

NORTHERN

CLUB

CIGARS and TOBACCO

Soft Drinks and Fountain Lunches



STOCKER BROS.

W. M. Pechart, Mgr.

15 Fremont street

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 indebted to and in love with Leonard Brent. The latter changes his plans for her future after meeting a dying beggar, Nellin, and tells the girl she is heiress of a millionaire named Cunningham.

Among Helen's new friends are Eva Ennis and her brother Robert, who falls in love with her. Brent becomes jealous of Bob and plots to win Helen quickly, especially after finding another locket like the one he had taken from Nellin to prove Helen the heiress.

Later, she and Bob discover their true love for each other and he is furious when she tells him she cannot break her engagement, even though she loves him. Misunderstanding her reasons, Bob flirts with Shallimar Morris, a school friend of Helen's. He does not know that she had tried to break with Brent and that he had made threats against her happiness.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXVI Helen was turning to flee to her room when Shallimar chanced to look up and caught the glimmer of her pale garments.

"Hi," she yelled, "we're home!" Helen wheeled back and leaned over the banister to look down at them. "Stay for coffee, Bob," she said cheerily, and if there was a sob under the bright overtones of her voice it was too soft for those below to hear.

"Sorry," he answered with a lightness to match her own. "Breakfast will be waiting at home." "Well, invite him to dinner, Shallimar," Helen said, and rushed blindly for her room.

When Shallimar came up a few minutes later she was sitting in bed with her knees drawn up under her chin and her arms clasped around them, proudly blinking back her telltale tears.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked perfunctorily as Shallimar seated herself on the edge of the bed. "Positively intriguing," Shallimar enthused. "The boy's unique. Wants to fall out of love with you, Helen."

Helen's cheeks flamed red. "So you were discussing me?" she flared. Shallimar raised a calm eyebrow. "Why not?" she inquired. "But there's one thing I forgot to ask him, Helen. Why did you turn him down? Money?"

"You know better, Helen proclaimed swiftly. Shallimar nodded. "I really did not think so," she admitted. "But he's a catch for any girl who has money enough for two. Helen. Besides, that boy may be president some of these days. He has a lot of things that weren't passed out to the average man."

"There was something in the way," Helen confessed. "I can't tell you what it is. Furthermore, he stayed out all night with you. That proves he is easily consoled."

Shallimar made a wry face. "Thanks for the nifty, dear. And to show you what a sweet disposition I have, I'm going to turn the other cheek. The boy hasn't fallen an inch for me, although he's going to subject himself to my charms whenever and wherever it pleases fate to arrange it for us. Something may come of it. But tell me, was the something in the way one Leonard Brent?"

She had purposely chosen to take Helen off guard in order to surprise a truthful answer from her. "But Helen said nothing; only her expression was an admission of the accuracy of Shallimar's shot.

"He was," the latter answered herself. "Well, Helen, I never thought you would carry that idiotic infatuation so far that you would let it interfere with your happiness."

She ceased speaking very suddenly because she saw that Helen's face had become deathly white. "What is it?" she cried. "What's the matter, Helen?"

"Nothing," Helen denied. "There is! Was it your precious Leno that telephoned just before dinner?"

"Yes, he did telephone," Helen admitted. "You seemed to be having a difficult time with him."

"He insisted upon coming up," Helen explained. "There was something, he said, that he'd made up his mind to tell me now. I told him you were here and that Eva Ennis was coming over. You heard me, but he said he would come anyway unless I promised to be at home to receive him this morning."

"I'd tell him to go to the devil," Shallimar exclaimed. Helen dropped her eyes. "Somehow I dread to see him," she said half to herself. "He's never made idle threats, and he seems so sure of himself now."

Shallimar drew herself off the bed. "I suppose you mean he has refused to give you up. Hope you aren't fearful of any threat to do himself off." Her voice was high with disdain as she walked over to a dressing table to inspect herself in the mirror.

"One wild night and not a gray hair to show for it," she mourned with mock sincerity.

From the mirror she wheeled to face Helen again. "I wish you'd let me talk with him," she urged excitedly. "I never was fond of dear Leno—though I admire him tremendously."

"No, I've got to hear what he has to say," Helen replied. "I promised to help him away last night."

She did not add that she had expected a great deal of the night that was now being put to flight by the rising sun.

