North Atlantic Air Line Impracticable, Says German Expert

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 18, (U.P.) Air passage across the north Atlan- Cory or Angus Hicks will have attic from Europe to America never tained the height of political posiwill be practicable either for air- tion in Las Vegas high school. plans or dirigibles in the opinion of Dr. Wilhelm Adler, financial direc- will have been defeated. tor of German Lust-Hansa, large Blanche Lee and Mazie Martin are centrated on international expan-

"The Lust-Hansa was informed that meterological conditions over the northern Atlantic route followed by steamships to the United States and Canada formed a virtually insurmountable barrier against commercial air travel." Dr. Adler said. We already have laid plans for airplane sevice to South America and will cross the ocean from Spain by way of the Canary islands to Pernambuco.'

Doctor Adler said he did not know how useful the plan for landing "in the ocean" would prove, but he believed this utilization would be greatly hindered by the nevigation

Doctor Adler believed that much and express. Plane fare is the same at 7:30 a. m. Saturday. as that charged for first-class train accommodations. Last year German airlines carried 110,000 passengers, parted in this country

High School

Tomorrow afternoon either Ethel One will have been elected president of the student body; the other

commercial air line, which has con- running for vice president, June Simon and Marjorie Bartell for secretary and Gertrude Balley for

Calvin Corey and Jack Quaid are running for yell leader, Harvey Parvin and Walter Robertson for athletic manager. Jean Quaid and Marjorie Bartell for administrative board and Henry Saki and Harold Foremaster for sargeant-at-arms.

First Bus for Reno To Leave Tomorrow

At 7::30 tomorrow morning the gonew Las Vegas-Reno stage-train line will be started, a stage leaving for Beatty at that time.

The Cadillac seven-passenge stage will stop at Beatty during the of the success of European air lines lunch hour, reaching Goldfield at had come through the comparative- 3:30 p. m. The train will leave Goldly low rate charged for passengers field at 4 o'clock, arriving in Reno

Stages will arrive in Las Vegas at 4:30 p. m. on the trip from Reno. One way fare between Las Vegas many times over the number trans- and Reno will be \$24.50, and the Overland Hotel is the local station.

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tis asked eagerly.

my baby, will you?'

The man did not answer, but

'Answer me, Jack!" Iris insisted.

Jack! I love you so! You can't

send me away now! I've paid so

As the man's arms lifted slowly

Nan waited to see and hear no

In the sanctuary of her own room

closed door, panting, dashing the

toire, seated herself for a minute,

going away. I suppose Iris will

have to go too, for a while, until I

Please don't think I blame you-

She was so absorbed in her let-

presence until his voice, directly be-

"What are you doing, Nan?"

She dropped her pen, turned in

her chair and raised tragic, startled

brown eyes to his face. The fact

that he was smiling faintly seemed

to her the most terrible of all the

dreadful things which had nap-

"Writing to you," she managed to answer. Then she seized her al-

most finished letter, thrust it into

He read it at a glance; then, to

her amazement, his long fingers tore

it deliberately across, doubled the

fragments and tore them again. The

bits fluttered into the wastebasket

"We mustn't have that-to re-

"But - but-" Nan stammered,

Her husband stretched out his

arms, then dropped them slowly.

"There is just one question, Nan,

before I-throw myself on your

mercy: Do you want to be free-

The question was so absurd, so

unexpected, that Nan stared at him

blankly before she could gather her

wits to answer: "Willis Todd? Are

you crazy, John? Or-are you just

Then-why were you going to

Anger at the man's stupidity

flared in her brown eyes and

will make me say it-I'm leaving

you because I love you so terribly

His arms reached out again, and this time they did not drop; they

closed about her rigid, angry little

body so fiercely that she gasped for

"Darling, blind little Nan!" Mor-

gan whispered huskily, his lips

against her tossed, short brown hair.

"Don't you know I don't want any-

After an interlude in which words

face from his breast. "I don't think

I'm such a blind little fool as you

you how you would feel toward Iris

if you ever saw her again and you

didn't know. But I soon found out. darling. I felt sorry for her, a

woman who has been his wife for

loved you more than ever. The contrast was—illuminating. But I

not knowing she was divorced. Then,

with you, you shut me out of your

"I thought you loved her," Nan told him. "I didn't want you to

she insisted tremulously.

beside the little desk.

mind us," he said huskily.

to marry Willis Todd?"

trying to save my-pride?'

leave me?'

one but you?"

slowly rising from her chair.

pened to her.

his hand.

then began to write furiously.

