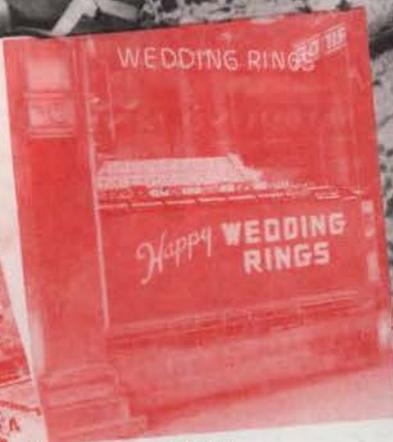


Wild West



PHOTOS BY ROY CURTIS

ACME PHOTO



IN THE West, between Utah and California, is Nevada, the gol-darn'dest state in the Union—pronounced Ne-vad-a (the "vad" rhyming with "bad"), not Ne-vah-da, nor Ne-vay-da.

It has a character and a state of mind definitely its own, a history that could be simulated only if a wild West show, a swanky New York night club, the Salvation Army, and a spendthrift Indian maharajah on a spree in Paris were all stirred together in one pot. It is pious and wicked, beautiful and ugly, rich and poor, exciting and dull, cultured and vulgar.

Depending upon your point of view, it is a boil that's giving America a pain in the neck, or the last stand of individualism and right thinking. It is known best as the state that houses Reno, a haven for gals who want to get rid of one husband and to take a chance on another; a town in which, while the train stops, you can run across the street and, maybe, win enough bets on the roulette wheel to pay your expenses to San Francisco.

Nevada regulates by law reluctantly, and her stern and nosy neighbors gabble over the back fences that she is sparing the rod and spoiling the child. Its governing officials, however, have the un-

common conviction that they are not little tin gods themselves, and that therefore it would be impertinent for them to try to tell everybody else in the state how to behave at all times.

It is a state run by miners and cattlemen, folks of a cut far different from the farmers who do the thinking and the law-making in surrounding states. A fellow who earns his living by the plow is likely to be a steadfast, God-fearing citizen, fiercely concerned with the manners and morals of his neighbors. The man whose tools of his profession are a hammer, a pick, and a pan, or a saddle, a bridle, and a horse, is at heart a gambler, a happy-

Nevada—a pot-boiling mixture of a Buffalo Bill show, a swanky New York night club, and a spendthrift Indian maharajah on a spree

BY J. B. GRISWOLD

PHOTOGRAPH BY
REMIE LOHSE



Typical Nevada scenes. Left to right: Virginia Street, Reno's main thoroughfare; one of its several "wedding ring" shops catering to the just-divorced-now-let's-get-married colony; the wide-open spaces on Main Street, Tonopah; Reno's electric sign of welcome; newcomers to the Jumbo mine region

go-lucky individualist, hell-bent for quick and easy money, living his own life by his own laws and quite willing to let everybody else do the same. Those men, and their descendants, have made Nevada, the most colorful state in the Union. I'd love to live there.

From the time, thousands of years ago, when a giant of giants (some anthropologists say it was a sloth) left his huge footprints in what is now the floor of a room in the Nevada State Penitentiary in Carson City, until last night (as every night) when an excited tourist—probably a sweet little old lady who back home wouldn't think of making a bet on any-

thing—won 35 cents at penny roulette, unique and astounding things have been happening in Nevada.

More bizarre events are in the offing—one may affect every other state in the Union. Nevada may have a state lottery. The tickets, like those of the Irish Sweepstakes, may be bootlegged throughout the United States.

To legalize a lottery the State Constitution must be amended by popular vote after two successive legislatures have adopted a resolution to submit the question to the people. Last year the legislature adopted the resolution. If it gets through the next legislature, Nevada's

42,000 voters, most of them in favor of legalized gambling, are quite likely to vote for it. The lottery should easily make a profit of \$6,000,000 a year, which would pay all the state's expenses.

If the resolution does not pass in the next legislature it will be because of the support given the "better element" by proprietors of gambling houses who are powerful in politics. They don't want competition from a lottery. They may block it just as they did "bank night." In Reno you can find almost every gambling game except "bank night." That's against the law.

