

North Atlantic Air Line Impracticable, Says German Expert

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 18. (U.P.) Air passage across the north Atlantic from Europe to America never will be practicable either for air-

plans or dirigibles in the opinion of Dr. Wilhelm Adler, financial director of German Lust-Hansa, large commercial air line, which has concentrated on international expansion.

"The Lust-Hansa was informed that meteorological 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 service 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 navigation problem involved.

Doctor Adler believed that much of the success of European air lines had come through the comparatively low rate charged for passengers and express. Plane fare is the same as that charged for first-class train accommodations.

Last year German airlines carried 110,000 passengers, many times over the number transported in this country.

High School Vote Tomorrow

Tomorrow afternoon either Ethel Cary or Angus Hicks will have attained the height of political position in Las Vegas high school.

One will have been elected president of the student body; the other will have been defeated. Blanche Lee and Mazie Martin are running for vice president, June Simon and Marjorie Bartell for secretary and Gertrude Bailey for treasurer.

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 sergeant-at-arms.

The Cadillac seven-passenger stage will stop at Beatty during the lunch hour, reaching Goldfield at 3:30 p. m. The train will leave Goldfield at 4 o'clock, arriving in Reno at 7:30 a. m. Saturday.

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

RIVAL WIVES

CHAPTER XLVIII It was Sunday evening, the fourth day of Curtis' almost fatal illness.

Nan rose from a chair in the front hall and faced Dr. Black, who just came downstairs from his usual early morning visit to the little patient. The mother and father were sitting with Curtis, now was Nan's opportunity, but her voice was so choked with agitation that at first the doctor could not understand what she was trying to say to him.

"Yes, yes, child! The boy's going to be all right," Dr. Black assured her, taking the girl's writhing hands and forcing her to relax them. "You mustn't let yourself go like this, Nan, or you'll be my next patient."

"I said—" Nan gasped, struggling 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—"

"Go?" Dr. Black interrupted with sharp astonishment. "Go where, 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 call me that!" Nan agreed passionately. "I can't stand it any longer—the three of us, John, Iris and I, under the same roof. There are some things too hard for human endurance, Dr. Black—"

"Nan, why did you marry John Curtis Morgan?" the doctor interrupted gravely. "You know! Because he and Curtis needed me. Nan flung up her head and glared at her former champion.

"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 married him because he needed me—he and Curtis."

"And you're willing to quit now, because you believe you are no longer needed?" the doctor prodded. "They have—her," Nan reminded him vehemently. "They both seem to want her—more than me—"

"Listen Nan! I'm telling you, in 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 your child, your mercy of every scandalmonger in the town. His fair reputation, which no one has guarded more jealously than you have, would be ruined. Iris Morgan is not his wife. As it is with you here as a chaperon—"

most adorable boy 'they is,' and I love you to distraction." "What's distraction," he demanded, interestedly. "I love you, too, Nan. I love you to distraction. But what is distraction, Nan?"

It was a happy hour, in spite of the heart ache of pain in the girl's head. Dr. Black found them both laughing joyously over a bit of Curtis' impish nonsense when he invaded the room at 5 o'clock, followed by Iris and John Curtis Morgan.

"Well, this looks something like!" the doctor applauded. "He says he feels normal." Doctor, Nan laughed, shakily. "I'll leave you with your patient now—"

"No, young lady, you stay right here!" the doctor ordered briskly. "Let's look into this 'normal' business. Hand me his chart, please—"

"Umm! Splendid! No temperature for three days. Pulse strong and regular. . . . Appetite good. . . . Well, well! Looks like you can't pull this invalid stuff much longer, young man!"

"Can I go back to school?" Curtis asked eagerly. "Can I, Dr. Black?" "Pretty soon," the doctor evaded. "Well, Iris," he turned to the woman who stood, with narrowed eyes and flaring nostrils, at the foot of the bed. "You may go home this evening. No need—"

"Home?" Iris shrieked. "THIS is my home! . . . Jack!" She turned to her former husband, stretching out her beautiful hands. "You won't send me away from—from my baby, will you?"

The man did not answer, but Nan saw that his eyelids and mouth quivered and tightened with pain. "Answer me, Jack!" Iris insisted, her voice rising hysterically, as she flung herself upon his breast. "Oh, Jack! I love you! You can't send me away now! I've paid so dearly—"

As the man's arms lifted slowly Nan waited to see and hear no more. With a choked cry she ran from the room. In the sanctuary of her own room she stood for a moment against the closed door, panting, dashing the tears from her eyes. Then, resolutely, she ran to her little escritoire, seated herself for a minute, then began to write furiously.

"Dear John—" she wrote. "I'm going away. I suppose Iris will have to go too, for a while, until I can get you your legal freedom. But Curtis is doing so well now that the nurses and the servants can take care of both of you. Forgive me if I am causing you inconvenience, but I know you will be glad that I have taken this step. Please don't think I blame you—"

"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! Read it 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 with him toward the woman in the doorway. "It just came! Iris' excited voice went, as she extended an opened telegram toward her husband's unwilling hand. "The boy took it to my house across the street, and I wasn't there. Wasn't it lucky that one of the neighbors saw him and sent him over here with it? What a joke on me if it had come too late, too late! Read that, Jack, and don't worry about 'Poor Iris' again!"

Morgan held the telegram so that both he and Nan could read its message. It was a day letter filed in Los Angeles. "Just received your letters forwarded to be here. Missed you terribly. Ashamed of the way I treated you. Please forgive me. Delighted to hear of your divorce. Can you join me here immediately? Of course we will be married. Stopping at Baltimore. Lining up new proposition. All my love. Bert."

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 lifted her hand and held it against his heart as he finished reading.

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

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

When she had gone forever, leaving a ripple of excited laughter and invisible wreaths of perfume behind her, Nan turned puzzled, incredulous eyes upon her husband. "You—knew about Bert Crawford and Iris?"

"Yes," he agreed, without explanation. "Otherwise I should have waited much longer to get a divorce. Judge Haskell knew, too, but he agreed to my keeping the charge of—infidelity out of the divorce petition. . . . But—let's try to forget it all now, and be happy. There's a very important subject to be considered—our beloved honeymoon. Would you very much mind, darling, if a certain little convalescent joined us?"

THE END.

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, red-haired organizer of the National Textile Workers Union, took his place at a spindle in the Loray Textile mill in Gastonia. In April he called a strike. More than 1500 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 that they were paying all that was economically feasible and accused the union of being "communistic" and being more interested in furthering radicalism and inciting unrest among the workers than in caring for their physical comfort.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 18. (U.P.) Union leaders in the clothing industry here and members of their organizations were jubilant over the prospect of a senatorial investigation into the federal injunction granted 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. La Follette, 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 all 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 beloved honeymoon. Would you very much mind, darling, if a certain little convalescent joined us?"

THE END.

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 grammar school "forgot" to attend 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.P.)—Fresh from a victory over Dr. Ludwig Haymann, the German champion, Tuffy Griffith, the middle weight hope for the heavyweight championship, Friday night will attempt to eliminate another foreign contender for the title left vacant by Gene Tunney.

Tuffy meets George Cook, the Australian champion, who has high hopes of getting somewhere in the heavyweight division. Cook comes with a fairly good record but the "tough one" distinctly is the favorite with the fans.

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