"Dear John-" she wrote.

Then, reso-

tears from her eyes.

quivered and tightened with pain.

Black?"

much longer, young man!"

CHAPTER XLVIII It was Sunday evening, the fourth love you to distraction." "What's distraction," he demandday of Curtis' almost fatal illness. ed, interestedly. "I love you, too, Nan rose from a chair in the front hall and faced Dr. Black, who had Nan. I love you to distraction. But just come downstairs from his usual what is distraction, Nan?" It was a happy hour, in spite of

early morning visit to the little pastill with Curtis; now was Nan's heart. Dr. Black found them both opportunity, but her voice was so laughing joyously over a bit of choked with agi ation that at first Curtis' impish nonsense when he inthe doctor could, not understand vaded the room at 5 o'clock, followwhat she was trying to say to him. ed by Iris and John Curtis Mor-

"Yes, yes, child! The boy's go- gan. ing to be all right," Dr. Black assured her, taking the girl's writhing the doctor applauded. hands and forcibly separating them. 'You musn't let vourself go like tor," Nan laughed, shakily. "I'll this, Nan, or you'll be my next pa-

"I said-" Nan gasped, struggli: to release her hands, "that if Curtis is going to get well, then I'm-I'm not needed any more, and I can

"Go?" Dr. Black interrupted with sharp astonishment. "Go where, good child? Are you crazy?"

"I believe I am!" Nan moaned. "If I'm not now, I will be, unless I get away! I tell you, I can't stand it any longer. Dr. Black!" 'So-you're a quitter, Nan?" the

old doctor asked gently. "Yes, a quitter, if you want to woman who stood, with narrowed call me that!" Nan agreed passion-"I can't stand it any longer -the three of us, John, Iris and I. evening. No need-" under the same roof. There are some things too hard for human en- my home! . . Jack!" She turned

durance, Dr. Black-" "Nan, why did you marry John out her beautiful hands. Curtis Morgan?" the doctor inter- won't send me away from -from rupted gravely.

'You know! Because he and Curtis needed me.' Nan flung up her Nan saw that his eyelids and mouth head and glared at her former

"You didn't love him?" Dr. Black insisted gently. "That's not fair! You know I loved him-love him now with all

my heart," Nan cried. "But I mar- dearlyried him because he needed me-he "And you're willing to quit now, more. With a choked cry she ran

because you believe you are no from the room. longer needed?" the doctor prodded. "They have-her!" Nan reminded she stood for a moment against the him vehemently. "They both seem to want her-more than me-"

all seriousness, that they never needed you more. . . . No, wait! Listen to me! Have you thought what would happen to John Curtis Morgan if you desert him now? You would be leaving him at the can give you your legal freedom. mercy of every scandalmonger in the town. His fair reputation, that the nurses and the servants which no one has guarded more jealously than you have, would be ruined. Iris Morgan is not his wife. convenience, but I know you will be As it is with you here as a chap-

A wild, hysterical laugh ripped out of Nan's throat. "That's- ter, and her heart was pounding good!" she gasped. "I'm needed as so furiously, that Nan did not hear a sop to convention! My sole func- the opening of the door leading into tions now are to be a servant to the bathroom between her and her Iris Morgan and a chaperon-oh! husband's room. She heard nothing, Delicious ironv!" And she laughed had no intimation of her husband's again-a dread "! sound. "Stop it, Nan!" 'he doctor com- hind and above her head, crashed

manded, almost rea biv. "I know through her intense preoccupation it's purgatory for you child, but with grief and renunciation: you've got to stick it until Curtis is well enough for me to send that woman packing. I can't do it now, with the boy still as sick as he is. But I give you my word, Nan, that I'll send her back across the street as soon as Curtis is unquestionably out of danger of a relapse You've borne a great deal, child. Can't you do this one thing more

for the man you love?" Nan stared at him a long minute. her eyes tragic, beaten. Then, "I

suppose so,' she said drearily. And so, for another week, she endured the thousand and one humiliations which Iris' cruel ingenuity contrived for her. Like a servant, she waited upon the nurse, the child, and the woman who had taken possession of the home as if she were its legal mistress. During that week of waiting for release. which seemed like a year, Nan's only comfort was in the child. It was an exquisite joy to watch life and health slowly flowing back into his wasted little body, to see his black eyes widen and glow with welcoming love when she paid her brief, surreptitious visits to the

