

Out Our Way



By Williams

Rayon, Made From Spruce Logs, Taking Place of Silk, Wool

TWIN FALLS, Ida., Aug. 23. (U.P.)—Some of the finer grades of wool are being displaced by rayon, a product of spruce logs. Dr. W. S. McCune of Bliss, Idaho, a secretary of the National Wool Growers association, told members of the Idaho Association at a banquet here recently.

He predicted Rayon would ultimately displace pure silk.

Plans Finished For Modern Residence

Bids were opened Tuesday for construction of a two-story English type residence to be constructed immediately for Jean Nevada Fayle in the Pioneer Heights tract. Actual construction will commence in about a week, it is expected.

Plans for the building were completed Tuesday by James A. Fleming, architect, and call for an attractive stucco building and double garage. There will be fireplace, modern colored plumbing, garbage chute, exhaust fan over range, large closets with cedar lined cases and drawers, and other modern conveniences. Steam heat will be provided also.

The home will be located on lots 17 and 18 Block five, at Eight and Carson streets.

Miss Fayle is the daughter of Mrs. Clinton Beggs.

MOSCOW, Aug. 23. (U.P.)—The fur farm established last autumn near Moscow has met with especial success in that for the first time sables have bred in captivity. Their young were born among the 54 sables on the farm. Minks, ermines, raccoons and foxes were also produced.

Colorado Visitor Pleased With Vegas

Mr. C. E. Smith of Tacony, Colorado, who was here recently in connection with the closing of the estate of his brother, the late E. E. Smith, went home with a pleasing impression of Las Vegas.

In a letter to the Age Mr. Smith said, in part:

"Upon our recent, and first, visit to Las Vegas we were greatly impressed and amazed at your beautiful desert city, with its energetic citizens, beautiful homes, shaded streets and lawns, its good streets and roads, artesian wells, alfalfa fields and orchards.

"With its location as the gateway to Boulder Dam, we see no reason why it should not become a city of large population and business activities."

We are sure that the kind expression of the brother would have been pleasing to our old friend Ed Smith, could he have remained to hear them. Ed Smith, it will be remembered, was one who always had an abiding faith in Las Vegas and its future.

The Age is pleased to express appreciation of the kind words from our Colorado friend.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23. (U.P.)—The New York American today published an interview with the widow of the late Tex Rickard quoting her as saying that all she has received from the settlement of the famous fight promoter's estate is less than \$5,000 in cash.

Mrs. Rickard is described as living in a cottage at Flushing, L. I., which looks as if it rents for about \$50 a month.

Classified Advertising

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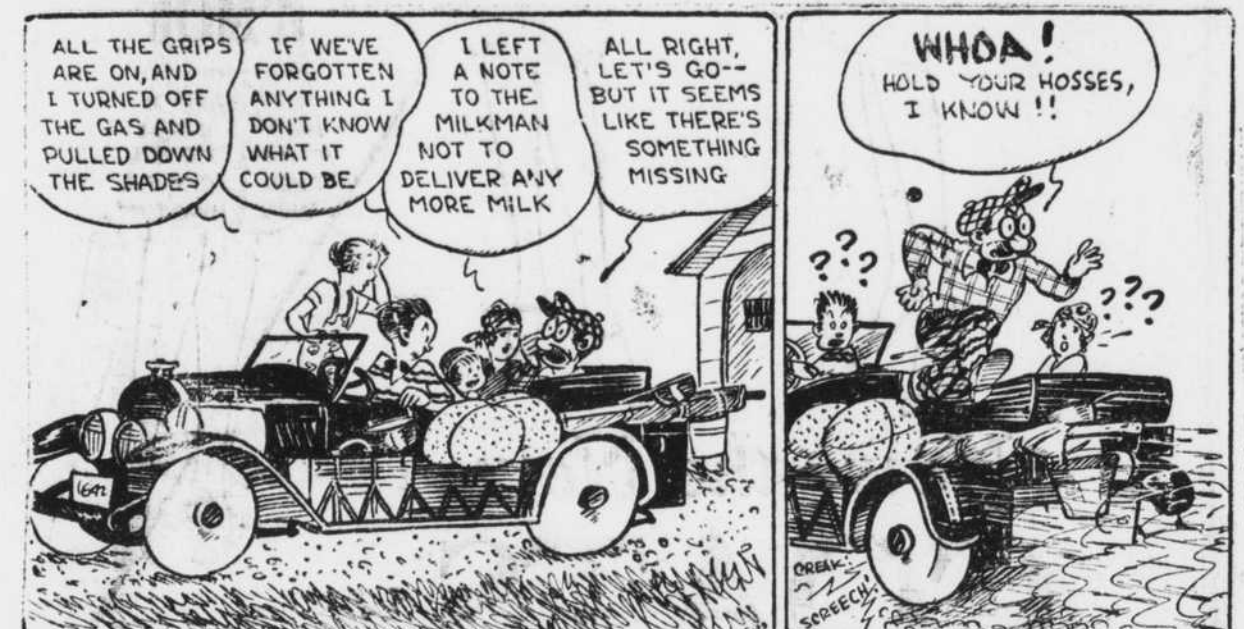
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MOM'N POP

Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here

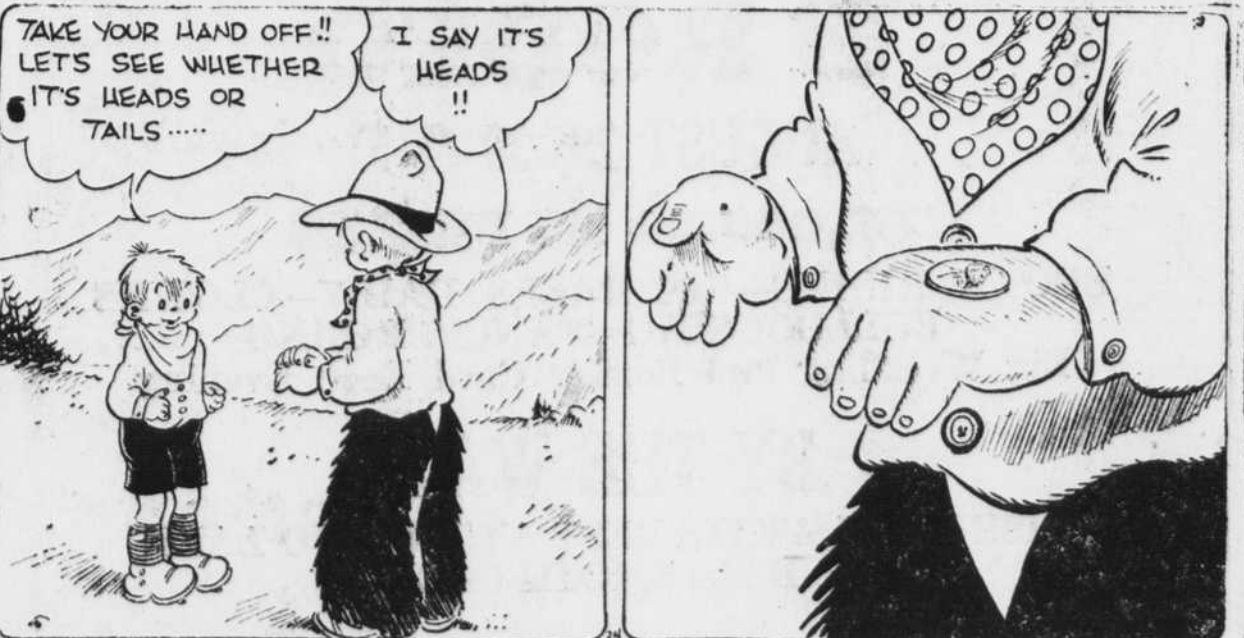
BY COWAN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Heads or Tails

BY BLOSSER



RIVAL WIVES

(Continued From Page Four) see myself up, but I wanted to give you first."

"And the plane?" Morgan prompted, after he had seated the young man in the armchair across the desk.

