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WASHINGTON - If you look in dictionary, as the Bystander had to do, you will find that casein is "a proteid of the nucleoalbumin group of precipitated from the milk

of various animals." But that blunt ex-man o'warsman, Schator Howell of Nebraska, was not going to let anybody have any oubts about what was actually being talked about one day when the Case of Casein" might have been -and evidence which aid his plans. an apt title for a narrative of a battle of these rival tariff grants. Borah of Idaho and Reed of Penn-

"Casein" allowed the sailor-farmer from Nebraska, "is nothing but cot-

And for some three hours or more and for tens of thousands of words, the battle of the duty on cottage cheese raged unchecked in the sen-

Borah started it, merely incidentally to his opening fire against the tariff bill framed by the republican majority. In failure to grant the full 5 cents

pound increase of duty, he charged, the tariff makers had denied American skimmed milk producers their places in the protective

Reed countered with the declaration that the senate committee, in ness to her mother. granting a cent a bound increase. had given fourfold the protection justified by the differential beween Argentine and American costs of production. No industrial rate had been thus favored, he added.

Wrench Thrower The war of words between Borah and Reed and half a dozen others went on apace; yet if you read the record closely you will note that it always was Seadog (retired) Howell rather than Borah who threw the best aimed monkey wrenches.

What allowance, Howell demanded of Reed, had been made for the cost of skimmed milk in the Argentine as compared to its cost in the United States?

Reed said the tariff commission had been unable to find out. Howell promptly declared the Argentine price was eight-tenths of a cent a gallon. He challenged every defender of the committee rate to say what price American farmers ought to get per gallon of skimmed milk, and got no direct replies. So he answered himself.

to deliver skimmed milk to the nearest station." he said, and nobody disputed him. It also was developed that Chairnan Smoot of the finance committee,

'It is worth 2 cents a gallon mere-

a great champion of protective tariii, had voted in committee for the 5-cent increase on cottage cheese. which in industry, turns to the "coated paper" upon which most magazines are printed. Would Publish Votes "If we could have the committee

votes of the senator from Utah incorporated in the bill, it would be an infinitely better bill," said will see.

Robinson of Arkansas demanded publication of all committee votes. "Is it fair," he demanded, "to have senators proud of their records in committee sit silent now and per- to Brent. mit the senator from Utah to be torified and wear his halo without question?"

blocked the Borah-Robinson at - no proof.' tempted raid of the committee vote records.

"there probably will be developed ment in his voice?" from time to time the information we might have had all at once." And all of this is extracted from lin gave me," Brent added easily, "The Case of Casein," in which, again according to Howell, Ameri- hand extended eagerly, impatientcan farmers have at stake but ly



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THIS HAS HAPPENED Helen Page feels unhappy when her classmates accuse her of being in love with her handsome guardian, Leonard Brent. But he represents all that she knows of home and family and he has promised to clear up the mystery of her birth after she graduates.

However, a chance meeting with a dying beggar causes Brent to change all his plans regarding her Before the man dies he telis Brent that his name is Charles Owens Nellin: that his wife is dead and that he has hidden a daughter from a wealthy grandfather, Cyril K. Cunningham of Yonkers. Posing as a newspaper man searching for story material, Brent secures facts

When Helen graduates she reminds her guardian that he has promised to tell her about her parents, and is amazed when he tells her that she is the heiress of Cyril Cunningham. He shows her a locket which he had secured from the dying Nellin and tells her the picture is of her mother, Evangeline Cunningham Nellin. In accordance with a promise made to her parents. tells her that he must now take her to her grandfather. Obtaining interview with Cunningham Brent introduces Helen as his granddaughter and tells him her

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"I hope." Brent said firmly, "tha Helen will not forget your unkind-

It was a master stroke. Plausibility did not admit of a man at tempting to foster an imposter upon another man, and at the same time plainly make his own effort as difficult as possible. Mr. Cunningham was puzzled, and a trifle

"As you say," he snapped at "the matter rests between me and-" he turned to Helen, "this

young lady. 'Your granddaughter," Brent answered flatly. He felt well satisfied with the progress he had made. He was convinced that Mr. Cunningwould not turn Helen away once he accepted the belief that she was indeed his granddaughter. And the readiest way to make him believe was to rob the situation of all appearance of an attempt to take advantage of it. Brent had

reasoned. Heien would be but a pawn. But now she was speaking for herself. didn't want to come here. Mr Cunningham," she said swiftly. "I've grown up under Mr. Brent" care and I want to remain with him. After he told me about my and mother I said I nev wanted to see you, but mother wanted me to come and-and-"