Every vestige of his temporary hostility to her, engendered and cruelly fostered by his mother, had disappeared. He clung to Nan with weak, demanding little hands, which she sometimes had to remove forcibly when Iris-her eyes blazing clenched her small fists. "If you

with jealousy-entered the room. By the time another Sunday arrived the child was so definitely I want you to have anything you want—even Iris!" she cried furiconvalescent that Nan was sure her hour of release was almost upon her. Her heart heavy with the pain of parting, Nan watched for her opportunity to pay what might be her last visit to little Curtis Morgan. It came at 4 o'clock that Sunday af-Iris and John Morgan had been with him for a while after lunch, but were now in the drawing room together. The nurse tapped at

Nan's bedroom door. "Could you sit with Curtis a while, Mrs. Morgan? I really must get out for a breath of fresh air. and Dr. Black told me to trust no one but you with giving him his medicine. It's ready on the bureau. "That night—our night—I asked He's to have two ounces of cereal

at half-past four, too." "I'll be very careful," Nan prom- said you didn't knowwant to be with him as long as he answered soberly.. "I really possible today."

The nurse gave her a long, meas- sort of pitying affection. No man uring glance, full of sympathy and can feel wholly indifferent to a shrewd speculation. Nan turned sharply away, toward Curtis' door, eight years. But I knew that I for betraying tears were welling into

"How do you feel, darling?" she was deeply shocked-for all of usasked Curtis, as she stooped to kiss when Nan came back as she did, his thin white cheek.

"I feel normal," the little boy when I wanted to talk it all out told her, proud of his new word. "My pulse is normal, and my tem- heart and your roompa-ture is normal. I guess I'm about the normalest boy there is.'

"I know what you are!" Nan cried, come to me out of a sense of duty, her voice breaking. "You're the with Iris in your heart-

"Poor Iris! I don't know what is to become of her, but she must not come between us again—"
"'Poor Iris!'" a mocking voice

cried from the door which Morgan had left open. "If you're really interested, Jack, read this! The mother and father were the hard ache of pain in the girl's and laugh at what a fool I almost made of myself! Read it!" she repeated, almost hysterical with triumphant joy.

> Morgan's arm did not release Nan, so she was obliged to advance "Well, this looks something like!" with him toward the woman in the doorway "He says he feels 'normal,' Doc-

"It just came! Iris' excited voice went on, as she extended an opened telegram toward her husband's un-"No, young lady, you stay right willing hand. "The boy took it to the doctor ordered briskly. my house across the street, and I wasn't there. Wasn't it lucky that "Let's look into this 'normal' busi-Hand me his chart, please one of the neighbors saw him and Umm! Splendid! No temsent him over here with it? What a perature for three days. Pulse joke on me if it had come too late. . Appetite too late! Read that, Jack, and don't Well, well! Looks like worry about 'Poor Iris' again!"

you can't pull this invalid stuff Morgan held the telegram so that both he and Nan could read its mes-"Can I go back to school?" Cursage. It was a day letter filed in "Can I, Dr. Los Angeles:

"Just received your letters forwarded to be here. Missed you ter-"Pretty soon," the doctor evaded. ibly. Ashamed of the way I treated 'Well, Iris," he turned to the Please forgive me. Delighted eyes and flaring nostrils, at the foot to hear of your divorce. Can you Of of the bed. "You may go home this join me here immediately? course we will be married. Stopping "Home?" Iris shrilled. "THIS is at Biltmore. Lining up new propo-

sition. All my love. Bert." to her former husband, stretching Even then. Nan tried to spare her husband. When she realized that the telegram was from Bert Crawford, and that the ugly secret from which she had protected the man she loved must now come to light. she tried to cover up the signature. but John Curtis Morgan gently lifther voice rising hysterically, as she ed her hand and held it against his flung herself upon his breast. "Oh, heart as he finished reading.

