

Visitor Writes

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me shudder a little. We'll have to give them a little credit, though, 'cause they didn't do it too often—only about once a month, or year, or whatever the Egyptian calendar registered in those days. I guess the same thing is going on nowadays, only on a much bigger scale, and of course the methods aren't so crude, more up-to-date; but it must hurt just as bad, and maybe there are more people slaughtered today, because we have so much more to sacrifice than those Egyptians did. I don't know. I still think those birds had an edge on us.

There was something fascinating about that old rock. I hung around for an hour or two, just looking. Oh, I forgot to tell you that the glyphs were all sizes and shapes. Some of them were like serpents, and some like circles, but the ones that interested me most looked for all the world like crossword puzzles that hadn't been worked yet. They put them there to ensnare and hold the devil (or whatever they called that guy in those days) until the souls of those sweet little dames could escape and go to their happy hunting ground.

That reminds me, Charlie—there is also a lot of Indian signs on the rock; but they didn't interest me much, for they are pretty new, being only two or three hundred years old. But it isn't every day in the week one can see mystic mazes and circles and stuff, carved away back sometime in the dark ages, about 600 B. C.

I wonder where those Egyptians went when they cleared out of here. There isn't anything else around to indicate that they stayed very long, but I guess they did, for carving that boulder couldn't have been a cinch, and it must have taken them quite a spell.

I wonder if they went on up to the Bering Strait, and then back where they came from? Or maybe a cataclysm came along and upse their apple carts, or maybe the ice got them. None of us will ever know, I guess, but I'll say one thing—they sure put those glyphs on to endure, and nothing has been able to erase that sunburned, brown stain that I saw running down from the groove alongside of the rock.

If they just went away on their own accord they were nuts, for they certainly couldn't have found a more ideal spot for their rituals, with the sun streaming down on that old boulder, making it look like a temple or something. By Isis, it was a swell lay-out for that particular kind of high-jinks.

You'd have to see it yourself to get what I mean. We stuck around until the sun went down, and I started getting an eerie feeling. I wouldn't like to be out there alone after dark. There might be something to that spirit business, and anyway I find too much a traction in Las Vegas in the evenings.

I go to the Apache hotel to eat once in a while, and it's a swell joint. They have the prettiest girl entertainers, dancing and singing, and they all look like señoritas. You'd love it.

While I was rambling around the place the other night I saw a fellow who looked just like pictures I'd seen of Buffalo Bill. I asked a chap who he was and found out he was the manager of the Apache. He sure is picturesque, with long white hair,

Siam's Fairest



Miss Mayuri Vichya, just selected as "Miss Siam," will arrive at San Francisco for opening of California World's Fair next February. This picture flown to U. S. by trans-Pacific airmail.

and a good-looking beaded vest on, with all of the fixin's to make a man look frontier-like.

I'm still trying to figure out whether he dresses that way because he likes to or just for atmosphere. It doesn't matter, though, because he looks all right and everybody likes him. I hear he rides a horse like a million dollars, so I think I'll try to borrow Chico (that little buckskin I told you about) and accidentally meet him somewhere out on one of his rides.

Maybe I can hit up a conversation with him, 'cause he's bound to feel sorry for me when he sees me trying to ride Chico. I'm still afraid to trot. Who knows—I might get first-aid from him, or he might give me a few pointers on how to hold my reins; but still I guess he won't ever have much time for me, because he meets so many people of account here—dukes and duchesses and counts, and engineers and gee! so many notable folks from all parts of the world who come here

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to see Boulder dam, and for other reasons.

There's a lot here to attract. I found that out last week, and now you'd better pray for me, boy, because my heart is all agog again. I didn't feel this way down there, where you never do see the moon much, but oh! boy! this Las Vegas moonshine—not the kind you're thinking of, kid.

While I'm writing this letter to you I can see out the door, and there is a whole flock of white pigeons on the lawn. I'm going out and fool around with them for a while, and then dash over to visit a friend of mine who is pretty sick.

I'll write you tomorrow, Chuck, and for hell's sake (as some of the boys say here) try to get away from the grind for a while and run in on me. We could have a lot of fun doing the spots. That appeals to you, doesn't it, boy?

Personally, I find a'l I want right out in the open; but shucks, a fellow has to eat now and then, and I can't live altogether on moonbeams and pure air. So if you decide to come up, you might locate me in any one of the cafes, or maybe a cocktail room.

You can't miss me, Charlie, for I'm just everywhere during the course of an evening. And you'll never lose your way on Fremont street, because it's too light. Never saw so many neon signs in my life in one spot. See you later then, fellow, and I'll close this letter with the same old warmth I always close a letter with.

Your friend,
DINNY DEVRO.

It is said that the WPA funds will last until March, 1939. It will then be necessary to get a new appropriation to last till November, 1940.

Children Enjoy Housework When "Helping Mother" Is Made Fun



WHY do some children like housework, and why do others use all their ingenuity to escape any part of the homemaking responsibility?

There always have been children who did their daily part in "helping mother" with full willingness and interest, just as others always have resisted any effort to bring them into the daily activities. Now psychologists tell why there even may be both kinds in one family. They explain, too, how mothers may interest children in being eager assistant homemakers, and how the junior members of the family can be kept that way.

"The desire to play is uppermost in the minds of little children," the authorities point out. "The desire to imitate is just as strong. The average little girl wants to do her

washing when the family washing is done. She wants to iron when she sees the ironing being done.

"If she is given actual household articles, even only one or two handkerchiefs, to wash and iron, a start has been made toward arousing her interest in household responsibilities.

"In the home with a household ironer, for example, it is, literally, 'child's play' for a little girl to watch her mother seated at the machine and then to begin taking over a share in each week's ironing. The imitative instinct and the play desire still are strong in her. The mother uses both to enlist the child in a routine feature of homemaking which is made pleasant for her by the fact that difficulty and drudgery have been banished from it."