"Well, I'm going to see him anyway," Shallimar declared. "But to be in perfect working order I must get some sleep. Goodnight, darling. So far I've had a wonderful time at Bramblewood—and elsewhere."

The Innocent Cheat

By Ruth Dewey Groves AUTHOR OF "RICH GIRL-POOR GIRL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII "If you should chuck me over for Ennis or anyone else I'd be forced to take revenge on you, my dear child," Brent said to Helen. His voice was smooth as oil and his manner perfectly calm, but there was an underlying threat of menace that Helen did not miss.

"What can you do?" she flamed at him. "I meant to tell you, when I telephoned last night," Brent replied. "But as I've said, I have changed my mind."

"What is it?" Helen implored. "Something to do with my parents?" "It is enough to wreck your happiness," Brent assured her; "but I do not choose to tell you any more about it at the present time. I shall never tell you unless you make it necessary. Give up this Ennis—give him up to your friend Shallimar if she wants him—and your life will run along happily enough, Helen, to satisfy any normal girl."

Helen's mouth set in stubborn silence. "Let me caution you once more against losing your head," Brent went on. Suddenly Helen threw her defiance at him. "I do not believe you," she cried.

"No matter," Brent said shortly. "I imagine you have lost him anyway to Miss Morris, but remember that you promised not to do anything final without first letting me know. You can't afford to gamble with your entire life's happiness, Helen."

"It would be worse than gambling with it to marry you," she retorted. "I should be the most miserable person on earth."

"For that I really should show you no consideration whatsoever," Brent retorted, thinking it would be a pleasure to lay her spirit low by telling her the truth about the Cunningham inheritance.

His better judgment held him back. He knew full well that she would not consent to carry on the fraud, and while there was hope that he might win her he did not want to jeopardize his chance at the money Cyril Cunningham had left her.

"I want no consideration from you," Helen said. "I wish you would leave me alone."

"Won't you drive back to the city with me?" Brent coaxed. "Your friend won't miss you—that is, if Ennis is available for the day. We'll lunch in the Oval Room at the Ritz and do a matinee. Come on, Helen. Don't be a fool and mope around here because of a young ass who's an even worse chaser than the much abused 'average man'."

"Please go," Helen begged, and turned to walk back to the house. Brent followed in silence. And soon afterward took his departure. But Helen was not to be rid of him. He telephoned twice a day, sent many gifts and called three or four times a week.

Not that he was succeeding—not at all. He knew now that any attempt to do so was only a farce. But Helen did not know this. She drew away from Shallimar as much as possible, and never mentioned Bob when she could possibly avoid doing so.

Eva Ennis was furious. But Helen would not let her talk about Shallimar. She simply shut herself behind a barrier of aloofness that Eva could not penetrate.

At best Eva's efforts had not been whole-hearted. For she was concerned with a cross of her own. She had been forced to accept the fact that Brent was avoiding her. A few times, on her visits to New York, she had stayed away from him of her own will. But lately she had been unable to keep from calling his apartment as soon as she got to the city. Invariably the answer had been the same. Mr. Brent was out.

And she had few opportunities to see him at Bramblewood. Helen was too unhappy to be sociable, and Eva did not care to call uninvited in the evening. Brent seldom came in the afternoon.

Once they did meet alone there. "Don't be a fool!" Brent exclaimed when Eva spoke of his ill treatment of her. "If Helen gets to learn of this where will your future be? Remember that she is your patron. You wouldn't get to first base without her."

"I don't care for my future, for fame, for anything!" Eva cried, her anguish getting the better of her.

"But I do," Brent protested sharply. "I want to be proud of you, Eva. Think of what I can say to myself when the world is ringing with acclaim for you. She is mine. Only heart is for the public. Her dear self is all for me. Think of that, Eva. Don't spoil it. I can't help it, dear, if I happened not to be in when you called. My business is making great demands upon my time these days. I'm having a lot of trouble for you. She is going wrong. What I need most right now is a little sympathy and understanding."

Eva did not feel very sympathetic but she did ask him what he was worried about.

"Well, Helen, for one thing," he answered cunningly. "Tell me, Eva, is this old Shallimar serious with your brother?"

Eva hesitated to answer. "Because I think their flirtation, or whatever it is, is making Helen unhappy," Brent continued, hoping to draw Eva into a tirade against Shallimar and thus learn what he wanted to know.