"Here you are." Mr. Cunningham retorte ddryly. "And now that you are here," he added hastily, "let us clear up a few important points. What would you do if I asked you to stav?" Helen did not hesitate with her answer. "I should say no," she told

him promptly. "There isn't any reason why I should consider your Mr. Cunningham regarded her

curiously. "Well, well," he said. "we But you do not realize that there are reasons why I must sift this matter to the bottom, I hope. If there's any truth in your story I must know it. You understand that," he appended, speaking

Brent inclined his head. "Cer- dent. tainly." he said. "But we care so apparently it was, for objections little about convincing you, Mr. by Smoot and Warren of Wyoming Cunningham, that we have brought

"No proof, eh?" Mr. Cunningham repeated, and who shall say that 'Well," said Borah, resignedly, there was not a note of disappoint-

> "Except your daughter's photograph in a locket that Charles Nel-"Let me see it!" The scrawny

stolen from Nellin from his pocket and handed it over to Mr. Cun-

ing it with the avidity of a starving mun searching refuse for a crumb of food. They heard him mutter something that they could not understand.

real cry was wrung from his lips. Long he bent over the pictured wish you to remain. face and soon the tears were streaming unchecked down his furrowed inherit your money?" Helen cried cheeks. Brent secretly exulted over "Leonard has all the money we the sight but Helen turned her face away

He lifted his head at last. "It is my daughter." he said chokingly. "It is Evangeline. This is the locket I Brent might be a man of wealth. gave her mother. Her name was Evangeline too."

other." he said.

Eagerly the old man sought to me. remove his daughter Evangeline's visit.' likeness, but his hands trembled so sprang forward to help him, no this thing is settled," he objected inlonger able to control her desire to stantly. look at her mother's photograph. "Let me see it, please," she begged.

ed her to take it from him. A moment Helen stared at it. feeding her hunger for sight of the your heir," maternal face she had never known Then Mr. Cunningham asked her to take Evangeline's picture out of ened. "Permit me to suggest," the locket and Helen obeyed him. other beneath it. It was Evangeline's mother, Mr. Cunningham told them. He was deeply moved, forget-

the moment

"There was another locket," he Mr. Cunningham smiled faintly, me."

You think she did not hate me?"



I didn't want to come here, Mr. Cunningham. I've grown up under Mr. Brent's care and I want to re main with him.

"I'm sure of it," Helen cried. "How could she hate her father?" 'But you hate me," he reminded her, "and I'm your grandfather, That's quite a close relationship.'

Inwardly Brent was beaming but Helen had not yet capitulated. "No," she said gently, "I don'; hate you, because I'm sure you have suffered terribly. I'm sorry for

shortly. ness was beginning to impress him, mind "May I keep the locket?" she hand for it. "I have nothing else

that belonged to my mother."

Mr. Cunningham looked at Brent. "Have you no further proof that warn you, will make you both crimyour story is true?" he questioned. "None," Brent said, "You can, if cheat me." you like, verify the facts I have given you. Helen has been in a girls' school—Miss Spann's—since I brought her from Mexico. As soon as she was able to understand I Yonkers, in a cheerful little tea that even kids have minds of their told her that I would reveal her room where an experimental-minded own?" parentage when she was grown. It proprietor was trying out the idea scarcely seems to be that further of a gypsy atmosphere, achieved Greaves. proof is needed. Had I, on my own through the medium of a palmbehalf or Helen's, been interested in reading fortune teller whose fee was to Mr. Cunningham he did a strange your fortune, sir, I might have included with the price of the meal, thing, "Thank God," he said. It come to you years ago. In that of your dying intestate or leaving your money to charity.

'Why do you call her Helen?" Mr. Cunningham fired at him unexpectedly when he finished. I have always called her Helen

"Well." Mr. Cunningham turned, "let me tell you that I think sent a grimy finger tracing the lines mind afresh and she buried her you have a very poor claim, Mr. of her palm. Brent. You might have come upon this locket and the story by acci-

"Quite so." Brent admitted suavely: "it's nothing to me whether you

believe it or not.' Mr. Cunningham jerked back at "You will repeat all this to him. my legal representative," he saw threateningly. "You have made an attempt to pass this girl off as my granddaughter, heir to my fortune If your claim is false I warn you-'You can't say such things to Legnard!" Helen broke in, furious with anger and loyalty toward Brent. "How could be have done Brent took the locket that he had what you say? Would he have waited 15 years? I've begged him many times to tell me who my mother and father were, and he The latter held it close, examin- wouldn't. Does that look as if h. wanted anything from you?'