"May I congratulate you, Iris? he said. with curious gentleness, as he gave back the yellow sheet. hardly dared hope that Crawford would-

As he hesitated, Iris finished his sentence for him: "Would do right by our Nell?" She laughed hyster-Then, I didn't either, or I should never have tried to make you take me back! Well-think heaven "Listen Nan! I'm telling you, in lutely, she ran to her little escri- for that quixotic sense of honor of yours, Jack! You two ought to be very happy, you're both so damn-. I've got to run ably good! now, and pack! If I hurry, I'll just have time to make the eight ten for Los Angeles."

But Curtis is doing so well now When she had gone forover, leav ing a ripple of excited laughter and invisible wreaths of perfume behind can take care of both of you. Forgive me if I am causing you inher, Nan turned puzzled, incredulous eyes upon her husband. "You-knew about Bert Crawford glad that I have taken this step. and Iris?'

"Yes." he agreed, without expla-"Otherwise I should have nation. waited much longer to get a diof-infidelity out of the divorce petition. . . . But-let's try to for-

Deaths, Floggings Results of Strikes In the South

(By United Press) A small town police chief shot to death, a 35-year-old widow and mother of five children slain and a young British textile worker badly flogged by mobsmen have resulted thus far from a series of disturbances in the new industrial North

Carolina. Early last winter a husky, redplace at a spindle in the Loray Textile mill in Gastonia.

In April he called a strike. More than 1,500 men, women and children walked out. Beal, the organizer, demanded for these workers: More pay, shorter hours, elimination of the "speed up" and "stretch out" systems which called for more work and no more pay for the toilers.

The average wage of \$14 a week for 60 hours of labor was too small, he contended. Mill executives countered with the claim they were paying all that was economically feasible and accused the union of being "communistic" and being more interested in furthering radicalism ers than in caring for their physical

Union leaders in the clothing industry here and members of their or- heavyweight division. Cook comes ganizations were jubilant over the with a fairly good record but the prospect of a senatorial investigation into the federal injunction granted ite with the fans. by Federal Judge William H. Kirkpatrick last week; as proposed in a resolution introduced in the U.S. senate this week by Senator Robert M. Lafollette, Jr., of Wisconsin.

Senator La Follette's resolution declared that the injunction handed down by Judge Kirkpatrick was "one of the most glaring misuses of the injunction power of the courts in labor disputes."

Officials of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America today said that Judge Kirkpatrick's injunction would, in effect, destroy the effectiveness of labor unions anywhere in the United States.

The local strike, which began last June, involves more than a dozen clothing shops here employing some 4,000 workers. It was brought to a head when the Amalgamated sought to unionize the open shops here.

Soviets Recruit All **Able Bodied Mongols**

MUKDEN, Sept. 18, (U.P.)-An official communique today said the Soviet government was recruiting ail able bodied Mongolians from 20 to 40 years old in outer Mongolia. The communique said that two brigades had been mobilized and were near the border, awaiting orders.

get it all now, and be happy. There's a very important subject to be considered—our belated honeymoon. vorce. Judge Haskell knew, too, but | Would you very much mind, darling, he agreed to my keeping the charge if a certain little convalescent joined us?"

New Truant Officer Gets 4

Four grammar school lads learned yesterday afternoon that Bob Ziemer, traffic officer, very definitely has accepted his appointment to the position of truant officer, and that he is taking his job seriously.

One boy in the Las Vegas grammar school and three in West Side haired organizer of the National grammar school "forgot" to attend Textile Workers Union, took his school yesterday, for some reason or other.

But not for long. If they had the ancient game of "hooky" in mind, they found their opponent too much, and the afternoon saw them in school where they belonged, with Ziemer's kindly assistance.

Griffith to Attempt **Try Toward Title**

CHICAGO, Sept. 18, (U.R)-Fresh from a victory over Dr. Ludwig Haymann, the German champion, Tuffy Griffith ,the middle weight hope for the heavyweight championship, Friand inciting unrest among the work- day night will attempt to eliminate another foreign contender for the title left vacant by Gene Tunney.

Tuffy meets George Cook, the PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 18, (U.P.) Australian champion, who has high hopes of getting somewhere in the "tough one" distinctly is the favor-

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