Only five (Continued on page 170)

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WHILE THEY ARE STILL MINOR LOCAL IRRITATIONS

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Wild West

(Continued from page 15)

states are larger in area than Nevada. Its population, about 100,000, is the smallest of any. It came into the Union in 1864, when its population was less than 40,000—mostly miners digging for gold and silver in the Comstock lode—and on a political deal that was engineered by none other than Abraham Lincoln. He wasn't sure he had enough states to pass the Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, so Nevada was brought in to vote. After Lincoln died, all the states except Delaware and Mississippi ratified it, so Nevada wasn't needed, after all. (Delaware, never impulsive, thought it over for a long time and decided to ratify it—in 1901!)

It's not how big you are, but what you do that makes you famous. Reno, Nevada's largest city, has about 22,000 population, (including Sparks, a near-by railroad-shop town). Las Vegas, noted because of its proximity to Boulder Dam, has about 6,000. Carson City, where Fitzsimmons knocked out Corbett, is the smallest of our capitals, with 1,750 persons.

You can stand in Reno in front of business property that sold for \$2,200 a front foot and look out at mountains that the United States government has never been able to give away. Eighty-seven per cent of Nevada is government land, stuff that nobody wants, desert and mountains good for nothing except to lure prospectors, with here and there grazing land.

Nevada has the greatest per capita wealth of any state—\$5,985. It leads, too, in percentage of deaths from alcoholism. In gay 1928 it set a record that has never been approached by any other state—26.6 per 100,000. The national average that year was 3.7.

THEY say that almost every old citizen has seen a hanging and knows what a terrible death it is, and that that is why Nevada was the first state in the Union to establish executions of criminals by lethal gas. Nine states now use lethal gas.

The Nevada legislators had an idea that a keeper could steal up on a prisoner in the middle of the night and give him some gas that would kill him instantly, but that didn't work out. The first victim was Gee John, a Chinese, in 1924. He was gassed in a specially built chamber and the execution was a great success. The only trouble was that, although they had a perfect sys-

tem of shooting the gas into the chamber, after Gee John was dead it turned out there was no way to get it out so as to go in for the body. It works fine now, however.

They executed one Bob White in 1930, and fable has it that friends took the body, used pulmotor and oxygen, and revived him. Reports say he is living in Alaska, but the undertaker who embalmed the body is one of many who don't believe it.

Reno and other Nevada towns have legalized prostitution in policed districts. Digging through archives, I found a report made in 1884 by an association of proper and militant ladies. They stated proudly that they had achieved one of their most important reforms—had caused laws to be passed that moved houses of prostitution away from the vicinity of churches and schools.

IF YOU drive to Reno, the first thing that will startle you will be the huge billboards advertising the gambling houses—"Penny Roulette!" they offer, and "Dice Tables." If you arrive on the train you spy first the big electric sign that welcomes you to "RENO—THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD." A year or so ago some of the conservatives thought the sign was a bit vulgar and it was changed to merely "RENO," but most folks liked it better the old way, and the slogan was restored.

If it is a cold day when you get off the train the thoughtful taxi driver may put your bags in the back seat and suggest that you ride in front with him. "It's warmer up here," he will point out. As you gossip about things in general on the way to your hotel, he is likely to bring up the trick question that a stranger is certain to hear at least once a day: "Is Reno east or west of Los Angeles?" Reno is more than fifty miles west of Los Angeles, just because it is, but Reno people tell you about it with a clarion note in their voices, as though they had triumphed over Los Angeles, as though Reno citizens had picked up their city and carried it on their backs to this extraordinarily choice location.

Huge signs adorn the gambling houses and saloons. Reno has 70 bars, cabarets, and clubs, 540 slot machines, 72 table games—such as roulette, craps, and faro—and two rooms where you can bet on any horse at any track and wait until the result comes by wire. There are two stores that deal exclusively in gambling equipment.

And two jewelry stores that, with big electric signs, advertise "WEDDING RINGS."

The streets are a mixture of people and vehicles that could be found in no other place but a moving picture studio. A big foreign car is held up in traffic by a wretched, coughing rattletrap that should be in a museum. There are smart girls in riding clothes walking beside cowboys in overalls. In the state are 1,000 Chinese and Japanese. Men, men, men of every sort are everywhere. Nevada has 140 men to every 100 women, the highest ratio of any state. The national average is 102.5 for 100 women. Any girl in Nevada can get a husband if she wants one.

Almost anything can happen in Reno. I stepped into my hotel elevator late one evening behind a beautiful young girl in jewels and an evening gown that must have come straight from Paris. In one hand she carried five 5-cent bags of roll-your-own smoking tobacco and a bunch of cigarette papers. She smiled a bit guiltily.