"My dear young lady," Mr. Canningham said with a caustic accent Then he opened the locket and a "the fact remains that you are here And if you are my granddaughter l "And have you think I want

Mr Cunningham was a bit non-

plussed at this information. Some how it had not occurred to him that "Helen exaggerates," Brent smiled "but it is true that we do not re-Brent nodded. "Under your quire assistance from you, Mr. Cundaughter's picture you will find an- ningham. I expect to sail for Europe shortly and take Helen with

Mr. Cunningham was caught uneffort was fruitless. Helen prepared. "You can't leave until

This is really a farewell

"I shall be most happy to assis in settling it," Brent offered, "if Mr. Cunningham reluctantly allow- Helen wishes it. But remember, told you I hoped she would not be intrigued with the idea of becoming "I am not." Helen vouchsafed

Mr. Cunningham's frown deepsaid, "that you are not keeping the As Brent had said, there was an- spirit of your promise to my daughter. I hardly believe she wanted Helen to come to me merely to tell me that she does not wish to inful of his suspicions and doubts for herit my money. Am I not right?" He appealed directly to Helen. "Leonard said that Mother dia"

"I don't know what became hope you would do something for whatever she might be she was no your school friends, perhaps?" me," she confessed reluctantly, "but common crook. of it: It contained my picture."

"Of course." Helen breathed I don't need your halp now. Leonsoftly "she would want it."

me." she confessed reluctantly, "but
I don't need your halp now. Leonard has taken very good eare of

wished you to win my forgiveness for ner." Mr. Cunningham tempted. "And I can do a great deal for you -I'm a very rich man, my dear My money belongs to Evangeline's daughter. You have no right to refuse it. I shall ask you to give me your word to return here at 3 o'clock this afternoon, at which time you will meet my attorney and tell

your story to him. Helen hesitated until Brent spoke "We will do as you ask," Mr. Cushingham said he said curtly. "I should dislike very

Helen's straightforward- much to leave any doubt in your "There will be no doubt in my asked of him, reaching out her mind," Mr. Cunningham returned shortly. "If I accept this girl as my granddaughter it will be only after a thorough investigation, which, I inally liable if you have tried to

CHAPTER XIII

Helen was at first too excited and had been a long time since those

case I would not have run the risk apprehensive to take an interest in words had passed his lips. the woman when she came to their table, but later, after Brent had that she believed had sheltered her talked to her and the woman came mother was spent in tears. She felt back Helen submitted to having her like a prisoner and rememberd that fortune"told.

Brent returned smoothly. "I do not stretched hand, thinking more of hated her grandfather with a white-care for the name Evangeline." him and his Temarkable power to hot hatred. Then the memory of sway her than of the woman who his goodnight to her came to her A moment ago, little more, she'd traitor.

been intuitively afraid of the near father enge convinced of her rela- pathos: "My dear, I hope you are she give up Brent's guardianship of very sweet, and I need you to help herself and accept her place in the me forget my mistakes. They weigh vorld as the Cunningham heiress. Brent had swept aside her fear. Maker as I am. leclaring that Mr. Cunningham was of too suspicious and crabby a how much her mother had suffered. disposition ever to accept the truth. first seed of sacrifice in Helen's to have her love.

Before either of them spoke again the gypsy woman returned and attendance upon him at first, until Helen tore her thoughts away from he saw that she was looking pale Brent to listen to what was told to and tired. He sought to draw her

She smiled over the woman's Helen evaded him. promise of lots of money and a happy marriage, with a warning to the imminent death of her hopes. osware of an older man.

ourse, a stereotyped fortune, but t amused him. The law of averages had worked to make the advice good on this occasion, he told himself. After lunch they drove up the Hudson and Helen tried to talk of the future-where they would livewhat they would do-but Brant was strangely silent

Helen too fell silent and when they returned to Bramblewood she was conscious that Brent had accepted the change in their plans as speaking to her about it, that Helen being inevitable. It had a depressing effect upon

her and when they again entered Mr. Cunningham's room she experienced a sense of futility. What- ing Helen, who believed that he ever these two men decided for her was beginning to be glad he was rewould be her fate. She knew it, be- lieved of his responsibility toward cause she knew she had not the will her to stand against Brent. She could not force herself upon him. For in spite of what he had said about his for a way to make life more pleasown secret dreams there was his ant for her. past that she could not weigh. This would keep her from trying to settle tremulous and on the verge of he issue herself.

lite greeting to Mr. Greaves when ner, he asked her if she was lonely he was introduced to her. The lawyer's keen eyes swept her like to invite here?" he said when face in one searching glance and he she had looked away without an-

SEATTLE, Oct. 4 (U.R)-Haggar and hollow eyed, the Rev. H. I Clark today drew toward the en of the story of his professed lov affair with Mrs. Minnie E. "Ma Kennedy and of his relationshi with other women after he and th He answered the questions put to him calmly and unhesitatingly. Mr. mother of Aimee Semple McPher Greaves was puzzled and at the end son had quarreled.

