

NORTHERN CLUB

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The New Boulder Club Nevada's Newest and Finest Men's Club Cigars . . . Tobacco Soft Drinks

"Meet Me at the Boulder Club"

118 Fremont Street

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Helen Page feels hopelessly in love with her handsome guardian, Leonard Brent. A chance meeting with a dying beggar, Charles Nellin, Brent to change his plans for Helen's future. Shortly afterward he tells Helen that in accordance with a promise given her parents, he is now to reveal her identity and she is the only grandchild of a millionaire, Cyril Cunningham. Brent takes her to Cunningham and offers as proof a locket containing a picture which he had taken from the dying Nellin. Pending investigation, Helen remains with her grandfather who gives her a new car. She drives everywhere until she accidentally hits Eva Ennis, who has to be taken to the hospital. Helen meets Eva's brother Robert, who falls in love with her.

Cunningham announces Helen as his dead daughter's child and his heiress. Brent finds a lost locket which exactly matches the one he had taken from Nellin. To avoid discovery, he asks Helen not to wear her locket in public.
A few days later Eva and Helen overturn a canoe on the lake and Robert rescues them. While changing clothes Eva tells Helen that she had lost an old-fashioned locket the night of her party.
Fearing Robert's attentions to Helen and annoyed by the demands on him for money by Carmel Segro, Brent tries to think of a safe plan to secure Helen and her inheritance. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXIV
It was several days before Brent went up to Bramblewood following the Sunday afternoon of Bob's rescue of Helen on the lake. His plans had been slow in maturing inasmuch as Helen's actions had an important bearing upon them.
On Monday he had telephoned to ask her to come down to New York and lunch with him, but she said her grandfather's condition required her to be with him.
The next day Brent telephoned a second time, only to receive the same message. He felt it unwise to be too insistent and on Wednesday he decided to drive up to Yonkers and see for himself whether it really was the seriousness of her grandfather's illness that kept Helen at Bramblewood or whether Bob Ennis had anything to do with it.
On that day Mr. Cunningham was better and Brent was convinced he had not been so ill as Helen pretended. "She did not want to see me," he conceded.
But his conclusion was a trifle puzzling to him, because in manner she had not greatly changed toward him. She did not speak of Bob and Brent had no desire to bring up his name.
Had he been able to question her fully he would have learned that concern for her grandfather had driven all other thoughts from her mind—all thoughts except the one that she might need someone to lean upon when death finally claimed the frail old man who had become so dear to her.
Instinctively she turned to Brent when she thought of being left entirely alone in the world. But it was not the turning of one blindly in love and Brent sensed the difference, although he did not correctly analyze it.

"You mustn't exhaust yourself so," he said to her while she was pouring tea. "I never saw your hands shake like that before. Don't you go out at all."
"I haven't been out since Sunday."
"Don't you think you could leave your grandfather tomorrow and come down to New York? We will go to a matinee and I'll have you back here early."
"I'd like to," Helen admitted. "He is much better today perhaps he will be able to sit up tomorrow. Time passes much faster for him when he is at the window."
"What does the doctor say about him?"
"He says he is getting stronger. I mean stronger than he has been since Sunday, but that he will never be well again."
"He might live for years."
"No, not for years, but the doctor said he might linger for months—even a year. But any sudden shock will kill him."
Her words, serious as they were to Helen, were of greater significance to Brent. Ever a few months he told himself, might be sufficient time for Helen to realize that being in love and being in love with love are two different things.

At that moment, in Leonard Brent's mind, the seal was finally set upon Mr. Cunningham's fate. "Will you telephone me in the morning?" he asked Helen, "to let me know if you will lunch with me?"
Helen promised, and shortly afterward Brent took his departure. He did not go up to take leave of Mr. Cunningham.
He spent a restless night—not because he was troubled by his conscience but because the daring of his plan was perfectly apparent to him. If anything went wrong he would be unable to explain the act that he now depended upon to clear his path.
"But the odds are with me," he encouraged himself. "I've got to gamble."
Helen called him at 10 o'clock to say she would meet him for lunch, but that she could not stay to attend a matinee. Her grandfather's condition was slightly worse.
"But I told him last night that I might go down today," she explained to Brent, "and he insists that I go."
"Tell him I'm much obliged," Brent said pleasantly. "I've missed you, dear."
When he saw her she showed evidence of being under a severe strain.