"What for?" I asked, looking at the bags. . . . Everybody speaks to everybody else in Reno. It's just like being on a West Indies cruise.

"I bet a cowboy," she said, "that by noon tomorrow I'd be able to roll a cigarette with one hand, and I'm going to win the bet if I have to practice all night."

Experts tell me she couldn't have won the bet if she had practiced for years.

It is the state of mind of the people that makes a place attractive—more than the scenery or the buildings or the laws. Nevadans have a philosophy and a point of view that have grown with the history of the state. They're broad-minded cosmopolites, not because they have traveled far, but because all sorts of people from all over the world have come to them.

They're unimpressed by fame or wealth or Big Names. World-famous divorcees and such frequent visitors as Herbert Hoover, Jack Dempsey, and John J. Raskob stir them no more and no less than John Jones and Mary Smith. They like almost everybody. They are quite sure that men and women gain wealth mostly because they are lucky, and around them is plenty of evidence that the capitalist of today may tomorrow be seeking a grubstake, and next month a ragged, hungry prospector may sell out his claim for half a million dollars.

SOME of their most distinguished citizens were gamblers or saloonkeepers in the days of the mining booms. Your native Nevadan is often as friendly with roulette dealers and bartenders as with grocery clerks and milkmen. Some of the best citizens and their wives drop in now and then at a gambling house or at a bar. Sitting on a stool beside her husband, sipping a Scotch and soda one evening, was as nice a little young housewife as you'd ever want to meet.

"How's the baby, Mrs. ———?" one of the bartenders asked.

"She's fine. Four months old yesterday." She turned to her husband. "Show him the pictures, George."

The proud husband drew out pictures of the baby.

"Gee!" the bartender exclaimed. "That's a fine baby." He called the other bartender. "Bill, look! Look at Mrs. ———'s baby!"

And business was suspended while the bartenders, eagerly interested, found out all about the baby.

The larger gambling houses, patronized mostly by cowboys, miners, and railroad men, are filled with a gay spirit of orderly easy-come, easy-go. The gambling in the better cabarets and bars is conducted as quietly as though the wheels and dice were in a public library. The dealers are kindly and soothing hosts. The games and bars are open to men and women night, day, Sundays, and holidays.

George Wingfield, until the crash Nevada's leading banker, still probably the most influential man in the state, donor of Wingfield Park in Reno, who once refused to accept an appointment as United States senator, dealt stud poker and faro in Tonopah before he made a fortune in Tonopah and Goldfield.

If they didn't bet on the turn of a card, most of Nevada's leaders of today risked plenty in mines and mining. United States Senator Key Pittman, once a common

miner, grew rich in Tonopah. United States Senator Pat McCarran was a prosperous lawyer in the Goldfield and Tonopah mining booms. Governor Richard Kirman made a lot of money in mining. Former Senator Tasker L. Oddie made a fortune in Tonopah and lost it. The late Tex Rickard, gambler and fight promoter, is one of Nevada's heroes.

On the campus of the University of Nevada is an inspiring statue by Gutzon Borglum of John W. Mackay, "The Man with the Upturned Face." He stands in boots and rough garb, a pick in one hand, a piece of ore in the other. Back of him is the building housing the Mackay School of Mines. The Mackay family, in gratitude to the state that gave them their fortune, have given a great deal of money for a school in which hopeful young men can learn how to go out and seek a fortune.

Mr. Mackay is looked upon as Nevada's greatest citizen. He went to Nevada in 1852, worked in a mine at \$4.50 a day. He became a mine superintendent in the Comstock lode at Virginia City, out of which more than \$800,000,000 in gold and silver was taken. He joined two saloonkeepers and James Fair (whose daughter, Virginia, divorced William K. Vanderbilt in 1927), and through mining genius and shrewd speculation made millions. His son is Clarence H. Mackay, the telegraph magnate.

Some historians have very rude things to say about the way John W. Mackay operated. But Nevadans are not critical. "Who's perfect?" they want to know. Last Christmas one of Reno's leading gamblers set up six huge Christmas trees, blazing with lights and stars, in his front yard. Folks thought it was lovely, and too bad he couldn't be there to enjoy them. He was about to be tried in New York, charged with taking part in a bunko game.