of the interview, when Brent and if The narration, in his \$50,00 Helen had gone downstairs to wait breach of promise suit against Mr in the library, he told Mr. Cunning- Kennedy, was continued after h ham that he could not give an opin- attorney vainly protested attempt ion on the matter, except to advise to learn Clark's activities after h

ment. He had already decided that name of other women were t such an investigation should be ing introduced. Another woman, Mrs. Seena Lo "Attend to it at once," he ordered. mar, who was mentioned in th trial yesterday, also appeared. Sh

had severed with Mrs. Kennedy

summate actress.' 'You mean remain as a member of your household?" the lawyer haven to which she fled. Helen we "Yes. We will keep her here on

Mr.

probation." "Not a bad idea," the lawyer returned, "if she will agree to it." A few minutes later, when he repeated Mr. Cunningham's request to Helen, he was not prepared to

have his doubt of her consent so emphatically realized. She declined to accept Mr. Cunningham's proposal. Declined in the

the sphinx.

rather peremptorilye

two under observation."

"And in the meantime,"

"Quite right, quite right," Mr

Cunningham rapped out impatient-

ly. "Ask Miss-er-Brent, to re-

main here. Either she really does

not care to do so, or she is a con-

imple words of sincerity. Brent came over and put an arm on her shoulders. "Helen dear," he said gently. "I'm afraid that you don't realize our position. I believe," he paused and looked at Mr. Greaves, "that we are under sus-

picion.

Mr. Greaves barely refrained from nodding assent. "I should never forgive myself if l let you do anything rash—any-

went on, smiling tenderly down at

"Oh, you wish me to stay?" she cried in dismay. 'Yes," he said, "I do. Because there must be an end to ruthlessness somewhere. It may be your duty to think of your grandfather. And I do not want you to make a hasty decision. I want you to be sure of what you do. It may be

only for a short time. Their investigation may not satisfy them." "I hope it doesn't."

clared, the tears of defeat springing to her eyes "H'm." Mr. Greaves said to him- street. self, "H'm, h'm."

"Then you will stay-until you

are sure of yourself?" "I'll stay," Helen promised; "but sure of myself. Leon-Brent and Helen lunched in ard, why can't people ever believe Brent smiled. And turned to Mr.

When Helen's answer was carried

Helen's first night under the roof her mother had actually been im-She smiled at Brent over her out- prisoned there. For a moment she face in her pillow, feeling like a

He had put out his hands and future-afraid that her grand- said to her, in a voice of infinite onship to him would demand that my grand-daughter, for you are heavily upon a man as near his

Helen wished she could forget . And in the days that followed But even if he did," he added cun- her wish slowly became at least a ningly, "I can't see why you should partial reality. Mr. Cunningham be unhappy about it. Helen dear, was very kind to her. Whatever know you aren't interested in his doubt he still retained about the fortune but if he needs you-" He genuineness of their blood relationhad let his voice trail off with ef- ship was hidden from Helen and fective suggestiveness, planting the saw only the yearning in his eyes

> He kept her in rather constant out one day about herself, but She was grieving for Brent and

For she had no doubt that she was the Cunningham heiress and would Brent smiled too. It was, of eventually be accepted as such. And while she waited here boats were sailing, distant places were calling, Leonard was alone in New York. They might have been to-

> But of her disappointment she said no word to him when he came to Bramblewcod.

gether, dining, dancing, riding in

Central Park, planning their fu-

Brent was far too astute to appear often, and he knew without vould not reveal her heart to her grandfather. In Mr. Cunninghams' presence he was discreet to the point of wound-

Mr. Cunningham set her quietness down to solitude and looked about

One day when she came to him.

tears after an unsuccessful at-So she said nothing beyond a po- tempt to coax Brent to stay to din-"Isn't there someone you would satisfied himself in an instant that swering his question. "Some of

"No." Helen burst out. I don't need your help now. Leon-ard has taken very good care of opinion. The man aroused an in-me."

Of Brent he formed a similar I don't see why I should stay here!

You haven't accepted me as your tense interest in him. For Brent granddaughter. Can't I go back to "But your mother undoubtedly, was as poised and unemotional as New York and wait?"

Love Suit Against 'Ma' Nears Enc

a thorough investigation of Brent's and Mrs. Kennedy had parted. story.

Clark collapsed yesterday an Mr. Cunningham nodded in agree- caused early adjournment as th

was one who figured in the man Greaves said, "we must keep these letters the minister wrote after I

> Her pleading tearfulness wrun a pang of deep pity from the ol man's heart. And a new feeling to He held out his arms to her an without pausing to consider th

"There, there," he soothed. "Wa until I tell you about the surpris I have for you."
(To Be Continued)

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