"I don't think too means anything," Eva declared. "But they are pretty nearly inseparable, aren't they?" Brent pressed.

"Well, they do spend a lot of his free time together," her dear friend Brent could barely conceal his satisfaction. "That's too bad," he said commiseratingly. "Poor Helen. I'm going to give Bob a piece of my mind one of these days," Eva threatened.

"Oh, no," Brent hastened to protest. "Interference never does any good, Eva."

"Just the same—'Careful. Here comes Helen.' When Helen joined them, both saw that her limpid brown eyes were ringed with dark circles. Then and there Eva made up her mind that she would speak to her brother and make her meaning plain.

"I've tickets for the horse show at the Garden," Brent said. "Would you like to use them, Helen? I won't be able to go with you." He said it to make his failure to include Eva less pointed. But he hoped, if Helen accepted the tickets, to see her in town.

Helen destroyed his hope instantly. "Would you go in with me, Eva?" she asked. To get away from Bramblewood and her guest as much as she could was incentive enough to make Brent's gift acceptable.

"When is it?" Eva asked. "Tonight," Brent told her. "Yes," Eva said to Helen.

And that night Eva didn't go home. It was late when they returned to Yonkers. The chauffeur had accompanied them to town because Helen felt she might not want to drive on the return trip, and some congenial friends while his employer was in the Garden and when he showed up, something more than tardy, he called Helen sister.

She gave him some money and bid him to take the train to Yonkers. And when she and Eva were just about a mile from Bramblewood they got a flat tire. "Let's wait for someone to help us," Eva suggested, thinking of possible harm to her second best evening dress. Helen was not concerned with any such worry.

A few minutes later, while she was struggling with the heavy tire, and Eva was helping as best she could, a car approached, caught them in the glare of its headlights, slowed up and stopped. "Hello," a familiar voice called. "Want help?"

But it was not from the owner of the voice that help came. "Here, give me that," someone else said gruffly, and Helen turned to find Bob beside her. Shallimar remained in his car. Without a word she stepped aside and relinquished the task to him. When it was finished she thanked him with quiet dignity that held just enough and not too much of gratitude. Then she said that if he and Shallimar were returning to Bramblewood they'd all have supper. In her mind, as well as his, was the memory of another invitation to supper. Helen turned quickly to get into her car, while Bob stood in the road asking himself if she'd ever cared for him. He wanted to tell her he wouldn't eat a bite of her food if it choked him, but he said nothing and Shallimar sang out that they'd be along in a minute. "Why did you do that?" Eva broke out, unable to restrain herself. "It will be fun," Helen answered, but Eva saw when they passed beneath a light that she had

Four Babes, Five Adults Die As Train Hits Sedan

OCEOLA, Indiana, Nov. 1, (U.P.) Nine persons, including four small children, were killed near here tonight when the automobile in which they were riding was struck by a westbound New York Central passenger train.

The dead: John Platt, 44, of Newcastle, Indiana. His wife, Betty, 44. His daughter, Mary, 17. A nephew, Dewey Brannon, 23. Brannon's wife, Nellie.

Three children of the Brannons, age 10 months, 4 years and five years. Richard Vaughn, four. Richard's baby sister, Betty, five months old, was critically injured. Platt was driving the small sedan. The crossing was guarded by a watchman and an automatic signal and no reason was advanced for the accident other than perhaps Platt became confused by the large crowd in his car.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 1, (U.P.) Mrs. Florine Walz Williams, widow of Earle Williams, film actor, must face trial November 20 on five charges of grand theft.

Mrs. Williams pleaded not guilty to the charges that she misrepresented her title to the family estate and obtained approximately \$20,000 from Los Angeles business men.

caught her underlip hard between her teeth. Suddenly, as they drove through the gateway at Bramblewood, Helen said: "Eva stay with me tonight. I've got to talk to somebody."

(To Be Continued)

Last Day TODAY

OUR MAMMOTH

20% DISCOUNT

Pre-Holiday Sale

Everything in our store is Subject to this tremendous saving--Nothing reserved.

COME IN TODAY

LAS VEGAS MERCANTILE CORP.

Auditorium Bldg. Phone 370 222-224 Fremont

Telephone 370 BAIR SIGNS ANY KIND 309 No. Main Just North of Gateway Hotel