair.

Nana to stay. So does Little He says she's a peach-er-ino!"

Nana to stay. So does Little Nan and the maid had finished their attempt to banish Iris Morgan.

(To Be Continued.) for several months, Mr. Morgan love affair,

"A public school is just the place upstairs for the night when long too eventually—a little padding upon boy's bad temper has no doubt been distance calls. Nan asks herself if that pitifully exposed little skele- the result of subconscious anger against being 'different.' He has wanted to be "regular'-all children

Almost for the first time since she She could hardly wait to have Cur-"Geel" Curtis breathed, his black tis hurtle his small, excited body eyes enormous with delight and sat- against hers, while he began to pour isfaction. "Then I ain't going to out the absorbing tale of the day's adventures

and me that you can take care of gan home it took quite a bit of yourself," Nan said, choosing her hunting to discover Curtis, and when she did find him, in the apartment of unpleasant threat might reach above the garage, he was so enthralled by the drama of the is supposed to see that you eat the O'Brien family taking possession of their new home that he scarcely

"Hey, Curt, gangway! What d'ye bigger, and to see that you bathe think this isa free show? Pitch in and wash your teeth, and thinks and help tote up furniture if you're going to stand around here," Little Pat was shouting to the pampered Health Chart in public schools, and son of Iris Morgan as Nan climbed

With deep amusement and tenderness Nan saw that Curtis obeyed

She went back into the house. Estelle, the maid, stopped her in he hall. "I was just wondering, fiss Carroll, what to do with Mrs. Morgan's clothes and things. Hi he's going to be gone several ionths, oughtn't they to be . . ell, packed up, or som thing?" she floundered to an embarassed op, but her meaning lay plainly etween the two girls; if IrIis Moran was not coming back, should a undred reminders of her beautiful Morgan's heart every time he enered his home?

Nan ascended the stairs slowly. ick with distaste for the job that ay ahead of her.

CHAPTER XXIII

As soon as Nan Carroll switched Pat and Little Pat and everything! on the lights in the chamber which And he said, Where is that incredhad been shared by John Curtis i-ble girl?' What's incredible, Nana? Morgan and his wife, she knew why Are you incredible?" the deserted husband had fled from it to the sanctuary of the small down on her knees and swept Curtis room which had been dedicated to into her arms, holding him close male guests of the famous lawyer. For this room was of and for 'Listen, Curtis! Stop panting! Tell Iris. It had been created solely as a me-was he angry when he called setting for Iris Morgan's exotic me 'that incredible girl'?" beauty.

as her remarkable eyes. gauze between, to filter sunshine right then!" into more flattering moonlight. The teacher, Miss Anderson, commented scent bottles, jars and boxes, all of liked him to mean it. treasure behind, but undoubtedly and grateful, but. . . . derson. I'm Mr. Morgan's private to give her newer, richer treasure, . . . No, you'd never! It's Hidden

roll?" Estelle, the maid, startled the carried them down to the living interloper by calling softly from the room and to where John Curtis doorway

Nan was grateful. It was not pleasant to be alone with the ghos, not merry at all-fixed on the lifeof a living woman. "Yes." thank size portrait of the wife who had so you, Estelle. I haven't looked into recently deserted him. the closet yet, but if there is much packing to be done I shall need your help-also a wardrobe trunk or

"I told Pat O'Brien to bring up trunks from the basement." Estelle admitted. "It will take all the trunks we can find to hold her Here's Mrs. Morgan's dressing room, and I reckon there's enough clothes here to stock a

Nan agreed with her silently when she stepped into the large dressing room. Afternoon frocks, evening gowns, street costumesdresses, dresses and more dressescrowded the hanger-pole from one end of the room to the other. No wonder John Curtis Morgan had not been able to endure the room he bad shared with his wife! Had he stood here lonely and despairing, breathing in the perfume that floated delicately from his wife's garments, remembering her beauty clothed in this frock and that, crushing the exquisite fabrics against his lips.

But Estelle, as if she read Nan's thoughts, dispelled that picture. "Mr. Morgan hasn't been in here since Friday morning. He slept in the gentlemen's guest room Friday night, and had me move his things in there Saturday morning.

Pat had not arrived a moment sooner with the three wardrobs It was strangely comforting tragic minutes in this dressing room, recreating images of his wife in these dresses she had not considered worthy to be taken on her wicked adventure.