IN THE average group of 100,000 Americans is a handful of men who have become moderately wealthy, almost invariably by conventional methods, and the boys and girls grow up to believe that the way to become comfortably well off is to work hard in a bank or a department store or in a gas station. Nevada's young natives have been reared to realize that many people get rich quick. They learn the history of Virginia City, which lay just off the path of the men who trekked from Utah to the California gold fields in 1849. These prospectors passed right by the Comstock lode, the greatest hunk of silver ever found.

Nevada is filled with men and women who were in the boom that started in Tonopah in 1900 and in Goldfield in 1903, and who love to talk about it. A few years ago George Austin, after prospecting for twenty-five years, bought a claim for \$10,000, and last year sold it for \$10,000,000. The claim is in the Slumbering Hills, in the Awakening District.

A prospector a few years ago found some funny pink, purple, and blue rock, and a spark plug manufacturer paid him \$10,000 for his claim. It was a rare mineral called dumortierite, the only commercial deposit in the world. The spark plug company takes out \$100,000 worth a year and uses it to make a tougher porcelain. That's why your spark plugs these days don't crack so easily.

Nevada's mines are not booming, but last year they produced \$30,000,000 worth

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of ore. There's gold and silver and tungsten and molybdenum and other minerals still in the hills. Down deep in the mountains undoubtedly are deposits of ore that would bring millions to their discoverers.

Almost everybody in Nevada is a prospector at heart. I met one businessman who has given up his golf. On Saturdays and Sundays he drives out to his claim and hacks away with a pick. He's quite sure there's gold only a few feet farther on. Nearly everybody owns a piece of a claim. The hills are full of prospectors who have been grubstaked for a 50 per cent interest in whatever they turn up, by bankers, professors, housewives, and lawyers.

For four years the state has maintained a school for prospectors which travels from town to town, giving a two-weeks course at each stop, teaching folks how to go out and strike it rich. The greatest problem of the prospector is to get enough money to pay for an assay, and since 1895 the Mackay School of Mines has provided a free service. It makes 25,000 determinations a year. Three years ago a man sent in a specimen that he thought might contain beryl. There was only a little beryl in it. But there was tungsten, and he sold the claim for \$40,000.

Last summer a man took in a piece of rock and said, "This looks so good it must be fool's gold." The assay showed it was almost pure gold, that a ton of that kind of rock would be worth \$253,000! The man rushed back to his claim, 18 miles south of Reno, and dug and dug. It was a one-nugget mine. He never found any more.

One prospector was so grateful for free assays that when he struck a copper mine he gave the university 10,000 shares in the mine, \$5,000 in cash and a station wagon for the geology class. Then he decided the mine wasn't worth much and traded some of his stock for an automobile. The motor-car dealer later sold that stock for \$60,000. The university still holds its stock, which at the peak was worth \$170,000.

Nevada doesn't see anything strange in such tricks of fate. It was the custom in the early days for prospectors, who seldom had cash, to give a part of the claim in payment for an assay. The man who assayed the first ore discovered in Tonopah received in payment for a few hours' work a share that he sold for \$31,500.

Professor Walter S. Palmer, of the School of Mines, conducts the Reno Rocks and Minerals Study Club for 50 non-students. About once a week men and women of all ages, under his direction, go out into the hills and prospect. Ex-Senator Oddie, sixty-seven years old, veteran of Tonopah, still hoping for another strike, is a member of the club.

NEVADA handles its divorces with such neatness and dispatch that even happy husbands and wives might be tempted to go out and take a ride through the mill, just for the fun of it. For most divorces you spend six merry weeks in Nevada, six minutes in the courtroom, and it's all over. I saw one judge grant three divorces in fifteen minutes. Lawyers told me suits for uncontested divorces are *always* granted, even when the applicant becomes flustered and in answer to the question, "Where do you live?" says, "New York City."

"You mean you *did* live in New York City," her lawyer says. "You live now in Nevada."

"Oh, yes," she says, and that fixes everything.

The lawyer asks in every case, "When you came to Nevada was it with the intention of making Nevada your home for an indefinite time?"

"Yes," answers the witness, and nobody giggles. The guileless judge, lawyers, clerk, and spectators never seem to suspect that she came for six weeks and has in her handbag a reservation on a train leaving that night.

One day as I left the courthouse a woman who had just been granted a divorce was saying good-bye to her lawyer. "You did a fine job," she smiled, as though he had just repaired her car. "I have two or three women friends who may be coming out here. I'll tell them about you."