"We will lunch in some quiet place," he told her, "and then I'll drive you home. It will be good for you to be out of doors."
Helen welcomed the suggestion of driving back to Bramblewood. "But we mustn't be too long at lunch," she pointed out, "or I won't have time to drive up. I promised to be back by tea."
Her information gave Brent a new thought. He began to act on

The Innocent Cheat



"Something has happened to Bob," she said seriously. "He isn't himself at all."

it at lunch by ordering dishes that would require special preparation. Helen protested the delay but Brent assured her he would make up the time on the road.
"You need to relax and stop worrying," he cautioned her. A moment later he signaled the head waiter and whispered to him while Helen sat with her eyes closed, trying to overcome her weariness.
Presently a beautiful orchid corsage was brought to her. She put out her hand across the table in thanking Brent and for a moment he wondered if he had not been unduly alarmed about Bob Ennis.
But on the drive to Yonkers she was silent and pensive. Brent hardened his heart to carry out his plans, knowing that defeat for him might well be behind her mood.
He too fell silent and they were only a short distance from Bramblewood when that which he had planned occurred. Suddenly the car lurched to one side of the road. Brent had allowed the front wheels to strike a rut and had not attempted to control it. This gave him an opportunity to drive the car off the road under pretense of getting it righted.
It happened so quickly that Helen had no time to realize what Brent had done. She thought that he had been careless but she did not question its being an accident.
They came to a stop in a weed-grown depression so deep that Brent was unable to get the car back on the road under its own power.
"I'll have to go for help," he said to Helen when finally he appeared to accept the inevitable. "Fortunately we are near Bramblewood. They ought to be able to pull us out with the service car."
Helen started to climb to the ground. "I'll walk with you," she said.
"If you don't mind," Brent objected quickly. "I'd rather you stayed here. I've some things in the car that I shouldn't like to leave unguarded. Besides, you are probably pretty badly shaken up. Better wait here, dear."
Helen sank back in the seat. She was a bit unsteady and very tired. The walk held no particular appeal for her.
"It won't be long," Brent promised and started off.

When he reached Bramblewood he asked for Marks, and told Ashe not to say in Mr. Cunningham's presence who it was that wanted to see his attendant.
"Miss Nellin and I have met with a slight accident," he explained. "and I wish to inquire if Mr. Cunningham's condition will permit us to tell him of it."
"He is not very good sir," Ashe volunteered.
"Too bad," Brent said feelingly. "Try not to disturb him when you send Marks down."
When Marks came a few minutes later Brent told him that his car was ditched and asked him to send someone to get it to Bramblewood.
"I'll go up and reassure Mr. Cunningham," he said, moving toward the door.
"Please be careful Mr. Brent," Marks replied uneasily. "He has been fretting about Miss Nellin's absence. If he thought anything had happened to her—"
"I understand," Brent said. "I won't excite him."
But when he reached the sick man's room he was, even without words, a startling visitor. He had left his hat downstairs and his graying hair was now wildly disordered.
With a jerk he had loosened his tie. His coat was pulled off one shoulder and one cuff of his shirt was hanging below his tugged-up coat-sleeve.
Altogether he was as disheveled as he could make himself. He burst into Mr. Cunningham's room with the abruptness of a man who had lost all his self control.
The invalid watching the door for Helen's coming, sat up with a start.

Brent came on, staggering slightly, and clutching at his throat with one hand while the other groped for support on the air.
Quite close to the bed he stopped and appeared to see the man upon it for the first time since he had entered the room.
Mr. Cunningham's face was as white as his pillow and his eyes were horribly distended. "What is it?" he attempted to say, but there was nothing more than a croak to issue from his blue lips.
"Oh my God!" Brent cried, as though the words had been wrung from him in agony. "Helen! Helen! She has been killed."
CHAPTER XXV

For a moment after Brent's cry of despair there was a ghastly silence in the room. From the lips of the stricken invalid on the bed there came a choking, gasping sound.
Brent, apparently lost in grief, heard it and understood its portent. He turned his head for a view of the man to whom he had dealt a death blow, but he did not go to him.
His unfortunate victim lay back on his pillow, staring in a fixed, unseeing way straight ahead. No revulsion of feeling, no mercy, came to the watcher as he saw the hand of death laid upon the aged and pallid brow of Cyril Cunningham.
It was all over in a few minutes. The dying man moved his eyes toward the end and fastened them upon Brent. The latter could see that he was striving with his last strength to speak. But the words would not come.
Then, suddenly, he raised himself in a convulsive, painful manner, flung a hand outward and in an instant sank back inert.
Brent waited, made sure that he was gone, and then calmly put his own clothing in order, smoothed his hair and went downstairs.
He met Marks in the lower hall on his way to Mr. Cunningham's room. Brent detained him with questions about what had been done in regard to his car. Marks told him that he had sent the gardener and his son to get it to Bramblewood.
Brent thanked him and started on. Pausing a few steps away he turned back and said: "I left Mr. Cunningham sleeping he said he was tired."
"You assured him Miss Nellin was unhurt?" Marks inquired anxiously.
"Matter of fact," Brent said lightly, "didn't tell him there had been an accident at all. I merely said that Miss Nellin was detained downstairs by some friends who came in just as we arrived. I thought it better to do that as he looked rather bad."
Marks nodded in approval of his thoughtfulness and went on upstairs.
Brent took himself to the library and settled down with a newspaper while he waited for the result of Marks' discovery that Mr. Cunningham was dead.
It was not long in coming. Brent could hear him coming down the stairs calling out something that his excitement made almost unintelligible. He got up and went to the door.
"Anything wrong, Marks?" he called in a tone of uneasiness.
"Mr. Cunningham is unconscious," Marks cried. "I could not rouse him. He may be dead."
"No!" Brent exclaimed in well-feigned horror.
"I'll call Dr. Ralston," Marks said brokenly, and hurried over to the telephone that stood upon the large table in the center of the room.
"Give me the number; I'll attend to it," Brent told him. "You go back and see if there isn't something you can do for him."
"I'm afraid it's too late," Marks despaired. "I've done all I can. If I'd been there when the attack came on— His voice trailed away as he ran back up the stairs, hoping in spite of his knowledge that he might somehow revive the dead