"In here, Big Pat," she called to enough room? There seems to be poached egg. "I don't like spinach. dozens of pairs of shoes, as well as stacks of hats. Will you begin marvelled, his black eyes flying acpacking the dresses, please, Estelle? cusingly to Nan. "It tastes good!" Big Pat has opened the trunks."

collecting every article that had Tastes this crust! Oh. boy! just where he belongs. And now to been dedicated to Iri's personal use. get to the office, clean up the mail, In the small teakwood desk she tired face was ruddy with color. I found a mass of correspondence- called you 'that incredible girl' to invitations, announcements from Curtis, and he wanted to know who shops, a sheaf of unpaid bills of incred-i-ble meant," he said to Nan. ceive duplicates with an indignant in them which Curtis had endeav-Crawford's bold, dashing hand, and murder mysteries, make a lazy lawness, Nan stays at his home and or- Public school, where the kids play ing with John Curtis Morgan's son. was wearing. She would burn it, home, and make a finicky little brat ganizes the housekeeping so the lawyer and his son can carry on. She plans to become a long-distance times four and two times eight. It is not some a long-distance times four and two times eight. It is not some a long-distance times four and two times eight. It is not some a long-distance times four and two times eight. It is not some a long-distance times four and two times eight. It is not some a long-distance times four and two times eight. It is not some a long-distance times four and two times eight. Mrs. Morgan had planned a pri- unread, grateful that it was she and like you eat spinach and like it." found this probably incriminating his fork into the golden yolk of

gan's ghost from her husband's home "I don't believe I'll dress," Nan Las Vegas Bakery reflected with the unaccustomed

work and the strain of suppressed.

conflicting emotions. Then she remembered. grin at her own susceptibility to flattery, Curtis's naive compliment tor of a bakery at Muscle Shoals the night before: "Oh, I didn't Alabama, is now running the Las know you were so pretty!" and de- Vegas Bakery, at 402 South Second termined to gratify again his very street, having leased it from F. G. masculine eye for feminine beauty. Rau and son a short time ago. 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 bama before coming to Las Vegas. would be her husband's secretary and her own successor as a housekeeper-however "long-distance"- at the switch it stops her train of for that same husband, who would thought.

eventually use them. So Nan bathed luxuriously, even giving her bright-brown short have 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 flinted

like fine-spun copper. "I do like my legs," she comment ed to herself with pardonable satisfaction as she paraded 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 to-night!"—another careful dusting of rachel-tinted power when Curtis hurtled 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 L'ttle Pat and everything!

Nan gasped, then suddenly went against her wildly beating heart.

"Why?" Curtis was plainly amaz-Iris had daringly chosen a color ed. "Is incred-i-ble a cuss word, scheme of amethyst and vivid blue- Nana? He din't say it like he was green, almost the same blue-green cussing. He-he said it lige-like Both -the child groped for descriptive shades of taffeta were combined in words beyond his vocabulary-"like the window drapes, with sheer gold he could kiss you if you was there

"Oh!" Nan sprang to her feet, her "He looks like a bright little top of the dressing table, with its face flaming. Of course Curtis did triple mirrors, was crowded with not mean that as she would have He slammed the receiver upon the as Nan was about to leave Curtis clear amethyst crystal. Nan won- merely trying to tell her that his hook and faced Nan, his liquid black to the windnesses and the cruelties dered how Iris could have left such father had looked tenderly amused "I'm Miss Carroll, a friend of the the woman who had abandoned down, honey. Dinner must be

as well as a newer, more thrilling Treasure! I just hope there'll love than that which she was leav- one for your father, too.

Curtis's wild speculation 'Do you need any help, Miss Car- what "Hedden Treasure" might be Morgan stood before the merrily burning fire his eyes-which were

"Father, we've got Hidden Treasure for dinner, and Nana made up the recipe just for me, and-"

'Hello, Nan! Has this young hellion been babbling like this ever since you came? If so, it's a good thing I hurried back to rescue you. You seem to be bearing up under the strain pretty well, though, I never saw you look so pretty."

Was she glad then that she had dressed for dinner! But she wondered if he could see her heart pounding beneath the allegedly transparent velvet, as his two hands folded over the cold little hand she thrust out to him.

"Aren't you back sooner than you expected? Of course we're awfully

"The governor and I had our heart to heart talk about poor Brownlee last night, and around midnight he gave me his word that if Dr. Ashlev's privately stated opinion corroborated his expert testimony on the witness stand, he would have the boy committed to the state hospital for the criminally don't fancy the noose as a way to at Grand Canyon. things considered. . Here's Estelle, with the good news that dinner's ready. I'm famished. I hope we don't have to hunt for Nan was guiltily glad that Big this Hidden Treasure of Nan's, Sormy-boy!

> "Hidden treasure" proved to be comething delightfully odorous in individual casseroles, something with a brown, crisp crust of cracker crumbs and cheese.

There's an egg in a nest of spinach!" Curtis shouted, when he had der if there's going to be half fork and disclosed a perfectly Um-m-! That's funny!" he He took another forkful of the spin-As the maid obeyed, Nan went ach, which had been chopped into grimly about the luxurious bedroom. white cause. Then, "Say, Father

Morgan laughed until his pale, "Uh-huh." Curtis agreed, sticking

Nana to stay. So does Little Pat.

Has New Proprietor

Paul Frohman, formerly proprie-The same employes are working with Frohman as were formerly em-

ployed by the bakery.

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. Mittry, of Mittry 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

Getting in water mains for home and industrial supply is now delaying 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 insane. I'm glad-for his mother's of more than 50,000 second feet sevsake. Personally, I think the poor eral days ago, the river had gone boy would be better off dead, but I down to 19,500 yesterday morning,

put him out of his misery-all Reports showed her at 24,100 Hello! | Saturday and at 21,000 Sunday.

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