"The more the merrier," said the lawyer.

Nevada's divorces keep right up to the mark of about 4,500 a year. According to national averages, under normal conditions the state would have only 171 a year. The divorce mill brings about \$5,000,000 a year into the state.

RENO is slipping slightly as a divorce center and Carson City is gaining, jumping from 245 divorces in 1935 to 664 last year. There's not so much publicity in a Carson City divorce and the town is only a short drive from Reno. Mrs. Marietta Legate, the county clerk there, is quite proud that divorce fees brought in \$17,000 last year.

Nevada has 20,000 church members. National reform groups have branches in Nevada. But there is no real opposition to licensed gambling or the divorce laws. I questioned many residents, asking the names of ministers who had preached against divorce and gambling. Nobody had ever heard of any.

Nevada believes that only a fool or a pest sticks his nose into other people's business. Over and over I heard remarks like this: "If people don't want to be married any more, why in the name of heaven should I try to keep 'em from getting a divorce? It's no skin off my nose what they do."

And quiet, conservative, churchgoing housewives told me, "As far as I can see, gamblers and drinkers are a very minor part of life in Nevada. Laws won't stop them, anyway. They don't bother me, so why should I bother them?"

The only discordant note in Nevada these days is opposition to *publicity* about gambling and divorce. Some of the older folks, who have no thought of stopping the roulette wheels or changing the divorce laws, are becoming staid and conservative and a bit ashamed of the state that gave them their fortunes. When they go out of Nevada and say they're from Reno, people make jokes about them and they don't like it.

Added to this group are probably fifty rich men who have moved into Nevada to avoid taxes in other states. Many of them are only summer residents. More are coming in. Big money is moving into the banks which are now controlled in California by men who, properly enough, would like to have the word "Reno" suggest something a little more elegant.

The ordinary citizen of Nevada doesn't give two whoops what you in New York or Kansas or Texas think of him. But businessmen with stiff white collars have taken the place of John W. Mackay, with his

boots and unbuttoned shirt, as leaders, and, because they think it will give the state a bad name, they're going to fight the state lottery, even though it would cut state taxes to nothing.

On the other hand they're advertising to the four corners of the United States that Nevada is "a cyclone cellar" for rich men who want to avoid state taxes, particularly inheritance taxes. There is no inheritance tax, no sales tax, no gift tax. The state is in good shape financially, with a bonded indebtedness of \$922,000. There is a tax on intangibles (cash, stocks, and bonds) but it has not been collected for many years.

Nevada has never bothered to pass the constitutional amendment that would declare legally dead the already lifeless tax. That's Nevada's way. If they don't like a law they just forget it. (Even when there were laws forbidding them, gambling houses and saloons operated openly.) But some action may be taken soon, for California lawyers, alarmed at the movement of wealth into Nevada, are holding up the ghost as a bugaboo to keep the rich people at home. "They'll get you in there and then sock it to you," warns California. Which Nevada correctly says is utterly ridiculous.

Nevada didn't know it had a cyclone cellar until 1928, when James Langford Stack, a former Chicago advertising man, died in his home in Los Angeles and left \$4,318,000. Nevada had never heard of him. The Nevada papers ran not a line about his death until a few months later, when it was discovered that Mr. Stack had been a resident of Nevada. He had a summer home at Lake Tahoe. The United States collected \$344,940 in estate taxes; California didn't get a cent, because legally he didn't live there. Nevada collected nothing, because its inheritance tax had been repealed in 1925.

A wise lawyer had shown Mr. Stack an easy way to leave more money to his children, and the news promptly began to spread through California. So the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe and vicinity found itself in the midst of a building boom that still continues.

A YEAR or so ago there was some talk in Nevada about adopting an inheritance tax to get some money from these millionaires when they died. Cooler heads prevailed. "Get it while they're alive," they argued. "Bring more of them into the state." And that's what they're doing. The Reno banks will supply full information as to how you can spend only a few months out of every year in Nevada and still be legally a resident, so no state can take a part of your estate when you die.

An indication of the success of the campaign is the fact that Nevada is the second state in the number of federal income tax returns per capita, topped only by New York.

Nevada wants only the rich as permanent residents. It's difficult for a newcomer to get a job in Nevada and immigration is not encouraged. Hoboes are promptly thrown into jail for twenty-four hours and then told to be on their way. But tourists are welcomed with open arms.

