

Out Our Way



EQUALITY.



WHY, MOTHERS GET GRAY.

By Williams

LEGAL NOTICES

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.

Notice is hereby given that J. Q. Lisle, guardian of the above minors, having filed in this Court his petition praying for an order of sale of the real property of the estate of said minors...

Dated this 16th day of August, A. D., 1929. WM. L. SCOTT, Clerk.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Serial No. 016774 Department of the Interior U. S. LAND OFFICE at Carson City, Nevada, August 12, 1929.

NOTICE is hereby given that Carl D. Farrar of Las Vegas, Nevada, who, on June 29, 1928, made homestead entry (Sec. 2289 R. S.), No. 016774, for N 1/2, Section 28, Township 21 South, Range 61 East, M. D. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof...

Noticed by me: Frank Jameson, of Las Vegas, Nevada. Arthur E. Denning, of Las Vegas, Nevada.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PERMISSION TO APPROPRIATE THE PUBLIC WATERS OF THE STATE OF NEVADA.

Application No. 9016 Notice is hereby given that on the 14th day of August, 1929, in accordance with Section 59, Chapter 59, of the Statutes of 1919, Julius N. Van Meter, of Las Vegas, County of Clark, State of Nevada, made application to the State Engineer of Nevada for permission to appropriate 20 of a second foot of the public waters of the State of Nevada.

FRATERNAL NOTICES

Vegas Lodge No. 32, F. & A. M. Stated Communications first Monday of each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m.

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.

E. 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.

CHARLESTON LODGE NO. 38 K. OF P. Regular meetings first and third Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. at Beckley Hall. Local meetings and visiting brothers are cordially invited.

Artesia Lodge No. 13 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 Sts. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE - A quantity of fine gravel. Inquire for Mr. Street, El Patio Theater. Phone 400. 95-ft.

WANTED Anyone wishing to donate to an expected baby, mother crippled with rheumatism, father killed recently in mine, please send to Mrs. R. R. Cliff, Moapa Nev. 104-5

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.

RIVAL WIVES

(Continued From Page Four) They've done to you, but Mother's home now. She was about to drop to her knees beside the boy's chair when again Morgan's voice rang out: Leave the room, Curtis! Go on to school!

Without a word Nan stepped forward. 'I'll go upstairs with you, Curtis,' she said with curious steadiness.

'Stay here, Nan!' her husband commanded sternly, but she would not be trayed by word or glance that she had heard. The child seized her hand, scrambled out of his chair, and looking up at her with fearful, bewildered black eyes, accompanied her docilely out of the room.

They did not speak until they were on the stairs. Suddenly the boy flung both arms about the girl's small body, and raised frightened, imploring eyes to her pale, set face.

'Whassa matter, Nan? Aren't you and Father glad to see my own mother? Aren't you, Nan? Father's mad at me and I didn't do anything,' he sobbed.

'He's not angry with you, Curtis.' Nan said in a cold, steady voice. 'He's just surprised to see your mother. Come! We must hurry or you'll be late for school.'

'You don't look sparkly any more,' Curtis mourned, tears slipping down his cheeks. 'All those electric lights have gone out inside you, Nan. Are you mad, Nan? Are you?'

Afterwards, Nan could never remember what she said or did during those few ghastly minutes after Iris' arrival. She retained only a dim picture of herself moving as if in a nightmare, giving strange, incoherent answers to a terror-stricken child who had no idea why she should be terrified. She remembered one question and the answer: 'Will my other mother let me keep Cop, Nan? Will she? She don't like dogs. She says they eat too much and scratch up the furniture. Will I have to sell Cop? Will I, Nan?'

'No. You shall keep Cop, Curtis,' she remembered answering, with grim determination.

At last the boy was gone, almost happy again because of that promise, but with a lingering backward glance toward the closed dining room door. Did he love Iris, too? Nan asked herself, and did not even realize that she had added that betraying 'too.'

Estelle found her standing on the last step of the stairs—a stiff, white-faced, blind-eyed little thing. 'Please, ma'am,' Estelle whispered, coming close enough to touch Nan's loosely clasped, cold hands.

'The mister sent me to find you. He wants you in—there,' and she jerked her head toward the dining room. 'Listen, ma'am; don't you let her get away with nothing! Stand up for your rights, Miss Nan! You're his wife now, and she ain't got no more right in this house than a cockroach! Don't you take a word of her, Miss Nan—'

Blindly, but with odd dignity, Nan made a slight gesture of dismissal toward the maid, then walked with stiff jerkiness toward the dining room door. Before Nan turned the knob the knob was about to turn it, before Estelle's words penetrated into her dazed mind. 'YOU'RE HIS WIFE NOW—'

She passed an uncertain hand before her eye as if to dispel the mists through which she had been moving. Of course! What a fool she was to be so frightened! She WAS John Curtis Morgan's wife! Estelle, watching from the stairs, saw the little brown head go up, the slim, boyish shoulders straighten before Nan turned the knob. With a sob of relief the maid darted around the staircase to the kitchen, to pour the latest news bulletin into Maude O'Brien's avid ears.

'She's ging to fight for her man, Maude—God bless her!' Estelle exclaimed. 'Fair knocked her out, it did. I thought for a minute that the poor little dear would pack her things and beat it, leaving that hell cat to get her claws into the poor mister again.'

'What stumps me,' Maude O'Brien marveled, scowling prodigiously and clattering the dishes in the sink to keep her words from penetrating to the dining room, 'is why the high and mighty Lady Iris come back? Anyone that was blind in one eye and couldn't see out of the other coulda seen she didn't care a snap of her finger for the poor dear man when she had him.'

'Humph!' Estelle snorted, dabbing the tears from her eyes with her apron. 'That's don't bother me none. Maude! That crook Crawford that she run off with give her the air—Oh, Lady! Listen!' she gasped as a scream rose and rose till it reached nerve-shattering crescendo, then broke abruptly.

(To Be Continued)

MOM'N POP



A Close Call

BY COWAN

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Poor Ossie

BY BLOSSER



Special Communications, work requiring, as announced by the Executive Board, issued each month. Visiting brothers are welcome.

EARL F. DAVISON, W. M. W. N. Schuyler, Secretary.

C. V. T. GILBERT, E. K. Wm. L. SCOTT, Secretary

JOHN GORDON, C. C. JULIUS AHLSTROM, K. R. C.

R. H. SNYDER, Noble Grand DONALD BREMNER, Sec.