man.
Brent went up a few minutes later and managed to appear greatly shocked. He was standing near the window when he heard his car driven up to the house. He remarked to the others in the room—Ashe and the housekeeper as well as Marks—that he would go down and break the sad news to Miss Nellin before she saw her grandfather.
He was descending the stairs when Helen entered the lower hall. She saw at once that something was amiss. "What is it?" she cried in alarm.
"Don't come up," Brent said as she placed a foot on the first tread. "I've something to tell you."
Helen waited and Brent came down and took her by the arms, to lead her to the library.
"My grandfather?" she appealed.
"Is he worse?"
"Yes, dear; he is worse—or should we say that he is better? For he is beyond further suffering."
"Oh," Helen waited, "he is dead!" Her eyes were pleading with Brent to deny it but he solemnly nodded his head in affirmation.
"He reached out his arms and Helen took refuge in them. Gently he enfolded her an held her while the first shock lasted. Then Helen tore herself away from him and ran to the stairs. Brent did not protest her going.
He remained downstairs and himself admitted Dr. Ralston who arrived a few minutes later.
"We fear that Mr. Cunningham is dead, doctor," he said simply when he greeted the medical man.
"Come up with me," Dr. Ralston said, wishing to question him. Before they reached the death chamber Brent had told him all that he had decided to tell anyone.

They found Helen weeping over her grandfather's body and Brent helped the doctor loosen her hands and get her out of the room. The housekeeper went with them and persuaded Helen to go to her own room where later the doctor came in to see her and talk to her in a kindly way that eased her sorrow a great deal.
Brent had planned to stay at Bramblewood that night but when he learned that the housekeeper had sent for Eva Ennis, thinking Helen would want her closest friend with her, he decided otherwise.
He could not go before she came, however. Marks and Ashe, and even Dr. Ralston turned to him as the one who would naturally take charge of all arrangements for the funeral. Knowing that Eva was expected, he was anxious to get away but one detail following another kept him there.
Dr. Ralston, he learned, had been told by Mr. Cunningham that Helen had been Brent's ward for years and that he would wish to shift any of his newly-acquired responsibility.
He met Eva at the late dinner that was served for them alone. Dr. Ralston had gone and Helen had been put to bed.
Brent endeavored to avoid Eva's glance but he could feel that her eyes were searching his face for an answer to his coldness. He felt he must give some explanation.
"Helen's affairs have required a lot of looking after lately," he said more or less casually, "and now that Mr. Cunningham is dead I shall not have any time for myself at all."
Eva drew in her breath, hesitated and then said with a courage that surprised herself: "You mean for me?"
Brent shrugged, attempted to smile apologetically and rather dismally failed. "It is the same thing," he said.
Eva smiled back at him but in her heart there was an icy chill. His words had not rung true.
"And I've been apartment hunting," Brent went on as though Eva were demanding a fuller explanation. He spoke impatiently, annoyed at the position he was in and this childish direct young girl.

Eva said nothing.
"I had intended to occupy it alone," Brent continued, "but now I suppose I shall become Helen's guardian again. She won't want to live here at Bramblewood I am sure."
"She has said she would like to travel," Eva ventured.
"Yes."
"She has ventured," Eva told him, "to finance my studies abroad."
Brent frowned. "Helen is very generous," he said, "and perhaps a bit impulsive."
"As her guardian, should you object?" Eva asked him.
Brent was quick with his denial. "Not at all," he assured her, "but you forget that I may not want Helen to live abroad. That is what you meant, isn't it, with you?"
"We talked about it," Eva admitted.
"It won't do," Brent declared emphatically. "Of course, I would not attempt to stand in the way of your career, Eva. That is too important, and it may be necessary for me to part with you for the sake of your future. But there is no reason why Helen should elect to live in a foreign country. She is at a marriageable age and I think it best for her to be where the men she is most likely to meet are men of her own country—Americans."
Eva sighed. "It was just a dream," she said.
"But there isn't any reason why Helen shouldn't be your patron," Brent went on, regretting that in his first reaction he had let Eva see for her to be where the men she is most likely to meet are men of her own country—Americans."
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