Amazingly enough, Nevada is only now beginning to realize what it has to sell to tourists and is starting a campaign to lure them from the other Western states.

The businessmen who would soft-pedal divorce and gambling and give out the impression that Nevada is not much different from the surrounding states haven't the complete co-operation of other citizens, and I am afraid the other citizens are better judges of advertising values.

If Nevada were a country in a foreign land or an island in the West Indies almost everybody in America would long to go there. Its gambling is more picturesque than anything Monte Carlo offered in its happiest days. And there live few men and women—stanch reformers, at home, though they may be—who wouldn't get a kick out of playing a roulette wheel with a dollar's worth of nickel checks. Almost all of them gamble when they reach Reno. Seventeen per cent of the business comes from tourists.

And what greater attraction can Europe offer than a Nevada divorce court in operation? Not even an assembly line in a motorcar plant is more fascinating—no fooling!—in the smooth precision of its performance.

BUT let me hasten to join the bankers in shouting that divorce and gambling are a small part of the charm of this amazing state. The fault I have to find with Nevada is that it has not dramatized its unique points. Only now is it beginning to develop showmanship. It needs a good guidebook and a lot of markers like the one on a tumble-down building at Virginia City, which makes your heart beat faster. It reads, "Mark Twain, who greatly enriched the literature of the West, started his career as a writer in this building in 1862 on the editorial staff of *The Territorial Enterprise*. Placed April 29, 1934, by the University of Nevada Press Club." In Europe such a spot would be restored, made into a shrine.

A good advertising man would be telling the world that Nevada has "The Most Interesting 500-Mile Trip in the World." That would be the road at one end of which is cosmopolitan Reno and Lake Tahoe, at the other Las Vegas, last of the old-time Western anything-goes towns, and breath-taking Boulder Dam. Lake Tahoe is a smart resort for the rich. The lake back of Boulder Dam is being developed by the government into a magnificent recreation center with camping, boating, fishing, and swimming for the Great American Tourist.

Along the route are mountains and desert—Death Valley Scotty's haunt is a 22-mile side trip. In between are weathered remains of towns that should have a high place in the history of the United States—Virginia City, Tonopah, and Goldfield. With some restoration and a lot of informative markers these towns could be made as exciting as any in the world.

On this trip you are quite sure to pass a mountain in which is buried millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver. It's yours for the taking. All you have to do is to pick the right spot and dig. Others have done it—why not you?

You see the \$400,000 house built in 1861 by Sandy Bowers, a prospector, and his wife, who was a washerwoman. Workmen came from France to build it and, 77 years old, there isn't even a tiny crack in the plaster. The silver doorknobs and the French furniture are gone. It's now a picnic spot and there's a bar in the back room.

FALSE TEETH



(AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES)

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LIKE NEW WITH
POLIDENT
NO BRUSHING!



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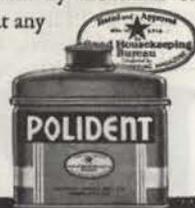
yet never completely cleans. Simply put your denture in water—add a little Polident—and actually watch deposits, tarnish and stains disappear! No acid or danger. Just rinse and use.

PREVENTS "DENTURE BREATH"

Most people who wear dentures suffer from a special kind of bad breath called "denture breath." It comes from film that holds germs and decay bacteria which brushing seldom removes.

But Polident does remove it and definitely prevents "denture breath." Your whole mouth will feel better and cleaner and gums will look more natural. Recommended by thousands of dentists—only 30c a can at any drugstore.

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RELIEVE CORN PAIN QUICKLY

If you want to remove those aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. The pain is quickly relieved. Then in a few days the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers.

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns and calluses. Try it!

FREEZONE



Most women
don't need
Beauty Parlors

Sallow complexions and pimply skins are often not a matter for cosmetics. For most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Constipation can be a serious handicap. It can cause mental dullness, early fatigue, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite.

Keep regular. If more than a day goes by, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This famous laxative is the choice of millions. It does not shock the intestinal system. *And it stimulates the secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.* Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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**PATCH HOLES
IN WALLS**
EASILY AND PERMANENTLY

Rutland Patching Plaster makes a perfect patch as lasting as the wall itself — and anyone can use it.

The fountain where Sandy and his guests waded in champagne still operates. Once Sandy and his wife had an income from the Comstock lode of \$1,000,000 a year. They spent it as fast as it came in. Sandy died before it was all gone. Eilley Orrum Bowers for years made a living telling fortunes. She died in poverty.