"Oh, he has a moth monoplane that he buzzes around in," this son of wealth explained easily. "Stephen Grant's his name. Maybe you've heard of the family?" At Morgans nod, the boy went on eagerly: "He offered to bring me in and we stopped just once on the way, to telephone. I put the call through a pay station in a village, using Grant's name, but when I got your office I told who I was. I thought maybe the police would have the operators listening in, but it looks as if they didn't—"

"Your luck was certainly with you," Morgan interrupted dryly. "Now about your father—"

NAN sprang to her feet, excused herself with a word and ran out of the office, to return in a few minutes, breathless. Jerking out the stenographer's hat of the desk, she flung open her notebook and began to take rapid shorthand notes of the boy's story.

In spite of her half-fearful half-joyful absorption in her approach-wedding, Nan had taken an enormous interest in the sensational murder of the millionaire automobile manufacturer, Theodore Blackhull. The papers had shrieked the news of the disappearance of the old man's son within a few minutes of the murder. The millionaire had been found dead, shot through the heart, his son's automatic clumsily hidden behind a row of books in a case near the door.

The butler who found the body, and noticed the disarrangement of the books which led to the discovery of the weapon, had told of hearing a violent quarrel between the old millionaire and his son early in the evening. The murder had taken place, according to the medical examiner, at approximately 2 o'clock in the morning. The butler, asleep in his room on the third story of the Blackhull mansion had not heard the shot, but had been aroused at 5 minutes to 2 by the sound of a car on the gravel drive below his window and had gone to the window to look out.

He said that the car was David Blackhull's, and the next morning, when he went to notify the police, his father had been murdered, the boy was missing, had not slept in his room that night. Naturally, the police had been searching the country for the missing son, with warrants out for his arrest.

And now he sat in John Curtis Morgans office telling his own story of that last day and night of his father's life.

"He didn't kill his father, but he's holding something back," Nan told herself, as her pencil flew. At last she could keep silent no longer. With an audacity excused by her new status as Morgans law partner, she interrupted:

"Mr. Blackhull, was your father happily married to your young stepmother?"

The painful blush which suffused the boy's face told her that she was on the right track.

"I—she—they—" David Blackhull stammered. "She was so much younger than Dad, you know—just 22 to his 64. But if you're suspicious, Nina—I mean, my step mother—she left for Chicago the day before—before it happened."

"But after she left for Chicago, your father made a will in which he gave her nearly everything, leaving you only \$10,000," Nan told him quietly. "Do you know why?"

An hour later a very subdued and bewildered young man left with the senior members of the firm of Morgan and Morgan to give himself up for arrest.

There would be no honeymoon for Nan Carroll. Alone in Morgans office she broke into a hysterical laugh, then bowing her head upon her husbands desk she released the flood of tears that had swollen her sore heart almost to bursting.

(To Be Continued)

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Christian Science Society meet, at Majestic Theater, Fremont street.
Sunday School 9:45 a.m.
Sunday Services 11:00 a.m.
Wednesday evening meetings including testimonials of healing through Christian Science, 7:30 p.m.

FRATERNAL NOTICES

Vegas Lodge No. 32, F. & A. M. Stated Communications first Monday of each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m.
Special Communications, work requiring, as announced by the Treas. Board, issued each month. Visiting brothers are welcome.
EARL F. DAVISON, W. M.
W. N. SCHUYLER, Secretary.

ATTENTION EAGLES!
Las Vegas Aerie No. 1213 Fraternal Order of Eagles meets in regular session the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Levy's Hall. All Stray Eagles cordially invited.

R. P. O. E.
Las Vegas Lodge No. 1468 Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30. Club rooms open from 11:00 a. m. to 12:00 p.m. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.
C. V. T. GILBERT, E. R.
Wm. L. SCOTT, Secretary

CHARLESTON LODGE NO. 98 K. OF P.
Regular meetings first and third Tuesdays of each month at Beckley's Hall. Local members and visiting brothers are cordially invited.
JOHN GORDON, C. C.
JULIUS AHLSTROM, K. R. C.

Artisan Lodge No. 43 I. O. O. F.
Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M., Levy's Hall, Fremont St., between First and Second. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.
R. H. SNYDER, Noble Grand
DONALD BRENNER, Sec.