AT VIRGINIA CITY there's the Con-Virginia mine, which once produced \$1,100,000 in eight days. There's Piper's Opera House, where Mark Twain lectured and Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Patti, and Modjeska appeared. There are mines still operating. Some producing. In others, natives will tell you, "the operators are just whipping a dead horse."

At Goldfield and Tonopah in the tales of fortunes dug from the ground under your

feet are uttered the names of Tex Rickard, Bernard M. Baruch, John Hays Hammond, Charles M. Schwab, Joe Gans and Bat Nelson, Wyatt Earp. Here was a great gambling house, there a gunman was hanged; here's a saloon where men were pikers if they asked for change after giving a \$20 gold piece in payment for a drink

The trip on the rubberneck wagon over the route of Paul Revere's ride, the solemn and stirring tour over the battlefield of Gettysburg, the bubble dancers in night clubs of New York, the muscle-testing climb into the arm of the Statue of Liberty, the excruciatingly exciting drop on a roller coaster at Coney Island—you can have them. Give me a couple of weeks in Nevada and I'll get twice as many thrills as in all of them put together.

The DEFENSE *never rests*

(Continued from page 23)

appreciatively, and each juror begins to feel the spell of that marvelously rich, warming, enfolding, baritone voice.

Later comes the change of pace. The incredulity at the hostile witness's statements, the respectful pain at the judge's harsh ruling, the shocked surprise at the prosecutor's unfairness. At the right moment, the laugh. There is a tensiety about a criminal trial which builds up an uncomfortable strain in the juror cooped up in the box hour after hour. A laugh releases that tension like an electric discharge, and the jurors are grateful to the lawyer who provides it. But the laugh must be natural, and at the right moment, otherwise it will be shocking. Leibowitz's laugh is natural and infectious. He begins to shake and quiver with merriment, he chuckles and sputters, and the jury joins in.

But quickly he is serious again. He is sympathetic. He is building an invisible wall, on one side of which is the prosecutor, on the other Leibowitz, his client, and the jurors. He is being imposed upon. He looks at the jury with the eyes of a dying fawn. Large, tragic eyes. And then, as he realizes the outrage of it, the danger to his innocent client, his pink brow corrugates like the inside of a waffle iron, and the great voice thunders righteous defiance.

Some courtroom observers, seeing this manner, think it explains Leibowitz's victories. Not at all. The manner would be worthless without what backs it up, which is preparation, knowledge of human nature, and power of analysis. That is what brings in the acquittals.

Do these acquittals sometimes free men who are actually guilty, and, if so, what does Leibowitz think about that? I asked

him these questions not long ago in his office, a suite on the forty-second story of a New York skyscraper which looks down, appropriately enough, on the Statue of Liberty in the harbor.

"I merely demonstrate to the jury," he said, "that the proof is not adequate as required by law."

In cases of murder in the first degree, he pointed out, the law of most states does not allow a man to plead guilty. Even if he shouts "I did it" from the witness stand, the prosecution must nevertheless prove its case. Otherwise, pleading guilty to unsolved murders would be a convenient method of committing suicide at the expense of the state.

Further, the law commands that such a defendant have a lawyer. Even if he is guilty, he has a right to a fair trial. Sometimes it is the duty of a lawyer to defend a guilty man. Leibowitz does not deny that he may have defended men who were actually guilty. And sometimes, when the guilt of a client looked as clear as daylight, it has turned out that the man was innocent. As an example, Leibowitz told the story of Adam ("the Polack") Lemansky.

ONE snowy winter night three men armed with revolvers entered a grocery chain store in Brooklyn and told the clerks to reach for the ceiling. One clerk pulled a gun from under the counter and opened fire. The bandits ran, killing a woman who was in their way as they left the store. They held up a passing taxi, and when the cabbie refused to drive them they shot and killed him. Next they seized a truck, made their escape, beat the kidnapped truck driver into insensibility.

As soon as the police reached the scene of the holdup and double murder, they thought of Adam the Polack. Adam, only twenty-five years old, had been in and out of jail since he was twelve. He and his gang operated in this very neighborhood, and this was their kind of stick-up.

Detectives searching for him found that he had jumped town the night of the crime. They sent out the alarm, and Adam the Polack was pulled off a southbound train at Philadelphia. He was identified as one of the three gunmen by the two grocery clerks, by a woman passenger in the cab